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INDEX.

TALES AND STORIES.

PAGE

ÆGEAS OF THE FORTY-FIVE. By the Countess of Cromartie 337, 361

Brigands, A Week amongst. By F. Cowley Whitehouse 218

CASIMIR LE SOMBRE. By Lady Rolleston 625, 644, 659, 677, 695, 708, 723

Chairs on the Veranda, The. By Rosaline Masson 682

CHANGE OF FEELING, A. By Frank H. Shaw, F.R.A.S. 209, 234

Contraband — by the *Golden Crescent*. By Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R.N. . 740

Dean's Dilemma, The. By Edward John Prior 265

DICK HELLIFIELD'S DOUBLE. By Alfred Colbeck 7, 26, 41, 56

DRIFTWOOD. By B. M. Danby 769, 787, 803, 821

Fate takes up his Fiddle 538

GOLD OF THE 'GUNSIGHT,' THE . 273, 298, 314

Gold-Ghost, The. By Albert Dorrington . 662

HEEL OF ACHILLES, THE. By Kate Thurston Marsh 481, 504

HIS INHERITANCE. By Susan Ballard

I. The Inheritance is Left 417
II. Hideo 418
III. O Hatsu San 442
IV. Bessie 442
V. The Awakening 453
VI. The Struggle 454
VII. In After-Days 455

House in Islington, The. By W. E. Cule . 604

Irish Fishing-Gillie, An. By 'Cathogue' . 748

Japanese Episode, A. By E. Hallam Moorhouse 94

Long Duel, A. By Frederick H. Heryet . . 63

Mary the Mother 399

'Old Order,' The. By Harold Avery . . 446

Outlaws of Silver Star, The: An Episode of Arizona 428

Parson's Knot, The. By Owen Oliver . . 189

PAST—AND ISMÈRIE, THE. By Arthur H. Henderson 630, 650

Psatôe. By Louis Becke 520

PAWN IN THE GAME, A. By W. H. Fitchett, LL.D.

I. The Frenchwoman 1
II. The Will 2
III. At Brienne 19
IV. Comradeship 20
V. Trial and Sentence 37
VI. In Paris 52
VII. Paris Experiences 71
VIII. 'The Rats' 73
IX. The Escape 86
X. Days of Peace 99
XI. The Two Wills 117
XII. A New Career 135

PAGE

PAWN IN THE GAME, A—*continued.*

XIII. In Paris again 148
XIV. On the Quest 165
XV. A Distracted City 179
XVI. Red Sunday 197
XVII. The Trial 215
XVIII. Changes 227
XIX. In Paris once more 244
XX. M. Duclos again 261
XXI. In the Temple 280
XXII. Plots 294
XXIII. The Dauphin 307
XXIV. In London 324
XXV. A Whiff of Grape-Shot 343
XXVI. A Woman's Ideals 356
XXVII. On the Way to Egypt 372
XXVIII. The Wreck 392
XXIX. Amongst the Arabs 405
XXX. In the French Camp 422
XXXI. Napoleon's 'Grain of Sand' . . 435
XXXII. In the Desert 451
XXXIII. In the Dawn 469
XXXIV. The Slave 487
XXXV. The Escape 499
XXXVI. The Unknown Dead 515
XXXVII. What the Two Men Saw . . . 533
XXXVIII. In the British Camp 550
XXXIX. A Surrendered Army 563
XL. To the Seacoast 579
XLI. The Return 594
XLII. On the Road Home 612
XLIII. At Last 615

PEDRO THE MULETEER: A South American Story. By Frank H. Shaw, F.R.A.S. 689, 713, 730

Phantom Deerstalker: a Legend of Glengarry. By Alex. Inkson M'Connochie 801

'Pike's Peak, or Bu'st' 636

ROMANCE OF ORD, A. By H. Halyburton Ross 65, 89, 104, 124

Sergeant Mazet at Borodino. By W. D. Gray 247

Tale of the Seals, A. By Lady Napier of Magdala 797

TEACHER OF AUCHNACOUR, THE. By C. Edwardes 385, 411

THREE-ARMED BUDDHA, THE. By T. W. Speight 545, 569, 585, 599, 617

TONELLI'S GOLD. By T. W. Speight 129, 155, 169, 185

Tree that Eats, The. By Brew Molohan . . 472

Unbidden Guest, The 757

Villa Monastero, The. By Marion Yuill . . 809

Wax-Candle, A. By Theodora Wilson Wilson 12

When Consols Fell to 70 109

389581

ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

PAGE

Adventure with 'Gray Nurses,' An. By Louis Becke 330
Afghanistan: The Buffer State 348
Aloes, Concerning. By Algernon Warren . 670
Alps, Honeycombing the 646
Arms, Scottish, in the Tower of London . . 17
Army Officer, The New British 420
Australia, Some Interesting Facts about . . 445
Australian Railway Travel 54, 445
Australian Snakes, Irish Soil for 47
Back to the Land. By Lady Napier of Magdala 107
Backwater, An Ocean 296
Batteries, Living 661
Baylen, Capitulation of: The Death-Blow to a World-Empire 800
Behind the Scenes in Printing-House Square. By T. H. S. Escott 326
Beloved Physician, Letters of a 132
Bird-Life, Some Changes in. By the Rev. Canon J. Vaughan, M.A. 282
Birds, The Migration of 47
Bird-Watching at the Lighthouse on the Flannan Islands 425
'Bits' of Edinburgh Sixty Years Ago—and After. By Major-General W. Tweedie, C.S.I. 456
Black Officer, The. By the late Alex. Macpherson, F.S.A.Scot. 301
Blackwood, Adam, a Faithful Servant of Mary Stuart 449
Border Burn, A 497
Bridge and its Progress. By F. Kinloch . . 369
British Army Officer, The New. By the Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A. 420
British History, At the Dawn of 721
British Malaya as a Field for Investment. By Sir Frank A. Swettenham, K.C.M.G. . 407
British Museum, Toys at the 319
Brown, Dr John: Letters of a Beloved Physician 132
Buffer State, The—Afghanistan 348
Burns Relics, The Story of Some. By Robert Duncan 484
Butcher-Meat so Dear? Why is 596
Butter-Making, Farm 452
Cairo, Old and New. By George Pignatorre . 97
Canada, How Franklin Tried to Annex . . 188
Canada's Sunset City. By James Kerr . . 305
Canadian Backwoods, A Week in . . . 516
Capital, Socialism and 253
Cenci, The Tragedy of the 345, 364
Changes in Bird-Life, Some 282
Charm-Stones, Old Scottish 225
Chat about Dreams, A. By Dr Andrew Wilson 167
Cheerily, Cheerily! By Francis Cunynghame (Julian Kingstead) 593
Children, Saving the 762
City of Ethiopia, A 137, 151
Clocks, Grandfathers' 657
Coloured Precious Stones. By R. Burnett . 4
Consols and Rentes 525

PAGE

Cook, Thomas, the Pioneer of Modern Travel . 790
Course of a Post-Letter, The. By R. S. Smyth 101
Cradle of Sea-Kings, The—Faröe Islands . 461
Cricket (Village) a Quarter of a Century ago . 317
Crinoline, Concerning the. By William Andrews 577
Curiosities of Poaching, Some. By T. C. Bridges 44
Custom-House Red Tape 203
Dawn of British History, At the. By Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Bart. . . . 721
Diamonds, The Making of 750
Disinfectant from Sea-Water by Electrolysis, The Production of 566
Distribution of News, The Gathering and . 22
Dolphin, Orca and 263
Dolphin Pilot, The—'Pelorus Jack' . . . 46
Do we Eat too much? By Frederick A. Talbot 692
Dream of Edmund Norway, The. By S. Baring-Gould 561
Dreams, A Chat about 167
Duc d'Enghien's Love-Story, The. By M. Betham-Edwards 376
Duffer's Salmon, A. By F. G. Aflalo . . 616
Earth Old or Young? Is the. By Alexander W. Roberts, D.Sc., Lovedale, South Africa 778, 793
Edinburgh ('Bits' of) Sixty Years Ago—and After 456
Elcho's (Lord) Narrative of the 'Forty-five' . 48
Emigration, Tasmania as a Field for . . 701
Ephesus, A Visit to. By Captain F. W. von Herbert 633
Esmond and *The Virginians*, The London of 380, 396
Ethiopia, A City of 137, 151
Facts about Australia, Some Interesting. By T. H. Smeaton, M.P., South Australia . 445
Farm Butter-Making 452
Faröe Islands, The—The Cradle of Sea-Kings. By A. Clarke Little 461
Fish-Pond, The World's Greatest: Hudson Bay 245
Flannan Islands, Bird-Watching at the Lighthouse on the 425
Food, In Praise of Good. By F. G. Aflalo . 785
Forgotten Page in the History of the Gordon Highlanders in Spain, A . . 557, 574, 588
'Forty-five,' Lord Elcho's Narrative of the . 48
Foss Way, On the 471
Franklin Tried to Annex Canada, How . . 188
Gathering and Distribution of News, The . 22
Gifts to Royalty, Strange 774
Glenfinnan 553
Gold-Mine, An Italian 87
Golfing Literature. By F. Kinloch . . . 181
Good Food, In Praise of 785
Gordon Highlanders in Spain, The: A Forgotten Page in their History. By E. Bruce Low, M.A. . . . 557, 574, 588
Grandfathers' Clocks. By Harwood Brierley . 657
'Gray Nurses,' An Adventure with . . . 330
Great Cities of Southern Italy, Two . . . 29

PAGE
Great Terror, Memories of the 628
Guards of London, The Military . . . 141
Hampton Court Palace, The Spirit-World of . 33
Harar, a City of Ethiopia 137, 151
Haunted Houses. By Violet Tweedale . . 782
Health, House-Decoration and 493
Heart of Things, The. By Henry Leach, 49, 113, 193, 257, 321, 401, 465, 529, 609, 673, 753, 817
Herrenhausen, near Hanover. By Lewis Melville 582
Home Industries that should be Cultivated . 38
Honeycombing the Alps. By H. G. Archer . 646
House Decoration and Health. By James H. Galloway 493
Hudson Bay: the World's Greatest Fish-Pond 245
Human Engine, The. By Dr Andrew Wilson . 745
Humorist and his Masterpiece, Spain's Greatest 367
Humour, Some Personal Reminiscences of Irish 158
Industries that should be Cultivated, Home . 38
Inns, Spanish 733
Investment, British Malaya as a Field for . 407
Investments for the Middle-Classes, Sound . 705
Irish Humour, Some Personal Reminiscences of 158
Irish Soil for Australian Snakes 47
Italian Gold-Mine, An 87
Italy, Two Great Cities of Southern—Naples and Palermo 29
Itinerary, A Motorist's: Alternative Routes—Edinburgh to London 255
Jacks that Built Houses, Some. By Rosaline Masson 309
Journalism, New 548
Justice for the Tiger 667
Key of Death, The 777
Krooboys 653
Latin-America, Law in 285
Law in Latin-America 285
Letters of a Beloved Physician 132
Levantine Riviera, The New 171, 177
Library, Napoleon's First 93
Limitations of a Monarchy, The. By Henry Leach 161
Liverpool, In Praise of 641
Living Batteries. By F. G. Aflalo . . . 661
London of *Esmond* and *The Virginians*, The. By Lewis Melville 380, 396
Love-Story of Queen Victoria, The. By Henry Leach 81
Love-Story, The Duc d'Enghien's 376
Magpies in a Garden. By L. H. Soutar . . 145
Malaya (British) as a Field for Investment . 407
Mansions of Paris, The Old. By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A. 490, 507
Memories of Half a Century. By R. C. Lehmann, M.P. . . 199, 230, 289, 340, 389, 433
Memories of the Great Terror 628
Merchant Service and Apprenticeship, The . 680
Merchant Service, The Truth about the . . 680
Migration of Birds, The 213
Military Guards of London, The. By Charles Windham 47
Milk, Powdered 141
Monarchy, The Limitations of a 161
PAGE
Moscow, Our Mother. By May Baldwin 716, 727
Motorist's Itinerary, A: Alternative Routes—Edinburgh to London 255
Mylnes, The Family of 309
Mystery of the North Pole, The. By the Rev. D. Gath Whitley 358
Naples and Palermo, the Two Great Cities of Southern Italy. By George Pignatorre . 29
Napoleon and the Invasion of England: The Great Terror 628
Napoleon's First Library 93
Narrative of the 'Forty-five,' Lord Elcho's . 48
New Journalism. By Henry W. Lucy . . 548
News, The Gathering and Distribution of . 22
Newstead Roman Station, The 353
Nigger Stories. By John D. Leckie . . 10
Ninety-eight, In. By Henry W. Lucy . . 276
Noble Poacher, The Tragedy of a . . . 221
North Pole, The Mystery of the . . . 358
OCCASIONAL NOTES:
Irish Soil for Australian Snakes . . . 47
Lord Elcho's Narrative of the 'Forty-five'. 48
Migration of Birds, The 47
'Pelorus Jack,' the Dolphin Pilot. By Mrs Leo Myers 46
Secret of the Red Hands, The 46
Ocean Backwater, An 296
Officer, The New British Army 420
Old Providence 619
Orca and Dolphin. By J. O. Byrne . . . 263
Palermo and Naples 29
Paper-Mills in Scotland: The Search for Raw Material 711
Paris, The Old Mansions of 490, 507
Patronage, The Prime Minister's . . . 737
'Pelorus Jack,' the Dolphin Pilot . . . 46
Persian Gulf: An Ocean Backwater . . . 296
Pets, Sailors' 814
Photography, Long-Range. By Captain Owen Wheeler 719
Pioneer of Modern Travel, The: Thomas Cook. By R. Seymour Ramsdale 790
Pistol-Making: A Lost Scottish Art . . . 316
Pitcairn Island and its People. By Byron T. Prideaux 238
Poacher, The Tragedy of a Noble . . . 221
Poaching, Some Curiosities of 44
Postal Items 592
Post-Letter, The Course of a 101
Powdered Milk: The Solution of a Serious Problem. By Frederick A. Talbot . . 75
Praise of Liverpool, In. By Katharine Burrill 641
Precious Stones, Coloured 4
Preservation of Food, Vapour 439
Prime Minister's Patronage, The. By Michael MacDonagh 737
Printing-House Square, Behind the Scenes in . 326
Punch, The Makers of. By Toby, M.P. . . 326
Queen Victoria, The Love-Story of . . . 81
Railroad Keeps House, How a 603
Railway Travel, Australian 54, 445
Rat Extermination 384
Red Hands, The Secret of the 46
Red Sea Shore, The 698
Red Tape, Custom-House 203

PAGE

Relics, The Story of Some Burns . . . 484
Reminiscences of Irish Humour, Some Personal. By A. Stodart Walker 158
Rentes and Consols 525
Riviera, The New Levantine. By Eustace Reynolds-Ball 171, 177
Robinson Crusoe, A Spanish 510
Roman Station, The Newstead 353
Routes, Alternative Motor: Edinburgh to London 255
Sailors' Pets. By the Author of *Realities of Sea Life*, &c. 814
Sanitation by Electricity: The Production of Disinfectant from Sea-Water by Electrolysis. By F. A. A. Talbot 566
Saving the Children 762
Scots Army, The Old 807
Scottish Arms in the Tower of London. By Viscount Dillon 17
Scottish Art, A Lost: Pistol-Making . . 316
Scottish Charm-Stones, Old 225
Secret of the Red Hands, The 46
Servant of Mary Stuart, A Faithful—Adam Blackwood. By Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott 449
Simplon Tunnel, The 502
Socialism and Capital: Why Society must Rest on a Basis of Capital Privately Owned. By A. S. Pringle 253
Soil (Irish) for Australian Snakes . . . 47
Solution of a Serious Problem, The: Powdered Milk 75
Spain's Greatest Humorist and his Masterpiece 367
Spanish Inns. By Charles Edwardes . . 733
Spanish Robinson Crusoe. By John D. Leckie 510
Spirit-World of Hampton Court Palace, The. By Lady Rolleston 33
Sudan, The Swords of the 825

PAGE

Sunset City, Canada's 305
Suppers, Some Unconventional 69
Swords of the Sudan, The 825
Tasmania as a Field for Emigration. By F. A. W. Gisborne 701
Thellusson Will, The. By Hugh Childers . 174
Tiger, Justice for the 667
Tomb-Hunters of Egypt, The. By Day Allen Willey 526
Touâreg, The. By Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Bart. 554
Toys at the British Museum. By Edith L. Elias 319
Tragedy of a Noble Poacher, The. By H. A. Bryden 221
Tragedy of the Cenci, The. By George Pignatorre 345, 364
Trees of the United States, Big. By Day Allen Willey 351
Truth about the Merchant Service, The . . 213
Unconventional Suppers, Some 69
Unemployment 513
Vapour Preservation of Food: The New Scientific Process and its Possibilities. By Frederick A. Talbot 439
Village Cricket a Quarter of a Century ago. By 'Cathogue' 317
Volunteering in Perthshire a Hundred Years ago. By Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie . 241
Walvisch Bay. By the Rev. M. T. Hainsselin, R.N. 374
Water Purification 395
When all the World is Young, Lad! By Francis Cunynghame 535
Will, The Thellusson 174
Woburn Past and Present. By the Rev. A. J. Foster 78
World-Empire, The Death-Blow to a . . 800

POETRY.

Angel's Choosing, The 752
Arrochar, At 464
August 592
Birthday, For a 800
Child Fancies 704
Cupid's Corner 16
Day of March, A 144
Deserted Mill, The 496
Evening in Osaka 352
First Winter Snowfall on Zerghum Mountain, in Baluchistan, On Beholding the . . 80
Formal Garden, A 160
Grandfather Clock, A 48
Hidden Word, The 368
Hill of Peace, The 560
Initiatory 640
Jardin Secret, Le 544
Labourer, The 688
Laughter in the Valley 32
Look Up 288
Love and Death 176
Love and Duty 272
Mavis, The 240
Moors, On the 384
Neptune, To 512
Painter, The 784
Peace, To 720
Pharsalia of Lucan, From the 816
Pioneer, The 608
Prisoners 208
River Song, A 320
September Evening at a Farm in the Highlands, A 624
Skye Fairies 112
Song of Gladness, A 304
Song of Regret, A 224
Spring 256
Thirty-first of December, On the . . . 64
Town, In 432
Village by Night, A 416
Voices 528
Well, The 672
Winter 96
Wish, A 128
Woodland Voices 656
Year's Prime, The 736
Yellow Sand, The 336

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

	PAGE
Adulteration of Vinegar	415
'Allustite:' A New Puncture-Cure	624
Amusement, A Thrilling	271
Anti-Fouling and Anti-Corrosive Paint, New	413
Antiquities of London, Rambles amongst the Minor	477
Art to Industry, The Relation of	415
Automatic Disinfectant for Flush-Cisterns	622
Automatic Gas-Lighter, The Rostin	62
Automatic Lighter for Street Gas Lighting, New	622
Automatic Telephone Exchange, An	60
Automatic Virtuoso, An	414
Automatic Water-Finder	269
Bacteria-Destruction in Milk by Refrigeration, Fallacy of	686
Bacteriological Experiments with Powdered Milk	620
Ballooning upon Health, Effect of	831
Bath for Small Cottages, A Handy	544
Bed-Linen, Hygienic	685
Blasting Invention, An Important	416
Bleaching Linen Yarn, New Process for	333
Blue-Black Iron-Paint, A New Preservative	687
Broad-Gauge Rolling Stock on Narrow-Gauge Railways, Handling	416
Bulb-Culture in England	829
Butter-Packing in Straw Boxes	829
Calculating-Machine, An Ingenious	121
Carrageen—Roasted Wheat	272
Carrying Standard Stock over Narrow-Gauge Railways	831
Catching Thieves by Electricity	478
Caulking Lead Joints, A New Process of	120
Cedar-Wood, A New Substitute for	60
Celluloid, A Non-Inflammable	828
Celluloid, A Rival to	59
Cement from Waste Products	623
Charlock and the Improvement of Corn Crops, The Economical Destruction of	543
Chemical Preservatives in Food, The Evils of	333
Cherries in Brine, Preservation of	766
Cheshire Cheese, Increasing Popularity of	271
Cleaning Ships, Electric Brushes for	829
Cleaning the Exterior of Stone Buildings, New Method of	768
Conduit Tramway, A New Shallow	122
Consumption among the Poor, Fighting	334
Cowsheds and Dairies, Insanitary	206
Damp-Coursing, Bitumen	480
Dangerous Sweets	120
Destruction of Vermin, The Organised	543
Device for Children's Photographers, Handy	414
Disinfectant, A New	767
Disinfectant for Flush-Cisterns, Automatic	622
Dupligraph Printer, An Improved	121
Dust-Laying Medium, New	686
Electric Brushes for Cleaning Ships	829
Electric Lamp, A Turn-Down	413
Electric Lamp, The Most Economical	62
Electric Lamps, Recent Developments in Metallic Filament	479
Electrical Wind-Indicator, A Novel	333
Electricity from Peat	543
Electricity in the Home	766
Engines for Locomotives, Internal-Combustion	271
Essence of Tea	544
Explosive, A New	121
Extermination of Rats, The	207, 541
Extinguishing Fire with a Powder	335
Fallacy of Bacteria-Destruction in Milk by Refrigeration	686
Fish-Plate Rail-Joint, A 'Bridge'	479
Floor-Cleanser, A Hygienic	477
Flooring, Fireproof and Damp-Resisting	544
Freezing-Apparatus, A New	207
Fruits as Electric Accumulators	480
Fuel from House Refuse	62
Fuels, Some New Patent	121
Galvanising by Vapour	766
Gangway, An Adjustable Steamship	206
Gardening, The Fine Art of	478
Gas, A New Illuminating	687
Gas-Light, A New	334
Gas-Lighter, The Rostin Automatic	62
Grouse-Disease Inquiry, The	768
Harnessing Scotland's Water-Power	61
Harvesting Record, A	623
Health, The Influence of Motoring on	335
Heat-Preserving with Hay	119
Hens *v.* Incubators	621
Herring-Drifters, Oil-Driven	269
High-Speed Railway, The Kearney	542
History Taught from Maps	61
'Hodgson's'	121
House Refuse, Fuel from	62
Hygienic Bed-Linen	685
Hygienic Floor-Cleanser, A	477
Hygienic Vermin-Destroyer, A	623
Incubators *v.* Hens	621
Internal-Combustion Engines for Locomotives	271
Inventors, An Opportunity for	831
Kearney High-Speed Railway, The	542
Lamp, A Safety	685
Lighter for Street Gas Lighting, New Automatic	622
Lithoderm: A Waterproof Paint for Stone-work	621, 768
Lock-Improvement, A Remarkable	268
Lock-Nut, An Ingenious	269
Lost Umbrella, Tracing the	205
Mediterranean Winter Resorts	832
Metallic-Filament Electric Lamps, Recent Developments in	479
Milk	205, 270, 541, 620, 686
Milk, A New Purifying Process for	541
Milk-Supply, Frozen	270
Milk-Supply, Penny-in-the-Slot	205
Mosquito-Trap, A	480
Moths by Electric Light, Trapping	831
Motor-Car Igniter, The New Lodge	61
Motor-Fuel, A New	270
Motor-Tractor, A Crawling	270
Motoring on Health, The Influence of	335

	PAGE
Motors and Dust: Improved Highways	624
Museum, The Ideal	767
Newspapers from Peat	122
Newspapers, Railway Tickets from Old	122
Open-Air Bedroom, How to Secure an	830
Open-Air Schools	621
Opportunity for Inventors, An	831
Paint, New Anti-Fouling and Anti-Corrosive	413
Pastilles, Preservation by	123, 416
Patent Fuels, Some New	121
Peas, The Food-Value of	830
Peat, Electricity from	543
Peat, Newspapers from	122
Peat, The Utilisation of	336
Petroleum Resources of Roumania	415
Petrol-Motor, A Novel Type of	269
Petrol Storage-Tank, A Safety	59
Pleater for Laundries and Cleaners, Handy	687
Portland Cement from Blast-Furnace Slag	543
Powdered Milk, Bacteriological Experiments with	620
Preservation by Pastilles	123, 416
Preservation of Cherries in Brine	766
Preservative Blue-Black Iron-Paint, A New	687
Preservative, New Wood	122
Prisoners, Rational Methods of Dealing with	270
Puncture-Cure, A New: 'Allustite'	624
Purification of Water for Public Baths, Constant	205
Railway-Carriage Doors, Self-Locking	207
Railway Tank for Carrying Acids, New	271
Railway, The Kearney High-Speed	542
Railway Tickets from Old Newspapers	122
Rambles amongst the Minor Antiquities of London	477
Rat-Exterminator, A Simple	207, 541
Rational Methods of Dealing with Prisoners	270
Rats, The Extermination of	207, 541
Refrigeration *v.* Lime Preservation of Eggs	206
Resistant Paint, A White Ant	767
Reversible Steam Turbine	477
Roasted Wheat—Carrageen	272
Rostin Automatic Gas-Lighter, The	62
Rural Nooks Round London	208
Sack-Holder, A Handy	830
Safety-Lamp, A	685
Safety Petrol Storage Tank, A	59
Safety Window, A New and Novel	123
Salt Manufacture by Fusion	542
Sanitary Paving, A New	478
Scotland's Water-Power, Harnessing	61
Self-Locking Railway-Carriage Doors	207
Self-Opening Doors	335
Sewage-Sludge, Profitable Disposal of	828
Shorthand Typewriter, A	765
Shunting-Pole, New Railway	333
Signalling, Submarine	207
Smoke Abatement in Germany	623
Snake-Poison for Medical Purposes, Collecting	768
Steamship Gangway, An Adjustable	206
Steel Discovery, A Remarkable	336
Stranding-Buoy for Shipwrecks, A Novel	123
Straw Boxes, Butter-Packing in	829
Submarine Signalling	207
Sunproof Cloth for Dress Fabrics, New	476
Sweets, Dangerous	120
Tassel-Fastener for Blinds, A Handy	542
Tea, Essence of	544
Telephone Exchange, An Automatic	60
Tent, A Valise Tropical	336
Time-Recorder, An Ingenious	272
Time-Stamp for Documents, A	414
Tobacco-Spraying Pump, Novel	413
Tram-Car, The Latest	688
Tram-Cars Skidding, To Prevent	208
Tramway, A New Shallow Conduit	122
Transplanter, An Ingenious	414
Tropical Clothing	334
Tropical Tent, A Valise	336
Turbine, Reversible Steam	477
Typewriter, A Shorthand	765
Typewriter, A Utilitarian	335
Umbrella, Tracing the Lost	205
Vermin-Destroyer, A Hygienic	623
Vermin, The Organised Destruction of	543
Vinegar, Adulteration of	415
Virtuoso, An Automatic	414
Wall-Paper, Metallic	479
Water-Finder, Automatic	269
Water-Power, Harnessing Scotland's	61
Water Sterilised at the Tap	686
Waterproof Cover, A Novel	62
Waterproof Paint for Stonework	621
Waterproof Whitewash, How to Make	120
Wax from Sugar-Cane	623
White Ant Resistant Paint, A	767
Wind-Indicator, A Novel Electrical	333
Wood Preservative, New	122

EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER CONTENTS.

A Family Secret	By Mrs J. H. Needell	1
The Copse in Winter	By Ida Norman	17
The Treasure-Maid	By Edwin L. Arnold	18
Christmas: A Sonnet	By V. Craigie Halkett	21
Vandaleur of Castle Clare	By F. C. Armstrong	22
The Specialist	By Owen Oliver	41
A Night Adventure in the Levant	By W. F. Griffitt Blackler	46
Resurgent	By the Author of 'Miss Molly'	48

Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

By W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D., Author of *Deeds that Won the Empire, How England Saved Europe,* &c.

CHAPTER I.—THE FRENCHWOMAN.

'LAWRENCE,' said the bigger man of the two—a huge, careless figure, with black hair, daring eyes, and complexion dusky red—'Lawrence, Madame Thiebault is as sweet a woman as ever came across the Channel. Her eyes would bewilder a saint, and her wit is as bright as her eyes. But, after all, we English folk want in our wives something a little safer and less dazzling. There is a mystery about her, and we don't like mysteries in the family circle. Where does she come from? Who was the late M. Thiebault? And that solemn-faced major-domo of hers is as much a problem as his mistress.'

'I am old enough,' answered Lawrence a little grimly, 'not to make a fool of myself.'

'Ah,' said the big man, his eyes rolling with a sort of quizzical kindness on his companion, 'all the frosty hairs of Methuselah won't save even a wise man from making a fool of himself where a woman as pretty as Madame Thiebault is concerned. Marriage,' he went on in the tone of a philosopher discussing some abstract problem—'marriage at best is a gamble. Not that I, of all men, should object to it on that ground,' he added with an odd gleam of half-rueful humour. 'But in a game with such stakes we ought at least to know the cards. And what do you really know about this Frenchwoman? Why is she so friendly with those young fellows from the French ambassador's house?'

'I have got common-sense enough to take care of myself,' replied Lawrence. But he found his big companion's questions both inconvenient and exasperating, and his cheeks flushed under his black eyebrows.

'Yes,' said the elder man relentlessly; 'but common-sense loses its authority where a lady with Madame Thiebault's dazzling eyes is concerned. Why, they would melt that solemn icicle Pitt himself;' and the huge figure of the speaker shook with laughter. 'But,' he added with a sudden touch of gravity, 'those soft eyes can look as hard as steel on occasion.'

The pair had come out of one of the most famous and dangerous of London clubs. The big man was Fox, the kindest heart, the shrewdest brain, the most reckless gambler in England. He could be wise for anybody but himself. Lawrence, his friend, a wealthy London banker, to Fox's half-amused concern had fallen a sudden victim to the charms of Madame Thiebault, a Frenchwoman of uncertain antecedents, who somehow had got a footing in London society. Lawrence was no heavy-witted London 'cit.' The keen eyes which looked out from beneath his strong black brows showed he was a man of exceptional force. His wealth was great. A branch of his business was established in Paris, and his name carried weight in the financial circles of every Continental capital. From Paris he had caught something of its easy morals; something, too, of its daring politics. He belonged in public affairs to Fox's school, and a warm sympathy bound the two masterful natures together.

Lawrence was a widower with one boy, a sturdy eight-year-old lad, with the honest eyes of his dead mother. Fox's glance, for all his aspect of lazy unconcern, was curiously alert and observant. His friend was falling into the power of the too dangerous Frenchwoman. Himself a keen politician, he yet disliked political women, and this was one reason, amongst others, why he thought the Frenchwoman dangerous.

'Why,' he demanded of his friend, 'should she care for politics, or at least for politicians, so much? She turns old Lord G—— round her dainty little fingers. She will be at his grand party to-night; and Lawrence, old fellow, in spite of my warnings, you will be there too. You know that at bottom

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you are a sober-blooded Englishman. When you marry again you will want a domestic fireside, and a wife to stay there contentedly with you. Now, Madame Thiebault is a comet; and you cannot sit by the domestic hearth in company with a comet;' and once more the big man shook with easy laughter.

'Lawrence,' he concluded. 'I have expended more sober sense on you in twenty minutes than I have spent on myself in twenty years, and it will all be wasted;' and, with a good-humoured nod, the big man—the cleverest, yet the most reckless figure in the three kingdoms—turned away from his friend. After taking a few steps, however, he turned back. 'I know human nature. Youth can trifle with love, but a man of your years can't. The climax will be sudden either way. It will be a sudden breach or a sudden marriage. You can't have a suicide, you know, in three acts;' and Fox went off with fresh laughter, leaving his exasperated companion without the power to reply.

As John Lawrence sat an hour later in Madame Thiebault's pretty drawing-room he tried to look at her through the lens of Fox's undazzled eyes. But the effort was vain. The gay smile, the level brows, the deep intoxicating eyes, the quick and daring wit of Madame Thiebault carried him away. On a footstool beside her sat her child, an angel-faced girl of four or five, and the child, Lawrence felt—in some dim, illogical way—served to accredit the mother. It gave her in her lover's eyes a touch of gracious womanliness. It even seemed to put round her life a halo of innocence. And Fox was right; at bottom Lawrence had the stubborn domestic instinct natural to his English blood, and the unconscious child seemed to give to that instinct a reassuring pledge. There awoke in him an impulse of protecting tenderness, a touch of unselfish feeling, that mingled with the passion the mother's face kindled, and seemed to purify it.

As he sat there and looked at the two, black-browed John Lawrence, known and feared for his daring speculations and ruthless temper all over financial Europe, surrendered to the spell. The glance of Madame Thiebault's eyes ran through his blood like strong wine. His nerves thrilled to the cadences of her voice. Her keen and nimble wit played round his slower, if stronger, brain, as he half-ruefully confessed to himself, 'like a swallow round a slow-winged crow.'

Now, when a rich widower of forty finds himself, to his own amazement, in love once more, strange things are possible. His youth seems to come back to him suddenly, and with almost intoxicating force. The strange, rich, half-forgotten ferment stirring in his blood frightens while it delights him. He is very apt to come to some dramatic, if half-ashamed, decision.

A month later he sat in the drawing-room of his brother, a hard-headed lawyer, as dry and as unsentimental as his own wig. He too, like Fox—but with less tact—was trying to warn his brother against the too fascinating French widow.

'Robert,' said John Lawrence to him at last, with a stubborn compression of his lips, 'let Madame Thiebault alone.'

Robert's wife, whose heart was jealous for his little motherless boy, just then in her charge, clung with feminine vehemence to the subject.

'You are too much at that Frenchwoman's house, John,' she cried. 'People are linking your names together.'

John looked at her sternly. 'Not another word,' he said, 'or we quarrel. Madame Thiebault is my wife.'

'Oh John,' cried his sister-in-law with apparent irrelevance, 'your poor little boy!' and the eyes of Mrs Robert Lawrence shone with mingled pity and anger.

Yes, John Lawrence had stopped all remonstrances, if he had not silenced all criticisms, by a sudden and private marriage with Madame Thiebault.

CHAPTER II.—THE WILL.

THIS is in no sense a chronicle of John Lawrence the elder, and he may be dismissed from the narrative very briefly. A mystery, it was admitted by everybody, lay about Madame Thiebault; and marriage, even for her husband, did not dissipate the mystery. The marriage became public, and his wife took her place in his sober London house as its mistress, and filled it with a feverish gaiety—Lawrence's City friends called it 'dissipation'—that smacked rather of Paris than of London. Her soft-footed major-domo took charge of the household. Old servants went, old habits were changed, strange guests crowded its stairways and ballroom; and its master, somehow, found himself, he grimly realised, a stranger under his own roof.

But at the end of two dazzling years the great house was suddenly shut up. It was announced that Mrs Lawrence had gone to Paris; and rumour said she had set up a house as gay, or even gayer, there; for her rich husband's money made all things possible. John's face wore an aspect so stern that it silenced all curious questions, but it could not prevent malicious speculations.

'He has found out,' said his shrewd brother, 'that Madame Thiebault'—under that roof she was never called Mrs Lawrence—'was nothing better than a secret agent for the French Government.'

'He has found out,' cried Robert's wife, with a touch of more feminine malice, 'that there never was any M. Thiebault.'

Plainly, something tragical had taken place. Lawrence had discovered some stain in his wife's record or some flaw in her character that pricked

his honour, and love was slain in the heart of the proud Englishman.

A month later, however, Lawrence himself went to Paris. 'Urgent business,' he briefly explained to his brother, took him there.

'That Frenchwoman will capture him again,' said Robert's wife. 'You men,' she assured her husband, 'are all such simpletons where a pretty woman is concerned.'

Then, after a brief interval, came the news that John Lawrence was dying, and his brother was summoned in haste to his bedside.

The news from Paris was true. Some wave of fever-tainted air from the sewers of Paris had crept into the strong Englishman's blood as he drove in the diligence through its streets. The fever ran its deadly course so swiftly that the head of his Paris house, in alarm, insisted on sending for the doctor from the English Embassy. Dr Graham did his best for the great London banker, the friend of Fox. But the sick man seemed to have no resisting power; hardly any wish, indeed, to live. His wife was the most light-handed of nurses, and flitted round her husband's bed with madonna-like face and air of angelic patience. But her husband's brow grew dark as she bent over him. Jacques, her inscrutable major-domo, wore a countenance more mysterious than ever.

'Doctor,' whispered the sick man one afternoon, 'I must make a new will. It need only be a dozen lines, and I want you to write it out for me.'

A Scotchman is always half a lawyer, and takes kindly to legal tasks, and Dr Graham readily seized pen and paper, and took down the words as the sick man slowly dictated them. The will was brief. It gave a hundred pounds a year to madame, five thousand pounds to her little girl Denise, and the whole remaining estate to his boy John, with Robert Lawrence as sole executor. Dr Graham was a plain-spoken Scotchman, and madame, with her bright eyes, her soft-handed quickness as a nurse, and the resigned look as of an early Christian martyr on her face, had won his heart.

'Is that will quite fair to your wife?' he asked bluntly.

The sick man's face darkened at the question. He seemed about to speak, but checked the impulse.

'Do not sign it now,' Dr Graham went on. 'Think over it. The will should be in duplicate,' he added, with an amateur lawyer's love for unnecessary precautions. 'Let Jacques make clean copies of it. I will come to-morrow morning, and then, if you still wish, it can be signed.'

That night Dr Graham wrote to Robert Lawrence. 'Your brother is ill,' the letter ran, 'and is worse than he knows. He has drafted a will which I have told him is unfair to his wife. You had better come over. I leave for India almost at once, and your brother should have one of his own blood at his side.'

The next day Dr Graham found his patient worse, but obstinately bent on completing his will. He was plainly, indeed, adding a new flame to the fever in his blood by fretting over the business. Jacques was summoned. He brought the paper he had prepared, opened it, and in obedience to a whisper from the sick man began to read it. Then a gesture from the sick-bed stopped him.

'Do you read it, doctor,' said Lawrence, as if some strange and sudden suspicion seized him.

A deeper shadow crept over the dark face of the major-domo, and he drew back the hand that held the will; but after a moment's hesitation he gave the paper to the doctor, who read it aloud. The sick man was propped up with pillows; the pen shook so much in his trembling fingers as he leaned forward to sign that the ink fell from it in a broad splash on the will. But with an effort Lawrence steadied himself and scrawled his signature. Then a spasm of pain seized him; his face went deathly white. Dr Graham was watching him keenly; he caught the paper as it fell from his fingers, thrust it into the major-domo's hands, and bent all his energies to the care of the sick man.

The attack slowly passed away. 'Have you witnessed the will, doctor?' the patient whispered presently. Jacques was summoned again, and after some delay came into the room with the document. Its condition showed that as the doctor caught the will from the sick man's hand his thumb had touched the wet blot of ink. He was a man of neat habits, and he looked ruefully at the black smear on the white paper.

'I have spoiled it,' he said hesitatingly, 'but there is no time, I suppose, to prepare a new one.'

'Sign it,' whispered the sick man impatiently. Dr Graham wrote his signature; Jacques signed as the second witness.

'Doctor,' whispered Lawrence, pointing to the will, 'put that in an envelope. Now seal it and endorse it. Keep it in the safe at the Embassy till you put it in my brother's hands.'

'Where is the duplicate?' Dr Graham asked Jacques.

'It is of no use,' answered the major-domo. 'Shall I not destroy it?'

'No. Give it to me.'

With a certain odd hesitation the major-domo handed him the sheet, and the doctor put it, with Scottish prudence, in the breast-pocket of his coat.

'If the sick man grows stronger he may still wish his will to be in duplicate,' he explained, 'and so the copy is worth preserving.'

When Robert Lawrence arrived his brother was unconscious. Dr Graham declared he could do no more for the dying man, and he was impatient to start. 'My ship,' he said, 'sails for India in a week, and I must start for England.'

He told the story of the will, and, going with Robert Lawrence to the Embassy, put the document into his hands. Robert Lawrence examined the envelope with a lawyer's care.

'When you read it,' said Dr Graham, 'you will see that it is not a very fair will. But Mr Lawrence was perfectly conscious when he signed it, and it is what he meant it to be.'

The next day Graham left Paris; two days afterwards John Lawrence died. He recovered consciousness for a few moments. The black mists of death seemed to lift, and a light came to his eyes as he saw his brother's face bending over him.

'Take care of Jack,' he whispered.

When the funeral was over, the will was opened and read; the widow sat with pensive and martyr-like face listening to the brief sentences. The figures were as Lawrence had dictated to Dr Graham, but the names were strangely shifted. Denise still had her five thousand pounds; to the dead man's boy an annuity of one hundred pounds was left; the whole of the great estate went to the widow, and she was made sole executrix.

'Graham said the will was unfair to the wife,' reflected the puzzled lawyer; 'but he must have meant the boy. It's the boy who is robbed. That Frenchwoman,' he added, with an expletive, 'has beaten us after all. Poor little beggar!' he went on, as he looked meditatively at the little, desolate figure of the lad, now motherless and fatherless; 'and he is at the mercy of that woman and her major-domo.' He would have carried him off to London, but the step-mother was the boy's legal guardian, and, it was plain, held keenly to her rights. Women, however, are not legally-minded; and Robert Lawrence knew that this circumstance would be held by his wife to be a quite inadequate reason for leaving the little fellow to the mercy of 'that Frenchwoman.'

The business of administering the English estate was slow, and Robert Lawrence did nothing to facilitate the process. He interposed, indeed, as many delays as possible. His wife vehemently urged him to dispute the will on the ground of undue influence, or any other ground he pleased. Any plea, in her indignant eyes, was good enough for objecting to a will which not only robbed the little orphaned lad, but left him in the hands of the guilty step-mother who had robbed him. 'An English judge,' said the angry lady, 'would not be worth his own wig who gave effect to a will so wicked.' The assets in Paris were of a more easily liquefied sort, and Madame Laurente, as she now called herself, readily got possession of them.

Presently the Lawrences in London learned that the boy had been sent to the royal military college at Brienne, one of several recently founded. The military schools at Paris and La Flèche were notoriously lax. The new schools were to be of a sterner sort, and to secure that end were put under monkish rule. That at Brienne was controlled by the Order of St Benedict. It was a school of one hundred and twenty pupils, half of them free, on the nomination of the king; the remainder paid a modest amount per year. The rule was that they entered at ten years of age, and on production of a certificate of birth. Young Lawrence was over that age; his name and birth were English; but money in the Paris of that day could work miracles. 'John Lawrence' was changed into 'Jean Laurente;' and thus disguised under a French label, the son of the dead English banker wore the uniform and lived the life of a cadet at the most famous of French military schools.

(To be continued.)

COLOURED PRECIOUS STONES.

By R. Burnett.

FROM time immemorial certain stones have been held in high esteem both for their value and appearance. Various kinds are frequently mentioned in Scripture—sufficient guarantee to Scotchmen of their importance; and in Eastern countries down to comparatively recent years potentates have found in precious stones the most convenient investment for their wealth. The diamond, the emerald, the ruby, the sapphire, have always been, as they are now, greatly prized and well known in jewellery of all kinds; but the high prices set upon most of these stones have kept them as comparatively rare possessions among all except the wealthier classes.

Within the last few years, however—even during the past year—a great development has taken place in the use of coloured semi-precious stones in decorative jewellery, and when tastefully applied such stones can be made very effective and artistic. Those who look occasionally at the jewellers' windows—and what lady does not?—must have observed the much greater variety of colours now employed, especially in the smaller sizes of semi-precious stones. This development is much more strikingly seen at popular Continental watering-places than in our own country; but the fashion here is only a little behind that of these gayer centres where moneyed people 'most do congregate.' At such places as St Moritz, Lucerne, Milan, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, Trouville—to name only a few within the recent experience of the writer—jewellers display such treasures usually in the form of loose stones, which, especially to those who have made some study of the subject, is much more in-

teresting and tempting than when the stones are mounted as jewellery. Only in this form can one really become 'acquainted' with the stones and recognise their full beauty and good points, to borrow a phrase from the stud-book. To many there is a fascination in selecting suitable stones and having them made up to their own or to other exclusive designs. Several of the London shops, and even those in provincial towns, are now following the fashion of the famous *maisons* in the Rue de la Paix and Rue de Rivoli in Paris, the great centres of jewellers in that city of art and fashion, and displaying their pretty stones loose in the windows; although it may never be so common here as in the places mentioned to see on signboards, 'Grand Fabrique d'Écaille, Corail, et Bijouterie.'

Among the coloured stones that have rapidly come to the front, perhaps olivine takes the most prominent place. This is a stone of the same class as peridot, which will be referred to later on, but of a deeper green, even exceeding the emerald in the greenness of its green. In consequence of its somewhat 'strong' colour it is most effective when used in comparatively small sizes; but along with certain stones of, say, pink or rose-colour it can be introduced with highly artistic effect. Even fairly large stones of one, two, or more carats weight may be effectively set with a 'surround' of small diamonds—'brilliants' the jewellers would call them—so as to make a pretty ring or pendant. They have nearly as much beauty and effect as emeralds, and would perhaps be less than one-twentieth of the price; that is to say, olivine may be bought at from twenty shillings to thirty shillings per carat, whereas emerald would more probably cost from twenty pounds to perhaps fifty pounds. In all precious or semi-precious stones, colour, brilliancy, and hardness are the essential qualities, and olivine possesses all these in a fairly marked degree.

Another stone which, though long known to jewellers, has recently made very rapid advance in popular taste is the tourmaline, a stone of so wide classification that dealers are apt to call every stone unknown to themselves a tourmaline. Notwithstanding this indefiniteness, the stone is very highly prized for its hardness, brilliancy (or 'fire,' as this quality is technically called), and more especially for its variety of colour. Gray, brown, black, green, and pink are all included, but only the last two are of great value. The greens, however, range from soft moss-green to a deep blue-green, and the pinks from apple-jelly colour to a rich carmine; those of a soft rose-colour—other qualities being equal—having the most value. Like the emerald, these stones are very seldom found without some flaws, either 'shivers' or milky frothiness; but skilful setting can usually hide most of these defects. As a French dealer recently said to the writer in his own idiom, 'It is for their colour they are pretty.' Tourmalines can consequently be used in many ways, such as for ear-rings when cut in the form of brilliants, brooches, or pendants, either in the rose or green shades. Their price runs from about twenty-five shillings to fifty shillings or more per carat; and a stone of about five carats would make a suitable brooch, one of seven to ten a nice size for a pendant. Smaller stones, especially pear-shaped drops, are used very effectively in many ornaments.

Although a very old stone, which was in early times highly valued, the peridot is now much more used than in recent years. The finest qualities are of a yellowish-green colour with considerable lustre, and susceptible of a very high polish; but the commoner kinds are of an olive or leek green, without much sparkle, and are almost invariably 'step cut' so as to bring out their colour rather than their brilliancy. Their chief defect is want of hardness to stand a great deal of wear; but of course they can be repolished at comparatively small expense, and are then as good as new. Their price is considerably lower than that of tourmaline, and may range anywhere from fifteen shillings to thirty shillings a carat. As movement does not, except in the finer qualities, increase their brilliancy, they are best suited for brooches or any fixed ornament; still, they are often used in pendants.

Another very pretty stone, not so common in cold countries such as our own, probably in some respects prettier than any yet mentioned, is the aquamarine. As the name denotes, its colours have all a tint of the sea in them, and range from a whitish blue, or light sky-blue with a tinge of green, to a pretty sea-green. The better class of stones are highly limpid, with a vitreous (glassy) lustre and a delicate, elusive colour. They are specially hard, with much sparkle or 'fire,' which is equally well maintained in artificial light. Though quite suitable for a brooch, this stone is best adapted for pendants or drops to pendants, where the movements keep up a constant play of 'fire' from the stone, making them extremely effective as an ornament. The prices are much the same as those of the tourmaline, although with all precious stones exceptional qualities command almost any price asked.

Many other varieties of coloured stones are now being pressed into the service of the 'art jeweller,' several of them no doubt being but revivals from former times; for even we in the twentieth century have to admit that there are few new things under the sun. Among the more valuable and pretty of these varieties are the chrysoprase, with its many shades of beautiful apple-green colour, its transparency, and capability of high polish; the spinel, with its ruby-red and beautiful reflection of yellow colours; the zircon, with its adamantine lustre and great transparency; and the fire-opal or Mexican opal, with its deep-orange or 'flame' colour—a little of which goes a long way, but which in small sizes can be used by jewellers with considerable effect. Amethysts and topazes of the cheaper kinds

have not been referred to, simply because there is little value in the stones themselves. The expense is merely in the labour of cutting them, and that is usually done by machinery and in hundreds at a time, otherwise how could 'real stone' brooches of these stones be sold at from, say, two shillings and sixpence upwards?

As practical illustrations of how to get away from the hackneyed types in jewellery, take, for example, the ordinary yellow topaz—frequently in Scotland called 'cairngorm,' although perhaps not one in a thousand of these stones ever saw the Cairngorm Hills. This well-known form of brooch, with its usual 'surround' of pearls, is so conventional as to be commonplace. Let, however, a lady select a nice stone of a size and colour to suit her fancy—the cost would be about one pound—and let her have it made up with a 'surround' of light filigree-work or art gold-work in dull gold—say another pound—and compare the effects. It is no disparagement to pearls, which always tend to give a soft appearance to jewellery, to affirm that the other will be much more chaste, and be so far out of the common as to give full satisfaction to any lady wishing to show some individuality in her ornaments. For a rather more expensive brooch select any of the green varieties of stones—tourmaline, peridot, or chrysoprase: olivine would be rather too strong for this size—of about five carats weight; make the setting around the stone as open as possible, the gold mostly 'knife-edged' (to give strength and yet show little surface), but the scroll parts broadening out so as to hold a setting of diamond chips or sparklets set in platinum, and we have another extremely effective piece of jewellery. If the purse will allow it, a few—four or eight—well-cut small diamonds in the open spaces round the stone will greatly enhance the appearance. Of course those who cannot afford such an addition will consider diamonds vulgar; but those who can may well allow this thought to pass unchallenged.

While gold alone has been referred to as a material for mounting, other metals may very suitably be employed. With warm-tinted stones the colder-looking, but strong and durable, platinum may quite well be used; while oxidised silver is artistic, but is easily tarnished. Gold, therefore, either bright, dull, or coloured to suit the stones, is on the whole the most serviceable and gives the richest appearance. For ear-rings, small green tourmalines cut in 'brilliant' shape may be selected—about one to one and a half carat the pair—set as studs, but having the gold as open as possible so that the play of light may fully bring out the sparkle of the stones. This may be varied by a pink or a rose pair set as 'drops,' with only a thin band of gold round the 'girdle' of the gems, and with one, two, or three small diamonds set in platinum above the stones. These are exceedingly handsome and suitable for 'dressy' occasions.

For another illustration, choose, say, a rose-tourmaline of seven or eight carats, and select a pleasing design of gold scroll-work suitable for a pendant. In the open spaces could be inserted four or six small green stones—olivines or tourmalines—and the points filled up with pearls, taking care to have a fairly large cluster at the foot. Instead of pearls, small yellow topazes might be selected, and then one would have a study in stones complete. Another suitable variant would be to employ enamel-work in the mounting, but the expense of the better class of this style of decoration is usually more than its appearance justifies. This kind of ornament lends itself especially well to the introduction of coloured stones, and forms an extremely pleasing decoration. In pendants and necklaces more than in almost any other article of jewellery can coloured stones be used effectively. If the colours are kept soft and made to harmonise nicely, tasteful and chaste effects are obtained. Ladies designing and wearing such ornaments may rest assured that they are not only *la mode*, but in the forefront of fashion at the present time.

The chief drawback to coloured stones in jewellery is that they can be so easily imitated, and the use of 'paste' imitations and inferior stones tend to make ornaments of this kind become so common that many ladies do not care to wear them. This drawback, however, applies even to such stones as diamonds and emeralds—the most expensive ones we have; and ladies by careful choice of stones, by applying their artistic taste in designing and wearing such jewellery—just as they would employ all their own taste and their dressmaker's skill to secure a frock that would have the distinctive stamp of quality—may by the judicious use of coloured semi-precious stones procure ornaments that not only afford pleasure to the wearer and the spectator, but are things of beauty and a joy for ever.

On the other hand, the attraction of such jewellery is that ladies may have everything *en suite;* that is, bracelets, ear-rings, brooch, pendant, and dress may all match, or pinks and greens may be blended so as to harmonise. If care and judgment be used in the selection of the stones and ornaments, as well as of the dress, ties, and blouse to match, there is no great fear of even the 'mere man' thinking the ornaments have been simply thrown in by the draper with the blouse. Great ignorance, however, prevails with regard to coloured semi-precious stones, and not a few ladies, otherwise well informed, are unaware how cheaply and effectively they can procure these ornaments, which are as necessary to the Parisienne, and French and Italian women in general, as are shoes and hats. Only last Easter the writer bought a few pretty green tourmalines in Nice, and on his showing them to an English lady in the same hotel, who was well dressed and wearing as much valuable jewellery as good taste allowed, she exclaimed, 'Oh, where did you purchase the pretty

emeralds?' These stones cost several pounds each, but had they been emeralds of the same size they would have brought perhaps several hundreds each. The remark serves to show that there is a considerable lack of knowledge regarding coloured precious stones, and it is hoped this article may do something to turn ladies' thoughts to the uses of such fashionable adjuncts in the making up of inexpensive and artistic ornaments for personal adornment.

DICK HELLIFIELD'S DOUBLE.

By ALFRED COLBECK, Author of *The Dyserth Diamond*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.



S the great liner entered the Canal, and the low minarets and the uneven and flimsy buildings became more sharply defined in the morning sunlight, I came on deck and instructed the steward to place my modest portmanteau beside the bridge-like gangway which the men were preparing to run out and drop ashore. It was my first visit to the East. I was a trifle excited by the appearance of the straggling town, and mildly interested in the monotonous yellow expanse pierced by the long silver thread which connects the Old World with the New. Everything was strange to me. The liner slowed down and slid alongside a double row of coal-laden lighters. These were moored, stem and stern, close to the masonry which here formed the bank of the Canal, and the steamer towered above them like a high wall. Beyond the lighters, along the shore, a few people were collected, calmly watching us, in dress and speech and manner sufficiently varied to reveal that this midway hostel of the world was indeed cosmopolitan; but as I was expecting no one to meet me, and intent only on quitting the ship, I paid them very little attention.

'Hallo, Jim!' cried a familiar voice; and, turning to locate it, I saw below me the upturned face of Dick Hellifield. His dreamy eyes, shaded by a white pith helmet, had caught sight of me, and he looked fresh and cool in his thin white flannels. The attire had deceived me; otherwise I might have picked him out from the crowd.

'Good-morning,' I called out, with a slight inclination of the head, as if I had met him casually in the street at home and not here on the highway of the world.

'Good what?' he shouted, with a whimsical smile.

'Morning,' I repeated. And the smile became a laugh.

Certainly it was a bit ridiculous, but it was the first thing that came into my head to say. Although I was not expecting him, I had sent him a brief message, and thought he would turn up in Cairo. His appearance at Port Said to greet me before I landed did not surprise me; therefore the 'Good-morning' dropped from my lips unpremeditatedly and quite naturally, even if it were a bit ridiculous. We had not seen each other for nearly three years.

'Stand back, please,' said the third mate; and, after he had been obeyed, the gangway rattled out, and was lowered over one of the lighters to the edge of the Canal.

Ere it touched the ground a swarm of Arab porters had leaped upon it, and came rushing up the incline to the deck. They gathered about me and the few others who were waiting to disembark, jabbering, vociferating, contradicting—all except one, who looked at me with a conscious smile, and promptly lifted my portmanteau. I placed my foot upon it.

'You no want go ashore?' said he in amazement as it dropped to the deck again. 'Mis'r 'El'field—he send me—say you want go—I Mis'r 'El'field man.'

'That makes all the difference,' said I, releasing it and trotting after him down the gangway.

The coal-heavers had already begun their work, running up the planking in rapid succession, each one with a full basket on his shoulders, tossing the coal into the bunkers, and running down the parallel planking into the lighter again. Like busy black ants they seemed, working with mechanical regularity, and raising a cloud of dust detrimental to Dick's white flannels, to say nothing of an impaired breathing apparatus with which I happened to be afflicted; and Dick drew me out of the reach of the floating particles of carbon before he spoke a word. His 'man' was already far up the street with the portmanteau.

'Well,' said he as we slowly followed the vanishing Arab, 'you're the coolest beggar alive.'

'How's that, Dick?' I asked.

'"Good-morning!" But, I say, what have they been doing to you?' And he scanned my face with a touch of anxiety.

'No end of things. The *grippe* took me first—a beastly business; then pneumonia set in—more beastly still; and when Fozard got me breathing again with something like decent ease, he said I must come out to Cairo for the winter. No nearer place would do. So here I am, Dick, and it's very good of you to meet me.'

'It's very good of you to come, you mean, and a godsend to me just now. Old Fozard's a brick. Why did he specify Cairo?'

'Because of the sunshine. He said it would be better than all his physic'——

'Which I can well believe.'

'I must get away from England, so he said, into a perfectly dry air, where the sun could play upon me, and sift into me, and work its own natural cure; and he recommended Cairo.'

'He's a sensible M.D.'

'Can you trust that chap with the portmanteau?' I asked; for he had disappeared by this time, and I was by no means sure of him.

'With more than that, Jim. Don't you trouble; he's all right. And here we are at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where I've bespoken a room for you.'

I had breakfasted on board, and Dick declared himself hunger-proof until the time for *déjeuner;* so, after inspecting the room, we sallied forth to see the sights. Dick insisted that I should discard my Western headgear in favour of a topee that would shield my neck and forehead from the sun, and assisted me also in the selection and purchase of a suit to match his own. The change was welcome. Very much warmer was it strolling about the town than basking on the deck of the moving liner. Fozard had evidently sent me to the right place for sunshine. We booked our passages by the little steam-launch which was due to leave for Ismailia the following morning. In our rambles, both before and after *déjeuner*—considerably after, for the middle of the day was very hot—we were attended by Ahmed, Dick's 'man,' who kept his distance but was always within call.

'You haven't told me how you come to be in Port Said, Dick,' said I as we sat on the balcony of the hotel when dinner was over.

'Oh, that's easily explained,' returned Dick. 'When your message arrived—with precious little in it, by the way, except that you were on the sick-list and meant to catch the liner at Marseilles—I totted up the rest-days that were due to me, and found they had accumulated to twenty-five. So I marched off to the chief and showed him your letter. I had been sweltering on the barrage for a considerable time, and he knew it. We were not short-handed, and he could easily spare me. So he said I might go.'

'And you will spend the twenty-five days with me?' I asked, no less surprised than delighted.

'Twenty-two of 'em, Jim. Three have gone.'

'That's splendid.'

'And another week or so at Christmas.'

'Why, I'm in clover!'

'In millet, and lentils, and sesame, and cucumbers, and—— Well, Ahmed, what is it?' for the Arab had slipped silently through the glass doors and stood before us.

'I have seen him, Mis'r 'El'field.'

'Where?'

'In the lounge at the Hôtel de Paris. He came from Ismailia to-day.'

'You'll take my room, Ahmed?' and a meaning glance passed between them. The Arab bowed and retired. Then, turning to me, Dick said, without offering any explanation, 'There are two beds in your room, Jim—I selected it purposely—and, if you don't mind, I'll occupy one of them. It's large and airy, and we've been together before. You don't mind?'

'Not in the least. I should prefer it.'

'Thank you.'

The conversation turned upon home affairs. It was a lovely night, clear and balmy, with a moon full-orbed hanging in the depths of a wonderful sky. The balcony overlooked a public square, across which the people were constantly moving. We conversed, lazily pulling at our cigars and watching the smoke ascend and disperse in the still atmosphere, until at last we lapsed into silence. Dick suddenly sat upright and drew his fingers across his brow; at the same moment, from the square below, a revolver-shot rang out. The ball buried itself in the woodwork over our heads. There was a slight commotion in the square. The people ran together to see what had happened.

Dick smiled and lifted his eyes. 'It's rather hot here, Jim.'

'Rather,' I replied; 'hotter than Fozard thought it would be. He never mentioned revolvers. I feel like going in.'

'Yes, I think we'd better. That fellow's a bad shot.' We passed through the glass doors. 'And a fool, too, to fire in this uncertain light.'

'Do you know him?'

'I could guess his name at twice, and guess Jerusalem the first time. Yes, I know him, and he evidently knows me. He's a slippery customer. Did you notice how he got away?'

'No; I did not see him at all.'

'He had vanished when the people ran together. There was a convenient passage behind him, communicating with a gambling-den, and he was in it while the smoke of the revolver was hanging in the air. Well, perhaps I needn't have troubled you by changing my bedroom after all.'

'Who is he, Dick?'

'I'll tell you when we get to Cairo.'

'You are in danger, Dick?'

'Perhaps. Who knows? He couldn't hit me then, but he may if he tries often enough. Yes, I think I'll tell you when we get to Cairo. It might serve a good purpose if he does pot me at the last.'

This event, following upon the brief conversation between Dick and Ahmed, and Dick's request to share my room—happening, too, so soon after my arrival—did not contribute to my composure; and when my mosquito-curtains were tucked in and the light was extinguished I closed my eyes in vain. Sleep for a time deserted me. I wondered what it could mean. It did not seem to trouble Dick. He slept peacefully enough, and I could hear his heavy and regular breathing long before I became drowsy. When sleep did come, pressing me down, despite my thoughts, into a blissful unconsciousness—for I was weary with the long day—it was dreamless and undisturbed; and I awoke after my usual hour to

find that Dick was up and dressed, with a smile on his face and his eyes beaming like new-fed lamps. He had slept the sleep of renewal, without a tinge of fear.

If Ahmed had been disturbed at all he was silent about it.

The steam-launch was moored stern-on to the steps of the quay. It was like a mannikin aping its elders. So small was it that it could have been dropped bodily into one of the funnels of the liner. Amidships, over a tiny saloon, was a raised promenade-deck, about seven feet by five, encumbered by the steering-wheel and protected by polished brass stanchions. It boasted a miniature fore-peak and a well-deck aft, with a poop projecting over the twin screws. Dick and I skipped up the five-stepped companion to the limited promenade; but Ahmed, having seen to the stowing of our luggage, remained on the poop.

As we cast off and the screws began to revolve, a man in black, with a red fez, ran towards the steps. He was very nimble—a lithe man, with a thin brown face and glittering dark eyes. I saw Ahmed draw himself up and stiffen as the man approached and sprang from the steps to the poop. It was cleverly done, but the next instant he was in the water. I could not be certain how it had happened. It seemed to me as if, in the very moment of his alighting, Ahmed had twisted his instep about the ankle of the new-comer. The impetus of the leap, however, and the impact of his body on the already moving boat, may have accounted for it, and apparently did account for it to the passengers and the crew. Certainly a craft so light would oscillate to the slightest touch, and no one seemed to wonder that the leaper had lost his equipoise. He dropped with a splash, half-doubled up, and attempted to save himself by clutching at the gunwale; but when he rose to the surface he straightened himself out and struck at once for the shore. His fez was bobbing in the wake of the launch. The skipper signalled for the reversal of the screws. But as he scrambled, dripping, up the steps he shook his head and waved the launch away; and, indeed, he was in no condition for the journey. The signal was cancelled; the launch, which for a moment had hung in its track, made way again; and we were followed across the harbour by the would-be passenger's malignant gaze.

'That's the fellow who shot at you last night,' said I in an undertone as we cleared the harbour and entered the Canal.

'You've made a shrewd guess, Jim,' he replied; 'that's the man.'

'Ahmed dropped him overboard purposely.'

'As you say, purposely, to save possible trouble between here and Cairo. You saw it, then?'

'Yes—at least I half saw it; the trick was done so neatly that I could not be quite sure.'

'You've sharp eyes. No one else except myself half saw it; and I should have been in doubt, like you, but for my knowledge of Ahmed. A cleverer servant there could not be. Thanks to him, we are free from a decidedly unpleasant espionage, to put it mildly; it might even be from an attack like that of last night—an attack upon myself, of course, not upon you. How are your nerves, Jim?'

'Fairly fit. I don't jump at a little thing.'

'Because I shouldn't forgive myself, and I'm sure Fozard wouldn't forgive me, if you were to begin to worry and wear 'em to fiddle-strings. It's nothing—a mere bagatelle; only the chap seems to be a bit persistent. I thought I'd shaken him off. I didn't expect he would follow me to Port Said, else I wouldn't have come. I could have met you in Cairo.'

'I'm glad you came, Dick, for all that.'

'Are you?' and he turned upon me his dreamy gray eyes. 'Well, he'll not trouble us now; perhaps not again. You may dismiss him from your mind;' and he began to talk about other matters, calling my attention to the sandy banks of the Canal, to the camels on the ridges, to the dredgers scraping up the silt, to a large Far-Eastern liner approaching us, as if he had entirely forgotten the man whom Ahmed had tipped into the tide.

When we entered the Canal, Ahmed, certain now that the man could not follow, retired into the saloon, stretched himself at full length on one of the cushions, and fell fast asleep; nor did he waken until we curved into the wider waters and ran alongside the landing-stage at Ismailia. From this I concluded that he had had no sleep during the night. Straight from the landing-stage, up the dirty avenue of stunted trees, we walked to the railway station, leaving Ahmed to bring on the luggage. There was barely time for a hasty luncheon before the starting of the train. On we went through Tel-el-Kebir, with the pleasant little English cemetery beside it, to the junction at Zag-a-zig, there to be delayed a while, and then forward to Cairo, where we arrived a few minutes late.

'We will put up at the Esbekieh, Jim.'

'You know best, Dick. I am in your hands.'

'It overlooks a public square and the gardens, and is not so retired as some of the hotels; but it will suit us very well. It is Nubar Pasha's old place. The bazaars are near, and we can get away conveniently wherever we like from there.'

When we were settled and dinner was over, Dick and I sought a balcony on the second floor upon which our double-bedded room opened, and, smoking serenely, watched the changing scene in the square below. Much more lively was it than in the square at Port Said, and the mingled noises from the bazaars at the back fell pleasantly on our ears. When the evening was far advanced Ahmed presented himself, and received his instructions for the morrow.

'He cannot reach Cairo until the day after to-morrow,' said Dick when the other matters had been disposed of.

'Not easily, Mis'r 'El'field. There is no boat.'

'Can he at all?'

'By hiring.'

'You will keep your eyes open?'

Ahmed shrugged his shoulders and spread out his palms, as much as to say, 'You may safely trust me to do that,' included both of us in his ceremonious bow, and silently withdrew.

'He is invaluable,' remarked Dick when he had gone; and I was inclined to agree with him. But I wanted to know more. Dick, however, was not disposed to satisfy my curiosity. He began to chat about home, and I had to wait.

(To be continued.)

NIGGER STORIES.

By JOHN D. LECKIE.

WE are all apt to form very erroneous impressions regarding races of people of whom our total knowledge has been gained by reading about them—perusing accounts which are too often the superficial impressions of transient travellers. Even a short and witty epigram has sometimes unjustly branded a people with a defect or bad trait which they do not really possess. For example, the Scotch visitor to London soon finds that his countrymen are regarded in the Metropolis as the possessors of two unenviable traits—namely, stinginess and the inability to perceive a joke. The latter of these impressions is to be traced to Sydney Smith's celebrated saying that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head, although the editor of *Punch*, who may be taken as an authority, has stated that his best jokes come from north of the Tweed, a part of the country which has certainly produced its share of literary humour. With regard to the imputation of stinginess, if we were asked who were the most generous persons in existence we would be inclined to mention Mr Andrew Carnegie, who is a Scotchman, and the next half-dozen names of most generous persons (excluding Americans) would probably be Scotch, Scotch-Irish, or Scotch-Canadian. In short, the imputation of stinginess and stupidity cast on the Scotch can only be the result of second-hand impressions as distinguished from actual acquaintance with the people, and few Englishmen who have lived north of the Tweed will dispute the statement.

This digression is merely intended to show how erroneous may be the impressions we have of our nearest neighbours; and, if so, how much more erroneous will be the impressions we have of races of whose members we have no personal acquaintance! We are apt to base our impression of the negro on a few epigrams in the same way as we have done regarding the Scotchman.

People who have no intimate acquaintance with the negro race are apt to take it for granted that the only difference between a black man and a white man is the colour of the skin; in fact, we hear the assertion daily in the mouths of stay-at-home Englishmen. Alas! if this were the case, the racial problems which figure so prominently in the United States and some of our own colonies would be of easy solution; but unfortunately any one who has lived long among negroes is aware that the two races are cast in an entirely different mould, physically and intellectually, and the ignoring of this fact (even by would-be philanthropic legislators) has led to more than one insurrection and racial war. Again, many of our own countrymen in the general appellation of 'negro' include all races which possess a black skin, such as the Hindu, who, though of swarthy colour, belongs to the same Caucasian race as ourselves.

The word 'negro' in this article is used in the restricted sense and more general acceptance of individuals of the Bantu stock, which includes the blacks of Central Africa and their descendants in America. It is foreign to our purpose to discuss the vexed question of whether the African negro is capable of acquiring the intellectual abilities and high civilisation of his white brother; but there can be no doubt about the capabilities of the Hindu in this respect; in fact, the inhabitants of India enjoyed a high civilisation at a time when our British ancestors were bare-backed savages.

Neither is it the object of this article to describe in detail the peculiarities of the negro character. To do justice to such a subject nothing less than a complete volume would be adequate. On the contrary, the following anecdotes, as will be gathered from the preceding remarks, must be taken with the same grain of salt as Sydney Smith's epigram on the Scotchman—to a certain extent exaggerated and perhaps of doubtful veracity, though not devoid of local 'colour,' and to a certain extent they reflect the opinion held of our black brethren in the United States.

Stories with regard to the physical peculiarities of the negro are numerous, and of these not a few refer to the supposed thickness of the African cranium. Two planters in the West Indies, A. and B., made a bet in this connection. A. wagered a considerable sum that a negro could break a cheese with his pate, B. taking up the bet in the negative. The cheese, of portentous size, was duly produced, wrapped up in paper, and placed on a suitable pedestal. While A.'s attention was distracted, B. abstracted the cheese and put in its place a grindstone of equal size, wrapped, as the cheese had been, in paper. The negro, quite unaware of the change, ran full tilt with his head against the supposed cheese, the result being that the grindstone was

smashed into a thousand fragments. But Sambo afterwards admitted that it was rather a hard cheese! Perhaps this is the origin of the slang expression which was current in our schoolboy days, 'to get a cheese,' in the sense of being 'sold' or 'taken in.'

A gentleman owning a sugar estate in Demerara went out to visit it for the first time. The day after his arrival he stood watching the punts bringing the cane home. A young negro boy who was driving the mules, wishing to increase the speed of these, struck one of them with his whip. The mule promptly responded by launching out with his heels, and dealt the boy a kick on the head which stretched him on the ground, where he lay rubbing his woolly pate on the spot where the kick had been received. 'Is he hurt? Is he hurt?' cried the planter in alarm. A full-grown negro, hearing the expressions of concern, sprang forward hastily, and, raising the mule's heels, shouted out, 'No, boss! That mule him walk tendah fo' a day or two, but him no' hurt.

Stories of the kind might be repeated indefinitely, as that of the negro who fell on to a granite pavement from the twentieth story of a New York sky-scraper, but miraculously escaped injury owing to the fact that he fell on his head; or of the negro who, when passing along the street, exclaimed, 'Who's that spitting up there?' when a shower of bricks fell on his cranium from an equal height.

Another source of mirth is the negro's pedal extremities. According to Tom Cringle, they are built on the broomstick principle—quite as much of the foot on one side of the shank as on the other. 'What for you tread on my heels?' exclaimed one indignant darky to another. 'What for you got heels like toes?' was the prompt rejoinder. If Nature has provided the negro with an invulnerable cranium, we are told (also on Tom Cringle's authority) she has adjusted the balance by constructing his shins in such a manner that they form the weak point of his anatomy. No one would ever think of giving a darky a blow on the head, but a few raps on his nether extremities will send him howling with pain. Yet the soles of his feet, in close proximity to his shins, would seem to be endowed with a toughness almost equal to that of his skull, if the following story is to be believed. A Southern planter was out hunting with some friends, and camped out at night in the woods. A fire of pine logs was kindled, and round it the party resigned themselves to sleep, each one with his feet pointing towards the blazing pile. During the night the planter awoke, and was surprised to perceive a distinct smell of roast-beef. Waking his black servant Pompey, he resolved to solve the mystery. Pompey sniffed for a moment, and then replied, 'Seems to me, massa, some one is burning his foot.' The fact seemed incredible; but after further investigation Pompey ejaculated, 'Why, sure 'nough, it is my own foot that is burning;' and he pointed to his naked pedal extremities. His sense of smell had been aroused before the sense of touch.

Illiteracy, as might be expected, is very general among the Southern negroes, and there are (or were) few who have even an elementary knowledge of arithmetic; though not wanting in natural shrewdness, they are apt to be overreached by their unscrupulous white brethren. A negro, who had made an arrangement with a Southern planter to sow a plot of land with corn, had agreed to receive in return a certain proportion of the crop. Relating the transaction afterwards to a friend, he remarked, 'Colonel X. wanted me to take the land on shares, and offered me a fourth of the crop; but I was not satisfied. I held out for a fifth, and I got it. You can't fool this nigger.'

Among the charges brought against the Southern negro, and also against his West Indian brother, is that of a propensity to petty larceny—he is supposed to have a special weakness for his neighbours' fruit and poultry. A Southern negro had been charged with the offence of chicken-stealing, and among the witnesses summoned was a brother darky. On being asked what he knew about the character of the accused, he refused, with characteristic caution, to make any incriminating charge. The prosecuting lawyer, who was well acquainted with the negro character, had to use a little diplomacy. 'I don't want to say anything against Abe Johnson, the accused,' he remarked; 'but if you were a chicken, and Abe Johnson were around, what would you do?' 'I would roost high,' was the prompt reply.

An excellent, if perhaps unjust, picture entitled 'Injured Innocence' depicts a darky boy who has been charged by a neighbour with stealing his chickens, to which he indignantly replies, with a face which is the very picture of injured innocence, 'Get away, white man! Don't insult a boy if he am brack. Do I look as if I could steal chickens? Do you see any chickens about me?' all the while in blissful ignorance of the fact that half-a-dozen small chickens are thrusting their heads out of his tattered hat, which he had trusted would conceal them.

During the Civil War in the United States, especially during the last years, the Southerners were often in sore straits for supplies of all kinds. During this period a Southern judge was rather surprised to find a turkey on his table, stuffed according to the best rules of the art. As he had no turkeys in his poultry-yard, and he knew that the sum he had given to his cook for household expenses did not run to a turkey, he called the sable servant and asked for an explanation. 'Why, massa,' replied Sambo, 'it is like this. That turkey has been roosting three nights on our fence, and last night I grabbed him for the rent of the fence.' It is not on record whether the judge was satisfied with this explanation.

In the West Indies colour is the badge of rank even more than trade or occupation. Imagine, therefore, the disgust of a white lady who called from her carriage to a coloured woman, when, not

receiving a reply, another 'fair' darky hailed the woman as follows, 'Say, brown lady, you no' hear white woman call you?'

Some time ago, when it first became fashionable to drive in a carriage with a raised seat behind for the page or footman, this new style of equipage attracted the attention of a black woman passing in the street. A young lady was seated in the carriage, while on a raised seat behind a coloured page sat with folded arms. 'Bress de Lord! bress de Lord!' exclaimed the negress, as she held up her hands in astonished rapture, 'many a time I have prayed for it, but I never expected to see it. I wonder how much that young coloured gentleman pays that white woman to drive him out.'

It is to be regretted that nearly all the foregoing anecdotes show the negro in an unfavourable or ridiculous light. Yet it must be admitted that the descendants of Ham possess many amiable qualities, not the least of which is an intense devotion to their masters and an extreme attachment to the plantations on which they were born and bred, sentiments pathetically expressed in many a fine plantation-song. At no time was their fidelity more noticeable than during the Civil War in the United States, when the South was almost depleted of its male white population, nearly all the able-bodied whites having been sent to the front. Yet, notwithstanding the fact that the Southerners left their plantations practically at the mercy of their negro slaves, and in spite of the efforts made by the North to produce a servile insurrection, throughout the whole course of the war there never was the slightest attempt on the part of the slaves to rebel against their masters; on the contrary, they followed their owners as camp-servants in the field, and their devotion seemed to be in no way abated by the emancipation proclamation of the enemy. So much confidence did the Southerners place in the fidelity of their slaves that a Bill was introduced in the Confederate Congress towards the close of the war for the arming of two hundred thousand negroes, and no one acquainted with the actual state of affairs in the South will doubt that the planters' confidence in the fidelity of their slaves was well deserved, though the latter well knew that their adhesion to their masters had the effect of riveting the chains of slavery more firmly round their necks.

Previous articles on this subject are 'Hayti under Negro Government' and 'The West Indian Negro' in *Journal* for 1901, and 'Up from Slavery' in 1902.

A WAX-CANDLE.

By THEODORA WILSON WILSON, Author of *T' Bacca Queen, Langbarrow Hall, Ursula Raven, A Navvy from King's, Helen and Cecil Sketches in 'Punch,'* &c.

PART I.

BILL HENDERSON was not liked by the men. He was silent, reserved, and 'queer.' Yet he had a way with the women, and the miners' daughters watched his movements with jealous interest. He was of medium height, plump in countenance, and slightly round-shouldered. He shaved three times a week, and wore a velvet coat on Sundays.

Henderson was, moreover, better educated than his mates at the lead-mine, and he never wore quite so self-satisfied an expression as when he thought he had discovered some mistake in the management. His schemes were a regular cause of jest amongst the men; yet he said his say, and demanded interviews with the young manager; and Leigh Masters, who believed in living in good fellowship with his workpeople, always paid Henderson the compliment of listening seriously to his suggestions.

Henderson's latest fad was on the subject of candles. He objected to the tallow-candles served out by the storekeeper, insisting that wax-candles would give a better light; and one Saturday in early October he informed his mates that on the following Monday he intended to prove his point.

The suggestion was received with the usual good-humoured howl of derision; and Jimmy Graves, Bill's fellow-worker in the same stope, voiced the general sentiment when he remarked scornfully, 'Wax-candles! They'll blow out before you've chucked your match away. More like you're wanting them to wax your moustache to go courting with.'

But time was too precious to waste over the discussion of Bill's fads, and every one rushed off to clean up for the afternoon's enjoyment.

Henderson, accustomed both to scepticism and chaff, went to clean up like the rest. Yet, when he had accomplished that somewhat lengthy process, he eschewed the crowd at the football-field, and wandered off alone.

It somehow happened that as he passed the old mill, Janey Bowker, the miller's daughter, also dressed in her Saturday best, was standing at the little gate, wondering how long her careless lover, Jimmy Graves, intended to keep her waiting.

Janey was all on edge with Jimmy. He was certainly the biggest and handsomest young fellow in the village; but handsomeness was not everything. Even an easy-going good-nature palled when it degenerated into careless selfishness. Jimmy and

she had been walking out for nearly two years; and though Janey could not have expressed her dangerous irritation, she instinctively felt that he was using this fact as though it gave him the right to take or leave her as he chose. 'We might be married, the way he goes on!' so she grumbled. Even this very afternoon—oh dear, yes! Janey could guess well enough where he was—Jimmy was doubtless watching the League match. If he had been playing and messing himself up from his boot-tops to his curly pate she might have excused him, for football was football, as all the village knew, and she might even have gone down to the field to watch him. But Janey knew that Jimmy had been sent back to reserve because the committee was uncertain whether at any critical moment he would exert himself to buck up. He had, no doubt, on this afternoon entirely forgotten that he had promised to take her nutting. Well, if he didn't care, she was sure she didn't either.

Having come to this convincing conclusion, it was noticeable that when Bill Henderson happened to walk casually along the lane, Miss Bowker did not retire from her position at the gate, but passed the time of day in response to a deferential greeting. Then she bridled and tossed her head, and remarked with some asperity that menfolk were neither worth raising nor bothering over when they were raised.

'You shouldn't smear all folk with the same wash, Miss Bowker,' said Bill, with a grand enticing indifference.

'And why not?' she demanded, sure of the answer.

'Because—— Prove the answer for yourself, miss. It is a grand afternoon.'

Janey gave a short giggle, snapped the gate behind her, and the two strolled away.

By dint of judicious management—hedge-hugging and standing in tree-shadows—Janey and her companion managed entirely to evade the eyes of the neighbours.

The walk was quite the most exciting Janey had ever had. Certainly Mr Henderson was not so big as Jimmy; but his arm swept round her waist quite easily, and tightened more comfortably. Besides, his handkerchief was scented.

Perhaps she missed the vivacious, gossipy chat she generally had with Jimmy; but then this man said such wonderful things about herself in such beautiful language. And when she remembered the number of girls who, she was sure, would now wish to strangle her, and all the chilling speeches she could now pour forth upon Jimmy, she decided that excitement was life, and that life was worth living.

On reaching home at a reasonable hour—for Henderson always courted respectably at the beginning—her mother demanded why she had not brought Jimmy in to supper.

'He can get his supper anywhere he likes for what I care,' said Janey recklessly. 'I've had my fill of him. He thinks I'm nothing but an old spade lying in the hedge-bottom, that he can use, or shift, or leave to rust just as he has a mind. Jimmy can find himself another.'

'What do you mean, lass?' demanded her mother. Mrs Bowker was a middle-aged person who for long years had been under her daughter's thumb. 'Wasn't yon Jimmy, then?'

'Jimmy can go and hang himself! I was walking out with Mr William Henderson, and I don't care who kens it.'

On Sunday Janey went to church, and so did Bill. He wore his velvet coat, and a late rosebud in his button-hole, and he sang in the choir.

In all this he scored, for Jimmy believed in a day of material rest, and only rolled himself out of bed as church 'came out' and the scent of his mother's Irish stew became insistent.

That afternoon he spent sitting on the parapet of the bridge, gossiping to his mates, until it struck his weary mind that he might as well be off home to get his tea.

After tea, of course, it was absolutely necessary to have one pipe before starting out to see Janey.

During this operation Joe Waters, the clown of the mine and the village, looked over the wall.

'Come in, Joe, my lad,' called Jimmy affably. There was always fun to be got out of Joe, and there was no hurry to start for the mill.

Joe vaulted the gate, and came up the path with an ironical grin quivering his long slit of a mouth.

'The joke, you born fool!' demanded Jimmy composedly.

> **'Where 's your lass to-night, Jimmy—**
> **Jane o' Bowker's mill?**
> **Better hurry yourself, Jimmy,**
> **Or t' lass will get her will.'**

So he sing-songed out the impromptu doggerel, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder in the vague direction of the mill.

'What do you mean?' demanded Jimmy.

'Ay, what?' laughed Joe. 'When folk holds a young filly over loose in the halter, a toss of her head and she's off.'

'Talk sense,' said Jimmy, his colour quickly rising.

'And who isn't? If a lass can't get what she's after from one, she'll get it from another, you bet, you young chimney-pot lunatic! If you want Janey Bowker you'd best get t' banns called out on Sunday. So long.'

Joe vaulted over the gate and ran off down the road, almost bent double, and laughing hilariously.

Jimmy bestirred himself unwillingly, yet resolutely. His Janey walking out with any one else! The idea was quite unthinkable. Why, every one knew they were going to be married. Hadn't she

started her bottom drawer? Hadn't he given her a sewing-machine, and bought a chest of drawers only last week, with the handsomest glass handles in the village?

And yet—— A flush shaded his handsome cheek, and a look of genuine anxiety worked its way into his eyes. In a flash little awkward happenings crossed his mind. He remembered certain odd sentences from Janey or her mother that had been uttered lately. He had been slack—that was all, hang it! Yet Janey had a comfortable home. Why should she want to hurry? He was earning and saving good money, and—well, of course a married man had duties, and was tied up to a thousand curtailments of his liberty, and so he had to put her off. Only last week Mr Masters had offered him one of the new model cottages, with a garden attached.

Mr Masters was a man of instinct, and he had said in a decidedly meaning way, 'Look here, Graves, I have an idea that you would do better work if you got yourself fixed up. Can't you bring that young woman of yours up to the scratch? You shall have the offer of No. 5 until the end of next week.'

And it was because of this same offer of No. 5 that Jimmy now realised, with a revelation of honesty, that he had shirked an intimate talk with Janey ever since the manager had spoken to him. And now, what did that fool mean? Who was it?

Jimmy was no saint. He was good-natured enough when nothing mattered, but when roused his lips whitened and his brown eyes threatened. The desire to know cut him like a leather thong as he dashed along by the river's edge to find out the truth.

He crossed the empty courtyard and knocked with some diffidence at the door.

'Nay, now, my lad, you're over late,' laughed Janey's mother. 'She's about sickened of you. She's off with a better man, and quite right, too. You've turned out to be nowt but a slacker, and she's had enough of pie-crust promises. Them's her own words this afternoon;' and the woman broke into a weak, tormenting laugh, roused thereto by Jimmy's countenance.

'The devil!' said Jimmy, and turned on his heel.

He entered a rough bit of copse-wood and waited. There was plenty of time, and Jimmy's wrath rose with the rising of the moon, and the chill night-air sought in vain to cool his blood.

It was after nine o'clock when he saw them return. Some one had an arm round Janey in the approved style. They lounged across the yard; the light through the white blind showed the figure outlines.

There were low murmurs of talk. Jimmy could not distinguish the words.

But at the porch Janey lifted her face. Then came a quiet sound which sent the onlooker crashing through the wood as though he were flying from the devil himself.

'To-morrow! to-morrow!' so he ground out the words. To-morrow he would 'show' Bill. Bill might do his dirty tricks in the night. He would act in the day, and it should be to-morrow.

PART II.

EARLY on Monday morning Bill Henderson appeared ostentatiously carrying a bundle of wax-candles. His appearance was the signal for a volley of chaff from the men standing at the top of the shaft.

Leigh Masters, taking his early round, saw that a joke of some sort was in progress, especially as Joe asked him, with a twinkle in his eye and a slap of his capacious bosom, whether his master had 'a 'lectric lamp' to spare.

'What for, Joe?' asked Masters.

And Joe, being always a privileged personage, laughed out, 'Because t' tallow from these here common sort of candles drops on my shoe-leather, sir, and t' rats gnaws them into holes.'

There was a subdued guffaw at the smartness of this fabrication; and Masters, not quite understanding the point, and not choosing to inquire, merely returned good-humouredly, 'Get along, Joe! There are no rats about here so hard up as to depend for their living on your shoes.'

But the moment his back was turned Joe offered handsome bets all round that 'yon candles would go out when most wanted.'

It was while the men were meditating on these generous chances that Jimmy Graves, with black thunder on his brow, strode into the midst of them. In a couple of strides he stood close up to Henderson.

'To-night, my lad—at six sharp—you take off your coat. Think on—six sharp!'

'What do you mean?' asked Bill, stepping back, and trying to look imperturbable. A careful onlooker might, however, have seen a suspicious whiteness steal along his temples.

'You ken well enough what I mean. I mean that we've had about enough of your sneaking devilment. I mean that if other lads let you sneak their lassies, they can do as they have a mind. But it means that when you set your line at my lass you met your match. I could have wrung your neck like a cock-chicken from the perch last night, and never given you a second to squeak in. But—give every man his chance, and here's yours. If you've any psalm-singing to get through before six o'clock, get at it sharp.—All of you lads is welcome to come along and see fair-play, and that he gets no more nor he has earned.'

So Jimmy looked round with flushed countenance and straightened shoulders. Every one knew that such a challenge must be met. Every one knew

who would get the thrashing and who would give it, and the sympathy was not with Mr William Henderson.

After all, though they all knew that Jimmy had played fast and loose with his girl, as indeed he had played fast and loose with his football and his prospects at the mine, there was no mischief in him. There was no girl living within a walking-distance of the mine who had ever had reason to curse the great, careless youth.

'Bill will get snuffed out like one of his own candles,' chuckled Joe the fool, digging a mate in the ribs too violently for his friend's comfort or temper.

Bill gave a glance round; then he too tried to straighten his rounded shoulders. The effort failed; but he poked his chin forward, and, looking reproachfully at Jimmy, said slowly, 'You should feel obliged, Jim Graves, that I care to take pity on one of your cast-offs.'

The taunt cut, and the men expected that nothing could save Bill's face from Jimmy's clenched fist.

'Cast-offs!' he yelled. 'I'll wed her afore you can break her heart, you'——

But a burly foreman, Tom Benson, stepped up authoritatively. 'Time's up, mates,' he said. 'Get along.'

Jimmy let the wild words that were coming die on his lips, and dropped his half-raised hand. He turned and stepped into the cage, as did a few more. It seemed as though Bill hesitated to follow.

'You needn't fear nothing till six o'clock,' said Jimmy scornfully. 'I'll not soil my fingers on you till then.' So they descended the mine in bitter silence, and went, mates as they had been for some time, to work in the same stope.

Now, Leigh Masters was undoubtedly puzzled. He had noticed the budding of some joke above-ground, and now, below, he perceived there was an atmosphere of expectancy wherever he went. The men stopped talking as he approached, which was an unusual trick, for master and men were on the best of terms, having fought through many a mining trouble together. Once he had been surprised to come across Joe the fool away from his proper job closely examining a bundle of candles which were hanging at the foot of Bill Henderson's and Graves's ladder. Joe hurried off when he saw the manager, and perhaps all the quicker as he saw Bill appear from above to get his dynamite and fuse to charge a hole that was ready for blasting.

It was the practice to charge the hole with dynamite, leave a fuse hanging out, and then to place a piece of candle under the fuse, and so allow the candle to burn through to the fuse. The use of the candle naturally gave the men a longer time to get away than if the fuse had been lighted direct.

Bill unhooked a candle from his bundle, and took the opportunity of remarking to Leigh Masters that he was trying an experiment with wax-candles which he had bought himself, and which in his opinion were far superior to the common tallow ones.

'Ah!' said the manager, 'it was you, then, with whom Joe was having a joke? Well, Henderson, make your experiment; only, mind you give me the true result later.'

Bill nodded and disappeared up the ladder.

All the long morning the two men worked in silence. Jimmy now and again ostentatiously felt his strong muscles with exceeding satisfaction, thinking hard of six o'clock. Bill meditated on many things, and as hour by hour he furtively glanced at his mate a great terror settled heavily down upon his spirit. How to avoid that fight at six o'clock—that was the ghastly problem; for this was a fight for which the challenge had been openly given, and which must be openly and honourably taken up.

His interest in his new experiment faded away before this difficulty in which he found himself. Yet when the time came to set the fuse Bill doggedly brought out his wax-candle.

Jimmy watched him, but scorned to make any comment. To-day was no day in which to chaff his mate about a mere fad. Yet, to let off his feelings, he gave an extra vicious pick at the side of the cutting.

'Confound you, you fool!' cried the startled Bill as a great piece of rock rolled down the face of the level.

In an instant had happened one of those accidents which are common enough, yet dreadful always, and Jimmy was thrown senseless against a beam of wood.

It was precisely at that moment, after one glance at his fallen mate, that Bill Henderson stooped deliberately to his work.

PART III.

HALF-AN-HOUR later Leigh Masters returned that way. He found Bill standing at the foot of the ladder; his face was ashen-gray, his arms were trembling, and as he clutched at the ladder-rung his knees were bent as though too weak to hold him up.

'For God's sake, what is the matter?' cried the manager. But the man merely looked round with a wild, vacant stare.

Masters pushed him violently to one side, so that he staggered helplessly across the level. He dashed up the ladder and peered anxiously through the dimness, calling aloud for Graves.

All was very still. The long, irregularly lighted stope was silent as death. There was no sound to be heard but a kind of gasping, choking sob from Bill down below.

A mine-manager is not supposed to have nerves; but young Masters felt his throat tighten as at last

he perceived Jimmy Graves hanging over a cross-timber at the working face, a drip, drip of blood falling from his rough, coarse hair. In an instant the manager was all activity. He examined the wound hastily, raised the limp form to some sort of better position, then dashed down the ladder to call the ambulance-men.

Bill was uselessly leaning against the rock, with the same vacant stare in his eyes.

With business-like expedition Jimmy was brought carefully to the surface, and Masters, assisted by his brigade, rendered first aid, pending the arrival of the doctor.

And meanwhile Janey Bowker was hurrying along from the village, her chin raised, and her eyes bright with offence and excitement. At the post-office she had been told that Jimmy and Bill were to fight out some matter at six o'clock, and the woman had hinted that she should know what it was all about, and that she should shame.

Then Joe Waters, out on an errand from the mine, had raised his cap to her, and said mockingly, 'Well, miss, and which of 'em do you want to get smashed up, eh?'

'Which of them?' That was the horrible question. 'It was all Jimmy's fault;' so she murmured to herself, and she was just deciding to go a longer way home to avoid passing the shaft-mouth, when a rushing and excitement attracted her attention.

Something was wrong at the mine! Janey knew the signs only too well. A woman's voice uttered a wild cry, and Janey began to run. Some one was being carried; and the woman—Janey recognised the shawl and the bonnet—yes, and the face—the woman was Jimmy's mother! It was Jimmy, then!

Which did she want to get smashed up? So came the question as, impelled against her will, she struggled forward. Jimmy—her big, strong Jimmy—was hurt—was——

But the manager, raising his eyes, saw her coming, and called hastily to his foreman, 'Here, Tom, keep that girl back, can't you?'

The man came along and laid a firm hand on her arm. 'Here, my lass,' he said kindly, 'shift yourself for a bit. Your Jimmy has got himself lamed, and'——

She knew now, and in an agony of apprehension she broke out, 'He is dead, you liar!' every shred of colour wiped from her face.

'Not he,' retorted the foreman bluntly. 'No; but the manager says as you must shift. He don't want no women-folk about, so clear yourself out, there's a fine lass.'

The girl knew that in all things the master had his own way. As something or some one was carried into the little office she dared not go nearer, but stood by the fence alone, struggling with her anxiety. To think that she had ever spoken and thought of Jimmy as she had spoken and thought! Excuse after excuse rushed tenderly through her heart for this village miner; and above all came the overwhelming thought that, whatever Jimmy's faults, he had never gone with any girl but her. In her grief and humiliation she leaned against the fence, forgot her wrongs, and sobbed her heart out; and, as the long minutes passed, many looked towards her, but none came near.

When the best had been done that could be done, and a vague consciousness had returned, the manager suggested that they might move Jimmy home.

Then it was that the foreman came close up, with news in his eyes.

'Well, Tom, and what next?' asked the worried young man.

'Just above the timber, where Jimmy was lying, sir, there was a blast-hole ready charged, and under the fuse was a wax-candle.' Tom paused.

'Well?'

'Joe the fool had cut the wick beforehand, sir, so that it would not burn, as a trick on Bill.'

'Yes, yes!' said Masters impatiently. 'But this isn't a time to be discussing any of Joe's tricks.'

'No, sir.' Yet the foreman dropped his voice ominously. 'Only, sir, the wick was black. Bill had tried to fire the charge *after* the accident to Jimmy.'

'How do you know?' said the manager hoarsely.

'Bill told us himself, sir. He is clean mazed. He is at the foot of the ladder still. He—he is waiting for the explosion, and—and he wants to go back and stop it, and—and will you come, sir?'

CUPID'S CORNER.

This life is but a winding road, and men the pilgrims on it;
At times 'tis hot and dusty work a-travelling thereon.
Away back in the fairy past they first set foot upon it,
And gaily then the future way before their vision shone.

In truth it proves an up and down of pleasures and disaster,
Of victories and vanquishings, of failure and renown;
With many long and weary tracts they fain would travel faster,
And many hills they fail to climb before the sun goes down.

But yet there waits for every man along this highway passing—
No matter what the odds have been—one hour of sweet content;
A sudden touch that lulls the pain of memories harassing,
A voice that cheereth wondrously the courage almost spent.

Ah me! the road were drear without that dim, enchanted turning,
That corner where the merry god of love forever hides;
For, faring thence, the pilgrim feels within his bosom burning
A mystic joy and ecstasy that still with him abides.

Marie Bayne.

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SCOTTISH ARMS IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

By Viscount Dillon.

BEFORE the disastrous fire of 1841 there appear to have been in the Tower collection 'some curious carbines taken from the Highlanders in 1715,' and many Scotch broadswords; also, 'the Earl of Mar's fine piece exquisitely wrought and inlaid with mother-of-pearl; likewise, the Sword of Justice (with a sharp point) and the Sword of Mercy (with a blunt one) carried before the Pretender on his being proclaimed King of Scotland in 1715.' These and many other objects were consumed in 1841.

The great bombard Mons Meg, whether of Scottish or foreign make originally, at all events was in Scotland in 1489; but in 1754 she was shipped off to the Tower of London, where she was to be seen till 1829, when George IV., at the earnest solicitation of Sir Walter Scott and others, allowed her to be returned to Edinburgh. The only memorial of her temporary sojourn in the Tower is a model there on a scale of about one-eighth.

Apart from arms and armour connected with Scotland, the block on which Lord Lovat paid the penalty for the part he took in the events of 1745 must have an interest for many. As to its history: it is not unnatural that Governments should be disinclined to preserve objects connected with those who have incurred punishment for actions against those Governments. Hence we find that after the execution of the offenders everything concerned with their death should be destroyed. Thus it was that the block on which Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock lost their heads on Tower Hill, 18th August 1746, was afterwards burnt. Lord Lovat, who was not captured on an island in Lake Morar till 12th June of that year, nearly a month after the battle of Culloden, at which he was not present, was tried on 9th March 1747, and that day month was executed on a new block made for the occasion. Why that one was not also burnt is not known; but in a letter dated 15th March 1825, and addressed to Mr John Poynden by Mr John Bayley, the historian of the Tower, now in the possession of General Sir Bryan Milman, K.C.B., the latter returns his thanks to Mr Poynden for the 'block on which Lord Lovat was beheaded.' Evidently Mr Bayley believed in the authenticity of the object. As to the body of Lord Lovat, the coffin-plates of that nobleman and of his two co-rebels were still to be seen in the chapel of St Peter ad Vincula within the precincts of the Tower. But the late Sir Charles Fraser, K.C.B., V.C., only the day before his death on June 7, 1895, in a letter addressed to the present writer, quoted from a note written by his brother, Sir William Fraser, Bart., the following: 'Lord Lovat's body was at first deposited in the chapel of St Peter ad Vincula in the Tower, the Government fearing popular excitement if it was conveyed to the Highlands. In a short time it was carried to Kirkhill, where it now lies—Inverness-shire.'

Of Scottish arms in the collection of the Tower of London there are not so many as might be expected, and the events of 1715 and 1745 are not recalled by many examples of the spoils of war. Of these, however, the following may be mentioned: a steel-faced target with a thistle in the centre, and also one of those concave-faced targets with central spike which are peculiar to the northern kingdom. There is also another concave-faced target with a thistle-shaped umbo, and with the surface of the shield covered with small brass studs; but this came from the Bernal sale in 1855.

There is in the Musée d'Artillerie at Paris a small gilt buckler of this same pattern, with the arms of England and a portcullis engraved on it. This last target is probably one which belonged to Henry VIII. The English buckler of the sixteenth century was of sufficiently good repute to be considered a fit present among Sovereigns. In 1519, in an inventory of arms at Augsburg, a buckler, a present from Henry VIII. to the Emperor Maximilian, is mentioned. In 1525 Magnus, writing to Wolsey about the young Scotch King James, then thirteen years old, says that the youth 'wishes much to have a buckler, and admires the London

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bucklers worn by Magnus's servants. It should be made not as if for a child, for that his Grace loveth not but to have everything like unto a man, insomuch that the swords he daily useth are a yard afore the hilts, which his Grace woll as roundly and quickly draw forth and put up again as any man in his Court. His Grace hath heard that the King's Highness, his said uncle [Henry VIII.], at some times weareth and useth a buckler, and that moveth his said Grace to be the more desirous thereof.'

Of staff weapons connected with Scotland there are two specimens of the Jedburgh and Lochaber axes, taken in 1745, and one of these was reported to be the weapon with which Colonel Gardiner was slain at the battle of Prestonpans on September 21. There are also a few of those home-made weapons of the bill class, many of which are to be seen in the northern museums, and which till recent years were the arms of the town-guards and watchmen. Of swords there are a few of the more modern type, but none of the old claymores.

It is worth noting that Lord Archibald Campbell now possesses among his collection some one hundred and thirty-seven sword-blades from the field of Culloden. These, after a certain amount of mutilation, formed the palings of a house at Twickenham. Among them were some Andrea Ferrara blades, and a paper describing this very interesting lot of blades was contributed to the Highland Society of London by their noble president in 1894.

Of Scottish firearms there are some four or five muskets, with the narrow and curved stocks often ornamented by shallow carving which seem peculiar to Scotland. Of these muskets some are transitional, showing the evolution from the snaphaunce to the flintlock. It may be worth noting that first we had the matchlock, which name explains its action; then came the wheellock, in which a piece of iron pyrites was held against the grooved edge of a small wheel which was, by a spring acted on by the trigger, made to turn very quickly some three-quarters of a circle, and so to generate the necessary sparks; next came the snaphaunce, in which a flint was dashed against a 'steel' at the moment that the pan-cover over the priming was moved off. Later came the flintlock, in which the pan-cover and the steel were combined. The word petronel, often wrongly explained as a class of weapon held against the chest (*poitrine*) and not the shoulder, is in reality only applicable to firearms in which the necessary fire is provided by a stone (*petra*), whether of iron pyrites or of flint. All these varieties of locks were in use with guns and with pistols, except the matchlock, which was only (except in very rare examples) applied to guns arquebuses, muskets, culverins, &c.

To return to the Tower firearms, there are a few pistols of Scottish design, but all of poor execution —none of the famous Doune weapons.

There are a number of coarsely made pistols of Scottish design, with the flintlocks constructed on a principle which appears to be peculiar to Scottish firearms. Some of these are entirely of steel or iron; others have gun-metal stocks; but all are exactly similar. Now, in 1739, when the Forty-second or Black Watch was raised, the Highland dress was preserved in their uniform; and Grose, the famous military antiquary, mentions having seen some of the Black Watch still carrying targets and dirks. These were, of course, not parts of the Government outfit. The pistols under consideration appear to have been supplied by the Government, for there was no place in Scotland at that date capable of turning out some hundreds of pistols all exactly alike; and their southern origin is further proved by these Scottish-pattern pistols all bearing on the butts the name Bissell. This name belonged to a firm of armourers working in Birmingham in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

There are in the Tower, also, two weapons of evidently Scottish origin, but in no way connected with the struggles between the English and their northern neighbours. The first of these is a small but well-finished flintlock fowling-piece, formerly preserved in the Rotunda at Woolwich, and always considered as having been made for Charles I. in 1614, when he was a boy of fourteen. The rose-wood stock is inlaid with figures of a rose and a thistle, and the brass lockplate is engraved and bears the stamp R. A. On the end of the priming-pan is the date 1614. Some parts of the lock are wanting, but on the whole the weapon is very interesting. Close to it has been placed a small left-hand pistol of exactly similar design, but with the date 1619 on the pan and the letters C. A. on the engraved brass lockplate. This arm is in perfect condition, and has the lockplate on the left side, Scottish pistols being generally made rights and lefts. It came from the Londesborough and Gurney collections. In concluding this note it may be of interest to some to know that Scottish pistols are to be found in many foreign armouries, as those of Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Sigmaringen, Schwarzburg, and other places.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER III.—AT BRIENNE.

IT was a late September afternoon in the year 1784. The slanting rays of the sun poured in white flame through the archway into the great court of the military school at Brienne, and burned on its white pavement; but shadows black and cool filled the low colonnade that ran round three sides of it. From one angle of the colonnade there floated out on the drowsy afternoon air a clamour of youthful voices rising and falling in pulses of anger. The trained ear could distinguish the liquid accents of the south, the deeper tones of Brittany and of the west, the hard and nasal tones of eastern France; but all were shrill with wrath.

A boy wearing his coat turned inside out—a token of offended discipline and its penalty—stood in the middle of the court and watched the tumult in the shadowy angle. He was for the moment an outcast from his comrades, and could only look on the scene from a distance with eager, regretful eyes. From a window in the steep roof above, on the opposite side of the square, a Benedictine monk, one of the college Fathers, looked down with an air of detached interest, a smile on his fat and inexpressive features. It was 'a row amongst the boys,' a common incident in a school where monks taught soldiers, discipline was lax, and rebellion chronic.

The sound of angry voices rose suddenly to a shout, and the lad with the turned coat, drawn by an attraction he could not resist, ran towards the crowd of struggling figures from which the clamour came. They were all lads under fifteen, but looked like dwarfed men, for they wore the costume of men—cocked hats, breeches with gray or black stockings, coats without lapels that buttoned at the neck and ran back in a long curve to the tail, revealing vests (with deep pockets) that stretched to the hips. These were the soldiers of to-morrow, and they wore a uniform borrowed from the grenadiers of Fontenoy and Louis XIV.

It was a crowd that effervesced with French rage—a very noisy variety of anger. The queer little military figures shifted their places continually, gyrating in eddies of fury. Their faces were white with anger. They gesticulated like soldiers in the charge. A crowd of British boys at an equal temperature would have been resolved into a mere whirlwind of battle. Blows would have taken the place of epithets. There would have been a general fray, from which they would have emerged battered and breathless, but with good temper restored and the cause of the fight forgotten. But these were French boys, with shrill speech as the chief vehicle of their wrath; and certainly the speech was very shrill, and rose every moment still higher.

A dark-complexioned lad with Italian features was the object on which so much fury was being expended. His brow was black with scornful anger; his eyes gleamed like sword-blades. He was a queer bundle of facial and physical discords. His head was too big for his shoulders. His face was too old for his years. It was the face of a man on the shoulders of a boy. His legs were ridiculously thin for the frame they supported. A hundred shrill epithets were being emptied on him. 'Corsican' was the phrase used oftenest; but 'big head,' 'spindle-shanks,' 'straw on nose,' were also used.

'*Paille au nez.*' Yes, the rigid set of the head, the scornful tilt of the uplifted chin, *did* suggest one who was balancing a straw on his nose. But a glance at the deep-set, wrathful eyes, the menacing lines of the face—a boy's face with no hint of boyish softness—showed that their owner was thinking of something else at the moment than the business of balancing straws. Yet, in schoolboy vernacular, '*Paille au nez*' sufficiently resembled 'Napolione,' the name of the lad with the Corsican face; a name which, slightly altered, was destined to send its vibrations round the world.

The anger fermenting in the boyish crowd was trivial compared with the wrath that glowed darkly in the eyes of the Corsican lad; and the look of deadly menace on those frowning brows, and of power behind the menace, sent every now and again a curious chill through the noisy crowd. But the angry lads in the shady colonnade at Brienne that afternoon had no hint of the stage of tremendous events on which their victim was about to step. They saw only a sulky and unpopular lad who, in some way, had affronted them all; who was a Corsican—that is to say, a foreigner; who was poor, and had no manners; and who pronounced his 'c's' like 'g's'—all of them deadly offences in the code of schoolboy ethics.

The clamour of voices grew steadily in volume. One tall lad named Chambon thrust his jeering face close to the uptilted chin of '*Paille au nez*,' and shouted some mortal insult. The dark, eagle face of the Corsican went white—the white of deadly anger—and he struck at his tormentor, not in English fashion from the shoulder, but as if thrusting with a small sword; and in a moment a dozen pairs of hands were clutching at him and striking him. His coat was rent half off his back; he was bareheaded and dishevelled.

The lad in the court had watched the scene with disgusted eyes. 'The rats,' he said softly to himself; then added in English, 'The curs! A dozen to one!' Then, forgetting his turned coat and his sentence of isolation from his comrades, he ran into the fray. He plainly knew better how to use his

fists than did his opponents. The ring of boys striking at their victim was broken by his attack, a couple of the assailants were knocked down, and the lad with the reversed coat, his face suddenly bright with the joy of combat, stood beside the Corsican.

'They are cowards,' he said; 'and,' he added cheerfully as he stood with his comrade, their backs against a pillar of the colonnade, 'we'll make it rough for them.'

The Corsican made no reply and offered no thanks. With black, unchanging face he steadily watched the little crowd. If looks could have killed, the death-rate at the military school at Brienne that afternoon would have gone up to an alarming height. The interference of the lad with the turned coat added fuel to the human conflagration.

'Cursed Englander!' cried the tall lad Chambon; and a score of shrill voices took up the cry. Then the crowd became less noisy but much more dangerous. The Corsican still stood, chin in air and murder in his eyes; but the other lad fought with vigour and with an oddly cheerful face, and the slender-chested French lads went down before him one after another. But suddenly a stone came whizzing through the air; it struck him on the bare white brow, and left a red splash of blood. Another stone struck the Corsican lad on the shoulder, but he might have been a figure of wood for all the effect it had upon him. Anger held him rigid, with his chin at a yet more defiant angle. The stones were now flying fast; one crashed into the window above the heads of the crowd.

There was the quick sound of hastening sandalled feet, the swish of robes.

'Father Berton!' cried one of the lads in tones of warning, and at the word the crowd scattered and fled.

A Benedictine monk, tall, gaunt, and stern of face, came swiftly along the colonnade; another monk followed him, red-faced and panting. The Benedictine looked coldly at the two lads who remained.

'Another disgraceful squabble, Napolione. You shame His Majesty's bounty.—As for you, Laurente,' said the monk, turning to the younger lad, with angry dislike in every line of his gaunt face, 'you come of a race of savages, and you have the habits of a savage. You disgrace the school. You are a dishonour to the coat you wear.'

'I don't want to wear the coat,' said the lad defiantly. 'And we were attacked. We didn't break the window.'

The Corsican lad was obstinately silent.

'General Keralio has recommended you for transfer to Paris,' said Father Berton to Napolione; 'but'—— and the pause was significant, while the thin lips grew bitter.

The elder monk continued for a moment to look with frosty eyes at the two lads. 'Father Leyrault,' he said, 'take them to No. 10.' Then he paused and reflected. He would not give the two lads the solace of companionship; he had a monkish belief in the virtues of solitude.

'No; let Napolione be in No. 10 by himself.—You, Laurente,' he added, turning to the English boy, 'go to your own room.'

'But,' said the English lad stubbornly, 'we were attacked; we were only defending ourselves.'

'Were *you* attacked?' asked Father Berton coldly.

'No; but the whole crowd was attacking *him*;' and Laurente pointed to his silent comrade.

The two lads were marched off, with Father Leyrault walking majestically behind them.

'You'll lose your commission, Napolione,' whispered the English lad. 'What a shame!'

From an angle of the building, as they passed along, peeped a line of grinning and triumphant faces. A hum of whispered jeers pursued them; it brought a touch of angry red into the cheeks of Laurente. The dark face of the Corsican betrayed no consciousness; but he heard, and his hand went suddenly to his side as though to grasp a sword. No sword hung there; but a light almost more menacing than the gleam of a sword was in his eyes. The fierce look—that had a point of flame in it like a tiny flake of molten steel—scorched the grinning crowd of boys into a sudden and half-disquieted silence. They shrank back as from the actual thrust of naked steel.

CHAPTER IV.—COMRADESHIP.

THE long September twilight had died away; the hum of the school had ceased. Silence lay on the great building under whose steep roofs a small army of lads was being trained, as they imagined, to serve Louis XVI., but in reality for fiercer battlefields than French soldiers had ever yet known. Jean Laurente, as he was called, sat in his room sleepless and fretting. He had listened to the tramp of feet as the cadets passed along the echoing passage to their dormitories. Sleep and silence seemed to envelop Brienne; but the English boy was thinking of his room-mate in No. 10.

'It is a shame,' he muttered to himself, again and again. The instinct of comradeship, the resentment kindled by injustice, and a certain fire of hero-worship which burned in him towards the dark-faced Corsican kept him awake. He pictured '*Paille au nez*,' with his fierce eyes, sitting in the room which served as a prison. He was certain that his comrade would not sleep, and with a boy's unreasoning comradeship he felt he must speak to him and do something to help him.

He was himself a prisoner; but his adroit fingers, with the help of a pocket-knife, slipped back the bolt of the door with an ease which showed the process was familiar. He stepped softly across the threshold of his room and looked down the black

ness of the long corridor. No sound came along it, and with barefooted noiselessness he crept through its gloom.

Midway the great stairs running down to the main entrance broke the line of the corridor, and as the lad stood for a moment at its head he caught a faint sound that sent a thrill along his nerves. He listened and watched. Presently two figures became for a moment visible as they flitted across the light that fell from the window above the great door. The long sloping shoulders of one figure suggested Chambon, but in a moment it melted in the darkness. Something was afoot, some freak of impish mischief, some breach of discipline. Jean listened, but no fresh sound crept through the gloom, and he stole on until he reached the door of No. 10. He scratched on it softly to attract the attention of the prisoner, and then with patient slowness drew back the heavy bolt. The metallic creak seemed to run, a thread of penetrating sound, down the corridor; but Laurente persevered till the heavy door swung open. He whispered his comrade's name, and the next instant felt himself grasped by the hot and nervous hands of the Corsican. For a space the two lads stood listening.

'Why did you come?' asked Napolione at last.

'I thought,' said the other, a little chilled by the question, 'you would be lonely.'

'No; I have my thoughts for company;' and he laughed softly and oddly.

'They are treating you shamefully,' said Laurente; 'and why? Because you are a Corsican.'

'Yes; and you because you are English. I hate these French,' he added in a fierce whisper, 'and I will do them all the harm I can.'

'Will they let you go to Paris?'

'They do not want to keep me here, and the others hate me only the more because M. de Keralio declared I should be one of the first to go. But I *shall* go,' he said with energy. 'It is fate. They cannot stop me. I love Corsica, and sometimes I picture myself there. But Paris is the field! Paris is the world!'

The darkness seemed to thaw his reticence, and the Corsican lad went on to talk of his dreams—talking more to himself, indeed, than to the English lad listening.

He used broken phrases, as if half-reluctant to talk of his ambitions and hopes—hopes and ambitions extravagant enough for a lad sitting in the darkness of a punishment-cell, but which were destined to fall far short of the amazing reality. Presently he stopped, and silence fell on the two lads.

'Get back, Jean,' the Corsican at last whispered. 'The Fathers have quick ears. If they found you here it would be worse for me;' and he pushed the other lad out, saying, 'I will take no risk. I won't give them any new excuse for injuring me.'

Jean felt sore at being dismissed in this abrupt fashion; but the stronger will of his comrade prevailed. He slowly and carefully worked back the bolt into its socket, and then made his way through the darkness to his own room.

As he went his foot struck against some rustling object on the floor. He stooped and picked it up. It was a book; and, holding it in his hand, he went on his way. A deeper shadow seemed to lie within the doorway of his room as he came near it, and the boy hesitated before he stepped into its darkness.

While he still paused a strong hand seized him, and Father Leyrault's voice demanded sternly, 'Where have you been? Why are you out of your room?'

Jean hesitated. To tell would injure Napolione.

'I have been down the corridor,' he said sullenly.

'But where? Who was your comrade? Into whose room have you been?'

The English lad was obstinately silent. The angry Father shook him furiously, but he could shake no answer out of the boy's stubborn lips.

'This will be inquired into in the morning,' he said at last; 'then everything must come out;' and he locked the door with angry emphasis, leaving the lad a prisoner.

In the morning Jean listened with disquieted ears to the familiar sound of the awakening school, the clang of the bell that called the lads to morning service in the school chapel, the tramp of their feet as they passed along the corridor. Presently, and much sooner than he expected, came the sound of returning feet. A note of unusual excitement was in the boys' voices as they went past. A little later the door of the room opened, and Father Berton and Father Leyrault entered. They looked at the lad with a silent and questioning sternness, at which Jean's heart, in spite of himself, sank.

'Your wicked crime is known,' began Father Berton.

Jean stared with uncomprehending eyes.

'You come,' said the monk, 'of a heretic race; but even a heretic might have shrunk from a deed so blasphemous;' and the two monks crossed themselves piously.

'What have I done?' asked Jean in awe-stricken accents.

'You know,' replied Father Berton curtly, 'and so do we;' and with an imperious gesture he led the astonished boy from the room. They took him along the corridor, and thrust him without further explanation into the room which served as a prison, where Napolione sat.

Here Jean learned the details of the crime of which he was accused. Two figures, one of Benedict Nursia, the founder of the Order, and one of Benedict of Aniane, its restorer, stood on either side of the door of the school chapel. In the night some wicked hands had wrought a strange transformation in the appearance of the two saints. A cocked hat set at a rakish angle had taken the place of the nimbus on the head of the elder Benedict; a fierce moustache adorned his lip; an old musket was substituted for the cross in his hands. The

ascetic of the fifth century was transformed into a drunken-looking grenadier of the eighteenth century. The twin figure of the restorer of the Order had undergone a still more astonishing restoration. His saintly, if wooden, face was painted into the resemblance of a clown. A wooden pipe was thrust into his mouth; a ragged coat hung over his shoulders.

Father Bibron, who opened the door of the chapel, was old and unobservant, and had failed to discover the sacrilegious act; but the procession of lads, as they came to the chapel door, saw it. They even seemed to look for it; and a hundred grinning faces and delighted gestures greeted the strange spectacle offered by the two ill-used saints. So great was the excitement that the cadets had at last been ordered back to their rooms. Here was an act of the blackest sacrilege, and, in monkish logic, who could be the guilty author of it but the English lad?

Jean told Napolione how he had been detected by Father Leyrault on returning to his room.

'That will convict you,' said the other lad with curious indifference.

Jean went on to describe the two figures he had dimly seen on the stairs, and how one resembled Chambon. On his way back to his room he had picked up a school-book, in which, when he examined it, he found Chambon's name written. As he listened the dark face of the Corsican lad flushed, his eyes grew eager.

'Tell that to the Fathers. It will ruin him.'

'But I am not sure that it was Chambon I saw; and perhaps he dropped the book in the corridor as he went to his room.'

'But say it was Chambon, whether you are sure or not. Why should you spare him? It is a chance against your enemy.'

It was the Corsican blood in Napolione that was speaking.

'I could not,' said Jean obstinately; 'it would be mean to tell.'

'It is always right to stab an enemy,' replied Napolione, with the fierce ethics natural to his blood. 'Tell the story,' he went on vehemently; 'it is your chance to destroy him.'

But Jean shook his head obstinately. It was not merely the schoolboy's instinctive dislike to 'tell' which restrained him. There was unconsciously a deeper feeling behind that shake of his head. The touch of a dead mother's hand kept his conscience tender, and he would not lie either to escape an injury or to revenge a wrong. His companion looked at him with scornful eyes. He plainly thought it was weakness to hesitate, and he despised the English lad for the weakness. The two lads, in a word, represented unlike schools of thought, and were governed by different ideals.

'To let an enemy escape when you can destroy him,' said the Corsican fiercely, 'is folly.'

Jean's obstinate silence increased his wrath.

'You are stupid,' Napolione went on, with cold distinctness, as though closing the incident, and explaining it. 'You cannot learn. You will never make an officer. You must keep a shop.'

Yes, poor Jean's 'stupidity' was a byword at Brienne; and the English lad himself neither doubted the fact nor resented it. The nimble-witted French boys, who beat him in every lesson, made him their constant butt, a process which Jean bore with stubborn and unresisting patience. A slow stubbornness, indeed, was his characteristic. His very anger, when kindled, was of the slow but unquenchable sort. When once kindled, however, it outlasted the effervescing resentments of the other lads, and made him, at least, a fighter to be dreaded. His stubbornness extended to his memory. He did not learn quickly, but what he once learned he never forgot; and wiser teachers than the Fathers at Brienne might have seen in that circumstance some gleam of promise. He had, moreover, a dogged and undiplomatic honesty. He could not lie adroitly, or, for the matter of that, lie at all.

An unpopular youth, he had only one friend—the Corsican, and he endured poor Jean's affection rather than returned it. And now the English lad's one friend had turned upon him.

(To be continued.)

THE GATHERING AND DISTRIBUTION OF NEWS.

IT has been truly remarked that the telegraph, reinforced by the telephone, supplies the news which now forms the backbone of the daily paper. Newspaper methods have been revolutionised by their agency, and it is not difficult to remember when the average daily might have but a slender column or so of telegraphed news, as compared now with a daily average of thirty or forty columns. This may cost the daily paper anything from ten thousand pounds a year upwards. The amount of material telegraphed is on an ascending scale. In 1871 the number of words handed in for transmission was twenty-two millions, which had increased to eight hundred and thirty-five millions in 1900. But lately the Postmaster-General (Mr Buxton) complained in the House of Commons that the loss on press telegrams was about a quarter of a million sterling annually. These are sent at a specially cheap rate.

Fresh, first-hand news commands a high price, and the journal with most of it scores. The multiplication and rapid sale of the halfpenny evening paper, in many editions, show how greedy the public is for the very latest news. No paper could exist for a day unless it met this demand for news,

received, it may be, through its own independent channels at great expense, as well as flowing in from news agencies at home and abroad, which have developed alongside the growth of the newspaper press. And amongst the more important of these agencies for gathering and distributing news, about which we set down some information, are Reuter's Telegram Company, Press Association, and Central News; only mentioning Marconi's Wireless, Dalziel, Laffan, Havas, and the Associated Press Agency of the United States. These gather and transmit news to feed the omnivorous maw of the daily press.

The reader may notice without comprehending its meaning the word 'Reuter' at the tail-end of an important message from thousands of miles away regarding a public calamity, revolution, earthquake, or the death or serious illness of some notable person. For instance, the death of General Gordon, or that of R. L. Stevenson sent by Reuter from Samoa, started thousands of pens a-scribbling, as did also the announcement of the birth of an heir to the Spanish throne. We get the news and think nothing of the medium of transmission, and have long ceased to wonder at the miracle of reading about events which happened a few hours before on the other side of the world. We accept the thing as a matter of course, as we do so much in modern life. What Puck proposed to do in putting a girdle round the earth in forty minutes is a daily achievement.

The single ambition to be true, according to M. de Blowitz, was the highest aim of an influential editor like Delane of the *Times*. This is more difficult to accomplish than may appear on the surface. However easy it may seem to the uninitiated, there is a right and a wrong way of dishing up news, of writing a paragraph, as well as in editing a newspaper. If the reader cares to make the experiment, let him try to write a short paragraph giving an item of news or the description of some incident, and he will find that he may have overstated or understated the matter, and may completely miss the point. It is not so easy to be true, as any one knows who listens to average conversation, which if printed and published to the world would set many folks by the ears and keep the law-courts busy.

Lord Cockburn notes in his *Journal*, as a great feat, what the *Times* did in reporting the speeches at the dinner in Edinburgh to Earl Grey in 1834. Special reporters came down from London, left Edinburgh at twelve P.M. on Monday, 15th September, and at one o'clock on the afternoon of Friday the 19th the *Times* reached Edinburgh by the mail with a full account of the proceedings. Post-horses, macadam roads, shorthand, and steam printing, Cockburn remarks, never did more. The reporters had posted up to London in thirty hours, arriving on Wednesday morning at six o'clock. The paper was thrown off that forenoon, and left London for Edinburgh by the mail that evening. Express trains and the telegraph enable the inhabitants of Edinburgh to read such a speech, so delivered, in the London dailies by the following afternoon, while the local dailies make it possible to discuss the points of the speech at the breakfast-table. Charles Dickens once recalled the old methods of gathering news for the *Morning Chronicle*, and mentioned that he had been in his time upset in almost every description of vehicle, belated on miry byroads towards the small hours, forty or fifty miles from London, in a wheelless carriage, with exhausted horses, and got back in time for publication. Even earlier in the thirties and forties intelligence of important events was brought into London by mounted horsemen. A pace of twelve miles an hour was thought very quick indeed.

Sir John R. Robinson of the *Daily News* was a pioneer in the art of sending newspaper correspondence from special correspondents over the telegraph wires. It had not, apparently, occurred to any one before 1870 that letters by telegram from France or Germany could hardly be more expensive than the old expresses, which cost so much in the pre-telegraph days. Editors were getting into the habit of relying almost exclusively upon Reuter for their foreign intelligence. When Robinson chartered Archibald Forbes as war-correspondent of the *Daily News*, a great hit was made by having his correspondence from the seat of war wired to the London office. In the Franco-German war, and later in the Russo-Turkish war and in South Africa, wonderful feats were performed in the way of gathering and transmitting news. After being in the saddle all day where the fight was fiercest, Forbes would ride all night to some place whence he could despatch his message. Forbes said that only exceptional men were fitted for the life of a war-correspondent. He was exceptional, and was decorated with fourteen medals or crosses. In the war between Japan and Russia the correspondent had by no means such a free hand, and thousands of pounds were spent by the press in sending out correspondents who never properly fulfilled their mission.

It was the power of the telegram which made M. de Blowitz, who was a born journalist, such an acquisition to the *Times*. Laurence Oliphant, while *Times* correspondent in Paris, asked M. de Blowitz to draw up a note regarding an interview with M. Thiers, about which Oliphant said, 'A genuine hit. There is not a word to alter in it. You are a born journalist.' It was telegraphed to London; and the clever Paris journalist, in walking along the Boulevards the following afternoon, bought a French newspaper, and therein read the telegram sent the previous night to the *Times*. 'I experienced,' he says, 'one of the strongest emotions I ever felt in my life. The power of the telegram in its connection with journalism flashed upon me at that moment, and I felt I could turn it to account.'

Any telegram received through the medium of Reuter may be looked on as reliable. The founder

of Reuter's Telegram Company was Baron Julius Reuter, an Englishman by adoption, who was born at Hesse Cassel in 1816. He was trained to business life in the office of an uncle, and early became interested in the electric telegraph and in the opening of a circuit between Berlin and Aix-la-Chapelle in 1849. He saw his opportunity, and opened an office in Aix-la-Chapelle, the first for collecting and transmitting news by telegraph. The early problem was to establish communication with places not already connected by telegraph. This was done by preparing news in the railway train and sending it by carrier pigeon; and amongst his early successes was that of getting pigeons to cover the distance between Aix-la-Chapelle and Brussels in an hour, beating the mail-train by several hours. Three birds were employed for each message in case of delay. A break in the wire between Paris and Berlin was once surmounted by means of relays of horses.

The censorship and vexatious laws bearing on the Continental press led Reuter to decide to come to Great Britain. He sold his Aix-la-Chapelle business in 1851, and opened an office in London at Royal Exchange. Sir John R. Robinson has left rather an amusing account of how Reuter set about capturing the London editors. Fleet Street at first looked askance at the project, and managing editors were not anxious that the control of their news should be in private hands. 'Mr Reuter,' says Robinson, 'was a most plausible man, but it was in vain that he broached his project in one office after another. He was not to be daunted. If he could not get any promises of support, he would begin operations without them. Accordingly he arranged with correspondents in all the principal capitals of Europe, and when his messages began to come in he took them round to the newspapers and offered them for nothing, the only condition being that his name should be associated with them. "Try them," he said in his most insinuating way, "for vun month; if they do not answer, vy, it signify nothing." At last one paper tried them, then a second and third, and so on until at length all were in the net; and the little man danced about the City, his face full of glee. On calling and finding his messages gave satisfaction, he came to business: "Of course you must know that the expense to me is very great. If I am to continue I must ask you for a *leetle* subscription." The demand was complied with; and gradually all telegrams, such as they were at that time (just after the Crimean war), were practically abandoned, and for many years from Reuter's office proceeded nearly all the messages from foreign countries that were given to the world.'

Reuter's first efforts in London were for the circulation of commercial intelligence. About 1858 a scheme he submitted to the *Times* was declined; he turned to the *Morning Advertiser*, which was then paying forty pounds a month for its foreign telegrams. Reuter offered to improve on this service at thirty pounds a month. The *Advertiser* closed with this offer, and six other London papers, including the *Times*, became his clients. This was the turning-point of his enterprise, which has been characterised throughout by accuracy, completeness, and rapidity of transmission and distribution. Before the laying of the Atlantic cable, Reuter arranged that his agent should meet the American mail-steamers off the coast of Ireland by a fast-sailing yacht. News despatches were packed in hermetically sealed boxes, which were thrown on board the yacht from the mail-boats, and forthwith carried to Crookhaven, on the Irish coast, from whence the news was telegraphed *vid* Cork over some sixty miles of wire which was laid by the indefatigable agent for news, for quicker despatch to London. Reuter gave the first news of the death of Lincoln after he was shot, news of the *Trent* affair, and the calamity at Isandula. As has been said, 'its agency is ubiquitous, and neither oceans nor mountain-ranges, deserts nor forests, can divert its activity or thwart its purpose.' No event of any moment escapes its observation. There are branches or agencies in every important city in Europe, in North and South America, Australia, India, China, Japan, Africa, and East and West Indies. Reuter turned his business into a company in 1865, and remained its managing director until 1878. His elder son, Mr Herbert de Reuter, now Baron de Reuter, was his successor; and his second son, Baron George de Reuter, has also a seat on the board of directors. The founder of this great concern died at Nice in 1899.

Reuter is fully equipped for anything that may happen in India, with branches at Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Colombo, Rangoon, Karachi, and Cawnpore. When war breaks out, Reuter must keep one or more correspondents on the spot to send on news. Quite a number were so engaged during the war between Russia and Japan, and the company's prestige as a distributor of news stands as high in Japan and China as in Europe. Reuter gave to the world the Ameer's speech after his visit to India. Reuter's agents in China are closely watchful of the intellectual upheaval taking place there. Lord Cromer's farewell speech in Egypt, containing several thousands of words, one of the longest and one of the most informing messages ever despatched by Reuter, was transmitted in little over four hours. A code which cost some thousands of pounds, the result of three years of hard work, and which contains half a million phrases, is now available.

The Press Association—the largest of the various news agencies operating exclusively in the United Kingdom—was founded by the owners of the provincial newspapers in 1868 to meet the situation created by the Telegraph Act of that year, by which the Government was authorised to acquire the telegraphs hitherto owned by private companies. The latter gathered press matter in addition to transmitting it; but this dual system had then to cease —

hence the inception of the Press Association for the purpose of organising the collection of news on a more satisfactory and complete basis.

The Association commenced its labours simultaneously with the taking over of the telegraphs by the State on February 5, 1870, and ever since its career has been one of increasing usefulness and prosperity. Established as it is on strictly co-operative principles, its shares are held by the provincial newspapers alone, and each member can possess only a certain number according as the paper is a morning, evening, or weekly publication. But though debarred from the privilege of membership, the London papers are, and always have been, very large customers.

The original capital was nominally eighteen thousand pounds, of which less than half was actually paid up; but, owing to the remarkable growth of the business, it was decided three years ago to increase the nominal capital to one hundred thousand pounds, and the paid-up capital to fifty thousand pounds, the latter being effected without any call whatever on the members, by utilising the savings of the thirty-four years in order to give three additional fully paid-up shares for each one then held.

The company's affairs are directed by a committee of management, each member of which serves for a term of five years, and the election of one new member every year ensures the regular infusion of 'new blood.' A consultative board, consisting of the same number of members (five), all of whom have usually served on the committee of management, meets twice a year in conjunction with the committee.

At the outset of its career the Press Association entered into an agreement with the world-famed Reuter's Agency for the monopoly in the United Kingdom outside the Metropolis of that organisation's foreign news; and the alliance has been maintained and developed in a variety of ways. One of the outcomes of this close working is the supply of supplementary telegrams of specially interesting events, which in London are read as 'Reuter's Special Service,' and in the provincial journals as 'Press Association Special Service' or 'P.A. Foreign Special,' the matter being identical.

The Press Association, besides a large headquarters staff, has special staffs for parliamentary, law courts, racing, cricket, and football, and Stock Exchange and commercial intelligence; and it utilises the services of over thirteen hundred duly accredited correspondents throughout the country, besides innumerable occasional correspondents.

The chief offices at 14 New Bridge Street, E.C., are never closed, a staff of sub-editors being always on duty to deal with the mass of 'copy' that is continually being received. The largest individual item in its accounts is the sum paid the Post-Office for the telegraphic transmission of its news. This amounts to about one thousand pounds a week, which makes the Association easily the largest single customer possessed by the State.

In its news services, which are classified so as to meet the wants of the wealthiest paper down to the requirements of the smallest weekly publication, the P.A., as it is familiarly called, aims at supplying matter of general importance with the utmost accuracy and speed, while it also undertakes to watch the local interests of the provincial papers. It has special wires to the General Post-Office for the reception and transmission of its telegrams, a special wire from the House of Commons to the head office as well as to the General Post-Office, and other private wires and innumerable telephones. A great feature of its supplies is in the verbatim and summary reports of public men, for which work the Association deservedly enjoys a high reputation.

During the last three or four years telephony has been more and more utilised by the Press Association for the distribution of racing, cricket, football, and general news; and its telephonic services represent the highest and most up-to-date development in the increasingly rapid—one might almost say practically instantaneous—dissemination of matter.

The late Mr John Lovell, a well-known journalist and afterwards editor of the *Liverpool Mercury*, was the first manager of the Association, and on his resignation in 1880 was succeeded by the present manager. Mr Edmund Robbins, who had joined the staff as a sub-editor prior to its commencing operations, and who in 1874 had been made secretary and assistant manager.

The Exchange Telegraph Company's system of transmission of news locally in the Metropolis by means of tape and column printing instruments is well known in London. Hotels, clubs, bankers, and stockbrokers avail themselves of the system, as well as the newspapers. The company has two distributing stations, one at 17 Cornhill and the other at 64 Haymarket. There are a thousand receiving instruments connected with the two stations, two hundred in newspaper offices between Temple Bar and Ludgate Circus. It has a system of agencies for the collection of news in town and country, and supplies Reuter's and the Press Association with instruments for the distribution of news to subscribers. The ingenious instruments, which print messages in bold type on a tape continuously or in column, are the invention of Mr F. Higgins, the chief engineer of the company.

The Central News Agency has over eighty agencies for collecting and transmitting news, all subsidiary to London. In the United Kingdom the agency has correspondents in every town and village of importance. A staff of something like twelve hundred men gather the news and transmit it to the head office, where a process of weeding out or strict editorial control is exercised over it. The amount sent in from the various correspondents in

one day would, it is said, be sufficient to fill a three-volume novel. Only a certain amount of this is marketable.

The system of gathering and distributing news may be of the most perfect kind, but if the distribution of the finished product be not equally good all that is gained may be lost. Mr C. A. Cooper, late editor of the *Scotsman*, in his *Editor's Retrospect*, says that newspaper managers must be restless, and go from one effort to another, and in this connection pays a high compliment to Mr James Law, the business manager, a pioneer in securing special wires, special trains for early delivery of papers, and special correspondence printed under the heading of 'From Private Correspondence.' Mr Law travelled over the whole of Scotland, corresponded with every railway company, and made it possible for his newspaper to reach the remotest village or town at the earliest time. Newspaper railway parcels came to be carried by contract. The opening of the Press Gallery in the House of Commons to provincial reporters was another advance. As a result of these efforts a dweller in Fort-William, one hundred and forty miles from Edinburgh, can have his daily paper by ten A.M. Mr Cooper gives Mr Law the credit of being the head and front, the brain and eye, of the movements which since 1860 have brought about a complete revolution in the press of Great Britain.

DICK HELLIFIELD'S DOUBLE.

CHAPTER II.

AHMED reported on the evening of the day but one following that the man of the red fez had not come in by the train from Ismailia. It made no difference to Dick. He was apparently careless whether the man came or not. Ahmed, as I could see, was more concerned for his master than his master was for himself.

Dick had not yet volunteered to give me any information, and I had refrained from asking him. He would tell me when he was ready, not before. He showed me the sights in and around Cairo. In those early days of my winter sojourn we did not go far afield. I was not very fit for it, and Dick did not wish to tire me. Wherever we went Ahmed went with us—at a respectful distance where the ground was open and there were few people about, but in the bazaars and through the more frequented streets as near and as faithful as Dick's own shadow.

One morning we rambled westward, across the bridge flanked by the bronze lions and through the shady avenues, until we reached the new museum. We passed in, more for the sake of the coolness and a rest than with any intention of inspecting the mummies. Strolling forward, we found ourselves eventually in the spacious room where the rare discoveries from the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings are deposited, conspicuous among them, and most important, the mummy of the wonderful Sesostris, as the Greeks called him, the second Rameses, the great builder, the mighty warrior, the supposed oppressor of the Hebrews. Wrapped in faded cerements and enclosed in a crystal case, there he lay at full length for any one to gaze upon unabashed, smiling with pity even, although in his own day the people had trembled at his nod and worshipped him as the enshrinement of the Deity. There was nothing Egyptian in the lineaments of that attenuated face, with its narrow brow and prominent cheek-bones and aquiline nose (slightly crushed at the tip where the bandages had pressed it) and determined chin—the counterpart of the gigantic statues far away up the Nile. Rather was it Syrian than Egyptian, proclaiming his affinity with the race he had oppressed, and a possible strain in him of the displaced Shepherd Kings. A tall, gaunt man was he, well stricken in years, and with the hair still clinging to the back of the parchment-like skin, which had closed in with the wasting tissue over the long skull. In full view of him, with Ahmed waiting in the doorway, we sat for a long time speechless, until at last Dick found his tongue.

'Poor beggar!' said he, as if in a reverie. 'It all went for nothing.'

'What went for nothing, Dick?' and I turned, and noticed—what I had often noticed before—the peculiar dreamy look in Dick's gray eyes.

Practical though he was for the most part, and though he had devoted his life to a practical calling—that of an engineer—there was a look in Dick's eyes sometimes that almost startled one, an uncanny look, as if he could see things invisible to others; and the look was there now. Since my arrival I had observed people turn from him, when he glanced at them, with a slight expression of fear. They evidently thought he could see too much or too far. Steady orbs of clear gray, with a sense of mystery swimming in the depths of them, are not attractive to the Oriental. Ahmed was never disconcerted by them, but Ahmed was an exception; he had had an opportunity of proving the worth of the man who owned them.

'The careful embalming, and the secret burial, and the attempt to keep the body intact until the spirit, the double, the *ka*, or whatever else you care to call it, came to resuscitate him,' said Dick, in reply to my question. 'Thrice since they walled him up in his rocky burial-place in the mountains have the cycles passed the point of the double's return, but he has never moved.'

'And never will,' I added, with a smile. 'It

wouldn't be worth while;' and I nodded towards the shrunken body reposing in the glass case. 'He would cut a sorry figure now if he were to revive and take it into his head to stalk into Cairo.'

'No more sorry a figure than Cairo itself would cut in his eyes in comparison with the City of the Sun of his own day. Degenerate himself, Jim, he would come back to a no less degenerate Egypt. But you are a sceptic. You don't believe in the double.'

'Not I. Do you?' for Dick was speaking seriously.

'Yes,' answered Dick simply, causing me to stare at him as if he were demented; 'not in the return of the double, but in its existence. The old Egyptian priests had got hold of the tag-end of a truth when they spoke about the *ka*. A desire for immortality supplied the rest.'

'Dick, do you know what you are talking about?'

'Perfectly. I've gone into the thing, and I tell you that the residuum of truth in the belief of the ancient Egyptians was their teaching about the double. If there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual; so St Paul says, echoing the Egyptian priests, for I take it that by the spiritual he meant the double of the natural—its counterpart. I didn't care a brass farthing about it, one way or the other, until it was brought home to me; and, mind you, Jim, I don't pretend to understand it now. I only know that the double exists, and I leave it there.'

'You know! How do you know?' for I was amazed to hear Dick talking in this fashion. 'How was it brought home to you?'

'Well, I'll tell you, and it will lead on to something else I want to say about the dastardly fellow who shot at me in Port Said. You remember the railway accident at Dryclough Junction about five years ago?'

'Yes,' said I, wondering what that had to do with it. It was an unexpected twist in the conversation, and a long leap from the shrivelled mummy of Sesostris to a modern railway smash of only five years ago. Then a recollection came to me suddenly, and I added, 'You were travelling by that train, Dick—yes, I remember—and you had a narrow escape.'

'Very narrow. And I had a strange experience which I have never mentioned to any one from that time until now. I was the only occupant of the compartment. In my hands was an open newspaper, the *Standard*, spread out to its full size, so that my face was hidden, and I was reading one of the leading articles, when, after we had been swinging along quite easily, say at forty miles an hour, the jar came. Lowering my paper, I saw, sitting opposite me—myself. Every detail—down to the paper, and the way I was holding it, with the name *Standard* printed on the title-page—was reproduced, just as if I had been looking at my own reflection in a mirror. But there was no mirror; the exact counterpart of myself, my own double, was looking me squarely in the eyes. I was not startled, and I had no time to wonder. The jar was succeeded by another and another, as rapidly as they could come—caused, I suppose, by the carriage bouncing over the sleepers—and followed instantly by crunching woodwork and splintering glass; then, and again instantly (for it was all compressed into a few seconds), there was a sickening thud, the roof of the carriage was rent asunder, and I was pitched headforemost through the gap. As if by a miracle, I alighted on the embankment unhurt, clear of the débris, and rolled to the bottom, where I picked myself up and began at once to render assistance to the sufferers. You know what had happened. The piston-rod of the engine had snapped, and the details of the catastrophe you would read about at the time.'

'Are you sure you were alone?'

'Quite.'

'Didn't the shock, think you, play a trick with your memory?'

'No.'

'Then it was a pure hallucination, a simulacrum of yourself, produced by your startled brain when the first shock came.'

'I was not startled. My brain was as clear and as calm as it is now. Without seeking for any cause like that you have now mentioned, but perfectly sure that my brain was in its normal state, I nevertheless said to myself that it *was* a pure hallucination, and therefore I mentioned it to no one. When I began to consider the vision—if we may call it so—or the appearance of the double, it impressed me rather seriously, and I refrained from mentioning it partly because I had no desire to be laughed at. Even you, Jim—and you're not one of the cackling sort—might have laughed at me if I had told you sooner or in some other place than this;' and he waved his hand to include the whole of the royal and priestly mummies arranged along the room.

'No, I don't think I should. But the phenomenon is explainable.'

'Is it? I should like to hear it explained.'

'But surely, Dick, you don't believe the appearance was real?'

'I do,' said Dick stoutly; 'as real as you are sitting beside me now.'

'And as palpable?'

'Well, I cannot answer for that. I have never offered to shake hands with my double. It may have been a lack of courtesy on my part. I have had no time to think of courtesies. But so far as my sight is concerned—and they say seeing's believing—the appearances have been real enough.'

'The appearances!' said I, more amazed than ever. 'Have you seen yourself again?'

'Twice since the railway smash, and these have confirmed my impression that what I saw then was real. If the experience had not been repeated I should have persuaded myself in time that the

vision in the railway carriage was a vision only, and purely subjective, something which had happened not outside me but in my own consciousness. I do not think so now.'

'Twice, do you say? Where?'

'Here in Egypt—once in a little village on the eastern side of the barrage, and again on the balcony of the Hôtel d'Angleterre in Port Said where you and I were sitting together a few nights ago.'

'I saw nothing.'

'That may be. Your chair was not turned in the right direction. But my double appeared when the shot was fired; not simultaneously with the firing of the shot, but almost—only the fraction of a second before.'

'Stop, Dick!' said I, for I was beginning to be convinced against my own reason. 'Let me think.'

'Think away.'

'Immediately before the shot was fired you suddenly sat up and passed your hand across your brow.'

'I forget about the sitting up—I suppose I must have done so—but I remember passing my hand across my brow. It is a trick of mine, and I was the least bit dazed. You see, my double was seated at the other end of the balcony.'

'When did the double disappear?'

'With the burial of the bullet in the woodwork over my head.'

'It is strange—very strange. And the appearance in the little village on the Nile—what about that?'

'It came to warn me, like the others. I was in imminent danger. It is a friendly double, Jim, and has never appeared except when I have been within an ace of losing my life. That is something to go upon, if you are interested enough to spin out an explanation that will cover the facts. Another item which you shouldn't leave out is that the appearances are momentary. They never last. I have never been conscious of any excitement. All the three times I have been as calm as I am now, and as sane, so far as I know. The only sensation I have had is the one I referred to just now—a slightly dazed feeling which has passed away with the evanishment of the double.'

'Haven't you formed some theory of your own, Dick, to account for it?'

'No; I have simply accepted it.'

'Well, it beats me,' said I after a long pause, during which I was turning the thing over in my mind. 'But about the appearance in the village—what are the details?'

'Haven't we been here long enough, Jim?'

'Perhaps. But I should like to hear the details of that second appearance. I understand they are connected with the man who followed you to Port Said.'

'Yes, and who will follow me to Cairo. He may be in Cairo now. I expected him to turn up before this. But we shall not be back in time for luncheon if I begin to tell you that story, and luncheon is a necessity for you. You'll take a lot of building up, Jim;' and he glanced at my rather wasted form. 'Now, for me luncheon will be a convenience—shall I say an acceptable convenience?—judging by sundry responses which the thought of it has called up; for neither the appearances of the double nor the designs of my follower have affected my appetite.—Ahmed, call a carriage.'

Ahmed disappeared from the doorway, where he had waited motionless, occupied with his own thoughts, all this time; and as we came down the outer stairs and crossed the small garden the carriage was waiting for us at the gates.

We bowled along through the avenues and towards the bridge across the Nile. The wide river was rolling its silt-charged waters smoothly and evenly towards the Delta. The depth and force of it were disguised by the placidity of its surface. On its eastern bank the high masts and long, tapering yards of the dahabeeahs made an intricate lacework pattern in sombre browns against the faded yellows of the buildings and the intense blue of the sky. In patches and short lines from the midst of the buildings, and shooting up into the sunlight, were the feathery green tufts of the stately palms. Here and there—above and below the bridge, but mostly below—dahabeeahs deeply laden skimmed across the river like birds with gigantic wings. The bridge was crowded on either side with foot-passengers, two human streams setting inward and outward, brushing softly past each other, and forming where the tide was fullest into tiny eddies ere they disengaged themselves and were silently swept along. For it was a silent crowd, soft-footed, ungreeting, with none of the clatter which distinguishes a crowd in the West. Vehicles were few, and they moved with little noise. Tall, gaunt camels stalked along the roadway, waving their necks and placing their sponge-like feet down carefully, as often as not led by a gray ass, sober and meditative, and ridiculously small by contrast with its string of ungainly companions. A moment's flurry was caused by the gaily attired outrunners of a closed carriage, clearing the way with wands and uttering short, subdued cries. The carriage came on, drawn by a pair of superb bays. Through the open window, as it passed by, we caught sight of a lady's face barely concealed by a white *yashmak*. She was bending slightly forward, with a beaming smile, apparently answering two chattering children seated on the opposite side of the carriage, else we should not have seen her face at all.

'A pretty glimpse, Dick,' said I as we whirled past, and, emerging from the bridge, entered the square by the Khedive's palace. 'The children seemed very happy, and so did she.'

'From there probably,' answered Dick, jerking his thumb towards the long façade of the building. 'Yes, it was like a peep into an interior—as much as one gets in this land of secret domesticity. She was very beautiful.'

'Very; quite a picture.—Hallo! what is it,

Ahmed?' for, seated beside the driver, Ahmed had half-turned, and was quietly calling our attention to some one or something across the square. Dick had not observed the movement.

'You see him, Mis'r 'El'field?'

'Where?' asked Dick, following the direction of the nod. 'Oh yes, I see him, Ahmed. Thank you.'

'Whom, Dick? The man in the red fez?'

'There are hundreds in a red fez. But you are right, Jim. This is the particular one.'

'Has he seen you?'

'Not yet. If he does he'll follow us to the Esbekieh. Don't look round, Jim,' he added as we left the square. 'His eyes are as sharp as needles. Not that it matters much, for he's sure to find us sooner or later. Ahmed will have to be a trifle more cautious—that's all.'

'And you, Jim?'

'Oh, Ahmed looks after me.'

As we alighted from the carriage at the door of the hotel I instinctively turned my eyes along the road which skirted the gardens, the road by which we had come. Round the corner, under the trees, a man bounded, and stopped dead when he saw the carriage. He was dressed in black and wore a red fez.

(To be continued.)

NAPLES AND PALERMO,

THE TWO GREAT CITIES OF SOUTHERN ITALY.

By George Pignatorre.

NAPLES and Palermo, the twin capitals of the former kingdom of the Two Sicilies—so alike in some aspects, so unlike in others, but each preserving its own individuality—are far from being placed on a par; Naples being by common consent in the first rank (to which perhaps her size, population, and surroundings may entitle her), and Palermo being relegated tacitly to the very subordinate rank of an ordinary provincial town. This greater renown of the Siren City over its Sicilian rival is due to several causes: to the able pens and brushes which have depicted her in glowing colours, and to the glamour of the ancient cities restored to the light of day after more than a millennium and a half; to the stirring events which marked the foundation of the short-lived and ill-fated Parthenopean Republic in 1799, of which Naples was the head and the soul, and which are so intimately connected with the glorious name of Lord Nelson and the questionable one of Lady Hamilton; lastly, to the greater proximity of Naples to the usual route followed by tourists in bygone days, and the comparative inaccessibility of Palermo up to within the last thirty years—that is, ere swift steamers and through trains had linked the two cities together.

Of Naples so many have sung the praises in prose and verse that there is little left to relate or describe. All that remains is the humbler task of commenting in plain prose on what is brilliantly told by others.

Greek and Roman, Goth and Byzantine, Norman and Teuton, finally French and Spaniard, have all wooed and won by turns the unreluctant Siren City. From the day when Belisarius stole into the city through the aqueduct in the first half of the sixth century after Christ to the year 1860, when Garibaldi drove in with a handful of followers, she has almost always welcomed or submitted tamely to her conquerors. The one single occasion on which a portion of the Neapolitan population opposed an armed resistance to the foe was in 1799, when the *lazzaroni* rose in defence of the Bourbon tyrant, and more especially of Saint Januarius, against the unbelieving French Republicans, while the enlightened few greeted them as liberators. Naples has produced many eminent men of letters and of action who have sacrificed life and freedom in their country's cause; but they have not been able to leaven the masses with their spirit, and it is more than probable that if left to themselves they might accept with equanimity a new rule. I do not mean by this to imply that the Neapolitans are unimprovable or have not improved, but that the process is a slow one, and that they have not had time to shake off the numbing influence of centuries of misrule and oppression.

Needless to say, therefore, that the Neapolitans of the twentieth century are the same unstable, impulsive, unreliable creatures they were in the seventeenth, when, after idolising Masaniello for five days, they forsook him on the sixth, and when he was done to death never raised a hand to save or to avenge him. These are national traits, and no amount of education can obliterate, though it can modify and neutralise, their effects. But even this has not been done; thus they continue to be the same identical brawlers, as prompt with their knives as the Romans, but less wantonly murderous, and extortionate in their dealings with foreigners to a degree certainly unsurpassed, perhaps hardly equalled, elsewhere. So convinced are they that foreigners are a lawful prize, of their own indefeasible right to fleece them to any extent, that they resent not only any attempt on the part of the stranger himself to avoid parting with his fleece, but also the conduct of those among their own people who may think otherwise, as a bad example. For instance, I have hardly ever been thanked when I have given a fee to a Neapolitan, though I have often been asked

for something more; indeed, the usual reply of the Neapolitan on receiving the extra tip is, '*Poco, signore*' —that is, 'Very little, sir'—instead of the prompt, '*Grazie, signore*,' you are accustomed to in other towns of Italy. Strangers will act wisely in being very chary of their vails, which they may, moreover, have given already, unknown to themselves, in paying double the usual charge for a fare.

Like other 'tender-foots,' I had to pay for my lack of experience in the shape of gratuities grudgingly accepted by the recipients, in overcharges, and in misspent charity. I now steer clear of all these shoals by bargaining for a reduction of fare or price, or by paying what is proper in either case, and, finally, by abstaining on principle from giving alms to vagrants and vagabonds who neither deserve nor are grateful for any dole of yours. The few really *bonâ-fide* beggars are also so attached to a life which is far less hard to endure in sunny Naples than in foggy London, and leaves them to the enjoyment of doing nothing (*dolce far niente*), that they sometimes refuse relief when accompanied by restrictions. Besides these more or less open and tolerated methods of relieving you of superfluous cash, which, if not strictly honest, are perfectly lawful, there is the very expeditious and perilous art of the pickpockets and street-thieves, which is nowhere practised on a larger scale than in Naples, and against which experience is powerless. These gentlemen, who have succeeded and have superseded the old footpads and highwaymen, have acquired a well-merited reputation for skill and daring, for their nimbleness of fingers is only equalled by their swiftness of foot, and both are unsurpassed. So bold have they become that persons have had their watches snatched by these light-fingered gentry in the most-frequented quarters, the thief disappearing up some narrow, dark lane close at hand, leading in its turn into one of those mazes of alleys which still exist, and where he is soon lost to view. These facts are so generally recognised by all that strangers entering a café are often obligingly warned by waiters not to expose to view any trinkets they may be wearing; even visitors stopping a passer-by to inquire their way receive the same warning. I was once advised by a chance-acquaintance whom I met in the Galleria Umberto I. on a sweltering summer day, and who had observed my watch-chain, to button up closely. 'Better lose a few ounces of flesh than your watch,' he remarked; and the remark decided me.

Apart from these nuisances, against which to be forewarned is in a measure to be forearmed, visitors have little to fear, for the smiling, amiable vagabonds you see will scarcely meddle with you if you do not meddle with them; in which respect, by the way, they resemble certain other wild animals. Contagious and infectious diseases are, I believe, rare, thanks to the vast improvements effected during the past thirty years through the agency of the Italian Government, or more properly by the municipality. The opening up of new quarters; the demolition in part of the old, which have been pierced by new wide thoroughfares; and the ample supply of pure water brought from the Serino springs, which is so cold as to cloud the glass when freshly poured out, and render iced-water superfluous, have one and all contributed to make Naples one of the healthiest, as it was one of the unhealthiest, cities of Italy. The Vomero is an especially breezy and salubrious resort for those who wish to take up their residence at Naples. It is reached by a steep funicular line, and so sheer is the ascent that the sensation you experience is like that of mounting a perpendicular shaft. One can travel back to the city on a tram-car, the cost of the whole transit being five soldi or twopence-half-penny, whereas if you engage a carriage and have a fair complexion the fare will be two or three lire.

Nor have the improvements done away with the picturesque, which meets the eye on every side in the quaint medieval churches, in some baronial palaces, in the frowning forts, Castel dell' Oro, Castel Nuovo, and Castel Saint Elmo, one and all connected with so many tragic episodes, real and legendary—all three dark, grim, and fearsome to look at. The picturesqueness and originality is still more marked in the gaudy colours and costumes of the people, in their bright popular songs, in the folklore. Indeed, this local colouring is not one of the least attractions of Naples; it is second only to the interest Capri, Baiæ, and Pompeii inspire as monuments and sites of old pagan splendour and wickedness, or to the burning mountain and the smiling coastline.

From the beauteous City of Saint Januarius we turn our gaze on the other great metropolis of the whilom kingdom of the Two Sicilies, the capital of the island-portion of the realm, as Naples was of the mainland—in a word, Palermo, which, with her three hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, comes next to Naples among southern cities, and is the fifth in population of the whole kingdom. The old Phœnician settlement was always a thriving port, but was overshadowed by the great Greek colonies of Syracuse and Ægagas, until these perished or decayed, and the Saracens made Palermo the capital of their dominion in Sicily. Under the Normans and Aragonese kings Palermo rose to such pre-eminence that she was called, from her wealth, the City of the Golden Shell (*Dello Conca d'Oro*). The plains around were the best cultivated and fruitful in the whole island, and deserved the name of *Hortus Siciliæ* (Garden of Sicily). The Saracens and Normans have left many traces of their presence in the Oriental and Gothic architecture of palaces and churches. The most remarkable sacred building was founded by King William the Good, who certainly built the stately cathedral of Monreale (Mount Royal); for Sicily has had her two Norman Williams, like England, and Count Roger crossed the Strait of Messina about the same time that Count William crossed the English Channel. The struggle was long and fierce in both cases, and it was only in 1070

that Palermo fell into Norman hands. Henceforth she became pre-eminent over all southern cities, the seat of government of an independent or at least autonomous state, for home-rule lasted down to 1615. She did not share in the general decline of Italian towns, for even in Brydone's time (1770) her population was one hundred and fifty thousand souls, larger than that of most not only Italian but even European towns of the period; and, owing partly to this semi-independence and partly to the admixture of Norman and Saracen blood, the Palermitans have always shown themselves to be of sterner stuff than the effete Neapolitans, who have almost always bowed before the storm. Thus not even the all-powerful Spanish rule was able to enforce in its full rigour the Holy Inquisition. This most unholy institution was, it is true, introduced into Sicily, as into all the other dominions of His Most Catholic Majesty, to burn and rack the unconvinced; but certain checks were set to the religious zeal of its servants by the Palermitans through means that, if not orthodox, were very efficient and summary. The method adopted was peculiarly southern and national. An over-zealous officer of the dread tribunal was duly warned in writing, and if he continued obdurate he always quietly disappeared. 'Thus,' as Brydone says, 'the Inquisitors were taught becoming moderation.' And the Palermitans have often displayed the same spirit against the foreign invader as against the Spanish Inquisitor. They were also during the eighteenth century more advanced in social progress than the people of the mainland; and, among the nobility more especially, there were several families who not only were more liberal-minded and better instructed than those of other Continental countries, but could compare favourably even with English families. Brydone, speaking of the young girls, says: 'The young ladies here are easy, affable, and unaffected; and not, as on the Continent, perpetually stuck up by the sides of their mothers.' His praise of the noblemen with whom he came into frequent contact is equally unstinted; and to his mind the physical characteristics of the surrounding country stood very high —so high, indeed, that Palermo, in his opinion, excelled Naples in beauty and elegance.

If Palermo and the Palermitans have not maintained the lead they unquestionably held in 1770, owing partly perhaps to fortuitous circumstances, they are still well to the fore, and have not stood still. The city had not been, like Catania or Messina, razed to the ground by telluric convulsions or ruined and devastated like Rome; she was, therefore, never wholly or partly rebuilt as they were, but she was enlarged and beautified. The two long main streets cut each other at right angles, as they did in 1770, and divide the town into four well-marked regions; but they have been lengthened, and the interspaces filled with new, handsome buildings; gardens have been laid out, splendid hotels have been opened, and electric tram-cars ply in all directions. The climate is salubrious all the year, but is very hot for Northerners after May and before October. In a word, Palermo of to-day is not a new creation, taken as a whole, but a glorified Palermo of Brydone's time. The eighteenth-century city has expanded into the actual twentieth-century metropolis, has put on more flesh, but has preserved its original framework intact, together with all its medley of Norman and Saracenic architecture, of old mansions and substantial new houses.

As with the city, so with the citizens. The patricians of Palermo are noted for their graceful hospitality, and many of them for their literary tastes, and are worthy descendants of their cultured and courteous forebears of the eighteenth century. The masses in Palermo as in Naples have been neglected by successive Governments till quite lately, and consequently have continued to be much what they were a century and a half ago. They are still plunged in that swamp of ignorance and superstition which has clogged their better aspirations and nullified in a great measure their intellectual development. Their illiteracy is simply astounding, over 70 per cent. being unable to read or write; and the proportion of illiterate women is even higher, reaching probably 90 per cent. This crass ignorance contributes, of course, to foster crime in several ways. The better-disposed have inherited the traditional hatred and contempt, engendered by secular tyranny, for all public officials in general and all police officers in particular. These they look upon as so many licensed spies or *sbirri*, and consequently avoid having recourse to them in an emergency, preferring to take the law into their own hands, and *a fortiori* will seldom assist these detested functionaries even against the most atrocious criminal. This oblique morality and lack of confidence in the proper authorities have generated the *Mafia* in Palermo as they have the *Camorra* in Naples. Both are associations having as their chief objective the defeat of the ends of justice by screening criminals from pursuit or by obtaining their acquittal. Nothing stands in the way when these objects are to be attained: jurymen are threatened; witnesses are menaced with dire consequences; the jailers are suborned, frightened, or bribed into collusion with those members of the association who have, notwithstanding all the exertions of their friends, been condemned to some penalty, though usually a very slight one, for an ultra-savage deed of blood. The difference between the *Camorra* and the *Mafia* lies in the more regular organisation of the former rather than in any essential diversity of object. The *Camorra* has still its rank and file, its sub-officers, and its captains; the *Mafia* has nothing of the kind—it is rather of the nature of a loose alliance between all bad characters and malefactors to defy the law and to shield law-breakers. Wherefore, unless the venue be changed to a distant province, no criminal need fear condemnation.

Another strong point of resemblance between the twain is their fetich-worship of their two patrons. The worship of these local deities is not, indeed, peculiar or restricted to Naples and Palermo, for every city has its patron and patroness; but they are nowhere worshipped with the same pomp as in these two great towns. As Naples adores Saint Januarius, whose blood liquefies every year, and is protected by the saint against eruptions and earthquakes, so does Palermo worship Saint Rosalia, who protects against pestilence; but nowhere are the fêtes in commemoration of patron saints solemnised and celebrated with the same magnificence as at the annual midsummer festival still held in honour of Saint Rosalia, on which occasion the Palermitans outvie and outshine even the Neapolitans. Is it to be wondered at, then, that in such unfavourable moral and social conditions crimes of violence should be but too frequent, and that unorganised brigandage—or, to speak more correctly, highway robberies—should still occur? That these same causes have not been equally operative elsewhere—at Messina, for instance—is owing to the fact that they have been in a measure toned down by the quieter and more peaceful disposition of the inhabitants. But in Palermo itself, and throughout the whole province, lawlessness is still rife. Witness the number of outrages committed by desperadoes on the highways and byways; witness the *latitanti*, or criminals in hiding, who are abetted and assisted by sympathising or terrorised peasants; witness the threats sometimes received by wealthy landowners. It was, I believe, within the prefecture of Palermo, or on its borders, that Mr Rose, a British subject, was captured by some bandits of the old school who had survived the union with the rest of Italy. Their chief, by the way, was so grateful to Mr Rose for the start in life the latter had given him—involuntarily, it is true—that he not only treated his captive most courteously, but never failed for years to testify his sense of obligation to Mr Rose by sending him presents of game or fruit. This event occurred many years ago, and would be impossible now; but it shows that the gentlemen of the road held their own longer in the west than in the east of Sicily. Even down to the eighties of last century the old leaven was still fermenting among the western Sicilians, to judge from the precautions deemed necessary by the local authorities for the protection of our representative, Mr Stigand, who so worthily held the post of consul for all Sicily for several years. When this gentleman had on one occasion to leave the city on business or pleasure he was offered an armed escort. I do not know whether he accepted or declined the offer, or even whether, owing to extraneous influences, the district round Palermo may not have been passing through some of those transient periods of disorder which occur at intervals in Sicily. Anyhow, the fact is a very significant one, and could never have happened at Messina or any other western city.

The moral of all this is that visitors should bear in mind that they cannot count here on the same security which undoubtedly prevails at the present time in most regions of southern Italy; and while I think that the reports on the conditions of public security within the city itself are somewhat incorrect or exaggerated, I have no hesitation in accepting them entirely with respect to the relative insecurity of the country around. And I should strongly advise visitors inclined to be venturesome to obtain the opinion of His Majesty's representative as to the safety of the roads; or, better still, to obtain that of the British vice-consul, who is either a native or an old resident, and generally a man of much more experience and knowledge than his freshly imported and at times ignorant superior. In spite of these drawbacks, which are, after all, not to be compared with the many advantages offered by the city as a winter and spring residence, Palermo is a most fascinating place, where the upper or educated classes are among the most high-bred and well-informed of the whole peninsular and insular kingdom. Materially, too, Palermo exceeds in size and population all the cities of the south except Naples, and all those of the north except Rome, Turin, and Milan; and if she yields the palm to Naples in the number of her inhabitants—three hundred and thirty thousand to five hundred and thirty thousand—as a city she is far more regularly built, is handsomer, and situated in a more fertile and well-cultivated territory, whence the names *Hortus Siciliæ* (Garden of Sicily), *Aurea Vallis* (Golden Valley), and, lastly, *Felix* (Happy), which were successively bestowed on this beauteous city beside the blue Midland Sea.

LAUGHTER IN THE VALLEY.

Come not, friends, to my deathbed
With hushed tones and muffled tread,
Nor with shrouded light and sound
Shut me from life's cheerful round.
Passing as for but a while,
Let me pass with smile for smile!

Crack your jokes and sing your songs!
Nought that to your life belongs
E'er to me could come amiss,
Morning hail or good-night kiss.
Tear-touched though your greeting be,
Let not gloom o'ershadow me!

Day will dawn in common guise,
No strange cloud will blot the skies;
Earth and heaven will show the same,
That day, as the day I came.
Then, as babes are welcomed here,
We the parting soul should cheer.

Yea, for on our ultimate bed
Laughing flowers their petals shed;
O'er earth's myriad graves all day
Sing the birds, the children play.
Why from deathbeds chase the mirth
That, with love, makes heaven of earth!

PAULINE W. ROOSE.

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THE SPIRIT-WORLD OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

By Lady ROLLESTON.

IT is remarkable that in this very material age there should be such a recrudescence of the superstitions of the Middle Ages and an apparently enlarging interest in the spiritual world. At the lowest levels of culture of which we have any knowledge the notion of a ghost-soul animating man while in the body, and appearing in dream and vision out of the body, is found deeply ingrained. When a new regiment arrives at Hampton Court Palace the ghost-stories are always revived; but a more increased interest in the spirit-world of the palace has recently been renewed by a constable seeing a group of figures moving along Ditton Walk. The party consisted of two gentlemen in evening-dress and from seven to nine ladies. There were no sounds except what resembled the rustling of dresses. When they reached a point about a dozen yards from him he opened the gates to let them in. The party, however, altered their course, and headed in the direction of the Flower-Pot Gates to the north of the gardens. At the same time there was a sudden movement amongst the group; they fell into processional order, two-deep, with the gentlemen at the head. Then, to his utter amazement, the whole crowd of them vanished—melted, as it seemed, into the air. One rather material explanation of this vision was lately given to me when I was lunching with some friends at Hampton Court Palace. Mrs Creighton, who has a set of charming rooms in the palace, is rather fond of taking evening strolls with her family; and on this particular night that the constable saw the mysterious group of figures they were returning to their rooms in the west front, and disappeared through a door which was hidden from the constable.

There is no more fitting setting for spirits to wander in than Wolsey's splendid palace of Hampton Court, the Versailles of England. Nothing could be more charming than the site. Amid green luxuriant foliage is seen the Thames winding his serene and majestic course, the vivid green or the deeper brown shades of the woods, hamlets, villas, fields, all presenting a panorama of unrivalled brilliance and effect. And, abounding in historical associations, it is almost the perfection of a summer residence, which Wolsey intended, as well as that of York Place in Westminster, for himself. But fearing the increase of envy on account of this magnificence, and desirous to please the king, he made him a present of the building, and told him that from the first he had erected it for his use.

In the year 1514 the manor of Hampton Court was leased by the prior Sir Thomas Docwra and his brethren, Knights of the Hospital of St John, to 'the most Reverend Father in God, Thomas Wolsey, Archbishop of York,' for a term of ninety-nine years, at a rent of fifty pounds per annum.

Hampton Court is an almost perfect specimen of Tudor palatial architecture. It is full of ancient historic charm, with bronze and marble to honour fame. Thus fountains, marbles, all that pomp supplies of arts and splendid ornaments, almost fatigue the eyes, and are haunted by innumerable spirits who are sometimes silent and often shrieked and wailed. And every corner of this old Tudor palace recalls the splendour of the mighty Cardinal Thomas Wolsey, who—from a butcher's son, arrived at the highest honours in Church and State—'when he went his last embassy into France, had in his retinue nine hundred horse of nobles, gentry, and others; he rode like a cardinal, very sumptuously on his mule trapped in crimson velvet and his stirrups gilt. Before him he had his two great crosses of silver, the king's broad seal of England, and his cardinal's hat, and a gentleman carrying his valance of fine scarlet all over richly embroidered with gold. As he was great in power, so no less in pride and insolence. He was offended with Edward Duke of Buckingham for spilling a little water on his shoe, and did afterwards procure his head to be cut off. He presumed to carry the Great Seal of England with him beyond the sea; he demolished forty monasteries to promote his own buildings, and

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dared in conference to say familiarly, "Ego et Rex meus" ("I and my King").'

The visits from foreign ambassadors who remained as his guests were received in almost regal state, with feasting and banquetings brilliant beyond description; all that England could then boast of wit, intelligence, and beauty was welcomed at the palace. No man understood so well the interests of the kingdom in its relations to foreign Powers as Wolsey, or pursued them with greater skill and boldness. The more hazardous the conjuncture the more his spirit soared to meet it.

'In gardens wisdom dwelt in days of yore, and loved in cool shade and sylvan scenes to roam. One can imagine how much the great cardinal enjoyed his quiet walks in his garden, as was his habit, to say his evensong and ponder his mighty schemes of imperial politics three hundred and eighty-two years ago.'

The spiritual world is often with and directing the natural world; so let us hope that this masterful spirit is allowed to assist the earnest politicians of to-day, as no one can deny how much Wolsey loved his king. History tells us that in the year 1530, amid the early gloom of a November evening, the dying cardinal arrived from Nottingham at the grand north entrance of Leicester Abbey. Here was gathered, beneath the light of their flaming torches, the little expectant group of monks, with their abbot, anxiously waiting to receive their illustrious guest. The dying cardinal, with his ever-remembered greeting to the Father Abbot, said, 'Had I but served my God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my pains and study, not regarding my service to God but only to my prince,' and passed beneath the archway into the abbey precincts; and on account of his great feebleness his mule was led to the foot of the staircase ascending to his chamber, and he was with difficulty helped up to the bed from which he never rose. After his death, three days later, his remains were disposed of with all available pomp and ceremony, and at four on the morning of the next day, the monks having celebrated mass, the 'weary bones' of the once mighty cardinal were laid to rest in the Lady Chapel. 'Good times, and bad times, and all times pass over.' When passing through the solemn cloisters, galleries, state-rooms, picturesque gables, towers, turrets, and embattled parapets, one cannot but recall the many historic scenes told in pictures and even by the stones of Hampton Court Palace.

Here is the great Elizabeth by Zucchero. It is said she liked to show her golden-coloured hair, which was more reddish than yellow, and curled naturally. She had delicately shaped hands, which were very white. 'In audiences she would pull off her gloves about a hundred times to show her hands.' Elizabeth lived here so much, especially in the heyday of her youth and power, that it is not wonderful to find that some of the numerous scandals about the queen are supposed to have had their origin at Hampton Court. Her bedroom, still marked by her crown and initials, looks over the little Pond Garden, which remains as it was in Tudor days, with its quaint flagged paths and narrow flower-beds, and strips of turf surrounding a small pond and fountain in the centre, shut in by low brick-walls overgrown with wisteria and other creepers.

Thoughts of other days rapidly crowd the mind as you pass into the King's Guard-Chamber, the Queen's Gallery, Queen Anne's State Bedchamber, and into the Great Hall built by Henry VIII., its stained glass shedding a richly coloured light. Six of the windows in the Great Hall give the pedigree of Henry VIII.'s six wives, who all traced descent from Edward I. The Gothic roof is the most splendid in England of the Perpendicular period. The Minstrel Gallery is at the lower end, where stood the minstrels in their picturesque attire, and played during the festivities and banquets and other entertainments, as music and dancing were frequently enjoyed by the Merry Monarch and his friends; he danced in the Great Hall with Jane Seymour and Catharine Howard.

At Hampton Court Henry VIII. passed much time, and brought there his six wives. He came first with Catharine of Aragon, then with Anne Boleyn. Queen Anne, when she was led to be beheaded in the Tower, called one of the king's Privy Chamber to her, and said unto him, 'Commend me to the king, and tell him he is constant in his course of advancing me; for, from a private gentlewoman, he made me a marchioness, from a marchioness a queen; and now that he hath left no higher degree of worldly honour for me, he hath made me a martyr.' Queen Anne, mother of Queen Elizabeth, was the daughter of Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire.*

He next came with his third wife, Jane Seymour, who died shortly after the birth of Edward VI. It is said that Queen Jane Seymour's ghost may be seen every night near the private stairway leading to her former rooms; she also appears in the Silver-stick Gallery with a lighted taper in her hand. Jane Seymour's rooms are now occupied by Mrs Keate and her family. Edward VI. was born in their drawing-room; so Mrs Penn, his nurse and foster-mother, although keeping a vigilant watch to prevent any royal infant from living in the palace, does not interfere with the children of those who are permitted to live there by royal grace and favour, as many happy children are born and reared

* Walter Earl of Essex married Lettice, daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, by Katherine, daughter of William Lord Hunsdon and Mary Boleyn, daughter of Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire, sister of Queen Anne, the mother of Queen Elizabeth. Lady Dorothy Shirley, daughter of Sir Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, brought the charming Irish property, the Barony of Farney, into the family, where the writer of this article spent her childhood. Mary Boleyn was an ancestress of hers.

in that romantic home. There is a tradition attached to the rooms now occupied by Lord and Lady Wolseley that no royal baby ever lives that is born in them, as they are haunted by Mrs Penn, the nurse of Edward VI., and when she appears the babies die. The last royal infant that was born there was the son of Princess Frederica of Hanover, in 1884, and the baby died. The Princess and her nurse are said to have seen the figure of Mrs Penn in their nursery the night of the baby's death. Well might these words be said to the shade of Mrs Penn:

> Go, Death, and spare a little child!
> For once be gentle, Death, and mild!
> Oh, take him not from smiles and play,
> And all the glad long summer's day!
> Ruthless is she. All thy joy
> She will with a smile destroy;
> She will check thy blameless play,
> Pleasures, pastimes snatch away.

History does not tell why Mrs Penn wishes to destroy all royal children that are born at Hampton Court Palace.

Anne of Cleves was also at Hampton Court, and immediately after her departure Henry brought down with him to the palace his fifth wife, Catharine Howard; and was married to his sixth wife, Catharine Parr, in the Hampton Court Chapel.

My mind is bewildered with echoes as I pass through the old, mysterious Haunted Gallery. I hear strange things that are soundless, and I see the invisible. There are sounds like flakes of snow falling, in their silence they touch us so lightly, like the feathers of angels' wings. Oh, cease then, poor spirit of Catharine! Do not wail any more.

> In the meantime that she
> The said ghostess, or ghost, as the matter may be,
> From impediment, hindrance, or let shall go free,
> To sleep in her grave—

'having a great while thrown her countenance ghastly about her, as if she had called all the powers of the world to witness of her wretched state.'

The saddest story of the palace is that of Queen Catharine Howard. Henry and Catharine came to Hampton Court after having been married five months, and Henry was still so much in love with her that he would not have their seclusion interfered with, so they spent the following four or five months in retirement at the palace. All nature smiled to greet the happy pair, in full luxuriance vegetation reigned as they walked by the bright enamel of varied hues on the grass-clad lawns, and trees and shrubs here lightly grouped and there negligently placed delighted their eyes and gratified their taste. Beneath an arch of overshadowing green they pass. Fair blooms the vine, the purple fruit is seen, and charming shrubs and shadowy arbours and verdant bowers, and round their stems innumerable flowers. But, alas! a stormy day in this labyrinth of charm and beauty is coming, and envy traced them in a fatal hour. Cranmer and others are jealous of their happiness. Courtiers are very human, and suffer more than most communities from small jealousies. Whispers and gossip are heard in the palace, an evil eye is on the queen, and the blow that has been preparing is ready to fall on her unsuspecting head.

Queen Catharine is walking in the garden. A feeling of happiness passes through her. 'Woe to those who feel fay! How lovely the world is! My soul is possessed with yearnings; the music of love breathes all through my spirit, the king is so kind.' They go into the chapel together, and the queen sends up her soul to God. She shudders, and a feeling of nervous depression comes over her.

'In the chapel, beneath the sacred domes, joyful and hopeful their holy vigils keep, pious awe seems to haunt the arched cloisters where sometimes aching hearts, in bitter anguish unrestrained, to the altar their vows complained. Into the king's hands is placed a paper by Cranmer, which he opens and reads, and his love is suddenly turned to bitter and relentless hate, for the paper contains damning disclosures against the chastity of his queen.'

There is nothing more jealous than an animal, and all animals, like people, suffer from jealousy which the more spiritually minded are more free from. Henry VIII. was a keen sportsman, and hunted, shot, hawked, and fished in the river and in the ponds; but he had a great deal of the animal in his nature, so he suffered most intense pangs of jealousy.

Cranmer watched the effect on the king with great satisfaction, as he wanted to get rid of the queen as soon as possible—yea, even by the foulest means.

The king was furious, and the queen was very harshly treated, and was kept a prisoner in her room, from which she escaped into the old mysterious Haunted Gallery, the door of which is on the right hand as you go down the queen's great staircase. It was into this gallery she escaped from her room, and ran along the gallery to seek an interview with the king, who was hearing mass in the Royal Chapel. Just before she reached the door the guards rudely seized her and carried her back, while her ruthless husband, in spite of her piercing screams, which were heard all over the palace, continued his devotions unmoved. His prayers cannot have been very acceptable to Heaven, and most probably he received the just reward for his cruelty. History says her grief was terrible, and even Cranmer, who was her principal accuser, was touched by her utter misery, which clung like the death-grapple of a drowning man, sinking her down into darkness and death; and this was followed by a calm a thousand times more terrible—the creeping agony of despair that brings with it no power of resistance, and poor Queen Catharine was removed to Sion House and then to the scaffold. Can one wonder that from time to time an apparition of the queen appears, victim alike of hatred and of love? Her injured spirit still frequents the gallery, and remembers the scenes which still

she loves. Dressed in white, she hurries along towards the royal pew, but before reaching it returns, uttering most unearthly shrieks of despair. Residents in the palace have often heard poor Catharine's wails.

Time and space are not given in sensation; they are not the sensational matter of perception, but something that makes it possible for us to represent all parts of the matter arranged in certain relations to each other; and this we may fairly call the form of perception. In a phenomenon I call that which corresponds to the sensation its matter; but that which causes the manifold matter of the phenomenon to be perceived, as arranged in a certain order, I call its form.

This distinction is employed by Aristotle in his exposition of the soul. The soul belongs to the category of substance or essence (not that of quantity, quality, &c.); but of the two points of view under which essence may be presented, the soul ranks with form, not with matter—with the actual, not with the potential.

Man exists from God, and has a living soul within him that shall not be quenched for ever, and communion between departed souls and the spiritually exalted of earth has been a belief for ages. Let us hope that the soul of poor Queen Catharine Howard has been allowed to visit the sad scenes of her life for some good purpose, as it is said that spirits can help a man on earth towards heaven.

Henry VIII.'s arms and initials may be seen all over the palace, generally intertwined with those of his many wives. It is said before one monogram was completed another had to be begun with a different initial. As is the custom of to-day, fashion was set by royalty. Henry VIII. cut his hair short, and immediately afterwards all the English were so moved with his example that they were all shorn, whereas before they used to wear long hair.

And yet another honeymoon was spent at Hampton Court. Queen Mary and Philip II. of Spain, five days after they made their entry into London, returned to Hampton Court to spend their honeymoon. On the 23rd of April, being St George's Day, after a grand high mass in the Chapel Royal, King Philip, as Sovereign of the Order of the Garter, went with the Knights and the Lords of the Council in their robes in procession round the cloisters and courts of the palace.

Charles I. spent some of his happiest days at Hampton Court; and it was to this palace he was brought a prisoner in August 1647, until he escaped, passing through a room called 'Paradise' and the private passage underground to the river-side, where he was met by Berkely and Ashburnham with horses, and they proceeded towards Southampton, and thence to the Isle of Wight. The window can still be seen, unaltered, from which he escaped.

Oliver Cromwell was for a time installed in the palace; and although he was famous for destroying beautiful things, he saved the famous old Flemish tapestries which belonged to Cardinal Wolsey from being sold: 'The Triumphs of Fate,' 'Renown,' 'Time,' 'The Story of the Seaven Deadly Sinnes,' and eight pieces illustrating the life of Abraham, which for richness and splendour cannot be matched in Europe. They were bought by Henry VIII. Cromwell's daughter was married to Lord Falconberg in the chapel, and his favourite daughter, Mrs Claypole, died there.

This reminds me of Wolsey's advice to Thomas Cromwell:

> Say, I taught thee,
> Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
> And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
> Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
> A sure and safe one, though the master miss'd it.
> Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
> Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
> By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
> The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
> Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
> Corruption wins not more than honesty.
> Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
> To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
> Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
> Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
> Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

Charles II. spent his honeymoon at Hampton Court. William and Mary lived there, and it was during their sojourn that Christopher Wren built the south front containing their suite of state apartments. The great Fountain Garden was also partly laid out by them.

One of the most curious relics in the gardens is the long walk of wych-elm usually called 'Queen Mary's Bower.' This is one hundred yards in length, twenty feet high, and twelve feet wide, and what Evelyn calls the perplexed twining of their branches makes a complete arched roof overhead.

On the 21st of February 1702, in riding to Hampton Court from Kensington, King William's horse fell under him, and he himself was thrown upon the ground with such violence that his collar-bone was broken. He was conveyed to Hampton Court, where the fracture was set by Roujat, his Sergeant-Surgeon. He died on the 8th March, never having quite recovered from his accident. William was a fatalist in religion, indefatigable in war, enterprising in politics, dead to all warm and generous emotions of the human heart, a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign.

Queen Anne also lived a great deal at Hampton Court, and the first two Georges; but George III. never lived there after his accession. It is said that when he was a boy his grandfather boxed his ears one day at Hampton Court, and he was so disgusted at the treatment that he would never live there afterwards; and it was during his reign that the palace ceased to be a royal residence, and gradually came to be divided into suites of apartments,

granted by royal favour to those who had served their king and country.

'Kings to magnificence are doomed by fate; they yield to Heaven's decrees, and for their country the regal cares assume. Yet light weighs the sceptre which a people loves. Oh, may the nations thrive beneath my sway, and general bliss my sacrifice repay.' How often our much-beloved King Edward VII. must ponder on old times when visiting the scenes where so many of his royal ancestors lived and loved! A thousand memories on his bosom press as among his great forefathers' haunts he wanders, scenes of their woe and scenes of happier days; their shades pursue him; oft he seems to hear their notes complaining murmur on his ears, victims, foul crimes, and regicides—'what varied pictures 'mid the shades appear; each station, age, and rank seem mingled here:' Wolsey the inspired speaker in his king and country's cause, the hero famed, the kings and consorts; Henry VIII., with his loved partners hanging on his arm; again another consort. They point to the spot where first they learned to love, where first they met, and with faltering accents owned a mutual love.

The country must feel deeply grateful for the privilege granted by her late Majesty Queen Victoria and to King Edward in renewing the permission for freely opening to the public the beautiful home of their ancestors at Hampton Court; and we need not be surprised if various processions of spirits wander invisibly and visibly through the galleries and courts and gardens: Cardinal Wolsey and his attendants attired in liveries of crimson velvet and gold, and the two gentlemen bearing the Great Seal and his cardinal's hat, and the priests with silver pillars and the great crosses of silver.

'But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal, to another discerning of spirits.'

The writer desires to acknowledge her indebtedness to Mr Law's history of Hampton Court Palace, also to Hume's and Smollett's *History of England*, for the historical facts recorded here.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER V.—TRIAL AND SENTENCE.



T noon next day the council that governed the school met. Father Berton was its head; General Keralio, the inspector, a white-haired, fiercely moustached veteran, sat at his side. The teachers—monks for the most part, heavy of face and gross in body—sat round the table. Jean was brought in, and every man at the table regarded him with stony eyes. It was clear he had no friend there. He came of alien blood; he was hopelessly stupid; his very presence in the college was a breach of its constitution. Then he was a heretic, and he had done a deed which affronted his monkish teachers at their most sensitive point. It was an offence not only against discipline but against religion. He had made ridiculous the two most venerated figures in their Order.

Father Leyrault told his tale. He had detected the lad, after midnight, creeping back to his room in the darkness with the air of one who returned from the commission of a crime. When questioned he had refused to say where he had been. His silence was a confession of guilt. What needed concealment must necessarily be a wickedness.

'Tell me why you left your room,' said the inspector; and something in the soldierly directness of the question and the straightforward glance of the speaker's eyes changed Jean's feelings. He suddenly resolved to speak. It could not harm his comrade.

'I went to have a talk with Napolione. I thought he would be miserable in No. 10.'

'And had you a talk with him?'

'Yes.'

'How long were you with him?'

'More than an hour.'

Father Berton smiled incredulously, but the inspector was just-minded.

'Let us hear,' he said, 'whether the other lad confirms this.'

Napolione was sent for, and stood—square-browed, dark-featured, with a suggestion of gloomy power in every line of his face—before the council.

'Did the cadet Laurente come to your room last night?' asked the inspector briefly.

'No, sir.'

'He says he had been an hour there.'

Napolione looked calmly at Jean, and was silent for a moment. Something in his look held the whole group breathless. The Corsican lad's eyes were as frosty as the Alps with all their snows.

'He lies, sir,' he said with clear and steady voice. 'No one came to me.'

The twang of Corsican patois was yet in his speech; but the use of 'g's' for 'c's' only made his words more emphatic. The commanding face, the composed look, the high, deliberate voice, all carried conviction with them. Jean gazed and listened in bewilderment. This was his chum! It was through trying to help him he had fallen into trouble; and now his one comrade was destroying him with a lie, and without a touch of remorse.

The two cadets were sent back to No. 10, and the little group on the dais consulted together.

'Who is Laurente, and why is he called "*L'Anglais*"?' asked M. de Keralio.

'He is a paying student,' replied Father Berton; 'his guardian is a Madame Laurente, who resides in

Paris, and is well known. The other lads call him "*L'Anglais*" because of his English speech and ways, and there is no doubt his place in Brienne is the result of a fraud. He claims that his father was English. He is always fighting, always under punishment, and he is very stupid. And,' added Father Berton in a tone of pious horror, 'he is a Protestant. No one but a Protestant would ill-use the figure of a saint.'

'I suspect, father, you do not know what French boys are capable of,' replied the inspector with a dry, brief smile. 'There is no direct evidence against Laurente, but he lies, no doubt, in his tale of visiting Napolione. And why should he lie unless he had something to conceal? Let him be dismissed from the school and sent back to his guardian. As for the Corsican,' added the old soldier, 'let him go to Paris;' and, taking his pen, he wrote the necessary order.

Meanwhile the two lads sat looking at each other in No. 10. Napolione was the least disturbed.

'Did you expect me to ruin myself?' he asked coolly in reply to the unspoken reproach of the other's eyes. 'I want to go to Paris, for Brienne is purgatory; and had I agreed with your tale it would have cost me my nomination. Why should I commit suicide out of mere sentiment?'

'But you lied,' said Jean with characteristic directness.

The other shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

'You made me out a liar,' added the English lad.

'It is every one for himself at such times, my poor Jean. What would you? Was I to ruin myself?' asked the Corsican in unanswerable tones, and with a note of cold anger in his voice. 'You are unreasonable.' Then, with uptilted chin, he asked, 'What is truth, or what is friendship? I owe nothing but to myself.' And poor Jean almost felt as if he were the criminal, and that truth and comradeship were crimes.

'I must go to Paris,' Napolione repeated as he paced the room to and fro. 'My career lies there. Why should I sacrifice it? A lie is only one set of syllables instead of another. What are truth and falsehood but tools? And a wise man uses either of them as it suits his purpose.'

So calm, not to say convincing, was the lad's speech, and so unrebuked his air, that Jean felt all his moral landmarks were shifting.

'They will expel you,' said Napolione in a matter-of-fact tone, 'but that is no injury to you. Why should you be a French officer when, for all your French name, you have English blood in your veins? Then you are stupid. You will never make a career. As for me,' continued Napolione, 'I shall rise, and some day,' he added with a magnificent gesture, 'I will help you.'

'You might have helped me to-day,' Jean protested, 'if you had only spoken the truth.'

'Why should I?' asked the other lad in final tones. 'You are unreasonable.'

Jean could only look at his comrade helplessly. That glacier-like selfishness froze him till the fire of anger itself was quenched.

M. de Keralio meanwhile had written that description of the Corsican lad which has since become historic: 'M. de Bonaparte, born August 15, 1769; height, 4 ft. 10 in. 10 lines [about 5 ft. 3 in. English]; excellent health, docile disposition, mild, straightforward, thoughtful. . . . This boy would make an excellent sailor; deserves to be admitted to the school in Paris.'

The old soldier's eyes had certainly lost their vision when he wrote this description of the lad who stood before him. 'Docile, mild, straightforward'! These were exactly the qualities he did *not* possess. Father Berton's endorsement was written in strangely different terms: 'Character masterful, imperious, and headstrong.' The monk read '*Paille au nez*' better than did the soldier.

A fortnight later Napolione left for Paris, being one of four cadets nominated to enter the military school there. Jean had already left Brienne. He had been formally expelled as being guilty of 'disgraceful conduct;' and his gloomy face as the journey began hinted at the reception he expected in Paris.

It was late in the day when the diligence started. The black, level shadows cast by the setting sun ran before the plodding horses, the wind scuffled drearily in the tree-tops, and the horizon before them, darkening into night, was made blacker by a gathering storm. The shivering, friendless lad perched high beside the driver felt in some dim, vague way that his boyish life was as cheerless as the landscape about him and the black skies before him.

(To be continued.)

HOME INDUSTRIES THAT SHOULD BE CULTIVATED.

ONE of the questions now occupying the minds of many people in the British Islands is that of the development of our home industries for the benefit of ourselves. It is not a question that ought to be identified with any political party, although it has been so identified in one, at least, of its aspects. Rightly considered, the matter is economic, personal, and patriotic. On all sides men are asking, 'Why should we help to enrich foreigners at the expense of our fellow-countrymen, or, in other words, at our own expense? Is there any reason why we should buy the animal and vegetable products of other countries when we can buy the same products at home for the same money, or less?' No doubt, in a densely

peopled territory of comparatively small extent a point must be reached at which the home-supply falls short of the demand. When that event happens there is no alternative but to look abroad for a further supply. This, as is well known, is what has actually happened in our case with regard to cereals. Our islands have long ago ceased to be the mainstay of our population in this respect; and although the bread we eat has been baked at home, the grain from which it is made has been grown by farmers in North America, Hungary, and other lands vaster and more productive than this Northern archipelago of ours.

In such a case the obvious thing to do is to ask ourselves, 'Is there any product that the foreigner can not supply as cheaply and as well as the British farmer?' Baffled in one direction, we turn to this side and that for alternatives. And the result is in some quarters highly satisfactory. If it does not pay to grow wheat, we can at least grow grass with profit. The grazing of sheep and cattle, conducted with discretion, must always be worth while. There is no beef or mutton to equal ours. Whether the mutton be from the South Downs or from Wales or from the Scottish Highlands, it will always command better prices than any imported mutton. Moreover, in spite of the convenience of 'cold storage,' there is a prejudice against fresh meat that has been fresh for several weeks. It is perfectly good and wholesome, and there is nothing to be urged against its flavour. To those who desire or require to practise economy imported meat is undoubtedly a boon; but there will always be a large class willing to pay a higher price for home-bred beef and mutton of the best quality. There is little fear that the supply will exceed the demand. And even with cured meat we stand at an advantage. Belfast and Yorkshire hams, Limerick and Wiltshire bacon—is there any mortal pig of foreign birth that can be transmuted into such toothsome forms as these? Westphalia may make a good second, but nothing more.

And grazing does not only imply the rearing of sheep and cattle, not to mention horses, although horse-breeding is a profitable form of industry, especially in Ireland. Grazing also denotes dairy-farming in all its branches. In this matter we have, unhappily, lagged far behind such countries as the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Finland, with the consequent result that these sensible and shrewd foreigners have pushed their way into our markets, and have proved most dangerous and successful rivals to our own dairy-farmers. Finland is regarded by most of us in this country as a semi-Arctic region scarcely worth taking into consideration in matters of this sort. Nevertheless Finland annually exports butter to the value of fifteen hundred thousand pounds, and of the butter thus exported four-fifths is sold to us in the United Kingdom. In other words, twelve hundred thousand pounds are paid every year to Finland which might be paid to our own dairy-farmers instead. From Denmark, again, this same useful and necessary article of food comes in still greater quantities. Every year we pay to Denmark some nine or ten million pounds sterling for butter alone. Indeed, the Danes have long been recognised as the leaders in this industry, and we have again and again commissioned our experts to go over to Denmark for the purpose of inquiring into their methods. For method constitutes the real crux of the question. Neither Denmark nor any other foreign country possesses natural advantages superior or even equal to ours in this respect. A recent analysis of various brands of butter has proved, as has been pointed out in the June number of this *Journal* (p. 416), that 'the best butter in the world is obtained from Jersey cows fed on English pastures; no foreign or colonial butter is quite equal to the best made in England. English and Scottish dairies are now turning out butter superior to that which is sent out from Normandy or Denmark.' Unfortunately, these statements are not yet capable of a general application, although they may be so some day. If all of those engaged in dairying in the British Isles—farmers, crofters, and cottagers—were to follow the methods which a few, comparatively speaking, have adopted from Denmark, our consumers would do much more in the way of enriching our own producers and less in the way of enriching foreigners. This would not be the outcome of any benevolent scheme for aiding others at some personal sacrifice. It would be the result of a healthy, if selfish, desire to obtain what is best at a reasonable price.

We turn to Denmark, again, for much of our egg-supply, paying annually to that country a sum of about two million pounds for eggs. From the Netherlands and other Continental countries we also import large quantities of eggs every year. Much of the money thus paid might go into the pockets of our fellow-countrymen if the question were better understood. At present our home producers only receive about one-half of the eighteen million pounds which we pay annually for eggs and poultry. At the congress of foreign producers held in Austria in April 1907, it was stated that during the year 1906 no less than one hundred and fifty-seven thousand two hundred and eighty-four tons of eggs were imported into the British Isles; and that the import-value of eggs had increased from two hundred and seventy-eight thousand four hundred and twenty-two pounds in 1856, to four million one hundred and eighty-four thousand six hundred and fifty-six pounds in 1896, and to seven million ninety-eight thousand one hundred and thirty-seven pounds in 1906. It is not to be supposed that we can ever be independent of the foreign supply; but our own home-supply is capable of being enormously increased. A writer on 'The British Egg Industry' in the *North British Agriculturist* of 11th July, and the author of an article in the *Spectator* of 20th July 1907 on 'English Eggs and Others,' are wholly in agreement as to this. Both writers,

happily, point to an awakening among our poultry-farmers already, with excellent results. Two societies, the National Poultry Organisation Society and the Utility Poultry Club (thus differentiated from clubs formed for the breeding of 'fancy' strains), are working on scientific and business lines with marked success. The demand for the eggs sold by the former society 'far exceeds the supply, and at the present time sixty thousand more eggs could be disposed of every week if they could be produced.' They *could* be produced, but 'the supineness of British producers' is still an obstacle. And yet a ready market awaits them. 'There is no need for artificial protection for British producers,' says one authority with reference to this industry, 'for they can always obtain top prices for their goods.' 'The most profitable egg is, of course, the absolutely fresh breakfast egg,' says the *Spectator* writer already cited. 'It is surely plain that the English poultry-keeper on the spot has a geographical advantage in marketing this absolutely fresh egg which no Continental competitor can take from him.'

The same reflection is applicable to the Scottish poultry-keeper. At the present day the Hebridean islands are sending a considerable quantity of eggs to the mainland markets. It is stated that the island of Tiree alone exports one thousand pounds worth every year, and that an Uist trader despatches on an average five thousand eggs a week. These facts emerged in the course of the inquiry made last summer in connection with the Royal Commission on Canals, with special reference to the formation of a ship-canal across the north end of the peninsula of Kintyre; and those who furnished this evidence expressed the opinion that such a canal would at once treble the island exports. It will be seen, therefore, that this industry is capable of great development in the Hebrides. It can be developed, of course, to a great extent all over the British Islands. But the Hebrideans typify the class which practises poultry-farming at the minimum of cost, with the consequent maximum of profit, although on a small scale. For the large poultry-farm of the capitalist is by no means predestined to prove a financial success, although, if managed with discretion, it may become so. Poultry-farming on a large scale implies outlay, preliminary and annual, which is practically absent altogether from the estimates of the small producer, whose poultry-rearing is simply an incident, although a lucrative incident, in his affairs. For his fowls are merely minor adjuncts of his cottage or croft, picking up their sustenance without almost any direct demand upon the purses of their owners. 'All over the world,' observes the *Spectator* writer, 'the commercial production of eggs is chiefly in the hands of the cottager, the small holder, and the farmer, and is likely to remain there. The public is coming to recognise the advantage which these classes have possessed for centuries in the work of egg-production.'

Several other home industries that are at present inadequately worked might be discussed in this paper did space permit. 'Fruit-Culture on Small Holdings' formed the subject of an instructive article contributed to the *Journal* of 13th August 1904, and it is, therefore, unnecessary to enlarge upon that subject here. It need only be said that fruit-farming is a modern institution in the British Islands, and that its growth has been most rapid and conspicuous. Many years ago William Ewart Gladstone urged upon farmers the wisdom of thus modifying their ancient ways in view of the great and overpowering competition from over seas in grain-production. His words were then received with derision and scepticism, for the British farmer of that time regarded market-gardening and fruit-culture as much beneath him. To the onlooker this feeling seems quite irrational; for if a man is to make his living by cultivating the soil, it is surely a matter of no importance, as regards his personal dignity, whether he grows wheat or raspberries, turnips or parsley. His business is to make the soil yield him as large an income as it is capable of doing, and with this end in view he ought to study to grow those crops which are in most demand. Grain does not suffer by being borne ten thousand miles from the land of its origin. But people want fruit and vegetables to be as fresh as they can possibly be; and therein lies the immense advantage of the home farmer over the foreigner.

Of all our crops none is more deserving of attention than 'the harvest of the sea,' for this represents an industry which has not nearly reached its highest development. Certain fishing-grounds —the Dogger Bank, for example—are no doubt worked to their full extent. But this cannot be said of our western seas. It is more than thirty years since the late Anderson Smith, an excellent authority on such matters, urged the development of the fisheries of the Outer Hebrides. 'There are lots of fish in the Lewis waters,' he observes, 'and lots of fishermen on the Lewis shores; and when energy and capital and science are tired of wonderful mines at the ends of the earth, and suicidal railways in the middle, it will no doubt supply a far greater amount of nourishment than it has yet done to the wearied brains of our teeming cities.' There has been no radical change in the condition of things since these words were written. 'At present the west of Lewis is simply teeming with splendid fish,' writes 'A Crofter's Son' in the *Scotsman* of 2nd August 1907. 'Between Carloway and Valtos, in Uig parish, single boats land over one thousand ling each between Monday and Saturday when there is a good season. But the industry is going down for two reasons: (1) fishermen are discouraged through the obnoxious depredations of unscrupulous trawlers, who ruin the beds; (2) there are no modern means of transit. It is "as it was in the beginning." Ling at present sell at ninepence each. If the market were brought nearer by means of speedy transit the price might be doubled.'

The remedy asked for is timely Government aid, which would work a beneficent revolution in all that area, and render it in the future more than independent of all such aid. It cannot be said that the demand for a more efficient policing of our western waters, in order to put a stop to all trawling depredations, is a demand in the direction of Socialism. It is nothing more than the demand made by every honest citizen for sufficient police protection against thieves and housebreakers.* And as for the question of improving methods of transit, that is a matter which occupies the attention of officials and the expenditure of public money in many parts of the United Kingdom. Further, to show that the development of the Lewis fisheries is not solely a Hebridean question, it may be added that one of the reasons advanced by 'A Crofter's Son' in justification of his plea is that, by thus reviving the local spring-fishing of the Hebrides many of the Hebridean fishermen who at present compete with the East Anglian fishermen in the North Sea would remain at home. To foster the Hebridean fisheries would be to confer a benefit upon the fishermen of eastern England. But this is only a minor argument. The whole of the United Kingdom would benefit, directly and indirectly, by the judicious development of this or any other neglected industry. It is not sufficiently realised that the chain of the Outer Hebrides constitutes, as it were, a permanent fishing-fleet anchored out in the Atlantic, and that for want of capital and proper supervision that fleet is for the most part lying idle.

Nor does the question limit itself to the selling of fresh fish. The various establishments for the curing of fish would be multiplied proportionately with the fisheries. And the methods of curing are capable of being widely extended. Some forms of curing are virtually ignored in the British Islands for no obvious reason. The tinning of sardines is an immense industry in Brittany. In Norway all kinds of fish and fish-roe are prepared as savouries, and hermetically sealed in tins. Nansen's ship, the *Fram*, was stored with Norwegian tinned fish and savouries when it set out on its Arctic expedition many years ago. Norway is not better situated than the British Isles for such an industry. But how much have we done in that direction? On the Kentish and Cornish coasts young pilchards and sprats are tinned in oil, like the French sardines, with profitable results. Beyond that, there appears to be nothing else done in this way; and yet it opens out a wide vista for the enterprising.

In these paragraphs I have only glanced at some details of special interest. But the statements adduced seem to denote clearly that our own islands can still offer as much room for successful business achievement as any of the lands lying beyond the British seas.

* 'In a case of illegal trawling tried at Campbeltown on September 4, 1907, the sheriff, before pronouncing sentence against the offender, made the following pregnant remarks: "From a tolerable experience of convictions of those who have been guilty of transgressing the law as to otter trawling, I venture to think that until Parliament sees fit to permit the imposition of some much more drastic punishment than the limit which at present the Courts have power to inflict, and the provision of more adequate means for the detection and capture of offenders, such as more and faster cruisers, little can be done effectively to prevent illegal trawling, and what at present, it must be confessed, appears likely to be the ultimate consequence—the ruin of the entire fishing industry. It is becoming notorious, amounting almost to a public scandal, that the punishment which at present it is in the power of the Courts to inflict is wholly inadequate to prevent the infraction of the law, and that the number and the speed of the protective vessels at present at the disposal of the Fishery Board is wholly incommensurate with the necessities of the case."—*The Scotsman*, September 5, 1907.

DICK HELLIFIELD'S DOUBLE.

CHAPTER III.

'YOU are not going out on the balcony, Dick?' said I after dinner, when, as usual, with a cigar between his fingers, he made for the folding-windows.

'Why not?'

'You don't want a repetition of the attempt at Port Said—a repetition that may have a different ending—do you? It will be like asking him to fire if you sit there.'

'Look here,' said Dick, stepping out and gazing over the ornamental railings. I followed, and turned my eyes downwards, and there, in the entrance to the hotel, stood the ever-watchful Ahmed. 'If he raised his hand Ahmed would see him—ay, and grab him.'

'What good would that do, Dick, if you were shot?'

'Well, not much for me, I confess; but Hasan would receive his deserts. And you needn't trouble, Jim. He will not raise his hand.'

'Why?'

'The place is too public, and there are no hiding-holes. He would have to come into the middle of the square to get anything like a decent bead on me. I shall be safer here than if I were to stray to the end of the gardens.'

'You seem to me to be strangely careless, Dick. He wouldn't stop to get a bead on you. He'd simply whip out a revolver and fire.'

'And miss, if he dared to do it. But he will not dare—not with Ahmed watching, and so many people about, and no hole to pop into. Make your-

self comfortable, Jim. If you get into a tremor about it I shall have to shorten my leave and cut back to the barrage; and I don't want to do that—at least, not until my time is up.'

'Nor do I. But I do not think you are wise, Dick, in exposing yourself to your enemy. He's a desperate fellow, and evidently means to kill you. What I say is, don't give him a chance. For instance, you are about to light that cigar. Light it inside, not on the balcony.'

'I will, to please you;' and he stepped back into the room, struck a match, and held it towards me; then, when mine was alight, calmly lit his own. 'I see your point. It is growing dusk, and the flare of the match, to a spy like Hasan, would have revealed my features even if he were standing in the shade of the trees on the other side of the square—which he is at this moment; but I am not going to let that interfere with my enjoyment of the evening;' and he returned to the balcony and flung himself into a chair.

What could I do but follow? I planted my chair in the angle, hiding him in part from the view of the spy, and thereby taking a certain risk myself. To obtain a clearer view of him, and to fire with any certainty of hitting him, the spy would have to move from his shady retreat. Dick observed the manœuvre, and gave me a placid and yet thankful smile.

'Hasan you call him?'

'Yes,' said Dick; 'and now, while he is watching, but beyond the reach of my voice, I will tell you how we were thrown across each other.'

I tried to compose myself to listen, but my eyes would wander occasionally to the motionless figure gradually becoming obliterated by the deepening shadows of the foliage across the square.

'You would not be able to guess his nationality, Jim. He calls himself an Ottoman, and dresses like one, but his blood is not all Turkish. He came from Turkey most likely, and probably from the neighbourhood of Constantinople; but there is Georgian blood in him, and not a little of it, or I am very much mistaken. Anyhow—for that doesn't matter—he has influence in high quarters, or (and perhaps more correctly) some one in high quarters with the ear of the powers that be is sufficiently interested in him for some reason or another to push his claims. Certainly he would never have secured for himself the position which another secured for him. He hadn't it in him to command the position, and he shamefully abused it when, as a special favour, it was granted, not for his own sake, but for the sake of the great official who had been persuaded to befriend him.

'The request came when there happened to be a vacancy; and the chief, who is independent as a rule, and prefers to select his own responsible men with little or no regard for outside recommendations, and who would certainly resent sharply and vigorously the least attempt at outside interference, complied with the request and allowed him to take up the work. You see, Jim, for the rough work in the construction of the barrage we employ the fellahin, and their labour is contracted for, so many men per day at so much for the lot, and the contractor pays each one out of the lump sum we give him, and nails what he can for himself. Native navvies—so you may call the fellahin—such of them as are employed at the barrage; but, bless you! they do not work like the navvies at home. They haven't the stamina. Well, Hasan became the contractor, and supplied us with men as we wanted them—a contractor of labour merely, not of materials. Some of the men he brought with him from Cairo; others he obtained from the villages round about; and a terrible taskmaster they found him, a kind of survival of those we read about whose thongs cut deeply into the flesh of the toiling Hebrews when they had to make the bricks without straw.

'Bit by bit unpleasant things about him came to my ears. From the wages of the men he nobbled much more than was his rightful due, but in Egypt almost any other man would have done the same. It wasn't that which finished him. Not content with robbing the men, he began to rob the exchequer in this way: payment was always required for the full tale of men, although the full tale was not always forthcoming. He never hinted at any rebate, but quietly slipped the extras into his own pocket; and so cunning was he in the manipulation of the numbers that it was some time before we found it out. Of course that couldn't be allowed to go on. It was one thing to rob the men, but it was quite another thing to rob the exchequer. The men were left to find their own remedy; the remedy of the exchequer was dismissal—but not immediately, for we wanted to make sure of him. At last the beggar wriggled himself into a cleft stick, and the chief hurled him away.

'In the meanwhile, however, he was playing a double game. Where were the men who should have been at work, and weren't? He was using them for his own ends, Jim, even while he was pocketing their wages. There were tombs in the vicinity of the barrage, as there are everywhere in Egypt; and under his direction these were carefully located and rifled systematically, and their contents sent into Cairo to the curiosity-dealers, with whom he was doing a lucrative trade. Scarabees, cerecloths, parchments, bronze statuettes, all sorts of sepulchral knick-knacks, were collected for him, and readily disposed of to the dealers, who in their turn, and just as readily, sold them to the swarm of tourists, doubtless making very handsome profits on the transactions. It was illegal, but nobody cared for that; and Hasan had the workers under his thumb. He paid them a miserable pittance for their trouble, and when they failed to meet his demands did not scruple to use the bastinado.

'These, however, were not the things he was after. He had his eye—and a well-trained eye, too—

on things more valuable. The scarabees were not all alike. Some were engraven with cartouches which made them worth their weight in gold. Now and again a statuette was brought him which, by the weight of it, and in response to certain tests, he knew to be made of a metal more precious than bronze. A jewel or two, even, would turn up. And none of these found their way to Cairo. He kept them for private negotiation. They meant wealth to him in time, and all the sordid pleasures which wealth could easily buy.

'How do I know all this? Well, the failure to supply the full complement of men, notwithstanding the payment of the amount bargained for, I found out for myself; but the rifling of the tombs reached me through a little conversation I had with Ahmed. You know, Jim, I am a bit of a collector myself; and Hasan couldn't carry on a game like that, not for long together, without somebody hearing about it. For among themselves the men would talk, and when they saw the chance of it they were only too delighted to deceive him. With all his precautions he could not prevent the thing from leaking out; nor could he prevent the men from paying him back in his own coin by the appropriation of such small articles of value as they could successfully secrete, say, under the tongue or beneath the fold of the big toe. They are mostly rogues. It runs in the blood.

'Ahmed was not one of Hasan's men. He was there before Hasan came. His special duties were connected with the stores—receiving them, checking them, handing them out—and honestly and well was his work performed. I had often noticed him, and gradually formed a good opinion of him, and afterwards took him into my personal service. Through Ahmed I was able to acquire several interesting scarabees, a small bronze libation-bowl of really excellent workmanship, a delicate golden statuette of the goddess Hathor, and—what was most curious of all, and unique so far as I know—a little clasp, the two parts of which were fashioned into the forms of Osiris and Isis. This clasp was also of gold, and the wonderful thing about it was that when the two parts were brought together, as in the act of fastening the robe or girdle to which it had belonged, there appeared at the jointure a third figure, unperceived until then, of the child-god Horus, the three forming the triad of a cult whose centre was at Philæ. I will show it you one day. I suspect that it came out of the mummy-case of one of the old priests. Of course I paid for these things, and Ahmed passed on the money to the men. You would have thought that the men would have kept their own counsel; but they were so elated by Ahmed's successful negotiation of these trifles, and what they had received in return, that they began to talk about it, with the result that it speedily reached the ears of their master.

'The bastinado was requisitioned to make the men confess. Ahmed was implicated. While on a visit to the village he was seized and flung to the ground. Some of Hasan's creatures, jealous of the others who had profited by the private disposal of the curios, held him down; others exposed his bare soles; and Hasan himself belaboured him unmercifully with the long lithe rods. I happened to come on the scene while this was going on, and my blood boiled within me. Snatching the rods from Hasan's hands, I snapped them in twain and flung them away, then with a kick or two dispersed the rest of the tormentors. I ordered a stretcher to be made ready, and gave instructions for Ahmed to be carried to my own tent. My business in the village was to summon Hasan to an interview with the chief. His frauds had been verified, and the time for his dismissal had come. I gave him my message curtly, and turned away.

'Then it was that my double warned me. Only a few strides had I taken when it confronted me, standing directly in my path, with a compelling appeal in the eyes of it that caused me to turn on the instant. How I knew that the double desired me to wheel about I cannot explain to you, but I did know; through the eyes of the double it flashed into my brain, and, obeying the impulse, I swung round on my heel not a moment too soon. Hasan was close behind me, livid with passion; a long sharp blade was held in his uplifted hand, and in the twinkling of an eye he would have driven it deeply between my shoulders, and I should have been a dead man. But as he was bending back to deliver the stroke my clenched fist shot out and took him with all the force I could muster squarely upon the left jaw. He staggered sideways and fell in a heap senseless. My double saved me.'

'A moment, Dick,' said I, interrupting him for the first time since the commencement of the story. 'If I understand you aright, in this appearance of the double there was something which could not be a reflection of yourself—something which came from it to you.'

'You mean through the eyes?'

'Yes. The eyes were not mirrored in some medium corresponding, say, to that which sometimes produces a certain kind of mirage?'

'No; my eyes were free from any expression of appeal. There was nothing to call up such an expression. And in the eyes of the double it was more than appeal; there was compulsion in it, as I have said—something that shot like lightning into my own brain and swung me round instantaneously. That was no reflection, Jim.'

'It increases the difficulty,' said I musingly, 'and tears my little theory to tatters. But go on, Dick.'

'There is nothing more to say.'

'What about Hasan?'

'Oh, the chief dismissed him—gave him a scathing word or two which to a sensitive man would have been very much worse to bear than my quick blow, and simply sent him about his business.'

'Has any attempt been made to reinstate him?'

'Once, and only once. In his quiet way the

chief then said that his resignation was at their service, and they drew back and apologised effusively. No mention has been made of Hasan since.'

'But he has followed you?'

'Yes, in revenge.'

'And probably to possess himself of one or another of the curios. I should certainly like to see the clasp. Do you know, Dick, I have an impression that there is something more in this than you have yet mentioned—somebody at the back of Hasan who hoped that the rifling of the tombs might result in some such find as the curious clasp. The other work was a blind.'

'But how should they know of the clasp? And what is the worth of it now except as a curio?'

'Your first question I cannot answer. The curio may be used as an amulet; that is my answer to the second.'

'I had never thought of that,' said Dick reflectively. 'It may be. Yes;' and he nodded. 'But I will let you look at it when I return. I left it with the other things in my diggings at the barrage.'

For the rest of the time that Dick was with me Hasan kept him under a baleful surveillance. We often caught sight of him as we strolled through the bazaars or drove out to one or another of the many places of interest, but he never came near enough to do Dick any personal harm. Ahmed was as watchful as ever; but Dick himself seemed to be careless, light-hearted, unmoved.

'I will leave Ahmed with you,' said he when his time was up. 'You will find him useful.'

'Doubtless, if I were willing to keep him. But I am not. I can do without him, Dick, but you cannot.'

'Oh yes, I can. You are thinking of Hasan. He will not follow me to the barrage. He dare not. I shall be safe there.'

'Are you sure?'

'Quite. Ask Ahmed, and let him decide.'

My confidence in Ahmed, and the conviction I had that he would not remain with me if Dick were in danger, led me to acquiesce in the proposal; and somewhat to my surprise, when the alternative was put to him, Ahmed decided to stay.

(To be continued.)

SOME CURIOSITIES OF POACHING.

By T. C. Bridges.

As years pass on poaching, like everything else, becomes more scientific. The old hempen net which the moucher used to hang across a field-gate at night for hares has given place to one of silken cord, and the cheap bull's-eye lantern to the more costly but more handy electric torch. Perhaps the most dangerous improvement, from the game-preserver's point of view, is the substitution of the motor-bicycle or motor-car for the old-fashioned one-horse trap. It might be imagined that the motor-bicycle would be of little use for carrying game; but only the other day a motor-cyclist was arrested near a Midland town with five newly killed hares in a box behind the seat. Parisian papers tell of well-organised gangs who raid the coverts near the French capital by the aid of apparatus worth hundreds of pounds, who have relief-funds for those injured in affrays, and who retain lawyers to defend those captured by keepers. Happily this sort of thing is still unknown in England. Gangs there are truly, but chiefly of navvies or factory operatives from the manufacturing towns, and their methods are as rough-and-ready as they always were. There is little skill in potting roosting pheasants as they perch on the bare boughs of a winter coppice, while killing rabbits with ferrets and nets is not beyond the capacity of any labourer and his lad.

The real artists in poaching are of a very different species. Some of these men boast that they can make a living with nothing but a few yards of brass wire; and he who can set a snare successfully for hare, rabbit, and pheasant has just claim to a high degree in woodcraft. But there are few who confine themselves entirely to the snare. Most of these old-fashioned game-stealers have an infinite variety of methods for attaining their ends and defeating those of the keeper.

Not unnaturally, the pheasant stands at the head of the poacher's list; it is worth more money, weight for weight, than any other game. The poacher has devised many methods of taking the pheasant. Pheasants, however tame or well fed, will wander. They travel by the same routes and end by making regular runs. If a poacher can be sure of a quiet half-hour in the covert, he slips in, sets a net across a run, sends his lurcher slinking round through the undergrowth, and presently, with a flutter and a flop, a fine cock-bird is fast in the net, next moment to be transferred to the poacher's pocket. Sometimes a noose is used instead of a net, but to set a noose for a running pheasant requires considerable skill. I once knew an old poacher who used an air-gun for pheasants. His favourite haunt was a big gorse-field which lay alongside a well-preserved wood. Here he would lie flat along the ground, completely hidden by the thick gorse, and pot the pheasants as they moved along their runs. More than once, he told me, a keeper passed within five yards of his lair, yet never suspected the presence of an enemy.

A method of taking pheasants which was more

common a few years ago than it is now was that of 'smoking.' The first essential is to discover a tree where the birds roost. Then, upon a dark, still night, the poacher goes to the spot armed with a handful of sulphur and the lid of an old biscuit-box. A fire of dry leaves is lighted upon the lid, the illumination being carefully concealed by a coat hung round it. As soon as the leaves have blazed up the sulphur is flung on the flames, and the lid held up under the bough on which the pheasants are roosting. Soon the suffocating fumes take effect. With a rustle and thump a fat bird thuds upon the ground. One after another they drop, and with luck the poacher may get half-a-dozen from a single tree.

Another favourite plan is to soak barley or wheat for some hours in warm water. When the grain is thoroughly softened the water is strained off and strong spirit poured over the wheat. The swollen grains absorb the spirit, and the doctored bait is then spread in one of the glades where the birds feed. It is an odd fact that most birds seem to like alcohol. Pheasants are no exception. The not unnatural result is that the finest birds—those which have secured the lion's share of the feast—are soon reeling about helplessly drunk. The poacher, who has been lying 'doggo' near by, has nothing to do but jump up and wring their necks.

Brutal but horribly effective is another sort of pheasant-bait. Every child has heard of the Eskimo dodge of doubling up a length of pointed whalebone inside a ball of frozen blubber and leaving the dainty for the delectation of the prowling Polar bear. Well, the pheasant-killer in question is on similar lines. It consists of soaked peas, through each of which is threaded a stiff bristle doubled into a V shape. The unhappy birds swallow the bait greedily, and the bristles, springing out straight, lodge in their gullets and choke them.

Another method of the pheasant-poacher deserves mention for its very ingenuity. It owes its success to the well-known pugnacity of our finest game-bird. A game-cock is armed with steel spurs of great length and keenness, and dropped where a pheasant has been observed to crow. The pheasant will allow no rival within his domain, and presently comes strutting out of covert. Naturally, he stands no more chance than a man armed with a paper-knife would against a Western desperado with a bowie. He is killed in a few seconds. The poacher picks up the dead bird, catches his game-cock, and moves on in search of fresh victims.

An old-fashioned way of catching rooks when they became too numerous to suit the farmer was to carry in the plough-land little conical bags of paper, with the sides smeared with bird-lime and a bait at the bottom. The same plan has been adopted with considerable success for the capture of pheasants. The bait is barley; and the bird, completely muffled by the cap which clings so tightly to its head, falls an easy victim to man or dog.

The bristle-trick already described is cruel enough in all conscience, but there is a still more brutal method which I have heard of as common in the eastern counties. This consists of a long line fitted, like a trot-line* used for sea-fishing, with short cross lines of fine silk. The main line is hidden in the centre of a hedge or other cover, and the pendants, which each carry a small hook carefully baited with worm, grub, or beetle, extend out into the field. In Greece they catch robins and thrushes in this way; in our eastern counties the hooked line is employed principally for partridges. Ducks and other wildfowl are caught in similar fashion with lines baited with dough or fat pork, and laid across the saltings on which it is their habit to feed. But any ordinarily humane person who has once seen a wretched bird fluttering, hard-hooked, as I have seen a swallow accidentally caught on a trout-fly, will agree in condemning this cruel plan of 'fishing' for birds.

Speaking of taking wild-ducks reminds me of a delightful story which I found a year or so ago in an American paper, and which relates an exploit of one Hiram Sparks, said to be the most notorious poacher in Wisconsin. Thunder Lake is a great resort for wild-duck, and one of the most carefully preserved spots in the state of Wisconsin. Early one morning Sparks was observed by a keeper—'wardens' they call them in the United States—engaged in the apparently harmless occupation of flinging handfuls of food broadcast into the water. Soon the birds collected in 'rafts' and gobbled up all the dainties which Sparks had scattered. Suddenly a loud report was heard, and as the ducks rose in alarm at the sound a hundred other explosions volleyed out, and dead ducks rained back into the water. Amazed at this extraordinary episode, the game-wardens investigated, and found that Sparks had mixed dynamite with the food which he had thrown out. When the ducks had filled their crops with the explosive he fired a gun, and the concussion exploded the charges which the birds had swallowed. One hardly knows which to admire most—the Münchhausen-like ingenuity of the fabricator of the yarn or the impudence of the journal which endeavoured to make its readers swallow such a concoction as cold fact.

In an open field you will often see small pieces of brushwood stuck into the ground at intervals. These are set by the keeper for the purpose of hooking up the nets of night-poachers for partridges. Partridges roost upon the ground, and by means of a long, light net dragged across the grass by two men a whole covey is often captured at one swoop. This form of poaching is only possible on a dark night, and at such a time the poachers cannot, of course, see the branches, and therefore they get their nets entangled in them. But some have nowadays taken to lining the ground-side of their nets

* 'Trot-line' is also known as a 'boulter' or 'speller.' Vide *Encyclopædia of Sport*, vol. ii. p. 324.

with some stiff glazed stuff. A net so protected will slide over most obstacles.

About the most cruelly ingenious method of poaching which I ever heard of is practised in the West Indies. All through these islands the quail takes the place of the partridge as the principal game-bird. Now, the quail, like most of its kind, is very fond of a dust-bath. The negro, who greatly enjoys a dish of roast-quail, knows this. He seeks out the little 'dust-pits' where the birds 'wash,' and scatters cayenne pepper thickly over the sand. The burning powder blinds the poor little bird, which is thus easily caught. The West Indian negro is also a great fish-eater; but, being lazy to the core, he will not even take the trouble to use rod and line. Either he explodes a stick of dynamite over a pool and so slaughters everything in it, or he makes use of the bark of the dogwood-tree. This bark has a powerful narcotic action, and after a few pieces have been left to soak for a time in one of the still pools of the mountain brooks the mullet rise to the surface and float there helpless.

A similar, but worse, trick is often employed in England, to the ruin of stretches of fine trout-water. Conscienceless ruffians will fling a bushel or so of gas-lime into a brook, killing every fish big and little, and poisoning the water for a long distance down-stream. In Ireland regular raids are often made upon salmon rivers during spawning-time. A score of men will gather by night and attack some gravelly shallow where the fish are spawning. The poachers are armed with torches and spears, and the destruction is terrible. It is a queer fact that these people, and also some of the poachers on Devonshire streams, will just as soon eat a foul old kelt as a fine fresh-run salmon. Salmon are also snatched by means of a treble hook as big as a small grapnel, fastened to the end of a line which even a twenty-pounder foul-hooked is not likely to break.

Fishing on the river Lea in Essex, I once noticed a barge coming down towing behind it a small model boat. Supposing it to be a toy of one of the bargemen's children, I took no further notice. Later I was enlightened by a resident as to the real purpose of the 'toy.' He told me that if I had watched long enough I should probably have seen the boat hauled in, and behind it a long trolling-line carrying a spoon-bait. The toy boat is a blind to hide the trolling-line from the eyes of keepers or conservators, for under Bylaw XI. of the Conservancy this form of fishing is denounced as absolutely illegal.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

'PELORUS JACK,' THE DOLPHIN PILOT.

By Mrs Leo Myers.

THE Parliament of New Zealand is famous for so many original acts of legislation that an Order in Council protecting a dolphin—familiarly known as 'Pelorus Jack'—is no fine fish-story, but a fact to be accepted in good faith.

You can see him as your ship enters Pelorus Sound going through the French Pass on the Nelson-Picton run. How he knows of the approach of a steamer is a mystery to man; but he meets every ship that goes through the French Pass with the regularity of a time-table—a self-constituted pilot who navigates with business-like importance round the hull for a quarter of an hour and then disappears. He is always alone, and seems to break the monotony of his isolation by visiting all incoming ships.

All, with but one exception. It is related that he received a nasty bump while disporting himself round the steamship *Penguin*, and bears the scar of the encounter to this day. This hurt his dignity as it pained his side, and left an indelible resentment which 'Jack' revenges by cutting the *Penguin's* acquaintance and wiping her from his visiting-list.

As 'Pelorus Jack' is the only fish of his species in New Zealand waters, his exact classification has been the root of a hundred arguments. At first 'Jack' was classed in genus Beluga or white whale, then again as genus *Ziphius cavistrostris*; but his identity has been finally made clear in classing him as of the Cetacean order of the *Grampus grisens* species, commonly known as Risso's dolphin, and under this name—Risso's dolphin—his life is uniquely protected by a special Act of Parliament. Sailors, who accord him unbounded admiration, and the travelling public, who are amused by his sagacity, still dub him 'Pelorus Jack.'

He is believed to be quite harmless, concentrating his ichthyological traits into almost human instincts of discernment and punctuality. His colour is slaty-gray and mottled, appearing silvery-white in the sunshine. His length is estimated to be from twelve to sixteen feet.

Though 'Pelorus Jack' has been observed by seafaring men on this particular run for about twenty years, he may still have a century before him, if not behind.

THE SECRET OF THE RED HANDS.

So many things around us proclaim the universal brotherhood of man that one wonders if any can doubt for a moment the intimate relationship that links all humanity, whatever the race, the age, or place in which it took form, and whether

cultured or savage. Without going into the question of mere bodily likeness, we find there is and has been always a certain resemblance in mental workings; for not only is there that extraordinary acknowledgment by all races (or nearly all) of some superior Being, either good or evil, but we are constantly faced with surprising resemblances in manners and customs between peoples so remote that they never could have had any communication. Life is, indeed, a puzzle which we are disentangling little by little, with the aid of clues. Faint and involved as these are, seeming to make the puzzle more perplexing, yet gradually the guiding threads are being pieced together, surmise is slowly giving place to certainty, and line by line the history of the world is being read. Every now and then discoveries in the study of anthropology are made which confirm the suggestion of our wide relationship, that cause distance to dwindle into nothingness and time to shrivel like a burnt leaf. They force upon us the resemblance even in human beings who lived in prehistoric days on opposite sides of the globe. M. Félix Réynault, the French student of man and his ways, has just found one of those surprising clues that link the whole of humanity in one long chain, having discovered on the inner walls of one of the Gargas Caves in the commune of Aventignan, in the department of the Upper Pyrenees, a curious mural decoration. It consists in small painted red hands similar to those found on the side of the great gallery explored before by MM. Carthailac and Breuil. Those interested in such things will at once remember that similar designs have been found in caves in California and Australia, giving evidence of prehistoric habitation. Indeed, the Australian native of to-day makes similar patterns in a manner which is more than probably precisely that in which these far earlier designs were produced. He spreads his hand flat on a wet stone, then fills his mouth with a red powder which he blows over and around the hand, leaving, when that member is raised, a distinct outline in red. The colour used is very durable and lasts for centuries. It is curious to reflect on the similarity of primitive artistic taste which has existed between the inhabitants of such far-distant places as the Upper Pyrenees, Australia, and the western side of North America.

IRISH SOIL FOR AUSTRALIAN SNAKES.

In a London newspaper of last year it was stated that an Irish resident in New South Wales, whose farm or selection was infested by venomous snakes, had 'telegraphed to Ireland for a consignment of Irish soil to be sent to him, so that he might have it spread about the vicinity of his dwelling.' This is doubtless the revival of an old but true story of the importation of a shipload of Irish soil into New South Wales. Some time before transportation ceased—about 1836—the well-known Wentworth family built a stone mansion on the south shore of Sydney Harbour, near the Heads, and named it Vaucluse; but after a year's occupation the family became so terrified at the number of deadly black and brown snakes which infested the beautiful grounds, and often got into the house itself, that serious thoughts were entertained of abandoning the mansion. The assigned servants went about in terror, and at night every door and window was carefully closed. But snakes still got entry in some way. Then it was proposed that the whole lower course of the walls should be sheathed with glass to prevent the reptiles from ascending. This, if carried out, must have failed; and then came the happy inspiration to have soil brought from Ireland, and to form a complete enclosing ridge around the entire estate. If the writer remembers aright, there were two cargoes brought, each in a convict transport, one of which was named the *Britannia*. She ought to have been named *St Patrick*. Both ships loaded in Dublin, and the precious soil was duly deposited around Vaucluse. But, alas! the snakes 'didn't care a cuss,' and came crawling about as usual. Nevertheless many of the emancipated Irish convicts who were living in the vicinity firmly believed in the virtues of the earth from the 'ould sod,' and begged for some of it to protect their own dwellings. The writer's grandfather, who had a large estate at St George's Head, on the opposite side of the harbour, and employed a number of 'assigned' convicts, several of whom had been transported for sedition, could not prevent them from taking a boat at night-time and stealing a few bagfuls of soil occasionally. And the writer's mother well remembered that when she was a child she was always taken by her Irish nurse to play in an especial part of the garden, which was made safe from 'sarpints' by a circle of ground about fifty yards in circumference, enclosed by a ridge a few inches high of the soil from Vaucluse.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

The second report of the committee appointed by the British Ornithologists' Club to study the migrations of British birds is (says *Bird Notes and News*) a volume of great interest to all students of birds and their ways. It gives an account, compiled from the observations of a large number of observers, of the immigrations during 1906 of thirty-three of our commoner summer residents; and the notes on each species are accompanied by a map showing when and where the birds arrived in this country and how they gradually dispersed to their accustomed haunts. The assistance of more observers is urgently needed. Any one willing to help should communicate with Mr J. L. Bonhote, hon. secretary to the committee, at 3 Hanover Square, London, W. It appears from the report that Hampshire is the county most favoured as a point of arrival (this county receiving stragglers from flocks arriving both in Devonshire and Sussex, and thus forming one of the main landing-places along

the south coast); Devonshire, Dorset, and Sussex come next, and Kent last. Birds actually arriving on the east coast were few, but the evidence points to a considerable emigration from Norfolk of birds which arrived in Devon or Hampshire and took a north-easterly route. The records extend from the middle of March to the first week of June; and on only five days between 16th March and 31st May was no immigration recorded on our coasts, the season of 1906 being noticeable for the prolonged period during which many of the species arrived. The earlier part of April brought, it appears, exceedingly few species, but the 'rush' began on 18th April, and from that date till the end of the first week in May the birds poured in. 'In the case of many species, one wave followed another so closely that they practically arrived in a continuous stream for a week, ten days, or longer.' The largest number of species actually arriving on a given day (as noted in the report) was thirteen on the 18th of April, nine of which came in together to the Isle of Wight.

LORD ELCHO'S NARRATIVE OF THE 'FORTY-FIVE.'

To the already large library of works on the '45 there has been added *A Short Account of the Affairs of Scotland in the Years 1744, 1745, and 1746*, by David, Lord Elcho (David Douglas). It is printed from the original manuscript at Gosford, with memoir and annotations by the Hon. Evan Charteris, and is a valuable addition to our authorities upon the period. The notes are accurate and full. Lord Elcho left two manuscripts: a journal in French (drawn upon in the introduction), and a narrative of events (1744-46) in which he was an actor, here printed entire for the first time. The illustrations include portraits of Charles Edward and Lord Elcho, and plans of the battles of Prestonpans, Falkirk, and Culloden. Robert Chambers, Andrew Lang, and Ewald seem to have been aware of Elcho's narrative; Scott drew directly upon it for this period in *Tales of a Grandfather*. Lord Elcho died an exile in Paris in 1787, and but for his attainder would have been fifth Earl of Wemyss. He was at Rome in 1741, and left deeply committed to the Jacobite cause. He was a daily visitor at the Villa Borghese, and describes the Chevalier as 'a prince most affable, most well-informed, and most sensible.' The amusements of Prince Charles were playing golf and shooting small birds; he was a capital marksman when he came over to Scotland; but 'he appeared to have no tastes save for hunting and music, and had no conversational powers.' Lord George Murray gets the responsibility of encouraging the Prince in his ill-fated enterprise. When Elcho joined Prince Charles at Slateford, near Edinburgh, he brought fifteen hundred guineas with him, a sum which he afterwards tried in vain to recover. He was in all the battles, and acquired a reputation for brutality and cruelty after Prestonpans. The description of the bloodless entry into Edinburgh, of the Court at Holyrood, and the camp at Duddingston is extremely interesting. A very graphic picture from the Whig standpoint of the doings of the Highlanders in and around Edinburgh will also be found in Mr C. E. S. Chambers's recently published *Woodhouselee Manuscript*. The writer of this quaint and characteristic narrative observed the crowd in High Street at the 'comic farce or tragic comedy' of proclaiming James VIII. The soldiers had guns of various sizes, some of enormous length, tied with packthread to the stock, some without locks; others had swords instead of guns over their shoulders; one or two had pitchforks or bits of scythes upon poles, with cleeks and Lochaber axes. This corresponds with Elcho's description of the armed mob as it appeared south of the Forth, where much less help was forthcoming than was expected. Elcho, who was principal aide-de-camp to the Prince, accuses Charles of self-will, impatience of advice, selfishness, and obstinacy; of showing an insane suspicion of Lord George Murray, and giving more of his confidence to the Irish officers than to the others. The failure of the '45 was largely due to the British navy, which prevented French assistance and kept the army provided from the seaboard. After all, it was only an episode in our national life, but one that has its romantic as well as its sordid side. It is this last which is most apparent in Lord Elcho's narrative.

A GRANDFATHER CLOCK.

For centuries, within a kitchen quaint,
It ticked the time,
And hourly waked to music with its faint
And drowsy chime.

And now, with other beauties fair and old,
It prides my den,
And tells for me the tale which once it told
For better men:

Men whom I love to dream about, as when—
The day's work done—
They watched the winter fire. Did hours run then
As now they run?

The old clock knows, for he has seen it all.
They came and went,
Pausing to take such joy as might befall;
Parting content.

The tales they told, the jests they found right good,
I may not know;
For though my clock might tell me, if he would,
He won't. And so

I e'en must be content to muse and guess.
And yet, mescems,
'Tis not all loss; for speaking might no less
Dispel my dreams.

F. W. Saunderson.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Dec. 20th.*

IT seems sometimes that when the literary man of historical bent is waiting for the crystallisation of some other idea his fancy flies to the retreat from Moscow, to the escape from Elba, and to the 'last phase' at St Helena, and forthwith he prepares a title-page on which he writes 'Napoleon.' However that may be, it is certain that the already vast Napoleonic literature grows amazingly, and once again the number of new books dealing with the life and character of the great Corsican has been a feature of the present publishing season. One cannot glance over the book-advertisement pages of a newspaper or periodical without observing the announcements of new works concerning the man of the most fascinating personality of modern times being issued almost simultaneously from several different publishing houses; and the reviewers are constantly enabled to group three or four of them together and to deal with them in a batch. The output of such literature this winter has been greater than ever, and it is plain that there is a great and unceasing demand for it. The study of the character of Napoleon seems to interest the present generation more than it has done any other. Not only in the way of books alone is there what might be called a good market for Napoleon in these days. It is next to impossible to look into the window of a picture-shop without seeing that grim, sad face, with a gloomy disappointment marked upon it and eyes staring back into an awful past—prints of James Sant's most popular picture, 'The Last Phase.' In any emporium of *objets d'art* you will discover Napoleon statuettes of all kinds and sizes; in the stationers' shops you may buy paper-weights with Napoleons on horseback for handles; and the people who deal in electric lights offer you fancy arrangements of a Napoleon, with the Edison bulb attached somewhere to his accoutrements. Nothing satisfies like Napoleon. There is a meaning behind all this which sociologists and others who study the tendencies of the present age have no doubt reflected upon. Every man knows and feels that this is an age of ruthless materialistic struggle in which philosophic ideals are at a discount, when the standard of success is represented almost only in cash and kind, and when there is the greatest public admiration, almost esteem, for the strong men who have crushed the weak, and when the weak endeavour to crush those who are weaker than themselves. Such observations as these might savour of triteness were it not for the fact that the strain of the financial and commercial situation at the present time, the tension throughout the world of higher politics, and the advance of Socialism in every country, and most noticeably now in Britain, have plainly accentuated this general sentiment, have made men of all classes feel more that the character they need to help them in the fight and to raise them to eminence among their fellow-men is not the noble, the generous, the sublime which was an ideal not long ago, but the selfish, greedy, ruthless, mercenary, that which struggles unceasingly and avariciously for an ambition which, after all, is almost meaningless. The best of present-day altruists who, with much ability and scope, has done fine work for the masses of the people is hardly regarded by those masses as such a fine example of life and method as an American millionaire or a financial magnate who pulls the strings in the City of London. This perhaps is why the spirit of Napoleon seems to brood over the manners and the tendencies of the time, and why the man who made a river of blood run through Europe comes near to being canonised less than a hundred years afterwards and is secretly worshipped as a demigod. Financial panics, unrest of Governments, thrones in danger, Socialistic aggression, revolutions pending, oppression, starvation, triumphs of trusts, millionaires increasing, ships in the air, and in every street the noise and smell of nerve-destroying motors to give hurry and speed in the race of life—Napoleon! Surely he must be canonised in an age like this. Appropriately

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and inevitably we have at the same time the increase of agnosticism and indifference to the beliefs and ideals that have been preached for nineteen hundred years. There may be murmurings on suitable occasions, but hearts recede farther and farther away. In fifty years a bond of sympathy that had held fast through ages has been perceptibly weakened. It is difficult to contemplate Calvary when on the top of a motor-omnibus.

* * *

Another year will almost have run its course by the time these lines are published, and in one way and another the world that reckons by the Christian era will be preparing for the beginning of a new period which, with that state of anxiety now prevailing in the great world of higher politics and in commerce, is almost sure to mark great changes and to bring about disruptions of serious consequence. When there is a time of general anxiety the tension is felt in London as it is not and cannot be anywhere else, and yet it is a curious thing that large and important sections of the people constantly enter upon a period of severe strife and likely difficulty in a mood of reckless abandonment to pleasures of a peculiarly artificial and somewhat freakish character. The good old custom of the watch-night service still has its vogue; and in the heart of London, as in other places, the chapels and the churches hold congregations of meditative persons who are bended on their knees while the twelve chimes mark the great division and the admission to a blank space of doubt and hope. But ministers can tell you that as time goes on the popularity of these services much diminishes, and it may not be far off when they will almost cease to be held. It is only a little gain on the other side that the rowdiness that used to characterise the crowds that assemble annually for an hour before midnight on New Year's Eve outside St. Paul's Cathedral, and organise the least creditable and edifying festival that ever takes place within the City, has shown a considerable diminution in recent years. In other classes of society the freakish tendencies of the time exert themselves strangely on this occasion, and it is evident that our New Year's Eves are becoming Americanised, just as the old family spirit is departing from the Christmas festival. An appreciable portion of London now spends its Christmas in hotels at the seaside, where at some of the popular caravansaries they will tell you that every room was engaged for Christmas week by the end of last September. But the Americanisation of the old English method of keeping the New Year's Eve—if it is an Americanisation, as it looks to be—consists in experiencing some new kind of sensation at a leading London restaurant, and there are few of such restaurants that do not now prepare some special programme of novelty for the accommodation of moneyed patrons who have what may fittingly be called a weakness for this sort of thing. The ingenuity of managers is leading them to more fanciful schemes each year, so that in these days the New Year's Eve arrangements are taken in hand weeks or even months in advance. The peculiarity of the results may best be indicated by one or two examples. At one of the most famous restaurants in the world last year the attraction was what was known in advance as the 'mysterious aeromobile,' and seats for the midnight supper at which it was to be exhibited were taken in advance by over a thousand people. And the 'show' consisted of a set of rails running round the fine apartment on which an artistically embellished contrivance, some seven feet long, designed to represent a combination of a motor-car and an air-ship, was made to run. The car set out from the foyer upon its journey at two minutes to twelve, having as passengers two ladies who were supposed to be symbolical of the New Year. Just as the clock struck the first note of twelve it descended into the central avenue and ran among the guests, the New Year ladies showering gifts on all sides. At the moment that this aeromobile came to the floor a miniature of an old four-wheeler clattered away—the last, as it were, of the old year. And then, with the calendar marking the 1st of January, supper was resumed. At another fashionable restaurant the pretty idea is annually conceived of arranging for the diner's attention to be attracted by a distant sound of trumpets, while at intervals a peal of church-bells is heard ringing dimly far off. During the last few seconds of the reign of the old year the sounds of the trumpets become louder, and at last, on the stroke of midnight, the royal trumpeters of the Guards enter the *salon* and sound a fanfare as if proclaiming the accession of the New Year. Three earls, several minor peers, and an unimportant sultan have been included in one of these restaurant New Year's Eve parties. London is essentially a place of strange contrasts, and with a feeling abroad that this important point in the calendar 'must be celebrated somehow,' one cannot be surprised at the tales one hears of strange gatherings of a private and special character. The one that most fully deserves this description is best mentioned by way of contrast to the happy and pretty, even if somewhat frivolous, assemblies that have just been mentioned. It was nothing less gloomy and weird than an undertakers' party, at which the dining-room was draped in black, relieved occasionally by a few wreaths. There was a black border to the tablecloth, and the design of the arrangement in the middle that held the flowers need not be specified. 'Health to ourselves and prosperity to our businesses in the New Year' was a ghoulish toast that was well received, while certain members of the party would sing such songs as 'The Gravedigger' and 'Down among the Dead Men.' It was surely an omission that there was no poison in either soup or wine. On the contrary, the dinner was an excellent one, and such a hilarious time was spent that on the following morning some of the

overnight revellers were for once in a way given to contemplation of their becoming customers to each other.

* * *

One of the last matters of speculation in many quarters at the end of one year, and certainly the first of general interest the next morning, so far as the contents of the newspapers are concerned at any rate, is as to the persons upon whom the Sovereign is pleased to bestow titles on this special occasion, and the nature of those titles. The last birthday-list was not an interesting one, which makes it all the more likely that that which is forthcoming will be. Perhaps it is as well that there should be a cessation in the flow of peerages when there seems to be no good reason why anybody should be made a peer; and as for baronetages, has not the continual hammering away at the quality of some of those in existence cast the order generally under something of a cloud which will not be altogether removed until the legislation which has been suggested and is expected becomes an accomplished fact? A little while since a departmental committee was appointed by the Home Secretary to inquire into these matters, and it found among other things that the number of cases in which the title of baronet has been assumed either wrongfully or upon a very doubtful basis is approximately 5 or 6 per cent. of the entire baronetage. It may interest some readers who have friends who are ambitious of having 'handles' to their names to know that, as the law seems to stand at present, there is nothing in the world to prevent them from putting 'Sir' to their names and 'Bart.' after them, and that nobody can prevent a person who so decorates himself from remaining in possession of this self-assumed title unless he makes use of it to obtain cash, goods, or credit under false pretences; and even if he is convicted of doing that, he can still cling to his 'Sir.' The committee just mentioned recommended as the best means of dealing with this unsatisfactory state of affairs that legislative action should be taken against all those persons who had taken the title to themselves without proper authority, said committee having an idea that the machinery already in existence for dealing with peerage claims might be found sufficient for the purpose. It was suggested also that the King should issue a command that a roll of real baronets should be kept at the Home Office, and that no person whose name was not on that roll should be received at Court as a baronet or should be described as such in official documents. At present it is certain that some people who are not baronets pass in the best society as such, and that nobody would dare to refer to them in any other way in any kind of document.

* * *

This is essentially the season of charity and the necessity for it; and it is a good thing to remember that in a report which they issued not long ago the Charity Commissioners observed, in defence of the policy that they had been pursuing, that 'there is every reason to believe that never has the tide of charity flowed with such pace and volume as now.' Within the brief space of four years new charities have been established for other than educational purposes to the number of over eleven hundred, and their cash value considerably exceeds two and a half millions, and produces a yearly income of some eighty-five thousand pounds. It is estimated that, at the present rate of creation, in forty years the number and value of charities will be about doubled. The bulk of this new money for charities has gone to hospitals, who have taken three-quarters of a million of it; while, in spite of all that has been said and written by experts against the wisdom of doles, relief of the poor in money or kind comes next—though a long way behind—with a total sum of over two hundred thousand pounds. Then, again, last year a sum of nearly six million pounds was left upon trust for charitable, religious, and other public objects under ninety wills which disposed of estate of the total value of twenty millions. The total of the bequests was more than double the annual average of the last twenty years; whilst the proportion of charitable bequests to the full value of the estates, being about 30 per cent., was unusually high. Such handsome figures may not be reached when this year's wills come to be analysed in a week or two from now. Nevertheless this dying year has also been a good one for the charities, despite the general complaint that times are bad. It is a gratification to the philanthropic bodies that bequests that reach them now are mostly from fortunes made in the richer years when there was less 'depression,' fewer and smaller taxes, fewer trades-unions and strikes, and less grumbling. London itself is a very charitable community, as is proved constantly on special occasions throughout each year. Apart from that feature, out of over nine hundred charitable institutions which have their headquarters in London, seven hundred and thirty-one made a return of the money they had distributed last year and where it had been placed, and this showed that they had been the means of dispensing within a period of twelve months no fewer than seven and a half million pounds. An analysis showed that in this case nearly three millions had gone to home and foreign missions, and only a little over one million to hospitals, nursing institutions, and the like. There is this to be said for the London charities, that they are not made for show, and indeed it would surprise even London to know what good is done collectively by stealth and with no parade of virtue. Here and there are little societies of men existing solely for charitable purposes, the members of which are almost under a bond of secrecy with each other not to disclose to the outside world what they are doing. As an example, one might quote a little organisation which is

entitled the Brotherhood of the Cheerful Sparrows. This is a society which was formed some years ago by a few City gentlemen for the relief of distress without public inquiry, in cases which might come under the personal notice of any member of the brotherhood. There are now some twelve hundred brethren, who each subscribe half-a-crown a year, gather donations from their friends, and once in a twelvemonth assemble for a banquet which has the good excuse of adding considerably to the money available for distribution. Thus it happens that about two hundred pounds or more is distributed every year among the most deserving cases which are of such a character that they would probably escape the notice of other charitable organisations.

* * *

It is often said that the great Metropolis is the best place in the world for one to lose one's self in, to hide away from all one's friends and acquaintances, and it is a true thing to say. Yet, paradoxical as it may appear, it is the easiest place in which to find one who has been lost, and not a week goes by but the knockabout Londoner with an extensive list of country and foreign acquaintances finds occasion to remark with more or less simulated surprise that the town is a very small place after all, and that it is difficult to avoid people whom one has not seen for years whenever one ventures beyond one's own doorstep. The writer wishes to quote two personal experiences of the most recent happening. After some weeks' absence from London he turned in one evening to a Turkish bath establishment in the west, and while undergoing the cooling process he glanced over the pages of a literary journal and made a note of a question that he intended to put to a certain London publisher. The next minute that publisher, clothed in a white sheet only, greeted him from an adjoining couch. The writer remarked upon the curious coincidence; whereupon the publisher related the story of one far more remarkable that had happened at one of his recent visits to that same establishment. He had gone there with a friend, and the conversation during the hour of rest turned upon a certain individual whom the publisher's friend said he had not seen for thirty years, and whom he would very much like to discover for the furtherance of some business idea that he entertained. While he was speaking this very man came up from the hot rooms, and, acquaintance having been resumed, the way was clear for the discussion of the business. That is experience number one, and it is what might be called a double one. The other occurred the same week. Some friends of the writer were up in London together, one from Devonshire and the other from North Wales, for the mutual purpose of attending a function at the Mansion House. At the function they discussed an intimate friend residing in Yorkshire, and regretted missed opportunities of a brief reunion. The next afternoon the writer and his two friends agreed to spend an hour before dinner in walking through the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, one of the party being closely interested in architectural matters. It was six o'clock, and the aisles of the cathedral were in almost total darkness, a dim glimmer from a few candles being almost the only illumination. The three were nearly groping their way back towards the entrance, when they were conscious, more as if by telepathic communication than in any other way, of the presence of some one whom they knew. Then they stared into a face, and it was that of the old acquaintance whom they had most desired to meet the night before, but whom they imagined to be more than two hundred miles away. Neither party knew of the other's presence in London, much less of the intention of either to spend those few minutes in strolling through one of the least-frequented places in the whole Metropolis, than which as a place of temporary hiding none better could have been chosen.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER VI.—IN PARIS.

As the diligence drove through the gate into Paris it was a very tired youth who stared with very tired eyes at the scene before him. The Paris of 1784 was a city with a girdle of lofty walls pierced with gates. The wall, it is true, was intended not so much to keep out a foreign enemy as to prevent the smuggling of uncustomed goods. It was a collectors' barrier, and every street that pierced it was crossed by a palisade, with an opening to admit one vehicle at a time and a sort of sentry-box for the tax-collector. Paris, in a word, was bound in a ribbon of stone, with ninety-six of such gates for eyelet-holes.

The diligence entered by the Rue Montreuil. It was November, and the fast-darkening gloom of the winter evening lay on the foul and narrow streets—a gloom that deepened into night under the shadow of the beetling houses, with their projecting upper stories, irregular gables, and huge creaking signboards. The street was a mere stony gutter, lowest at the centre. Footpaths were not yet invented; and Jean wondered at the round, clumsy pillars that at irregular intervals projected from the sides of the houses. *Bornes* the friendly driver told him they were named, and he guessed they were intended to protect the foot-passengers from being crushed by the passing vehicles against the walls.

The shop windows were low. Openings at the

level of the streets led into dark cellars, round which dirty children played, and into which, as the wheels of the diligence rattled by too closely, they disappeared like frightened rabbits. Every now and again the diligence passed a shop from which trickled across the wet stones little streams of blood. These were butchers' shops; and thus, as if in dreadful and unconscious prophecy, the streets of the Paris of that day were scribbled with hieroglyphics of blood.

As they drove westward Jean recognised some of the more famous buildings. Down a narrow, crooked street to the left he caught a glimpse of the towers of Notre Dame. A sudden curve of houses rising above the mosaic of roofs showed where the Pont Neuf stood. Near it, a great stone horse and its rider marked where the Pont Royal crossed the Seine. Madame Laurente's house was in the Rue de la Grenelle, a side street opening into the Rue St Honore, and was only reached through a tangle of narrow alleys and filthy houses. The house stood back discreetly from the street, and showed in the dim twilight a square of blackness, in which the lighted windows shone like eyes.

The major-domo—M. Duclos, as he was now called—met Jean as he entered, and somehow a chill ran through the boy's blood as he caught a glimpse of that dark face with its frosty eyes and look of mystery.

Madame was entertaining to-night, he told Jean. 'She will see you to-morrow. You must hide yourself, or I will hide you; for it will not add to her pleasure to see you. Did you expect,' he asked quietly, in answer to Jean's disappointed look, 'to step from the punishment-cell at Brienne to madame's drawing-room?'

Jean was too tired and wretched to protest against such a reception, or even to resent it. The major-domo's accusing eyes chilled him. They gave him a deeper sense than ever that he was a criminal. He was led, with something of the air of a detected thief about him, up the narrow stairs to a little, dark room high in the roof. He sat there, tired and cold, till a mingled tempest of despair and anger awoke in him. He was under what was his father's roof, and he sat hungry, neglected, forgotten.

Presently the sound of many feet, the murmur of voices broken now and again by a merry tinkle of laughter, stole up to him. Jean opened the door of his room, crept across the dark corridor to the head of the stairs, and looked down. Madame was sweeping down the stairs, a figure of grace. He saw the gleam of her white shoulders, the sparkle of jewels. Her voice rose to where Jean stood, unexpressibly soft and sweet. She lifted her eyes to the tall figure of the gentleman at her side, and Jean saw the flash of her white teeth as she smiled. The tired, hungry, unwelcome boy leaning over the stairs looked with envying eyes at the graceful figure below him, a foam of lace and silk, out of which rose the bright upturned face, from which the eyes shone like stars.

As Jean looked, a little girl ran with swift, pursuing feet down the stairs. It was Denise, Jean's playmate during the two years of his father's marriage. Jean leaned over the balustrade and called to her; but the swift figure had vanished, and he stood in the darkness whispering her name over and over again: 'Denise! Denise!' His heart ached for companionship.

He crept back to his room, and, broken with fatigue, flung himself on the bed and slept. But through the chamber of his dreams the dark features of the major-domo, the upturned face with starry eyes of madame, and the slender, swift little figure of Denise chased each other.

When Jean awoke it was still night, the rain was beating on the little attic window, and the roof shook to the harsh November wind. He was hungry, cold, unwashed. Sitting in the gloom of the cheerless room, he felt as if he were naked to the wild night. Its blackness, shaken with storm, lay on his imagination and half-froze, half-terrified it.

Every one seemed to have forgotten him. He tried the door, but it was locked. The chilly hours went by, the cold gray dawn came and grew to a noon as gray, and still there was no sound of a coming footfall. At last, pricked with hunger, the boy grew desperate. He commenced to beat furiously on the door. For long he beat in vain. Then a footstep—deliberate and unhurrying—drew near his door and paused. Somehow Jean knew it was the major-domo, and he pictured the frosty eyes, with some unread and deadly purpose lurking in them, and for a moment he was chilled with fear. Then his courage, hot with the fire of anger, awoke again. He thumped the door more furiously than before, but the steps passed away with a leisurely deliberation which set the boy's wrath in a fresh flame.

If the major-domo meant to tame him with hunger the plan was a mistake. Jean's spirit grew fierce. He looked round the room. In the fireplace was an iron fire-dog on which a pair of tongs leaned. He seized the fire-dog, lifted it in his vigorous young arms, and dashed it on the panel of the door. He repeated the performance again and again until the panel began to yield. Then suddenly the door opened. The major-domo stood there.

'You begin well,' he said coldly. 'This is your first morning, and you are breaking madame's doors.'

Jean was a sufficiently desperate figure. His face was dirty; his hair stood up defiantly; the fire-dog was in his hand; the broken door bore the signature of his fury. He scorned to say he was hungry.

'I was locked in,' he said sullenly.

'Come,' replied the major-domo; 'madame will see you. You may keep your weapon,' he added with a satirical smile.

Jean felt himself like some outcast as, with dirty

boots, blackened hands, and sulky brow, he entered madame's dainty sitting-room. She looked at him. The bright eyes were hard beneath the level brows.

'*Ah, quel bête!*' she said softly.

The boy caught the words and flushed; his hands instinctively gripped the unlucky fire-dog with an impulse of anger; his lips grew stubbornly silent.

The major-domo told his story. He had thought it prudent to lock the lad in his room, and in the morning he had found him breaking the panels of the door with the fire-dog which he still grasped in his soiled hands.

Jean had no defence to offer. He had a boy's gift for sulky and inarticulate anger. A look which Jean could not understand was in madame's dark eyes as they rested on the lad's figure. Was it pity, or hate, or remorse, or a combination of all these emotions? Then she seemed to dismiss him with an impatient gesture out of her life.

'Do as you will with him. Let him live with the servants, or anywhere else; only keep him out of my sight.'

Jean felt the blood run in a fresh wave of anger through his veins. It was his father's house, where he had once lived like a prince, with every whim gratified. Now he was dismissed to the company of the servants. A touch of gentleness in madame's voice, a glance of kindness from her beautiful eyes, would have melted the boy and made him her slave. But the strange looks which passed betwixt madame and her major-domo froze him. The cold dislike in her eyes awoke in him a passion of bitter feeling.

Just then there was a sound of soft, light feet which set the boy's nerves tingling with a new sensation. It was Denise.

She ran to her mother's side with a merry laugh; then she turned. Her quick young eyes dwelt wonderingly on the dirty figure of the boy, with the unhappy fire-dog still in his hands. 'It is Jean!' she cried; and a flash of delight, mingled with wondering pity, lit up her face. In an instant her arms were about his neck, her warm lips were on his dirty cheeks.

Now, a boy does not enjoy being publicly kissed, and madame, with the major-domo, made a very unsympathetic audience. Yet the voice, the touch of Denise overcame Jean.

'Denise,' said her mother with chilly deliberation, 'you forget yourself. Jean is no company for you. He has disgraced himself; he has been cast out of Brienne. He has been only a night here, and look at him. He has begun to break down the doors of the house.'

'Have you been a whole night here,' asked Denise breathlessly, 'and I did not know?'

Two pairs of rueful eyes questioned each other and read each other. There is a predetermined and eternal harmony which knits certain sounds together, and why should human hearts be less responsive than air-waves? Certainly some sudden, unreasoning, mystic affection that comprehended everything, and told everything, knitted together the boy and the girl. Denise was plucked away, and Jean was led mutinously into social exile; but the last look of his playmate haunted him. Her eyes shone like twin stars in the dark sky of the unfortunate boy's memory.

(*To be continued.*)

AUSTRALIAN RAILWAY TRAVEL.

THE clock nears half-past four, and Adelaide station is full of animation, for in a few minutes the inter-state express will start. Here comes the genuine back-countryman, tall, blue-shirted, with neatly rolled blanket over his shoulder and billy in hand. He is going the first hundred miles by rail, and will then start out on a great tramp into the interior, sleeping each night in the open.

Yonder middle-aged man in frock-coat and silk hat is a senator. There are always plenty of politicians in the train, for years ago Australian legislators liberally decided that they themselves should travel free. Young farmers, black-skinned from much sun; dainty-looking ladies, fresh from the European mail-steamers, who have not yet realised that they are on firm earth again; commercial travellers in abundance—we are, on the whole, a more free and friendly throng than any you would see on a London platform.

The train has only two classes, and the wise man secures his sleeper in advance. There is nothing to complain about in the carriages during the first part of the journey. The car is built in America, but on the model of separate two and four berth compartments. The beds are broad, and if your attendant does not show you all the deference Old World custom has led you to look on as your right, he will yet see that you are comfortable. Farther on you may fare worse.

Railway travelling in Australia is above all things leisurely. Dining-cars were until recently unknown throughout the continent, and the rolling stock soon reveals the glorious confusion of inter-state administrations. To complete this journey, roughly fourteen hundred miles from Adelaide to Brisbane, occupies from the Tuesday afternoon until the Friday night, and the railways are of three different grades—broad through South Australia and Victoria, medium in New South Wales, and narrow in Queensland. Most of the line is only single track; the stations are of the slenderest, occasionally little more than a shed; and but one train a day goes each way. You cannot fail to be struck by the absence of goods traffic. In a twelve hours' journey during some

parts of the year scarcely a single goods train may be seen. Local residents explain the fact by declaring that the high rates throttle traffic.

To the ordinary traveller the problem of food becomes a serious one before he has gone far. Up to Melbourne, the refreshments obtained at the halting-places are passable. One soon becomes used to rushing out as soon as the train stops, eating a meal at express speed, and flying back to the train again. Provided the food is decent not much harm is done. But in some of the places between Melbourne and Sydney it is safer to confine one's self to bread and cheese. When steak is served that has plainly been warmed over several times, with onions half-cooked in rancid fat, with abundant grease still floating around them, and with a lump of pastry that would serve as ammunition when lead ran short, the traveller's patience is apt to be tried and his tongue to be set free.

Australians boast of their Government railways as a supreme example of State efficiency. When one compares them with the lines running through western Canada or the newly opened west of America the contrast is amazing. On the Chicago to St Paul express, for instance, one has dainty silver and spotless napery, smart white-coated black waiters, and a meal of many courses served at leisure in the most enjoyable fashion. But then the railway managers there know that if they do not provide for the comfort of their travellers other rivals will. In Australia, with State railways, there is no fear of competition. You must travel by the State line or take a long journey by sea. The State has you at its mercy, and takes full advantage of it.

It is warm when we start from Adelaide, for summer is now on us, but as the train mounts the heights beyond the city the cool of evening comes. Before darkness falls we can catch glimpses of forest land stretching right down to the distant sea, of hills to one side and valleys below, of suburban townships which might be bits of Surrey, and then, farther on, of poorer settlements, small wooden frame-houses, and half-cleared bush.

It is hard to realise the nature of the land as next day we cut through Victoria. There is bush in parts, and there are great bare plains, and here and there collections of houses. A few hours of rest in Melbourne, and then on again.

Many of the places, small as they are, have a history. If you have a friendly Australian by your side—and it is your own fault if you have not, for every Australian is willing to befriend a stranger from the Old Land—the names of the different places will recall to him tales of the old days. Now we pass through the scene of a famous convict-hunt; now we come to the field of the Kelly gang raids which so roused Australia but a generation ago. You stare incredulously at the sleepy village when you are shown the house where Ned Kelly made his last great stand, the mail-clad bushranger and his fellow-scoundrels, surrounded, desperate, and wounded, falling into the hands of the police.

At Albury we change on the frontier into a narrower-gauge railway. The Custom House stands here, a relic of the barbarism of yesterday. In Australia to-day, so far as internal trade is concerned, the tariff barrier has been broken, never to be replaced.

New South Wales is democratic; therefore expect but little of your car-conductor. Your boots will probably remain uncleaned, although he will not be too mighty to accept a tip when you quit him. If you wish to find that official, he will probably be resting comfortably in the smoking-car of the sleeper. Speak to him slowly and pleasantly, and do not be in a hurry for your reply. He will finish whatever he is reading, and take a few meditative puffs at his pipe before answering. The New South Wales sleeping-cars are more distinctively American than those of Victoria; they have all the lack of privacy of the old type of American cars in an accentuated form.

What a land New South Wales is! We pass through hundreds of miles of beautiful territory only wanting clearing to make it the support of nations. The ride over the Hawkesbury mountains must linger in the mind even of an old traveller for its amazing picturesqueness. Mile after mile we travel on the hillside near the river-banks. Here are great bays of placid loveliness; here high hills of astounding majesty. Here and there man has scratched beginnings in these woods; here and there he has settled himself on an odd location; but the whole land speaks of nature rather than man.

It is near midday on the Friday before we reach Queensland, and now at once the most unpleasant and most glorious part of the trip begins. The most unpleasant, for the vibration of the train on the narrow track is very great. It is impossible even to use a typewriter here, for the train oscillates so that the right keys are missed twice out of five times. But the country around repays for all.

The scenery from the window affords one excuse for ceasing work. First comes the long stretch of the Darling Downs, the most fertile tract in southern Queensland. The towns here, not long since almost burned out with the protracted drought, are now revealing renewed prosperity. The fields are blossoming for a heavy harvest. In one part the wheat stands high enough to bury you. The farmers who assemble at every station to see the train pass have a happy air, for good times have come.

Evening approaches, and the scene changes. We are on the towering mountains now, and the vastness of the continent is opened to our view. The train shrieks and groans, but its puffing and its panting are forgotten. We take apparently impossible curves on the mountain-sides, and each curve

opens up fresh scenes. The giant hills, along which we are creeping like a fly on a huge oak, are terrible in their virgin beauty. The distant mountains take a deep-blue hue. Now clouds come between us and the valleys below. Now they open. We gaze amazed, awed, till even over the spirit of the train-weary travellers comes the sense of reverence and of nothingness. 'What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man'—— Then the merciful darkness comes, and shuts the vision from our sight.

Three hours later the train runs into Brisbane station, and we are near the edge of the tropics.

DICK HELLIFIELD'S DOUBLE.

CHAPTER IV.

DICK was back again a few days before Christmas. He had not set eyes upon Hasan since his departure from Cairo. Ahmed and I had seen him in and about the city; but beyond a passing scowl he had not betrayed the least interest in us. Our movements were apparently nothing to him. Dick was the man he wanted.

I carefully examined the curios, all of which Dick brought with him from his diggings at the barrage. The scarabees did not interest me very much. I was not an adept, like Dick, in the decipherment of the hieroglyphs which, enclosed in the engraven ovals, formed the cartouches of the defunct priests and kings. Nor did the scraps of knowledge, historical and religious, which Dick had gleaned concerning them appeal to me. I was much more interested in the life of to-day. The combination in Dick of a love for the antiquarian with a faculty for the practical impressed me as unusual. He was disappointed, I believe, when his enthusiasm over the scarabees left me unmoved.

It was different, however, when he showed me the libation-bowl and the Hathor statuette. These touched my sense of the artistic, and I found in them something to admire. Still more freely did the clasp call forth my admiration; it was a delicate piece of workmanship, very small, but perfect in its details. The figures of the god and goddess were conventional and archaic, but exquisitely engraven; and the appearance of Horus (the child of the two) when the parts were brought together was a triumph of ingenuity. The fastening formed itself into the shape of the child, and completed the triad; and I quite agreed with Dick in his surmise that it must have been filched from the mummy-case of an old priest who had once been devoted to the cult whose centre was at Philæ.

'Now that you have seen it, Jim, do you still think that it might be used as an amulet?'

'Why shouldn't it? You see, it could still be worn on a robe or girdle, and some magical virtue might be supposed to dwell in it, and to be imparted with the fastening of the clasp to the person of the wearer.'

'Um! there are stranger things than that in this land of the Pharaohs. But, Jim, it means that the clasp is known; that there are others; that this clasp of mine is not unique, and I was flattering myself that it was. You are taking away from the value of it. I have never seen one before, and never heard of one.'

'That may be, and I don't pretend to understand these things, while you have made a study of them. But there may be others, one or two perhaps, for there cannot be many; and the fewness of them, with the peculiarity of the workmanship, may have caused a people to whom magic is real to regard them as the repository of occult powers. I may be talking tomfoolery, of course; but I am trying to find a sufficient reason for Hasan's vindictiveness and his determination to kill you.

'And you seem to me to be going very far afield to find it. Is there not a sufficient reason in his desire to avenge the blow I gave him? He may think, too, that I was the main cause of his dismissal; for the two came very close together. They were only casually connected, however, and with his dismissal I had very little to do. But he may not be aware of it. These Eastern mixtures, Jim, are fiery, and his own temperament may account for his attempts on my life.'

'Not altogether;' and I shook my head. 'There is something else in it, and it is only natural to look for the something else in what you have deprived him of, and what, by killing you, he still hopes to gain.'

'Well, we may find out,' said Dick; and we dismissed the matter from our minds.

We moved quite freely about the city during the next few days, but Hasan did not appear. We began to hope that he might not be aware of Dick's return. A new and unexpected development, however, took place on Christmas Eve. Directly dinner was over, Ahmed presented himself and said that a messenger from a villa beyond the Nile desired to see Dick.

'Who is he, Ahmed?'

'I not know, Mis'r 'El'field; not seen him before, sir.'

'Tell him to send in his message by you.'

'I tell him, Mis'r 'El'field, but he not do it.'

'Is he one of Hasan's men?'

'I think not, sir. I be with you when he speak, and Mis'r Jim too. Then he not touch you. Shall I say you see him?'

'Yes. Show him in, Ahmed.'

The messenger was evidently a confidential servant of some kind. His attire was more Greek than Egyptian: baggy blue trousers, a short sleeveless jacket of the same hue ornamented with a profusion of silver braid, an embroidered shirt of fine white linen, a red fez, and a red girdle, forming together a neat and distinctive livery. He was taken aback when he found that Dick was not alone, and that Ahmed did not retire after he had ushered him in. He included both of us in his profound salutation; but, not having seen Dick before, he was at a loss which of the two he should address. Ahmed informed him that the one to the right was 'Mis'r 'El'field,' but he hesitated still, and explained somewhat confusedly that the message was for the ear of 'Mis'r 'El'field' alone. Dick told him to speak out. He said he could not; the message was personal and private. To which Dick replied that the man could return to those who sent him with his message undelivered. He declined to hear it if it could not be spoken in the presence of his friends. Ahmed was his friend—yes, Ahmed, for the messenger had involuntarily turned towards him at these words—as well as myself; and he would hear nothing unless we were there, and do nothing without our consent. Dismayed at this attitude, and fearing to return with his task unfulfilled, the messenger told him that his attendance was desired, without delay, at the residence of Murad Bey. The business was important, but he was unable to reveal it for the simple reason that he did not know what it was. Would Mis'r 'El'field accompany him? He was charged with his safe conduct out and back again.

So far as I was concerned, if the messenger had only known, he might have spoken quite freely and without scruple, as I could not understand him. Nor did I know what his message was until Dick explained it to me. His face had impressed me favourably; but I had been quick to notice his surprise and hesitancy, and also the earnestness of his tones when the message was given at last.

'What do you say, Jim?'

'That it may be a ruse, and you will do well to stay where you are.'

'Nay, Jim, a ruse would not be so simple as that. It is too easily seen through, too commonplace, for a ruse. Look at the fellow's face! Is it likely, think you, that he has been sent to entrap me? Hasan's tool would have worn a sharper edge and cut deeper. His message is genuine, I believe, and I feel inclined to accept it.—What do you say, Ahmed?'

'That Mis'r Jim and I go with you.'

'Good! Now, Jim, are you ready for the adventure?'

'What if I am not?'

'I shall stay here, of course. I am not foolhardy enough to go alone. Hasan is not far away, I am sure of that; and if he knew of the journey I should receive unpleasant attention. Still, I am convinced that he hasn't put this thing up—it doesn't smell of Hasan; and if you and Ahmed will go with me I will go.'

'All right,' said I, after a moment's consideration, for I had the impression that if I did not consent Dick would be disappointed.

The messenger listened without comprehending, and yet with evident concern, and when Dick gave him his decision he was certainly relieved. His countenance fell, however, as Dick went on to say that the three must go. He would not budge an inch without us.

'But,' said the messenger, 'it was you, Mis'r 'El'field, only you, that I was sent for.'

'And I tell you plainly,' answered Dick, 'that it will have to be the three or none.'

He shrugged his shoulders in reply, and assumed an expression which meant that the responsibility would be Dick's, and not his. If the three were inevitable—well, he would submit. 'When can you be ready?' he asked.

'At once,' said Dick.

'Then I will call the carriage;' and with another bow he backed out of the room.

'A carriage! I hadn't thought of that,' said I when he was gone.

'We couldn't go to Murad Bey's without one,' returned Dick, 'and the kind of carriage he will call will prove almost conclusively whether his message is genuine. We can still refuse if it should turn out to be a second-rate hired affair picked up at one of the stands.'

There was no need to refuse on this ground. As we came to the entrance there was the carriage—a private one, well appointed, with a liveried coachman on the box holding in a spirited pair of splendid bays. After seeing us in and closing the door, the messenger, instead of following us as we half expected, took the vacant seat beside the coachman—another little proof that he was not deceiving us—and we rolled rapidly away. We were soon across the river and in the darkness of the country beyond. The wheels spun silently over the dusty road, and the quick pad of the horses' feet stepping well together was the only sound we could hear. In a couple of miles or less we were whirled through the open gates of an extensive garden, and drew up by the lighted porch of a large, low villa. It was too dark to discern its features, even if we had had time, for as soon as we alighted we were shown into a small anteroom adjoining a spacious hall.

The furniture was meagre but good, and, to my surprise, European—such an anteroom as might be found in a score of residences in London or Paris. We had barely time to notice it before a second door opened and a lady glided in—by no means European, indeed dressed in distinctive Turkish costume, with a snow-white diaphanous *yashmak* folded about the lower part of her face. She was very beautiful; it was a type of beauty

seldom met with in the East. Her face was a charming oval, lily-like in its complexion, with small and delicate features and expressive light-brown eyes. She was startled to find herself confronted by three men instead of one. We were startled also, for we were expecting Murad Bey. The appearance of a lady, and alone, was a serious breach of custom which only some great need could justify.

'I sent for Monsieur Hellifield,' said she in French. The tones were remonstrant, indignant, spoken with an angry flush upon the face, and on tiptoe to retire.

'I am he, madame'——

'——moiselle,' she corrected instantly, and facing him as Dick took a step forward and bowed. Her tones were still vibrant, and the flush had not died away. 'I am *gouvernante* to the children of Murad Bey, and I sent for you only, and not these. It is an intrusion.'

'Then we will go, mademoiselle,' answered Dick. 'There is nothing more to say except to beg a double pardon;' and we turned to the door.

'Stay!' she commanded. Then, as we turned again, and perhaps to gain time, 'Why a double pardon?'

'For wrongly addressing you,' said Dick, 'and bringing with me these two friends as a safe-guard.'

'The first was a natural mistake'—and she smiled graciously—'but the second was surely unnecessary. There is nothing to fear.'

'Not here, with you, mademoiselle; but coming and going—yes! Then you must remember that it was not you I was expecting to see, but Murad Bey.'

'Ah! it is I who should ask for pardon. You had something to fear coming and going. Hasan is in the city.'

'And Hasan is my enemy.'

'And mine.'

'Then we have something in common. Is that the reason why you have sent for me?'

'Partly, yes. You can help me, I believe, to escape out of his toils. He is my half-brother, much older than I am, and in a sense my guardian. Against my will, and for his own ends, he is trying to force me into a marriage with a man I detest; and I want your assistance, monsieur, that I may defeat him.'

'How?'

'You are a collector of antiques, monsieur.'

'In a small way, mademoiselle, as an amateur.'

'And there came into your possession a little while ago an ingenious clasp, the clasp of the triad of Philæ. Will you sell it to me?'

'But how can that help you, mademoiselle?'

'As a protective amulet. You may not know the virtues which are hidden in it. My purpose, and not Hasan's, will prevail if I can induce you to part with it. My purpose,' she repeated, 'for the amulet is not only protective; it will secure for me my own wish, and Hasan's defeat will be irreparable. Will you sell it to me, monsieur?' she asked again with a pleading earnestness.

'No,' said Dick after a momentary pause. The light in her eyes was quenched by Dick's refusal, and a sudden tremor shook her slender frame; but the tremor ceased as suddenly and the light leapt back again as Dick proceeded: 'I will give it to you. It is a time for presents and the best of good wishes among my people; and although I am no believer in amulets, I am in good wishes, especially when accompanied by a welcome gift. The clasp is yours, mademoiselle. I will send it in the morning by my servant Ahmed. May both your desires be speedily fulfilled!'

'I cannot express my thanks,' said she, with beaming eyes and a flushed and happy face. 'You have done me a great service, monsieur, generously, graciously, far better than I deserved, considering the manner in which I received you; but that you will pardon I know, for indeed I have run a serious risk in receiving you at all. And, believe me, I shall always be grateful to you—always;' and in a moment she was gone.

The carriage was waiting for us, and we reached the hotel without mishap.

'Did you recognise her, Dick?' I asked when we were alone.

'Yes. Did you?'

'Immediately. She was the lady we caught a glimpse of through the carriage window when we were crossing the Nile. Her face is like a flower.'

'And a very sweet flower at that,' answered Dick. 'Some one is in love with her, and the love is reciprocated—a lucky man, surely, whoever he is. She does not intend to let that rascally half-brother of hers sell her to the highest bidder. And she believes in the amulet. Well, she is welcome to it if it will do her any good. I hope it will.'

'So do I.'

In the morning Ahmed was despatched with the clasp, and returned with a profusion of thanks, and also with the information that he had been shadowed there and back by Hasan.

Later in the day we strolled through the garden. It was as unlike a typical English Christmas Day as one could well imagine. The sun, pouring his brilliant rays out of a cloudless sky, had been very hot, but now his rays were tempered by their obliqueness and a soft haze which heralded the approach of the evening. After a couple of turns round the paths Dick and I sat down by a small shelter. There were other chairs about, one of which, some little distance behind us, was appropriated by Ahmed. The gardens were very quiet, but the hum of the adjoining bazaars fell soothingly on our ears. A few loungers drifted by as we talked together in low tones and disconnectedly, with meditative lapses between, of the home-land. We were both thinking of the merry Christmas revels

that we knew were going forward in the houses of our friends; and, having recovered wonderfully during the past two months, I was longing to be among them. My longing was shared by Dick, a longing which he began to express, when, stopping suddenly in the midst of a sentence, he drew himself together, passed his hand across his brow, and gazed intently across the path towards the shelter of the trees.

My eyes followed his. Before me, visualising while I gazed, was his counterpart, the exact image of Dick himself down to the tiniest detail. It was seated, as Dick was, on one of the garden chairs, erect, rigid, a mirror-like reflection even to the answering stare. While I held my breath in amazement, Hasan, brandishing aloft a long keen blade, rushed upon it out of a clump of bushes on the other side of the way. So real was the scene that I started to my feet with an involuntary cry. My cry, however, could not prevent the impending catastrophe. Even as it left my lips the would-be assassin precipitated himself impetuously upon the simulacrum, and with a vehement downward stroke of his weapon endeavoured to despatch it. But the phantom was gone. The desperate stroke met with no resistance. Unable to check himself, Hasan crashed through the flimsy chair and broke it into a dozen fragments. Among the débris he lay doubled up, silent, motionless, his right arm bent under him. Ahmed ran and turned him over. In the violence of his fall Hasan had driven the dagger into his own heart.

When I looked round, wondering at Dick's quietness, I found that he had fainted. He speedily recovered, however, and regarded me with a curious smile.

'You saw the double?'

'Distinctly.'

'Again it has saved my life.'

'It has. The stroke would have killed you. Hasan has overreached himself this time. You are happily rid of him, Dick.'

'So is the *gouvernante* of the children of Murad Bey. May she marry the man of her choice!' a wish which, as we learned from a private note breathing her ardent gratitude, was speedily fulfilled.

Dick returned home with me. From that time he has never seen his double, nor does he desire to see it again.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A RIVAL TO CELLULOID.



HOUGH celluloid is a convenient chemical preparation for the manufacture of a wide variety of ephemeral articles, both utilitarian and ornamental, its high inflammability is a constant danger. In view of these circumstances particular interest is being centred in 'galalith,' a remarkable German invention which is now coming extensively into vogue, since it is non-inflammable, of great strength, and of wide value in its possible applications. The material is a perfectly odourless horn-like product, prepared from casein, the cheese constituent of skimmed milk. At first sight it may seem somewhat incredible that such an apparently waste product as this can be turned to valuable commercial advantage; but when it is remembered that vulcanite, which it resembles closely in texture and external appearance, is made from vegetable milk, the probability of it being possible to produce a plastic substance out of animal milk is apparent. Owing to the low price of the raw material and the inexpensive nature of the secret process by which galalith is prepared, it is now becoming a formidable rival to the more generally adopted celluloid. In fact, it is being applied to all those varied purposes to which the last-named compound is generally adapted, such as ladies' combs, brush-backs, cigar and cigarette holders, rings, tobacco-boxes, &c., and, owing to its greater strength, to a large number of additional objects, such as umbrella-handles, piano-keys, chess-figures, and dominoes. It can be produced in any desired colour, marbling, or veining in imitation of some more expensive material, since, owing to its character, it is peculiarly adapted to the artifices of the imitator. This is especially borne out by the fact that galalith tortoise-shell can scarcely be distinguished from the genuine substance even by the most stringent test of chemicals, while similarly amber and coral are being so skilfully reproduced as to defy detection. The material is also being widely used for inlay work, instead of the more expensive naturally coloured woods; for this it is eminently suited, as the colours are beautifully clear and bright, while a polish can be imparted which is more durable than that given to wood.

A SAFETY PETROL STORAGE-TANK.

The volatile and explosive nature of petrol is well known, and severe legislative restrictions as to its storage in even small bulk is a detriment to various industries to which it is applied. With the idea of removing this bar against its wider utilisation, an ingenious safety device by means of which the fluid may be handled with impunity without any danger of explosion has been contrived. The invention comprises a combination of safety-plugs fitted with internal safety-tubes, the latter being on the principle of the wire-gauze cylinders used in the Davy mining-lamp. The fittings can be connected easily to any vessel in which petrol is stored or carried. The gauze tubes are inserted

in the openings in the can or tank, and extend to the bottom of the receptacle, the orifice then being sealed by a plug held in position by fusible solder. In the event of the can coming into contact with fire, the metal plug melts, is blown out, and the petrol within, which has been vaporised by the heat, issues through the gauze tube, and when ignited burns with a small flame outside the can. To demonstrate the efficiency of the invention a series of tests were carried out by a fire prevention committee. Whereas twelve out of seventeen cans of the ordinary types filled with petrol, when brought into contact with fire, exploded with varying force, hurling the burning liquid in all directions, twelve vessels fitted with the safety device failed to explode, the volatilised spirit simply burning harmlessly away at the opening until the contents had been consumed. In view of this complete success it should be possible now to store this spirit in bulk without the slightest risk, since the invention is applicable to any type of reservoir, from the smallest can to the huge tank. It is also applicable to open vessels which may contain quantities of the spirit, the vessel in such instances being simply covered with the gauze. Should, therefore, a light be brought into proximity to the spirit it does not flare up, but merely burns away in a small flame.

A NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR CEDAR-WOOD.

One outcome resulting from the huge output of lead-pencils—which industry is far greater than might be supposed—has been the difficulty in securing the requisite supplies of cedar-wood which is exclusively used for the purpose. The raw material, owing to the heavier demand and the limited supply, has rapidly increased in price. Under these circumstances it became incumbent to discover a substitute for the cedar; and, as no other equally suitable wood was forthcoming, efforts were made to evolve a synthetic product which would suffice equally well. These efforts have been crowned with success. The fundamental constituent of this chemical compound is potato, and the material can be produced so cheaply that pencils made therefrom are now being manufactured in increasingly large quantities. The pencils are of the same familiar shape and size, but owing to the density of the synthetic substance are a trifle heavier. They are, however, more easily sharpened. An extensive factory with a daily capacity of forty-eight thousand pencils is now in course of erection. Owing to the low price at which the potatoes can be procured, an appreciable saving in the cost of manufacture will be effected, and the threatened crisis arising from the dearth of cedar-wood avoided.

AN AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

If there is one great drawback levied against the telephone more than any other, it is the impossibility of securing absolutely private conversation, owing to the communication having to be established between the two desired points by one or more exchange-plugs, which thus offer a ready means of tapping the line. In order to overcome this serious disadvantage an automatic exchange device has been perfected by three ingenious Canadians, the Lorimer Brothers. In this system, which marks the greatest advance in telephony since Bell first perfected the 'talking-wire,' the ordinary exchange switchboard is done away with entirely, as well as the staff of operators. If a subscriber wishes to ring up a number he simply does so from his own instrument, and the exchange automatically brings the desired line into direct communication instantly and with complete certainty. Suppose, for instance, you wish to ring up No. 8295. On your desk at the base of the instrument is a small box in which are four slots, each fitted with a moving lever. These slots represent units, tens, hundreds, and thousands respectively, and each slot is calibrated from one to ten. In the units-slide you move the lever to 5, the tens-lever to 9, the hundreds-lever to 2, and the thousands-lever to 8, give the small crank-handle at the side a few turns, place the receiver to your ear, and your call is answered almost before you have completed the operation. Though the system may seem somewhat involved from the description, it is really very simple. Your conversation completed, you merely hang up your receiver, and the connection is instantly and automatically broken. At the exchange the automatic mechanical apparatus is somewhat intricate in its design but simple in its operation. The exchange is subdivided into a number of units or sections, each of which is complete in itself, and each of which serves one hundred subscribers. By the movement of the levers at your instrument, a revolving indicator is brought into play until the line you desire is secured, when the electrical connection is established in precisely the same manner as the plugs are inserted into their allotted sockets by the girl, and the station you desire is simultaneously rung up. The exchange apparatus, which is almost human in its operation, is of substantial construction, and the possibility of breakdown is quite remote. In fact, it is so certain in its working that at the central station where the system is in operation in Canada it is left during the night without any attendant. The fact that no one can break in upon your conversation is a distinctly valuable feature; and should some one desire to ring you up when thus engaged, the third party will only hear a busy buzz, showing that the line is occupied, but not a syllable of your conversation. Similarly, should your line break down, instantaneous intimation of the fact is given by the exchange apparatus, and the attendant can issue the necessary instructions for the repair of the defect. Moreover, after a conversation, should you inadvertently omit to disconnect your circuit an alarm will ring out in the exchange and continue doing so until the attendant supervenes and restores the lines to their

normal condition, an operation which can be effected instantly. The system has been submitted to a very thorough and prolonged test in Canada, and several new exchanges in course of installation are being fitted up with the Lorimer automatic system in lieu of the conventional switchboard and operator.

HISTORY TAUGHT FROM MAPS.

The 'dryasdust' methods of teaching history and the mere iteration of dates of importance in chronological order have long been deplored by tutors and pupils alike. What is required is to make the subject attractive, with the incidents emphasised in some striking manner. A step in the right direction, and one which will materially contribute to the easy mastering of what is now a somewhat difficult subject in the educational curriculum, has been made by the introduction of the 'history map.' It is designed upon lines analogous to the geographical map on Mercator's projection. Whereas in the latter the vertical and horizontal lines respectively refer to facts in space, as represented by longitude and latitude, in the history map the corresponding lines relate to facts in time. The map covering, say, a particular dynasty is divided into vertical columns, each of which corresponds to a year in the duration of that epoch. The horizontal lines, the spaces between which are differently coloured, indicate the length of the reign of each sovereign and, read downwards, the most eminent men and most important events in political, diplomatic, domestic, literary, and scientific circles, together with the movements of affairs in Scotland, Ireland, the colonies, and abroad. By this simple graphic exposition it is possible to ascertain all the leading features of a certain reign at a glance, obviating that irritating frequency of cross-references common to the ordinary text-book methods. It will be realised that such a system as this has great possibilities. It can either be a mere compact summary or a fully detailed chart of life from year to year. Certainly it constitutes the most impressionistic method of initiating the young scholar into the principal facts in history, and should therefore have a wide vogue among our schools.

THE NEW LODGE MOTOR-CAR IGNITER.

Every motorist is only too painfully cognisant of the troubles often experienced with ignition, especially when the plugs become fouled with soot or drowned in oil, thereby resisting the passage of the current producing the spark between the terminals of the plug. Such troubles, however, can now be completely averted by means of the new igniter which has been evolved from Sir Oliver Lodge's discoveries in high-frequency electric currents. This apparatus is used in precisely the same way as the ordinary high-tension trembler coil, the only and the most vital difference being the production of a white-hot banging spark of such intensity that all resistances to its passage such as soot or oil are completely broken down and the mixture fired. The igniter comprises an application of two special glass condensers which act as Leyden jars in the secondary circuit. When these become fully charged they overflow and give rise to what is described as the high-frequency 'B' spark, which precipitates across the gap represented by the space between the plug terminals an instantaneous surge of current of great potential energy. An idea of the intensity of this current may be gauged from the fact that even when the plug is wholly immersed in water or oil the spark will continue to be produced with equal vigour and potency—which, needless to say, is quite a new development in automobile ignition practice. The system has been in operation for some months past in connection with large gas-engines, but its adaptation to motor requirements is a new application, and one by means of which ignition-troubles are entirely banished from the motorist's worries.

HARNESSING SCOTLAND'S WATER-POWER.

The utilisation of water-power in these islands for the generation of electrical energy has always been severely restricted, mainly on æsthetic grounds. This prejudice is, however, being slowly overcome, since it is realised that even in grim industrial undertakings the engineer can so design his work as to reduce disfigurement of the natural beauties of the surrounding country to the minimum. This is being shown in the construction of the huge thirty-five thousand horse-power installation at the head of Loch Leven in Argyllshire for the supply of energy to the new aluminium-works that are to be established at this point. The undertaking possesses many interesting features. By the erection of the three-quarter-mile long dam an artificial reservoir seven and a half miles in length will be created, which will probably rank as the reservoir having the largest capacity in Europe. Three lochs will be submerged in this scheme. The water from the lake will be drawn off through a conduit eight feet in diameter and four miles in length, with a gradient of one foot in a thousand to the penstocks or collecting basin, from which the water is taken through a number of smaller pipes to the water-turbines a mile and a quarter away and nine hundred and thirty-two feet below, so that an ample fall is secured. The situation is an ideal one for the object in view, since the rainfall averages about one hundred and twenty inches per annum, so that no apprehensions regarding a sufficiency of water for the reservoirs need be entertained. By the completion of this undertaking a flourishing industry will be established in the Highlands, and a couple of large villages will grow up at Kinlochleven of some five or six thousand persons, representing the workmen to be employed in the aluminium-works, with their wives and families. Every care has been exercised to prevent this incursion of commerce into such sylvan country marring the scenic beauties; and although the district is at present considerably

broken up and disfigured by the constructional works and temporary buildings, the completion of the dam will see restoration to its original condition.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL ELECTRIC LAMP.

The struggle between gas and electricity for supremacy as an illuminant continues apace; but with the introduction of the new Osram lamp honours rest for the time being with electricity. The filament of this lamp is made from the rare metal tungsten, the lighting efficiency of which is more than four times as great as that of the carbon filament of the same current consumption. The lamp is made in standards of thirty, fifty, and one hundred candle-power, at voltages from one hundred to one hundred and thirty, so that for ordinary purposes they have to be arranged in series of two in the same manner as the tantalum lamp. It, however, marks as great advance upon the latter as does the incandescent gas-burner upon the half-penny dip, for it is more economical in current-consumption, and yields a better light, which in appearance is the nearest artificial illumination to daylight, since delicate colours can be judged as easily and truthfully thereby as by day. Though it is a trifle more expensive in initial outlay than any other type of electric lamp, its current-consumption is much lower, being 1·25 watts as compared with 2·2 for the tantalum, representing an economy in current of nearly 1 watt per candle-power. The average life of the lamp is approximately one thousand hours, with the additional advantage that as its life becomes shorter the bulb does not blacken as is usual with the ordinary carbon filament lamp, but the light remains constant until it fails. One point, however, must be borne in mind with the Osram lamp: it must be burnt vertically downwards, since, owing to its fragile nature and the hair-like thickness of the filament, when incandescent it becomes somewhat softened, and will sag if hung at an angle. A large paper-mill near Glasgow has recently been fitted throughout with this lamp, and the soft daylight brilliance of the illuminant forcibly impresses the visitor, while facilitating the operations of the workmen even when engaged upon the most delicate work.

THE ROSTIN AUTOMATIC GAS-LIGHTER.

A short time ago we referred to the Rostin automatic system of lighting street-lamps, and now the results of the experiments carried out in a London borough therewith afford interesting reading and give a convincing insight into the possibilities of the invention. In the case under notice the saving in the light per lamp during a year is four hundred hours, and this upon eight hundred lamps so fitted represents one hundred and seven pounds seventeen shillings and eightpence; while, as the maintenance charges are reduced by six shillings per lamp as compared with the old system, representing a further economy of two hundred and forty pounds per annum, the total net saving is no less than three hundred and forty-seven pounds seventeen shillings and eightpence. This sum represents upon the initial outlay of two thousand pounds for fitting the lamps with the apparatus a return of 18 per cent.—a highly gratifying result. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the system is being rapidly extended, one gas company having completed arrangements for the fitting of the device to the whole of the four thousand five hundred public lamps under its control. With this apparatus all the advantages of electric lighting are secured in respect to the lighting or extinguishing of the whole of the lamps within a certain area from one central point when required. The value of such a boon can be widely appreciated in our busy industrial centres when the settlement of a fog during the day threatens to disorganise street traffic. By means of the Rostin apparatus the whole of the public lamps can be lighted simultaneously upon the arrival of the fog, and extinguished again directly it lifts.

A NOVEL WATERPROOF COVER.

A natty little device which will be appreciated by book-lovers who desire to keep the boards of their books clean when travelling has been invented by an Edinburgh bookseller. It is waterproof, and by means of inner pockets it slides firmly over the edges of the boards, while at the same time it can be adapted to books of varying thicknesses. Once attached—a matter of two or three seconds—it remains in a tight position until released, and it is impossible for the book-cover to become soiled through handling or wet.

FUEL FROM HOUSE REFUSE.

To the more economical and useful utilisation of the contents of the humble dust-bin there appears to be no end. The latest development is the production of a fuel known as 'coalescine,' primarily intended for industrial use, as distinct from the open grate. The process of preparation, which is the invention of an English borough surveyor, comprises the pulverisation of the organic and inorganic matter contained in the dust-bin, and its subsequent admixture with tar or tar-and-pitch, after which it is pressed into briquettes. The fuel is stated to burn with a high efficiency in ordinary boilers, is perfectly hygienic, and can be manufactured very cheaply. The calorific qualities of such refuse is well known to be very high, as is evidenced by its wide utilisation in municipal dust-destructors for the generation of steam for driving electric machinery. The new system should directly appeal to those smaller towns where the exigencies do not warrant the heavy expenditure incidental to the installation of a dust-destructor, since the apparatus for preparing the fuel is of simple design and inexpensive to lay down, while the revenue reaped from the sale of the article should render it at least practically self-supporting.

A LONG DUEL.

By Frederick H. Heryet.

THE medieval custom of settling quarrels by personal combat dies hard on the Continent, and few things contribute more to the mirth of nations than the jests and caricatures inspired by the duelling exploits of our Gallic neighbours. The development among the French of that sense of humour which is our particular pride, and consequently the fuller recognition of the farcical nature of such a settlement, possibly account for the disappearance of that 'thirst for gore,' of that determination to fight to a finish, which formerly characterised the French duel.

The following story presents a striking contrast to those we are now accustomed to hear, and gives us some idea of the character of those dashing *beaux sabreurs* by whose aid Napoleon became the scourge of Europe.

In the city of Strasbourg at the close of the eighteenth century soldiers of all ranks had ample opportunities of picking quarrels whenever they wished. A captain of hussars named Fournier indulged in this amusement to his heart's content, and became celebrated for his aggressive temper and his address with arms. Strasbourg had to reproach him for the loss of several of her sons, and especially for having challenged without any plausible reason a young man named Blume, whom he killed without the slightest pity.

On the very day of Blume's funeral General Moreau gave a ball, to which were invited all the members of the high *bourgeoisie*. It was desirable to avoid the scandalous scenes which could not fail to take place between the fellow-townsmen, perhaps the relations, of the unfortunate deceased and the aggressor, who was styled his murderer. General Moreau therefore desired his aide-de-camp, Captain Dupont, to prevent Captain Fournier from entering the ballroom. Dupont stationed himself in a corner of one of the antechambers, and immediately he caught sight of him accosted him abruptly.

'What are you going to do here?'

'Ah! is that you, Dupont? Good-evening. *Parbleu!* you see what I am doing. I am come to the ball.'

'Are you not ashamed to come to a ball the very day of the funeral of that poor fellow Blume? What will his friends and relations say?'

'They may say what they please; it is all one to me. But I should like to ask what business that is of yours.'

'It is everybody's business. Everybody is thinking and talking about it.'

'Everybody is wrong, then. I don't like people to poke their noses into my affairs. And now, if you please, let me pass.'

'You shall not go into the ballroom.'

'Indeed! Why not?'

'You must take yourself off. The General orders you to return to your own apartments.'

'Am I turned out of the house?'

Dupont shrugged his shoulders.

'Are you aware of the consequences of turning Fournier out of doors?'

'I don't want to hear any of your rodomontades. Just have the goodness to take yourself off.'

'Listen!' said Fournier in a fury. 'I cannot have my revenge of the General, because he is my superior officer; but you are my equal; you have presumed to take your share in the insult, and you shall pay for the whole of it. We will fight!'

'Listen, in turn,' said Dupont. 'I have long been out of patience with you. I am disgusted with your bullying ways, and I hope to give you a lesson you will long remember.'

Fournier would have gone mad with vexation had he not been consoled by the hope of killing Dupont. But the result of the combat was not what he expected, for Dupont gave him a frightful wound.

'You fence well,' said Fournier as he fell.

'Not badly, as you see.'

'Yes; but now I know your play. You won't catch me another time, as I will soon show you.'

'You wish for another encounter?'

'*Parbleu!* that's a matter of course.'

In fact, after a few weeks' nursing, Fournier, for the second time, was face to face with his adversary. It was now his turn. He gave Dupont a home-thrust with the comment, 'You see you hold your hand too low to parry properly. After your lunge you gave me time to stick three inches of cold iron between your ribs.'

'This is only the second act,' cried Dupont. 'We'll come to the catastrophe as soon as possible.'

At the third meeting they each received a trifling scratch. So these two fire-eaters, annoyed at such a negative result, agreed to recommence the struggle until one of the two confessed himself beaten. They therefore drew up a treaty to this effect, and whenever the madmen were able to meet they fought. Their persons were marked with numerous scars, yet they continued to cut and slash at each other in most enthusiastic style. Fournier used to observe now and then, 'It is really astonishing that I, who always kill my man, cannot contrive to kill that devil Dupont.'

After these encounters had continued some years, Dupont, now promoted to the rank of General, received orders to join the army of the Grisons. He was not expected, and was trying in vain to find a lodging, when he perceived a châlet, through whose

windows a light was gleaming. He knocked at the door and entered. A man was writing at a bureau; he turned his head, and, recognising his visitor, said before the other could cross the threshold, 'Ah! is that you, Dupont? We will have a little sword-play.'

'With all my heart,' said Dupont to Fournier, who chanced to be the occupant of the châlet; and they set to work, chatting between the passes.

'I thought you were employed in the interior,' said Fournier.

'The Minister has promoted me to the fourth corps.'

'*Vraiment!* What a curious coincidence! I command the cavalry there. And so you have only just arrived? I am delighted.'

At last General Dupont's sword, after piercing General Fournier's shoulder, struck the wall.

'*Sapristi!*' shouted Fournier.

'You didn't expect that.'

'On the contrary, directly I left my guard I knew I was caught. But 'tis you who don't expect what is going to happen.'

During this little dialogue Dupont kept Fournier pinned to the wall, as a naturalist would a butterfly.

'Well, what will happen?'

'The moment you stir I shall give you a thrust in the belly. You are a dead man,' said Fournier.

'I shall parry your thrust.'

'Impossible.'

'I shall keep you pinned till you throw down your sword.'

'I shall not do that. I intend to kill you.'

Fortunately the noise made by the two Generals was heard by some officers, who separated the combatants.

Dupont, the more reasonable of the two, sometimes thought of the absurdity of a quarrel which still went on after so many conflicts, and at last decided to make an end of the matter.

One morning he called on Fournier.

'Are you come to fix a day for a match?' inquired the latter.

'Yes; but first of all let us talk a little. Listen. I intend to get married, and before doing so I should like to be done with you.'

'Oh! oh!'

'Our quarrel has now lasted for nineteen years. I do not wish to continue a style of life which my wife might consider not exactly comfortable, and therefore I am come to propose a change in the mode of the combat. One of my friends has, at Neuilly, an enclosure planted with trees, surrounded by walls with two doors, one at each end. At the hour agreed we will go to the enclosure separately, armed with our two holster-pistols, to take a single shot with each. We will try which can find the other, and whoever catches sight of the other shall fire.'

'That's a droll idea.'

'Does it suit you?'

'Ten o'clock on Thursday morning—will that do?'

'Agreed. Adieu till Thursday.'

They were punctual at their rendezvous, and as soon as they were inside the enclosure they sought each other cautiously. They advanced slowly, cocked pistols in their hands, eye on the watch, and ear all attention. At the turn of an alley they perceived each other. They threw themselves behind a couple of trees and waited. At last Dupont resolved to act. He waved the tail of his coat just outside the tree which protected him; then he protruded his arm, drawing it back instantly. Immediately a bullet sent a large piece of the bark flying. Fournier had lost a shot.

After a time Dupont recommenced the same manœuvre on the opposite side of the tree-trunk, without, however, drawing his adversary's fire. Then holding his hat in his hand, he displayed it as far as the brim. In a twinkling the hat was blown away; fortunately there was no head inside it. Fournier, therefore, had wasted his second bullet.

Dupont then sallied from his fortress and marched up to his opponent, who awaited him in the attitude of a brave man for whom there is no further hope. When Dupont was close to him he said, 'I can kill you if I like—it is my right and my privilege; but I cannot fire at a human creature in cold blood. I spare your life.'

'As you please.'

'I spare you to-day; but you clearly understand that I remain the master of my own property, of which I allow you the provisional enjoyment. If ever you give me any trouble, if ever you try to pick a quarrel with me, I shall take the liberty of reminding you that I am the lawful owner of a couple of bullets specially designed to be lodged in your skull; and we will resume the affair exactly at the point where I think proper to leave it to-day.'

So ended a duel begun in 1794 and finished in 1813.

ON THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

The slant-faced hills, the lowly vales, all eye
Their crystal robes of softly clinging snow;
The frost-bound streams no longer seawards flow,
Though 'neath their icy coverlets they try;
The woods are silent save for Winter's sigh,
Their withered leaves the winds long since laid low.
And now, good friends, with pulsings calm and slow,
The parting year will bid us all Good-bye.
But Father Time—whose step we know draws nigh
With even pace, unmoved by weal or woe,
Or life or death of either friend or foe—
I pray will bring us, as he passes by,
When midnight fades and smiling morn is here,
A Happy, Peaceful, Plentiful New Year.

SARAH WILSON.

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A ROMANCE OF ORD.

By H. HALYBURTON ROSS, Author of *Margaret and the School-Board*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

HOW many a romance has begun in church!—though whether it is the religious atmosphere of the place or the long period of enforced inaction that is most responsible would be hard to determine. Certainly, in the case of Katie Bethune, the minister's daughter, and Martin Ellis, the new Laird of Ord, their acquaintance may more truly be said to have commenced on the Sunday morning—when, during the early part of the service, she raised her head and met his eyes for the first time in full glance—than at their later introduction. Both felt it to be so, and acknowledged it to each other when the acquaintance had ripened into something more intimate. But this is anticipating, and for the sake of historical sequence I must go back to that original June Sunday which was to prove so fateful for them both. To her credit be it said that after the first glance Katie did her best to keep her eyes averted. But as there was no such conscientious endeavour on the Laird's part, it was well-nigh impossible for her to resist the magnetic attraction that seemed to draw her gaze again and again in the direction of the Ord pew.

Nor was she singular in her interest. The eyes of the whole congregation converged by mutual consent upon the tall figure of its solitary occupant, as if in the hope of wresting from his calm, impervious personality the life-story which was for them as yet veiled in mystery.

Six months ago they had not even known of his existence, and all the information they could yet boast in connection with his past was that it had been spent chiefly in savage lands; a strange contrast to his kinsman, the old hermit of Ord, who had just passed away from their midst, and whom some of the more juvenile of them had never even seen.

But, conscious as he was of their scrutiny, the Laird showed no signs of embarrassment. He had come prepared to be stared at, though he had not expected to find anything so worth contemplating in his turn as the slender girlish figure and wholesome beauty of the minister's daughter. He assigned her position at once with the ease which his years of absolute dependence on his own faculties of observation had induced in him. But in any case the likeness between Katie and her father was remarkable. There were the same straight-cut features, the clear, healthy skin, the raven hair—white in the minister's case—and the almost startling contrast of the blue eyes, with their frank, fearless glance. Ellis had met a woman of the prairies once, a backwoodsman's wife, of whom she reminded him; and he recalled now with pleasure many instances of courage and endurance on the part of the little frontierswoman that seemed somehow to shed a reflected lustre on the girl before him.

Then, with an impatient sigh, he checked himself. As far as he was concerned, those days of freedom and irresponsibility were at an end. The old roving life, with its mysterious fascinations and uncertainties, its hazards and dangers, the elementary simplicity of its aims, and the rude justice that was the sole governing rule of its conduct, would in all probability never again be his to enjoy. Henceforward he must conform to the requirements of a narrower though more complex civilisation.

The burden of responsibility which attaches itself to the possession of great lands and wealth already weighed heavily upon him. But for the first time this morning a desire to acquit himself worthily of his obligations outrivalled the conviction of hardship he had previously experienced. Perhaps the frank challenging glance of the blue eyes in the manse-pew had something to say to the sudden growth of the resolution within him; or perhaps the contiguity of those who now owed

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him their allegiance, and for whose well-being he was to be answerable in the future, appealed to a latent conviction of hereditary power in his nature.

Be that as it may, the first bond between him and his new life had been established; and as he leant back in his pew at the conclusion of the service, and watched the worshippers filing out into the June sunshine that flooded the little kirkyard, a sense of contentment and satisfaction possessed him.

Katie Bethune, too, lingered, as was her custom, till the church had scaled. But once outside, instead of pausing to exchange greetings with the lingering groups among the gravestones, she made her way hurriedly through their midst, and, choosing a short-cut over the fields, let herself in by a private gate to the manse-garden.

She could not have explained the motive of her unusual haste unless it was a desire to escape from the possibility of any chance-meeting with the stranger who had filled all her thoughts that morning. He was certainly very different from what she had expected. The wild and bearded barbarian of her fancy's conception could have nothing to say to this calm, self-possessed man of the world, with his smooth bronzed face and quizzical gray eyes.

Like the majority of the worshippers, she was acquainted with every detail of information that was yet to hand concerning him. Now for the first time a sense of dissatisfaction with the scantiness of her knowledge assailed her. She would fain have known more of his history—penetrated the secret of the personality that lay behind those cool, frank eyes whose half-admiring, half-inquisitive gaze had played such havoc with her devotions that morning. Almost unconsciously she set to work to review the meagre store of facts at her disposal. No detail was too trifling or unimportant for her newly awakened interest.

Even the slight limp that marred the otherwise athletic freedom of his movements had its place in her consideration. She knew it to be the result of a shooting affray out West. But which of the many solutions she had heard offered in explanation of it was the true one she was at a loss to conjecture. Any of them, however, was thrilling enough to appeal to her in her present frame of mind; and, taken in conjunction with the first vivid impression of his personality she had received that morning, helped to intensify the glamour of romantic interest with which her girlish fancy had already encompassed him.

Slowly she wandered on between the tall borders of hollyhocks that fringed the gravel walks in the prim, old-fashioned garden. Something that she had never felt before seemed to have transformed the whole aspect of the place. For her it was no longer just the familiar and somewhat prosaic manse-garden, beloved of her childhood's days, but a new and beautiful Eden, every flower and shrub in which bloomed afresh for her that morning. The Prince had come at last, and Katie's days of dreaming were done.

Their actual introduction took place a few days later. The minister had called, as in duty bound, upon his new parishioner, and it was in response to this visit that Ellis arrived at the manse one afternoon, to find its young mistress installed in her favourite nook under the cedar-tree on the lawn.

She had been reading, but put the book aside at once at sight of him and rose to her feet, a swift colour coming and going in her cheeks, her eyes seeming to take in every detail of his tall figure as he limped across the sunlit grass towards her. Even in the distance the little rebellious jerk of the shoulder with which he sought to equalise the effect of his lameness was painfully apparent to her. But by the time he had come near enough for her to read the expression of his face she had forgotten all about the disfigurement or her instinctive sympathy. Seen closely, the blunt features and quizzical gray eyes were even more attractive than she had supposed them in church. She liked his voice, too, with its lazy inflections, and the unconventional manner in which he took possession of a chair, and, stretching out his long limbs, set to work to make her acquaintance.

To an outsider their conversation would doubtless have appeared commonplace enough; but there was a suggestion of future intimacy underlying it that Katie only realised after her visitor had departed. Almost his first words had been to tell her of the likeness he had remarked in church between her and the little frontierswoman he had known out West, and that had led by natural sequence to further revelations concerning the roving existence that lay behind him. Katie listened, absorbed, to the tale of his adventures; and as he talked he himself was unconsciously entertained by watching the ever-changing play of expression on the face of his audience.

'My brother used to think and talk of nothing else,' she exclaimed at last with a deep-drawn sigh when he had brought his recital to an end; 'he said he felt the West calling him,' a sudden shadow obscuring the brightness of her eyes as she spoke.

'Well?' interpolated Ellis lazily. He was mystified by the change that had come over her face, and more curious to discover the cause than interested in the fate of the brother's aspirations. 'Well?' he repeated as she still remained silent.

Katie turned slowly towards him. 'He ran away from home,' she announced in a would-be matter-of-fact tone. 'My father wanted him to go into the Church, and—well, he wouldn't; so he left us. We have never heard of him since.'

It was Ellis's turn to be silent. Almost unconsciously the memory of all the derelict lives he had known drift into the silence of forest or prairie,

never to return, had assailed him, and with a pessimism born of experience he numbered this one among them.

But before he could collect his thoughts to reply Katie had brought the conversation back to Ord and its surroundings, and they were soon engrossed in a discussion of local topics. She was able to tell him much that he had never known before about the place and the people; and as he listened to her judicious comments, and realised the underlying affection and enthusiasm that prompted all she said and thought, the ambition that had taken shape in his heart the previous Sunday became stronger and more definite.

'You make me ashamed,' he said at last—'I who belong to Ord and am ignorant of either its past history or its present needs; whilst you—a stranger'——

But Katie interrupted him hastily. 'It is nothing to what my father could tell you,' she said, colouring a little. 'I have learned all I know from him.'

'Then it behoves me to improve my acquaintance with him,' said Ellis, rising as he spoke. 'You don't know how ambitious I am to be a good landlord, Miss Bethune,' he added somewhat tentatively the next moment, glancing down at her with a little, embarrassed laugh.

Katie looked straight up into his gray eyes and smiled encouragingly. But before she could utter a word the sound of her father's voice calling her name made them both turn in the direction of the house.

The minister was coming across the lawn towards them, a tall, martial figure in his long driving-cloak, with his white head held high, and the stern, almost classic, severity of his features sharply defined beneath the low brim of his wide-awake.

'Well, has Katie been doing the honours of the manse?' were his first words after greeting his guest, his eyes turning with artless appreciation to his daughter's face.

'So well that I have forgotten the passage of time,' laughed Ellis. 'And, judging by the sunset, I shall have to run all the way home,' he added, indicating the red glow that shone through the fringe of tall fir-trees to the west of the glebe-lands. 'My housekeeper is a martinet for punctuality.'

'But you are not walking, surely!' exclaimed the minister, astonished.

'Of course I am,' retorted Ellis. 'I must have some exercise. Think of the distances to which I have been accustomed!'

'Well, I should have thought, with that leg of yours, you would rather drive when you could,' said the minister bluntly.

Katie felt the hot colour surge into her cheeks as she glanced anxiously at her guest.

But beyond a momentary spasm of bitterness his expression remained unchanged. 'I don't find it troubles me much,' he said, glancing downwards as he spoke. Then, with an abrupt movement, he turned to Katie. 'I want you to come to Ord some day, when I have all my treasures unpacked,' he said in his most matter-of-fact tones. 'I have cases full of trophies—reminiscences of my roving days.'

'Well over now,' supplemented the minister's voice by his side. 'You will find it hard work at first to settle down, my boy,' he went on in an admonitory tone; 'but you must think of your responsibilities. And you have wasted years enough already on your own pursuits.'

Again Katie's anxious glance travelled to her visitor's face. Dearly as she loved her father, his frequent want of tact cost her many a pang.

But to judge by the amused smile that flickered about his lips, Ellis evidently bore no malice for the reproof. 'When I feel a roving fit approaching I shall come to you to steady me, sir,' he said, holding out his hand.

The minister shook it heartily, though his expression had saddened. 'I couldn't keep my own son at home,' he said in a low voice. 'It's not likely I should be able to influence a stranger.'

CHAPTER II.

A FORTNIGHT went by. It is wonderful how long a fortnight can be when you are waiting for something which any day of the fourteen may bring.

Then, when Katie had almost given up hope, the eagerly-looked-for invitation from Ord arrived, and, with woman-like inconsistency, she shrank from the prospect, and would have done anything to avert the ordeal for a few days at least.

During the interval she had seen nothing of the Laird, though hardly a day passed without some anecdote of his personality reaching the manse. At one time it would be his prowess with gun or rifle, at another some exhibition of authority based on a judgment as sound and mature as middle age, or, again, a reckless schoolboy prank or daring unconventionality.

But they all tended in the same direction, and it was plain already that the new Laird of Ord was to enjoy a popularity unknown to his predecessor. Little wonder was it that, nourished by these insinuations of hero-worship, Katie's interest in the new-comer should have steadily increased. She herself hardly realised how large a portion of her thoughts he had usurped until she was suddenly faced with the prospect of seeing him again. Then came that absurd recoil on her part, and a shyness and shrinking such as she had never before experienced.

It was the reproach of this new self-consciousness that kept her silent and tongue-tied during the first part of the long drive to Ord the

following day. The beauties of the road, the glorious freshness of the mountain air upon her face, alike failed to encourage her, and she was thankful when her father's voice at last broke into the silence and forced her to emerge from her unpleasant meditations.

'What are your thoughts, Kitty?' he inquired, thrusting the whip back into its place and slackening the reins on the mare's neck for the long hill before them as he spoke.

Katie waited a few moments before replying. 'I was wishing I could see something more of life,' she began at last in a low, hesitating voice, her eyes fixed contemplatively on the widening vista of moor and mountain land before her. 'I am so stupid and inexperienced. It is all right with our own people. But when strangers come'—— she broke off.

'So that's it, is it?' ejaculated the minister tersely. 'And I wonder what's put this childish folly into your head to-day of all days,' half-turning to glance quizzically at her. 'There was no shyness that I could see with the Laird when he called the other afternoon,' he continued in a dry tone. 'Nor have I observed any want of friendliness on your part towards my probationers when they come.' Then, as she still remained silent, he added in a sharper voice, 'Don't you take to roving too, Kitty,' tightening the reins unconsciously at the same time and impelling the mare to a trot at the steepest point of the hill.

'No, no; it's not that kind of roving I meant,' interjected the girl hastily, moved by the sudden note of anxiety in his voice. 'I am quite happy here with you. But some day, if we went together, it would be nice just to see what other places are like.'

'Well, well, who knows?' replied the minister in a mollified tone. 'And here we are at Ord. I must say the boy has done something for the place already,' as they turned in between the great gray pillars that formed the principal entrance, and drove along the short, well-kept approach, overshadowed by tall pine-trees, that led to the house. 'I hope it's not going to be a case of the new broom,' Katie heard him mutter under his breath the next moment, as if anxious to qualify his former praise.

Ellis was waiting for them in the porch, and gave them a hearty Highland welcome. Strange to say, as her eyes met his Katie's shyness vanished mysteriously. The frank, steady gaze under the level brows seemed to challenge her to prove herself what his fancy had already pictured her, and instinctively her spirits rose to the occasion.

'We will have luncheon first, and then you can look round you,' he said, limping ahead of them across the hall.

But a delighted exclamation from the girl brought him back to her side. 'How splendid!' she cried, gazing round upon the array of antlered heads and glistening ivory that adorned the sombre walls.

'Are they all your own killing, Ellis?' inquired the minister in a more dubious tone, surveying the trophies critically.

'Most of them,' returned the Laird. 'They represent a good many years of real hard work, too,' he added, with a short laugh.

'Work!' echoed the minister sarcastically. 'Call it play rather. I'm all for a man being a sportsman, but everything in its place. Now, you can have had no time for anything else,' taking another collective survey of the walls as he finished.

Katie glanced anxiously at her host; but, to her relief, she saw that his expression was one of grave attention. Evidently her father's strictures caused him no offence.

'You have left a blank place over the mantelpiece,' she hastened to interpose, drawing his attention to an empty recess above the carved oaken fireplace.

He turned immediately towards her. 'For my first Ord "royal,"' he informed her with a smiling bow.

'Ay; and you won't be long getting it either if report speaks true,' chimed in the minister enthusiastically. 'A shame that so many splendid heads have gone out of the country. But they're to be beaten, I hear, and you're the man to do it,' he said, slapping his host heartily on the shoulder.

The Laird and Katie exchanged a lightning glance of amusement. She was thankful that his tolerance enabled him to see, beneath her father's troublesome conscience and frequent want of tact, the real geniality and breadth of sympathy that distinguished him.

'It's very good of you, sir, and I'll do my best to live up to your expectations this summer,' he said, smiling. 'And now for luncheon.'

The meal passed off gaily, and afterwards the three adjourned to the large, airy room at the top of the house which the Laird proudly designated his museum.

He had certainly not overrated the value or interest of his collection; and even the minister was forced to acknowledge that his years of sport and adventure had not been so wasted as he had imagined. 'I never saw specimens better arranged,' was his summing up at the conclusion of the inspection.

'I have to thank my friend Usgood for that,' said the Laird quickly. 'He was with me on most of my expeditions, and all the scientific knowledge I possess I learned from him.'

'Another idler!' commented the minister, though there was a twinkle in his eye as he spoke.

'We will have tea in my den, if you don't mind,' said Ellis as he led them downstairs once more. 'The drawing-room I don't consider habitable in its present condition. But perhaps, afterwards, you wouldn't mind taking a look at it,' he said, turning to Katie, 'and giving me the benefit of your experience?'

She assented at once, hoping that the flush that

had mounted to her face at the suggestion had passed unnoticed by him. After all, it was only courtesy on his part to invite her assistance in the rearrangement of the room, she told herself. He would have made the same request to any lady visitor. Nevertheless, she could not help a feeling of gratification at the prospect.

(To be continued.)

SOME UNCONVENTIONAL SUPPERS.

DOCTOR JOHNSON was of opinion that a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinners. Happily such serious consideration is not usually bestowed on the other meals of the day—suppers in particular.

The eighteenth century was the age of suppers; and when one had dined at four or five o'clock, a healthy appetite did justice later in the evening to a substantial meal which would offend every hygienic rule of the present day. In spite of a great physician's dictum that suppers kill more than doctors cure, the last decade or so has witnessed a great revival of the esteem in which the meal was formerly held, when the nightly crowds at the fashionable restaurants rival in elegance, if not in wit, the supper-parties of an earlier age. But hours are earlier, and lighter viands—partaken of to the lively strains of an orchestra—have taken the place of the steaks and kidneys and the baked potatoes of a more robust period.

Horace Walpole, writing in 1777, says: 'The present folly is late hours. Lord Derby's cook lately gave him warning. The man owned he liked his place, but said he should be killed by dressing suppers at three in the morning.' And George Selwyn the wit, a couple of years earlier, remarks: 'Last night and the night before I supped at Lady Betty Stanley's. Their suppers are magnificent, but their hours are abominably late. . . . We are very merry all of us, and I think Mrs North the merriest of us all. At two this morning the bishop and I were almost left alone; the rest of the company were in their dominos and going to the masquerade.' The following year he writes: 'I am just come from Almack's. Many are gone to the "Thatched House," to sup with the ladies, as they call it'—chief among whom was Lady Essex.

Some, however, even in those times, found a late meal to disagree with them. 'Don't you eat supper, sir?' asks Mr Edwards, an old friend of Johnson. 'No, sir,' replies the Doctor, who is feeling the responsibilities of age. To which his friend rejoins, 'For my part, now, I consider supper as a turnpike through which one must pass in order to get to bed.' We find Lord Byron writing to Moore from Venice, advising him not to indulge in beer or in porter, 'nor eat suppers—the last are the devil to those who swallow dinner.'

In Elizabethan days only two meals were usually taken. Men of all ranks dined at the ordinary and supped at the tavern. A supper which the Queen gave to the French ambassador was finished about nine. During the troublous times of the Civil War it became unusual to take supper, and the poorer middle classes after the Restoration took only a hot drink of buttered ale or a light meal. Those, however, who could afford it made a more substantial repast with fish or joint. Ben Jonson describes the joint of mutton ushered in by 'an olive, capers, or some better salad.' Lord-Keeper Guildford dined during term in Hall; but 'at night he desired the company of some known and ingenious friends to join in a costelet and a sallad at Chattelin's, where a bottle of wine sufficed, and the company devised their own feast, that consisted in friendly and agreeable conversation.'

Lord Eldon tells us in his *Anecdote Book* that dinner-hours had much changed within a few years. 'I remember the Duchess of Gordon asking Mr Pitt to dine with her at eight o'clock. He excused himself by saying that at that hour he was to *sup* with Dr Prettyman.' As consultations with solicitors were held in those days from six to ten at night, lawyers despatched dinner in time to begin their evening labours in chambers between six and seven. An invitation to sup at the Salutation and Cat Tavern on January 17, 1735–36, was issued by the stewards in a poetical form:

> SIR,—You're desir'd on Monday next to meet
> At Salutation Tavern, Newgate Street.
> Supper will be on table just at eight.

Here Coleridge and Charles Lamb were wont to sit smoking Oronoko tobacco and drinking egg-hot. 'I imagine to myself,' writes Lamb, 'the little smoky room at the "Salutation and Cat," where we have sat together beguiling the cares of life with poesy.'

Horace Walpole describes in his gossipy way a visit to Vauxhall one day in 1756, at the invitation of Lady Caroline Petersham, which was followed by an unconventional supper. The party went by river, 'a band of French horns attending;' and in the evening 'we minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting the dish to fly about our ears. She had brought Betty the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon, and then made her sup by us at a little table. It was three o'clock before we got home.' Very merry too, in a simpler fashion, must have been the supper-parties given by Goldsmith in the Temple to young folks of both sexes, which were preceded

by round games of cards, forfeits, and blind-man's buff, at which the poet enacted the Lord of Misrule. There is little wonder, however, that the learned Blackstone used to complain of the racket made overhead! Equally informal were the weekly parties given by Charles Lamb in Inner Temple Lane, when the supper of cold meat was always on the side-table, and every one might rise when it suited him and cut a slice or take a glass of porter without reflecting on the abstinence of the rest of the company. Lamb would perhaps call out and bid the hungry guest help himself without ceremony. Among the guests were to be met Wordsworth, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt, the latter of whom says: 'An utterly misinformed person might have supposed this a scene of vulgar confusion and uproar. While the most critical question was pending, while the most difficult problem in philosophy was solving, Philips cried out, "That's game!" and Martin Burney muttered a quotation over the last remains of a veal-pie at a side-table.'

Supper is *par excellence* the actors' meal, and a story attributed to Mark Lemon is told of the frequenters of a players' hostelry, who once a week indulged in a tripe-supper. Some of the actors getting tired of the plain fare, one of them suggested a change in the same. Accordingly, what appeared to be a splendid banquet was one night spread with much ceremony before their gratified vision; but, alas! the meats of all kinds—game, tarts, and so forth—were but the contents of a child's toy-box: wooden meats, wooden birds, painted apples. 'A cry of disgust, mingled with shouts of laughter, greeted this satire upon the actor's desire for luxuries; and after the first burst of surprise, Old —— in his loudest voice said, "Jim, bring in the tripe."'

We hear of Mr Creevy one night in 1805 having a supper of broiled bones at the Pavilion at Brighton, with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of Norfolk, about one o'clock, 'the result of which was that, having fallen asleep myself, I was awoke by the sound of the Duke of Norfolk snoring, and found the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence in a very animated discussion as to the particular shape and make of the wig worn by George II.' On another occasion in the same year, Sheridan, who on a plea of indisposition had not been present at the Pavilion ball, after the supper said to Mr Creevy, 'Will you go with me, my dear fellow, into the kitchen, and let me see if I can find a bit of supper?' and we hear that 'he ate away, surrounded by supper of all kinds, consuming a bottle of claret in a minute, with every one waiting on him. . . . He then returned to the ballroom, and when I left it between three and four he was dancing.'

George Selwyn, writing on July 23, 1774, tells us of an unconventional invitation he had received. 'We supped last night,' he says, 'at Lady Harrington's, the consequence of which is to eat a turtle on Tuesday at an alehouse on the Ranelagh Road.' This lady, the celebrated beauty, was the heroine of various escapades, among which was her championship of James Maclean, the gentleman highwayman.

Greville, in his journal for a Thursday in May 1835, gives a description more candid than polite of a 'Judy Party' at Horace Twiss's: 'A supper and jollification, where all were expected to contribute to the amusement of the company who possessed wherewithal.' Among the guests were Planché, Theodore Hook, and several ladies. 'I stayed,' says Greville, 'till two, and they went on till three. It was sufficiently amusing altogether, though noisy and vulgar; company very miscellaneous, but everybody ready to amuse and be amused.'

Theodore Hook had a recipe of his own to prevent being exposed to the night air, against which his doctor had emphatically warned him. He came from Fulham every day to Crockford's or some other place to dinner, and made it a rule on no account to go home again till about four or five in the morning. Supper at Crockford's, a very elaborate meal prepared by the famous Ude—called by Hayward the Gil Blas of the kitchen—was constantly replenished from midnight to early dawn. At Brooks's Club supper began at eleven and ended half-an-hour after midnight, the price being six shillings.

The House of Commons has at times the appearance of a supper-club. During a recent all-night sitting, we read that the dining-rooms were patronised all night. Plates of bacon, ham-and-eggs, devilled bones, soles, and so forth were supplied in their hundreds, while the beverages ordered totalled thousands of glasses.

Macaulay tells us that Lord Althorp, about the year 1830, used to dine at four, go down to the House at five, and never stir till the House rose after midnight. He then went home, took a basin of arrowroot with a glass of sherry in it, and so to bed, where he always dropped asleep in three minutes. 'Stanley laughed,' he goes on, 'at Lord Althorp's arrowroot, and recommended his own supper—meat and warm negus,' which, the historian informs us, he will begin to take when he feels a desire to pass the night with a sensation of swallowing a nutmeg-grater every third minute!

Turning to meals partaken of in graver surroundings, there is a curious incident told by Archibald Forbes of Bismarck after Sedan. Uniformed and booted to the thigh, he strode into the *salle à manger* of the little hotel in the Square of Donchéry, about eleven o'clock at night, with the announcement of the surrender of Napoleon. But his supper tarried. An officer ventured into the kitchen to forage for provisions for the Chancellor's meal, but the only food in the place was half-a-dozen dubious eggs. From a ham among the war-correspondent's stores were contributed sundry slices, and they and the dubious eggs were prepared for his supper. Between the kitchen and dining-room, however, the dish was cut out and carried off by a privateering Uhlan

officer; and it was not until after perquisition throughout the depleted little town that a beef-steak was found, on which the great man at last supped, washing it down with a bottle of Donchéry champagne. A grim repast was that which the same intrepid author partook of during the siege of Paris with some of his journalistic friends. The supper consisted of steaks of horseflesh, followed by *ragoût* of dog, and the few scraps of bread on the table consisted of a sort of dingy paste of which one-half was sand.

The late Mr George Herring, it is stated, was a frequent visitor at the Salvation Army shelters, and would make straight to the kitchen to get something to eat. On one such occasion, being accompanied by a party of friends, including several ladies, he ordered some soup, which he disposed of with the help of an old iron spoon. Having found it to his taste, he turned to one of the ladies, asking her to try it. But the fair visitor shrank at the very suggestion. 'The ugly iron spoon and rough-and-ready basin,' we read, 'did not commend themselves to her sense of refinement and good taste; whereupon Mr Herring remarked good-humouredly, "If you lived on food like this you would be looking better than you are to-night."'

In France in the eighteenth century supper was an institution held in high favour not only by the gay frequenters of the Court but by philosophers and the cultured ladies of the *salons*. 'Come and sup with me next Thursday,' says a French amphitryon to a friend. 'You will meet philosophers and literary men. Take your choice.' 'My choice is soon made,' was the reply. 'I will sup twice with you.'

Sydney Smith remarks unkindly of these times that a few women of brilliant talents violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers. Large sums must have been spent on these entertainments. Five times a week, under the Duc de Choiseul's roof, the butler was wont to enter the drawing-room at ten o'clock and bestow a glance at the immense crowded gallery, and decide whether to lay the cloth for fifty, sixty, or eighty persons. 'At the *petits soupers* of Choisy,' says Rogers, 'were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism—a table and a sideboard which descended and rose again covered with viands and wines. The majestic nonentities were invited to dinner; the talkers, be they who they might, to supper.' Madame de Genlis, writing in 1782, tells of suppers followed by blind-man's buff, draw-dances (that is, where partners for the dance were *drawn* for, one supposes), and so forth, in which the fun was more boisterous than refined. Space would fail, however, to speak of the suppers at the Trianon and other festive entertainments of the *ancien régime*. They even survived the great upheaval, and it has been said that it was impossible to understand the Revolution without having supped at Barère's.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

By W. H. Fitchett, LL.D., Author of *Deeds that Won the Empire, How England Saved Europe*, &c.

CHAPTER VII.—PARIS EXPERIENCES.

IN the months of neglect and of humiliation which followed, Jean was in the house but formed no part of the household. It would be difficult to imagine a more lonely figure. Madame treated him as non-existent. The major-domo's eyes, when Jean crossed his path, dwelt on him with a brooding and unintelligible purpose which the lad fiercely resented, and yet more than half-feared. He was the butt and sport of the servants, fed with the contemptuous disregard with which a dog might be fed, and allowed to sit silent and forgotten whole days and nights in his lonely room. Years afterwards the memory of those days would flush Jean's face with anger.

Denise was in a convent school, but her rare visits to the mansion were gleams of dazzling sunshine, for she always found her way to him, sometimes stealing with dainty footfall to the door of his room, or lying in wait for him in the corridors. The touch of her soft little hand, the eager affection shining in her eyes, the pitiful comprehending smile on the sensitive lips, were to poor Jean glad and enduring memories—the only thing, indeed, that kept him from utter despair.

To escape menial tasks and companionships in the house the boy took to the streets, and rambled for whole days through the network of foul alleys which lay to the west of madame's house. Here, at least, he escaped that atmosphere of contempt which scorched him like a flame under madame's roof. He formed strange friendships with the gamins of the street, learned their *argot*, took part in their sports and enterprises.

Over the Paris of that day, it must be remembered—the Paris of 1786–90—the thunderstorm of the Revolution was gathering. In the debates of the clubs, in the songs and catchwords of the streets, in the very sports of the gamins, a strange ferment was stirring. The thrill of some great change beginning to sweep over the land stirred men's hearts everywhere as the energies of the coming spring stir the fibres of every tree in a forest. It gave new fervour to hate, new edge to discontent, new passion to hope. The streets effervesced with fiery debates.

No scheme was too wild to find loud and eager advocates.

Jean rambled through the zone of slums that shut like a filthy girdle round the Tuileries. He knew every twist in the tangle of alleys which stretched from the Rue St Honore to the Place du Carrousal. The gloomy lanes of the Cité—the foulest spot in Paris, too deep in blackness for the sun to pierce, too narrow for cart to creep through—had an odd attraction for him. The network of cellars along the river-front—rat-holes in which, like filthy and half-starved rodents, a population of a hundred thousand people burrowed, flooded out with every rise of the river—was his familiar haunt.

Betwixt the wintry unkindness of madame's house and the foulness of Paris slums the poor lad oscillated in this fashion. If his character had been destroyed by the play of such evil forces, and he had disappeared, swallowed up of darkness, it would not have been strange. Perhaps M. Duclos hoped for this. It would have disposed of a possible claimant to madame's fortune. And madame herself silently consented to this. Jean's disappearance would have delivered her from a face that, in spite of herself, awoke a certain disquiet.

But somehow the lad survived. He kept the stubborn manliness which was the gift of his English blood. And he kept better things than even it—a hate of falsehood, a touch of boyish and unconscious piety—gifts to him from his dead mother. Her memory, the unfading vision of her face, the echo of her teaching, the sense of what would have pleased her and what grieved, acted as restraining forces. She had taught his conscience a tenderness and an authority which survived even the evil environment in which Jean now lived.

God interprets Himself to the human soul in many ways; and to Jean, as to many another English lad, his mother's face, remembered still in spite of death, became itself a sort of conscience. He saw right and wrong through his dead mother's eyes. His will took a more stubborn bent against evil whenever he thought of her.

London, meanwhile, grew faint to Jean. A certain shame made him reluctant to write, and the occasional letters his aunt wrote to him M. Duclos took care never reached him. That mysterious gentleman, too, contemplated with keen dislike the friendship betwixt Denise and Jean, and what he disliked was very apt to come to an uncomfortable end. The boy was always conscious of the darkened brow, the evil look of meditative dislike with which M. Duclos regarded him; but the frown grew darker, the glance more evil, as it became clear that Denise's love for her comrade survived his disgrace, and even took a new and more tender glow from it.

Much of the political passion stirring in Paris eddied round Madame Laurente's house. The Girondist leaders were familiar figures in her *salon;* and, as the factions had not yet come to open war, the representatives of every shade of politics rubbed shoulders in madame's drawing-room. Jean, watching from his dark perch at the summit of the stairs, heard sometimes from the *salon* the deep, compelling voice of Mirabeau, and later that other great voice of the Revolution, resonant as the sound of a bell—an alarm-bell, for choice—that of Danton. Danton's face, with its cinder-black eyebrows and features curiously flattened as though crushed, became familiar to him. M. Duclos had subterranean relationships with the darker and fiercer spirits in the political world of Paris, and sometimes representatives of the Left came to madame's *salon.* So Jean became familiar with Camille Desmoulins's voice of flute-like sweetness—a voice distilling gall in spite of its sweetness. He came to know the lifted face, the small pointed features, the compressed lips, the green, short-sighted eyes, the receding forehead of Robespierre, with his fixed and artificial smile, his nervously fluttering eyelids and bile-tinted complexion.

One day, as he rambled in the Palais Royal, Jean's eyes fell on an odd, undersized figure in the uniform of a *sous-lieutenant* of artillery. The big head was out of proportion to the short body; the slender legs were thrust into boots so high and wide that their owner resembled Puss-in-Boots. But as this odd figure came near, the dark Italian features, with their tint as of dead gold, the frowning brow, the eyes out of which a challenging discontent looked, seemed curiously familiar. It was his Corsican comrade of Brienne, '*Paille au nez*,' his chin a little higher in air, if possible, than ever.

With the impulse of frank comradeship, Jean ran forward to greet his friend, then stopped. The young officer had stopped too, and was contemplating with a look of angry astonishment the street gamin who, with eager face and outstretched hands, approached him. Then he recognised Jean.

'Ah, Jean,' he said, looking at him from head to foot with a glance that made the lad freshly conscious of his shabby clothes, 'you are, then, no soldier!'

This was clear enough, but the English lad found it hard to explain what he was. With the eager curiosity of youth, he plied his old Brienne companion with questions about his own doings.

Yes, Napolione had finished with the military school. He hated it, he declared with frowning emphasis. It was worse than Brienne. The other cadets were insolent; they were stupid; they were purse-proud. He had got his commission in the regiment of La Fere. He was to join it at Valence.

'It is a beginning,' he said; 'it is the first step. My destiny will declare itself.'

Jean, with his blunt English common-sense, smiled at the thin-legged, short-bodied *sous-lieutenant* who talked so confidently of his 'destiny.'

His companion, with his uncanny swiftness of glance, saw the smile, read its meaning, and flashed out imperiously, 'You smile! Nobody will smile at me ten years hence.'

And Jean, looking at the piercing eyes, the commanding brow, of the other, felt his smile fade. A compelling magnetism lurked in the eyes of this strange officer of artillery, something that made doubt or contradiction very difficult. 'Destiny' and the young artillery officer, with his boots too absurdly big for his thin legs, did after all seem to be on surprisingly intimate terms with each other.

Napolione meanwhile was looking afresh at Jean. 'You are unhappy,' he said bluntly. 'You are in disgrace still. But,' he added, with a sudden and fierce gleam in his eyes, 'why did you not make an end of Chambon? A word would have done it. He came on to Paris, and was more hateful than even in Brienne.'

'But the word would have been a lie,' said Jean stubbornly.

Napolione's gesture was magnificent. 'A lie is sometimes a useful weapon. What soldier is ashamed of his bayonet?'

Jean shook his head, and the other grew scornful. '*Mon ami*, I would help you. And the time will come,' he added, with an upward tilt of his chin which reminded Jean of Brienne, 'when I can help you. But you must be practical. What has put a gamin's blouse on your shoulders instead of a cadet's coat? It is what you call truth. It is your simple-minded incapacity to use words as a swordsman uses his blade.'

Jean went away from him feeling chilled and sore, yet fascinated afresh. His old Brienne comrade seemed to have forgotten that it was Jean's boyish loyalty to him which had spoiled his career. He had wasted on Jean no word of sympathy, yet the spell of his challenging eyes and his energy of purpose made the English lad feel towards him almost like a slave towards a master. He could give up everything to him—except his conscience. And it was precisely his conscience which was the point of divergence betwixt the two lads.

CHAPTER VIII.—'THE RATS.'

THE chief interests of Jean's life at this time lay in the friendships and enmities born of his street wanderings, and some of these were very odd. The Paris gamins of those days, when the great city was stirring through every lane and alley with the ferment of the coming revolution, were of a special type. The political passions of the day soaked through to even their dens. They had their clubs, their policies, their watchwords, their leaders, their wars with rival bands.

The dim and filthy regions which lay about the Tuileries were infested by a swarm of gamins organised into a band under the title of 'The Rats.' Jean's ramblings through their territory attracted their attention, and began to be watched with jealous eyes. One evening Jean was confronted by an odd figure in ragged dress and unwashed face, but with an air of strutting arrogance that contrasted absurdly with his rags.

'What are you doing here?' demanded this strange figure.

Jean stared at his questioner with silent wonder.

'I'm the Rat,' said the ragged youth with an air of indescribable pride, 'and this is my district. The Rats do not love strangers and spies;' and he glared fiercely at Jean.

There was something rodent-like in the slanting eyes and pointed chin of the Rat. Jean had noticed him before, and admired the speed and soft-footedness with which he could slip down some dark lane or cellar and disappear. Jean's cool silence, even more than his steady eyes and his evident preparedness for battle, seemed to chill the Rat's ardour for instant combat, and with a gesture of menace, as though threatening open war, he disappeared down the nearest lane. But from that moment Jean found himself exposed to incessant onfalls and ambushes whenever he crossed the zone of streets betwixt madame's house and the Palais Royal. He lived the life of a hunted animal.

The Paris of that day, however, was subject to extraordinary changes in sentiment, changes marked by tropical fervour and rapidity. One morning the Rat suddenly presented himself to Jean's astonished eyes and made a partially successful attempt to fall on his neck and embrace him.

'*L'Anglais*,' he cried, 'England and France are sisters. England is free, and France will get rid of her kings and priests and set an example of freedom to the world.'

Jean stared at the little ragged figure who talked in accents borrowed from some orator of the pavements, and evidently regarded himself as the representative of France and Jean as that of England, and was prepared to conclude a solemn league and covenant of peace on the spot.

England and all things English had for the moment become the rage in Paris. English costumes made their appearance in every street; English habits were copied; English phrases became passwords; English carriages thronged the Champs-Elysées; English racers ridden by English jockeys contended for prizes at Longchamp. The very riders in the Boulevards wore English breeches and top-boots, and rose in their stirrups in what was believed to be the English fashion. The English Constitution was discovered to be the last word of political wisdom. Paris temporarily became Anglomaniac, and the new craze filtered through to the very gamins. This explains why the Rat attempted to fall on Jean's neck and announced an eternal

brotherhood with him. The Paris of the gutters was mimicking the Paris of the clubs and the Boulevards.

Jean accepted the new terms of peace with the same cool philosophy that he had shown under the old conditions of war. But his league with the Rats introduced him to strange aspects of Paris life. The Rats of Jean's neighbourhood lived on terms of truceless strife with the organised gamins of the surrounding districts. Their days and nights were filled with traps, ambuscades, fierce sallies, feigned retreats, the cutting off of stragglers, the plunder of their enemies' supplies, &c. Jean was at first scorned by his new comrades for his apparent stupidity and jeered at for his clumsiness. But his unfailing coolness, his gift for straight hitting, and his mysterious faculty for fighting with serene cheerfulness against overwhelming odds aroused the wondering admiration of the Rat and the whole band.

In madame's house, as in the school at Brienne, a certain impassiveness lay on the boy's features like a mask. He seemed slow of wit and clumsy in body. It was an unconscious and self-protective disguise. But in the companionships of the streets the mask slipped aside; he showed himself curiously alert and inventive. He never forgot a street through which he had once passed, a face he had once seen, a voice he had once heard. A faculty for command awoke in him.

The Rat himself could plan a campaign with much ingenuity, but when the moment of actual combat came his genius failed, he fell into the background. It was Jean who led the onfall or covered the retreat, or singled out the captain of the hostile force in combat and seldom failed to overthrow him. The Rat was never tired of gazing at Jean's sturdier limbs with admiring envy. And he admired the English lad for gifts which he himself did not possess—his frank, if slow, speech; his cool genius in battle. So that, to his own astonishment, Jean found that he became a sort of unacknowledged leader amongst the Rats.

Sometimes Jean's influence was strong enough to restrain the imp-like performances of the Rat and his band. In the Feuillants, not far from the Tuileries, stood a bookshop, its little windows aflame with the political caricatures of the day. Jean had somewhere in his blood a love of books, and his feet often lingered in front of the windows of M. Toulan's shop. The wife was kindly. The shopkeeper himself, a quick-eyed, hot-tempered southerner, was for some reason in open feud with the Rats, who broke his windows and threatened to raid his establishment. M. Toulan, on his part, retaliated energetically, darting out from his shop, stick in hand, on any Rat or group of Rats that came within range of his vision. M. Toulan was an active politician; his flattened, prize-fighter-like nose showed him to be of a combative temper, and he was a somewhat formidable figure in the agitated scenes of that stormy time.

Jean one night discovered that a raid of a serious sort, which the Rats seemed anxious to keep from his knowledge, was on foot. This made him curious, and he succeeded in discovering that it was levelled against the flat-nosed shopkeeper in the Feuillants and his kindly wife.

The Rats had chosen their time well. It was a winter night; the streets, as was usual in those wild times, were empty. Sudden gusts of rain whipped the pavements and roofs of the city. Toulan was at his political club. Suddenly the Rats broke in on the shop like a swarm of South American peccaries; the terrified woman was seized, her shrieks were silenced with threats, and the Rats began to spread themselves on errands of plunder and destruction over the house.

Just then there lounged into the ill-lit shop from the dark and windy street a figure that seemed tall amongst the undersized gamins intent on their work of mischief. Hands in pockets, the newcomer strolled across the shop floor, turned, and looked at the startled Rats. His appearance had arrested their malign activity. With loitering deliberation, not taking his hands out of his pockets, the new-comer—it was Jean—drawled out the words, 'You had better go. Madame,' he said with a jerk of his head towards the astonished woman, 'is my friend.'

Jean, as he spoke, looked around with eyes of lazy command. The slow and careless sentences seemed to paralyse the Rats.

'The wolves of the Halle-au-Blé,' Jean went on, 'are on a raid to-night.'

An angry growl ran through the gamins as they listened, for the 'wolves of the Halle-au-Blé' were a rival band with whom the Rats were in deadly feud.

'We will catch them,' Jean continued, 'in the Rue de Grenelle. Come,' he said; and, still with hands in pockets, he strolled towards the door, casting a friendly glance at the woman as he went.

The Rats hesitated, but their leader was following Jean without a question, and they swarmed out into the streets after him. Whatever was the fate of the struggle with the 'wolves,' M. Toulan's shop and his wife escaped harm.

Jean shunned that shop for the next few days, but at last he met M. Toulan. The shopkeeper clapped his hand on Jean's shoulder. 'Little one,' he said, and his keen eyes shone with gratitude, 'you saved my wife and my shop, and Toulan is your friend to the death.' And, later, Jean found that friendship singularly useful.

The lad's life had some odd changes. Madame was capricious. She shunned meeting Jean as far as possible, but when they met his face affected her curiously. She was descending the stairs one evening in dainty dress to her *salon*, Denise by her side, when she met Jean climbing the stairs to his lonely room. His dress was neglected; on his sunless face lay an expression of dogged endurance. Madame

looked at him as he shrank to the side of the stairs, and the accusing eyes of the boy seemed to sting her.

'Send him away,' she cried sharply to M. Duclos, who was following her.

'Let him go to school, mamma,' said Denise with a look of pity.

'Yes, to school—anywhere,' exclaimed madame, and she swept on with a gesture of her hand and a shudder of her white shoulders as though dismissing Jean into space.

Jean accordingly found himself swept, as in a whirlwind, to the first school that offered. It was a dingy building in the Rue St Jacques, where its head, M. Lepitre, ruled over a little community of restless boys.

M. Lepitre was a queer figure, short-necked and short-bodied, with goggle eyes and a fringe of white hairs on his head standing on end round a circular disc of mere crimson baldness as though charged with electricity. M. Lepitre, whatever his faults, was a scholar. He would roll out Latin hexameters in a voice of thunder and as though he relished each syllable. He was a politician more than a schoolmaster, and drew his politics from Greece and Rome, and adapted them to local use; for in those days every schoolroom was a political forum. M. Lepitre lived amongst Plutarch's characters, and had imagination enough to be himself a hero, but unhappily lacked both mind and body for the rôle.

He did not understand boys, and his pupils stung and tormented him like so many gadflies. But the goggle eyes were kindly, and they won Jean. Here was one at least who did not look askance at him as though he were a criminal, or dwell on him with a gaze so dark that it seemed to be hiding murder under its gloom. M. Lepitre, indeed, was oddly kind to Jean.

'You are stupid,' he would say; 'you will never learn; *mais vous êtes un gentilhomme.*'

But Jean could learn, in his silent, slow, unforgetting fashion; and M. Lepitre's teaching, if it found him, in spite of his neglected dress, with some of the instincts born of gentle blood, helped to keep these alive. But after a few months the school somehow came to a sudden end. M. Lepitre's pupils found the politics of the pavement more interesting than the lessons of the schoolroom, and flew like a covey of wildfowl into space. Jean drifted back once more to madame's house, to the lessons of the streets, and to the society of gamins.

(To be continued.)

POWDERED MILK.

THE SOLUTION OF A SERIOUS PROBLEM.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT.



ONE of the most perplexing social-economical problems of the day, and one which is taxing the resources of the scientist to a supreme degree, is in connection with the purity of our milk-supply. The significant importance of this question cannot be overestimated, since this article constitutes one of the most essential in the diet of all classes of the community. There is no other foodstuff which can be considered a substitute for milk in its various applications, nor at the same time is there any other article in the category of food which is so difficult to handle. Legislation restricts adulteration either for preservative or colouring purposes. Yet the greatest dangers do not lurk in the mere addition of extraneous materials, but are purely of an inherent nature. No other food is so extremely susceptible to contamination, liable to quick changes or sour fermentations. This fact is all the more strikingly emphasised in hot weather or in tropical regions, where the obtaining of fresh milk is a matter of great difficulty.

What is the reason? Fresh milk of the average quality consists of approximately 88 per cent. of water, in which the solid food-substances are dissolved and suspended, and among the latter there is that most subtle class, the albuminoids. It is perfectly obvious that the presence of such an overwhelming proportion of water in the milk offers a highly suitable dumping-ground for all descriptions of bacteria, which thrive and propagate among the suspended solid food-substances to an alarming degree. Moreover, such a high percentage of water militates against the cheap or easy transportation of the article. Various efforts to preserve the liquid from contamination or fermentation without the addition of chemicals have been attempted, but have been attended with only mediocre success; and it is a notable point that the housewife's simple remedy of scalding the milk immediately it is received still remains the most successful, and indeed forms the basis of the famous pasteurising process, which is now so commonly practised in Continental countries. Yet such procedure is one upon which the medical authorities agree to differ; and only recently Sir Thomas Barlow advocated not a scalding but a refrigeration treatment for preserving the article — in which advice, however, the housewife after a little experience may not readily concur.

But the scientist realises that, after all is said and done, neither scalding nor refrigeration entirely solves the problem. This can only be accomplished

by the removal of the excess of water either partially or entirely. If the technical literature upon the subject is studied it will be observed that inventors have been striving towards this end since about 1830, in which days the question of milk contamination and preservation was equally as acute as it is to-day; but their success, so far as concerns the total elimination of the water and reducing the solids to a powder which could easily be redissolved when required, was very slight. The lack of suitable appliances rendered the cost of such treatment too prohibitive to be of any commercial value. Foiled in this main direction, inventors then devoted their energies to the partial elimination of the water, and condensed milk was the result, though it was not until 1860 that it came into vogue. As is well known, this substance is a thick liquid, the addition of cane or beetroot sugar imparting certain preservative qualities to the article sufficient to enable it to constitute a handy form of milk in hot climates. By this means the proportion of water to solids is reduced from 88 and 12 per cent. to 60 and 40 per cent. respectively, a large proportion of the former, however, being sugar. The one great objection to condensed milk, however, is its general sweetness, which renders it somewhat monotonous as a daily food in hot climates.

During the past few years a decided impetus has been imparted to the evolution of an economical process for the preparation of milk in a concentrated form. The powder is obtained by pouring or passing the fresh milk over a heated plate or rolls, the water being driven off in the form of steam, leaving the solids encrusted upon the surface, from which they are removed by scraping. Such a system, however, possesses many disadvantages, the greatest of which is that the character of some of the previously suspended solids is quite altered under the influence of the heat.

In 1901 great interest was aroused by the reading of a lecture before the Academy of Agriculture in Stockholm by Dr M. Ekenberg, an eminent Swedish scientist and food-expert, in which he described details of a process he had devised two years previously for the production of a soluble dry or powdered milk. The feature of this invention was that the process of manufacture was effected upon entirely original lines, for which he had evolved a special apparatus; and the dairy interest of the country—the milk industry is one of the most important in Sweden—was so impressed by the possibilities of the process that the invention was given a practical trial, which has been attended with success.

The *modus operandi* is very simple. The milk is first submitted to straining through a cotton filter; its temperature is then reduced to nearly freezing-point, preparatory to drying. Pasteurisation is here carried out in compliance with the law—that is, if it has not already been so treated at the dairy, which is the general procedure in the country before delivery. The crux of the invention lies in the comparatively low temperature at which drying is completed, this being effected at blood-heat, or about one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The drying appliance consists of a revolving cylindrical drum known as the exsiccator, lined with nickel, which has been found to be the most suitable metallic substance upon which to deposit the milk solids, since the other commercial metals have not sufficient resistance against the chemical action of the milk. The fluid is fed into this drum, through which is carried simultaneously exhaust steam, which in its passage carries off the water in the milk. The ends of the drum are bowl-shaped, whereby rapid and high efficiency in the evaporation of the water is obtained, this evaporation extending to about four-fifths of the original amount. The evaporative efficiency is very high, being from three to four hundred pounds per hour per square yard of surface, while, moreover, conversion is carried out with great rapidity; these ends being secured by keeping the milk in constant circulation. With the exsiccators now in operation, from one thousand seven hundred to two thousand one hundred pints of milk are converted into powder per hour, the steam consumption averaging from ·94 to ·99 pound per pint of milk. The milk-powder deposited upon the nickel surface of the drum is scraped with white-metal knives into a special receptacle placed at the mouth of the exsiccator, and is then immersed in the crystallising chamber, and maintained there for about an hour in a temperature ranging from eighty to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, or until the sugar of milk has crystallised. The milk-powder upon its exodus from this chamber somewhat resembles castor-sugar, and is of a brittle nature. It is then milled like flour, after which grinding and sifting it is ready for use.

At first sight it appears to be but a simple operation to obtain the dissolved solids in milk in a powdered form by merely driving off the accompanying water in the form of steam; but in practice it is an extremely difficult matter, since the application of heat, unless carefully controlled, completely destroys the nutritious properties of the component parts of the fluid—which fact can easily be ascertained by simply redissolving the dried powder in water. It must be remembered that natural milk consists of a serum in which the casein and fat-globules are suspended. Consequently, it is apparent that should the heat be improperly administered to the fluid the nourishing fat-globules will be completely destroyed. Moreover, another easier test can be applied to such redissolved milk to ascertain whether or not its original nature has been impaired in any way by drying, and that is by the addition of rennet. According to Dr Fuld, a German scientist who carried out a series of investigations upon this point with a large variety of milk preparations, he found, with one exception, that cheese could not be made from powdered milk under test, thereby testifying conclusively to the

fact that the inner constitution of the milk was completely altered by the drying process. With the Ekenberg milk-powder, however, he ascertained that upon restoration to its natural state by the simple addition of water, in which it is readily soluble, cheese could be made therefrom.

When it is redissolved, the difference between the article and natural milk cannot be distinguished except for perhaps a slightly boiled flavour; but inasmuch as pasteurised milk can also be detected by the same peculiarity, it is impossible to state whether the original article has been dried or simply subjected to precautionary pasteurisation.

In many drying processes the addition of certain chemicals is adopted. They are stated to be harmless in character when used in moderation, but their presence, in infinitesimal quantities notwithstanding, is sufficient to impair the natural constitution of the product. Whether any such treatment has been made can be simply verified. If the restored milk—water in which the milk-powder has been dissolved—is permitted to stand, and no chemicals have been previously added, in the space of some two hours a slight sediment will be observable at the bottom of the vessel, this consisting of albumen that has coagulated during the pasteurising process. This sediment cannot be avoided; in fact, the experiences of later years have established the fact that pasteurised and dried milk in restored condition must give such a sediment. If no such result is to be seen, the fact that chemicals must have been added is incontrovertibly testified, and it is perfectly obvious that the substance has deteriorated.

Another feature of Dr Ekenberg's discovery which will appeal to the farmer is that skimmed milk can be turned to equally commercial value. During the past few years the dairy industry has been completely revolutionised mainly by the introduction of the centrifugal skimming-machine. By this means it was rendered remuneratively practicable for the farmer to carry out the manufacture of butter upon his own premises, thereby avoiding the heavy transportation charges inseparable from the conveyance of the new milk in its bulky form to the butter-making centres. At the same time, however, the milk after passing through the separator constituted practically a waste product, and on the Continent, as well as in this country, was virtually valueless except for feeding cattle. The practical utilisation of the skimmed milk has been a vital question in dairy circles for a long time past, since the milk after separation still contains the most valuable parts from a physiological point of view, as the separator completely removes all the natural impurities in the fluid.

Attempts to produce cheese from the separated milk proved abortive, while the manufacture of casein was handicapped by the limited demand for this latter article. Only about 3 per cent. of the milk in the form of casein could be extracted, leaving some 6·3 per cent. of valuable nutritious solids to be wasted. In Sweden and Denmark, however, this waste product is now being turned to commercial advantage, as the exsiccator quickly and cheaply extracts the small quantities of solids remaining in the skimmed article. Naturally, such milk cannot be used for those purposes for which ordinary milk is generally employed, owing to the deficiency in fat and cream; but at the same time it is perfectly suitable for the preparation of numerous cereal foodstuffs, such as biscuits, cakes, &c., and for general cooking purposes. It is in this direction that the Continental farmers are now reaping a great advantage, since a double profit is now obtainable: one, and the largest, from the butter, cream, or cheese; and the other from the sale of the separated milk, which, though a small one comparatively speaking, is yet preferable to discarding it as waste. Such milk, where the fat percentage is low, is easily soluble in cold water—an important factor solely attributable to the vacuum system of drying—and consequently entails little trouble in its preparation for cooking.

In this country milk-powder is not so widely known or appreciated as on the Continent or in the United States, where it is now coming into a wide vogue. The possibility of storing such an article—which in its raw state is extremely sensitive—like flour for an indefinite period, without any apprehensions as to fermentation, souring, or deterioration, is fully realised. It solves in the most complete form the difficulties attending hygienic milk-supply. The powder is bacteria-proof, as Professor W. Booth of Syracuse (New York) has distinctly proved. As the result of a complete investigation on this subject, wherein a quantity of milk-powder was exposed to the air in a temperature ranging from sixty to sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit for a week, no colonies of bacteria in suitable strata mixed with the dry milk were observable. This fact is probably attributable to the bacteria-destroying influence of the serum-enzyms of the milk during concentration in the vacuum, whereby the enzyms are kept in full activity. Experience on the Continent has shown that owing to the low cost of manufacture (which approximates only one-sixteenth of a penny per gallon—recouped in the lower cost for transportation due to the powdered product occupying only one-tenth of the bulk of natural milk) it is attended by no increase in price to the consumer. At the same time, it brings within the reach of the poorer classes of the community the skimmed article, which is a perfect food, and is even maintained by some scientists to be purer than the whole milk, owing to the cleansing action of the separator, as already mentioned. The condensed article, while very convenient for storage and handling so long as it is kept air-tight, is yet but an efficient substitute. One pound, when dissolved according to the directions, yields about 1·6 quarts of fluid milk, as it contains only some 40 per cent. of milk substance; on the other hand, milk-powder, which is composed of 98·5 per cent. of milk sub-

stance and 1·5 per cent. of free moisture, will give, when dissolved, 3·5 quarts, or nearly one gallon, of milk as similar as possible to the natural article.

It is obvious that despite the precautions observed in the handling, transportation, and delivery of fluid milk in sterilised churns and air-tight and germ-proof glass or paper bottles, owing to its extreme susceptibility to contamination, such methods cannot compare from the point of hygiene with the system of distribution in a concentrated powder-form, which is absolutely germ-proof. It is in this direction, it would seem, that the true solution of the maintenance and purity of milk distribution is to be found.

WOBURN PAST AND PRESENT.

By the Rev. A. J. Foster.

THE ancient name of abbey still clings to many of the old estates and houses where the monks once lived; and though such estates have oftentimes changed hands, yet the title reminds us that they were once the property of ecclesiastics. Woburn Abbey is no exception to this rule, for the mansion of the Russells is known at the present day to all who live around the little town of Woburn as the Abbey.

The Abbey itself was founded in the year 1145, its founder being Hugh de Bolebec, who acted, it is said, at the suggestion of the head of the great Cistercian house of Fountains in Yorkshire. There is probably truth in this, for Woburn came into existence as a religious house of the Cistercian order, and so continued for nearly four hundred years. The history of the Abbey resembles that of most of the similar institutions in our country. It had its monastic life and its connection more or less with the outside world; but what has chiefly come down to us of its history is that of occasional disputes with the civil power as to certain feudal rights, and other things which concerned owners of manors in medieval times; for Woburn was a large and important establishment, with its privileges of punishing malefactors even with the gallows, as became the foundation of such a noble Norman knight as Sir Hugh de Bolebec. It is interesting to note that Sir Hugh's son, another Hugh, apparently relinquishing the manors with which the Conqueror had rewarded his father, assumed the monastic habit, and founded another Woburn Abbey, or cell, as a smaller establishment was called, on the banks of the Wyck, in the adjoining county of Buckingham.

Some would place the halo of martyrdom round the head of Robert Hobbes, the last abbot. His abbey seems to have been well ruled, and his monks to have been good livers; but those were the days of plunder, and Hobbes had to surrender his abbey, in common with the heads of all other religious houses in the kingdom, into the hands of King Henry VIII. But the fate of Abbot Hobbes was tragic. After the dissolution he appears, together with certain of his fellow-ecclesiastics, to have taken up arms against the king, which was a foolish thing to do, for Henry was tolerably powerful; and the end of it was that he was hanged, tradition says, in the park itself on an oak-tree, still pointed out, not very far from the present mansion.

For a time Henry and his son Edward did what they pleased with the abbatial estates; but the latter granted them to a remarkable man who had well served his father and his grandfather, John Russell, the first Earl of Bedford. Nor was this the only grant of Church property which that fortunate man received at the hands of his sovereign.

How far the earlier Russells made Woburn their dwelling-place is hard to say. They had another estate, Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, which came to the family by the marriage in 1536 of Earl John with Anne Sapcote, the heiress of that pleasant spot; and Chenies continued to be their residence for a time. The fine old mansion there, restored by Earl John, still remains; and the bodies of departed Russells are laid to rest in the burial-chamber built in 1556 by Anne Sapcote on the north side of the church. At the present time there is not a single fragment remaining of the Abbey buildings at Woburn, and only one small fragment of a later house erected on its site. This house had been built or partly rebuilt by Inigo Jones, but it was all swept away with the exception of one panelled room to be found in the basement, to make room for the magnificent mansion erected about 1745 from the plans of Henry Flitcroft, the designer of St Giles-in-the-Fields and St Olave's Churches in London.

We have spoken of the house as magnificent, and that is perhaps the best adjective to apply to it. Whether it is beautiful is another matter. It is, of course, built in the classical style, which was the rule in the middle of the eighteenth century. The west front, which overlooks the lake, is over two hundred feet in length, and has an Ionic pediment over the principal entrance, and two wings which are perhaps rather heavy. Our classical architects never seem fully to have understood the necessity of light and shade when dealing with a long front. The other fronts, we may say, are plain to a degree.

The house is, however, more fortunate in its arrangements than in its architecture, and it is to the interior that we may the more properly apply the word 'magnificent;' and it is when we are within it that we are able to form an idea of the

size of the modern Woburn Abbey. On the outside, the large park and the lofty trees somewhat detract from its greatness. The house is built round a quadrangle, with the principal or state rooms on the west side; and a beautiful view of the park is to be had from their windows. Here are the apartments occupied by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort when they paid a visit to Woburn many years ago. The rooms usually occupied by the family are on the south side, and look into a very pretty garden. Round the inner side of the quadrangle run corridors, and here hangs the greater part of that collection of portraits for which the Abbey is famous. Hayter's picture of the trial of Lord William Russell, so well known, at least from engravings, hangs, however, in the Queen's bedroom. Other mementos of this patriot are his stick and a copy of the speech which he delivered at his execution, both of which hang on the walls of one of the corridors. He also appears as a boy of seventeen in a portrait which hangs in the Prince Consort's dressing-room. But in attempting a general description of Woburn Abbey we must leave the pictures, only remarking that there are many other works of the highest importance besides portraits, notably a fine collection of twenty-four views in Venice by Canaletto. In the western saloon also are to be found works by some of the greatest masters, for here hang specimens of the brush of Rubens, Murillo, Rembrandt, and others. The miniatures also form a very remarkable collection, a detailed description of which would exceed the bounds of any magazine article.

No one artistically minded visits Woburn without going to see the sculpture, which is grouped together in a gallery by itself outside the house on one side of the garden towards the east. Here, besides sculpture, is a splendid mosaic from the villa of Hadrian; and the Lanti vase, a huge *cratera* or gigantic wine-cup, is well known to connoisseurs in these things. The gardens along and beyond the south side have been a good deal added to and ornamented during the last few years; and here, too, is the quaint Chinese dairy, with its curious china from the East. Of European china there is abundance in the house itself—dinner-services of great value, and many remarkable specimens from the best potteries of England and of the Continent.

But the park at Woburn is as famous as the house itself on account of its size, its beauty, and the way in which it is kept up. There is no park of like extent in the county of Bedford, or, indeed, in the southern Midlands. And this park has in the last few years acquired a new interest in the eyes of all lovers of natural history. The present Duke, who is President of the Royal Zoological Society, is a keen student of animal life, and has gathered together within his domain a most interesting collection of birds and beasts. The woods shelter a remarkable collection of pheasants, hybrid and otherwise; the ponds and lakes contain specimens of various sorts of waterfowl; and the park itself, so beautifully undulating in its character, has been divided into various enclosures for the accommodation of animals chiefly of the deer tribe. In a vast enclosure, some twenty miles in circumference, there is, as may be well understood, plenty of space for animals to roam, even though it is necessary in some cases to keep the different species separate. The diversity of hill and dale, of pasture and of wood, of lake and of stream, affords the suitable habitation for each resident of the animal world who is so fortunate as to find a home in Woburn Park.

The large enclosures or immense paddocks which form the dwelling-places of most of the animals are to be found on the northern side of the park. They are divided one from another by stout and lofty iron railings, and at various parts are located the feeding-troughs and hay-racks, with their attendant fodder-bins. It is only necessary to give a rattle with the lid of one of these bins to ensure the gathering together of all the animals in the enclosure. Upon hearing the sound they quickly move up to the railings.

Amongst the animals in Woburn Park the most stately and magnificent is the bison. There are several fine bulls belonging to this species of the ox tribe, and these wander majestically over the pastures, accompanied by their cows. The climate of Bedfordshire appears to agree with them very well; their manes are full and thick, and their shaggy black hides are healthy-looking. They turn rather wild eyes towards and glare at the strangers who venture to visit them.

But the deer-tribe are the class most fully represented in the Duke's collection, and they may be counted by hundreds. The naturalist who takes up this particular class of animals for study will revel in the large amount of subjects here set before him. They roam about in herds or in some cases singly. One specimen is pointed out to us, a foreign red stag of uncertain temper, who, having attacked and nearly killed a man, has been exiled in the bison-pen away from his fellows. Even the inexpert visitor who is unable to distinguish with exactitude between European, Asiatic, African, or American specimens, and does not know the difference between a wapiti and a swamp-deer, cannot fail to be struck with the diversity of the horns which he sees branching out from the heads of the animals before him. There are antlers of every description, though in most of those which are fully developed we find the familiar series of *brow*, *bay*, and *tre*. Perhaps the covering of the horns—or velvet, as it is called—hangs on them a little longer into the summer than it would if the animals were in a perfectly wild state. Of course, where there is such a large herd, the number of shed horns which can be gathered in the spring is enormous. Huge heaps of them lie in the yards round the various buildings in which the animals are sometimes housed. The more valuable specimens are carefully sawn off and

preserved, and very fine specimens they are. As one looks up at a line of stags standing on the sky-line of one of the ridges in the park, one wonders that an animal so small in comparison can carry the branching mass which stands up above him. It is also to be noted that in some species the female carries the horn as well as the male. This appears to be the case where the horn is a straight one of spiral form.

But there are many other animals besides bisons and deer to claim our attention. There are several specimens of that strange animal the African gnu, which appears to the unlearned visitor to be something between an ox and a horse, his hair and his long tail resembling that of the latter animal. One fine bull of this species develops the characteristics of a third animal. Annoyed by an inspection of him from the outside of the railings, he snorts and lashes his long white tail, and then suddenly breaks into a series of short, sharp yaps like a yelping puppy, and concludes the performance by an exhibition of the rocking-horse motion of a buck-jumper. That animal would be worth a good deal to a travelling circus if he could be persuaded to go through his tricks with regularity. There are camels also moving heavily over the turf, which must be difficult footing for them and unlike the sands of the East. Some charming little Brahman cows, the sacred cows of India, walk gently about their paddock. A pair of graceful giraffes stretch down their long necks over the lofty railings of their enclosure to allow us to stroke their velvet noses.

The water-birds are located in the lake nearer the Abbey, but a few specimens of winged creatures are to be found in the enclosures with the animals. Ostriches and rheas strut about on their long, powerful legs. Cranes and other birds with lengthy members are also to be seen, as well as landrails and bustards.

Nor must the dogs be forgotten. There are fine specimens of a breed raised by a judicious crossing of mastiff, bull-terrier, and greyhound. By the side of these are many fine Scottish deerhounds. These are used for the purpose of rounding up the deer.

Next to the excellence of the collection itself, perhaps what strikes the visitor to Woburn the most is the care shown for the comfort of the animals. The keepers' houses are placed in the midst of the paddocks, so that they can easily attend to all the wants of their charges, and all the arrangements for the feeding are worked on a system of complete regularity. In some cases an attempt has been made, and not unsuccessfully, to provide an animal with his natural surroundings. For instance, in the enclosure of the Indian swamp-deer a large crag composed of limestone and local sandstone has been erected, on which the animals can climb or into the fissures of which they can retire at pleasure. Sometimes specimens arrive from the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park for breeding purposes. One thinks these fortunate creatures must be happy to exchange north London for the breezy heights of Woburn Park.

The noble owner of Woburn has found a use for the park, or at least a portion of it, of which the Cistercians of old would never have dreamed; but in these days of world-wide intercourse zoological collections are more feasible, more appreciated, and, we may add, more useful than they were in days of yore. Many a young man with time and money at his disposal goes out in search of big game nowadays, and returns with a large stuffed collection, and perhaps with a few mementos of his exploits in the shape of sundry scars, the result of scratches and bites received in his sporting exploits. The Duke of Bedford has brought back to his own country the living animals themselves, for we believe he made the first beginning in this, one of the most remarkable collections belonging to a private owner, during his travels in India some years ago.

No large landowner is more alive to his responsibilities than the Duke of Bedford, and it was a happy thought, and now more than a thought, on his part that, having both the opportunity and the means for so doing, he should have accomplished so much for the study of zoology. It is true he is not the first landowner who has formed a collection at home—the late Lord Lilford had a splendid show of birds in his Northamptonshire park; but he is the latest, and we trust that as years go by further additions will be made until Woburn Abbey becomes a well-known name among zoologists of all nations.

ON BEHOLDING THE FIRST WINTER SNOWFALL ON ZERGHUM MOUNTAIN, IN BALUCHISTAN.

O Mountain! in what pomp of purest white
Hath dark-browed Winter draped thy monster form;
Making of thee a haunt dazzlingly bright
Where she may brood, and breed such sudden storm
As shall leap forth upon these fertile plains
To wreck our springtime hopes or autumn gains!

So unapproachable art thou, so grand
In high disdain and hidden causeless hate,
That, overshadowing this lowly land,
Thou seem'st the stern embodiment of Fate,
Denying happiness to us that plan,
Toil, hope, and fail here through life's fleeting span.

Let me remember—if ever despair
Darken my life with hopeless-seeming gloom,
And tempt my soul to say, 'God heeds no prayer,
So cold is He, careless what cruel doom
Pursues His weak creations, toiling men
That weep and pray'—let me remember then

That from thy crags, to mortal foot unknown,
Thy rocky chasms where the tempests breed,
Harvested of the winter's snow alone,
Those constant streams of healthful waters speed,
Without whose grace these fruitful plains would lie
Desert and lifeless 'neath a burning sky.

N. E.

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THE LOVE-STORY OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

By Henry Leach.

We did know that her affection for her Consort was a great and a splendid thing that dominated the whole life of Queen Victoria from the day when the marriage was arranged. We knew that the spirit of Prince Albert tinged her being and her existence and her every action, and we thought that the publication of a portion of her correspondence would disclose something of a beautiful story. It has done more than that. Through the long account of domestic matters and serious affairs of State in the three volumes of *The Letters of Queen Victoria: 1837–1861*, which have just been published by Mr Murray under the authority of the King, and with the editorial assistance of Mr A. C. Benson and Lord Esher, there is woven one of the most thrilling, passionate, and pure royal love-stories that have ever been. The histories of the love-episodes of a king or a queen will always have a close attraction for the multitude, but this one will not merely satisfy a common and somewhat vulgar curiosity. It reveals a fine fervour, a beautiful simplicity, and an earnestness and purity that make one glad again that England could be ruled by such a good woman. These three volumes give rise to many thoughts, some of them at times a little conflicting; and there are many separate stories, histories, romances, biographies, disclosures, &c., all pounded together in a hotch-potch of correspondence arranged in chronological order. The ingredients of another of them may be separated for a second article on this remarkable work; in the meantime the love-story of Queen Victoria as now told in these letters, as it never has been and never could have been told before, is a stirring thing to read.

The larger part of this story is told in the letters that passed very frequently between her and her uncle Leopold, the King of the Belgians. The latter achieved his kingship in 1831, accepting an offer of the crown of Belgium after it had previously been refused by Louis-Philippe, and when he had himself in the previous year withdrawn from an acceptance of the throne of Greece, owing chiefly to the financial straits in which Greece found herself just after obtaining autonomy. He was the youngest son of Francis Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and the days of his youth were spent in the Russian military service. On two or three occasions he displayed conspicuous gallantry on the field. In 1816, when he was twenty-six years of age, he married the Princess Charlotte, only child of George IV., and for a long period his home was at Claremont, where the little Princess Victoria spent much of her holidays, and came to regard her uncle very affectionately—almost, as it is said, in the light of a father. On his part, an enlightened and large-minded prince, with a deep consciousness of monarchical duty, he took the closest interest in the training of the little Princess Victoria from the beginning, and was constantly solicitous of her welfare in all respects. It was, indeed, suggested that he had cherished the hope that he might be named as Regent if a Regency had become necessary. Some evidence of the fact that his interest in the little Princess was of a reality that did not cease at spoken or written expressions of concern and regard is afforded in the fact that for many years he subscribed between three and four thousand pounds a year towards the expenses of her education and that she might have the advantage of certain holidays at the seaside which were regarded as necessary, at a time when the parliamentary grant made to the Duchess of Kent was unequal to the increasing expenses of her household.

This short statement will serve as a brief introduction to a man whose place in our English history some may not hitherto have been disposed to regard as of much importance, but who evidently had not a little to do with shaping the destiny of our monarchy at a very important period. For, let it be said that while other high authorities had other solutions to suggest to the deeply important question as to whom the future ruler of Great

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Britain should choose as her Consort, the idea of her union with Prince Albert of Coburg originated with him, and he prosecuted it with much earnestness until it came happily to be realised. His first move in the matter was his arrangement that Prince Albert and his elder brother Prince Ernest should pay a visit to the Duchess of Kent at Kensington Palace; but the state of things was such that King William naturally opposed a design which he knew was approved by his sister-in-law. Therefore, at the same time William invited to England the Prince of Orange and his two sons, and allowed it to be understood that he favoured the candidature for the hand of the little Princess by the younger of the brothers, Prince Alexander. It is believed, indeed, that he went so far as to say that no other marriage should ever take place, and that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and his son should never put foot in the country, that they should not be allowed to land, and that they must return whence they came.

* * *

This is in 1836, the year before the Princess succeeds to the throne, and thus at the outset there is something of romantic piquancy in the inevitable scheming for the award of the Princess's hand, which is not detracted from by the circumstance that the Prince of Orange looks upon King Leopold with no friendly eyes, because the former had sought the Princess Charlotte in marriage. He declared on one occasion that Leopold had robbed him both of a wife and a kingdom! But the little Princess is no doubt to some extent predisposed in favour of her Coburg cousins. A testimonial concerning them is sent to her from Stuttgart in April by the Princess Hohenlohe, who writes: 'You will like our two Coburg cousins also, I think; they are more manly than I think the two others are, after the description. I am very fond of them both. Ernest is my favourite, although Albert is much handsomer, and cleverer too; but Ernest is so honest and good-natured. I shall be very curious to hear your opinion upon them.' Then, when the King of the Belgians hears of the attitude of King William, he writes in great indignation upon it to his niece, permitting himself to observe that he has never heard or seen anything like it, that he hopes it will rouse her spirit, and that he does not comprehend why her lot alone should be to be kept 'a white little slavey in England' for the pleasure of the Court, who never bought her, as he is not aware of their ever having gone to any expense on that head, or the King's even having spent a sixpence for her existence. And Leopold also has not the least doubt that William in his passion for the Oranges will be excessively rude to the relations of the Princess, which, however, will not signify much, as they are her guests and not his, and will therefore not mind it!

So some of the preliminaries to this match-making are a little stormy; but the cousins duly arrive in England in May, and then for the first time, so far as we are made aware, the Princess makes any reference to the matter, which she does in a letter she sends almost immediately to her uncle in Belgium, who may be imagined to be not a little anxious as to her first impressions of her young relatives. All is well at the outset, and there is a disposition in favour of Albert. 'My cousins are most delightful young people,' she writes. 'I will give you no detailed description of them, as you will so soon see them yourself. But I must say that they are both very amiable, very kind and good, and extremely merry, just as young people should be; with all that, they are extremely sensible and very fond of occupation. Albert is extremely handsome, which Ernest certainly is not, but he has a most good-natured, honest, and intelligent countenance.'

The Princess's regard for Prince Albert ripens rapidly; for a fortnight later, when the cousins, accompanied by their father, leave England on a visit to King Leopold, she writes to the latter (Prince Ernest carrying the letter with him) in terms of great enthusiasm. 'I must thank you, my beloved uncle,' she said, 'for the prospect of great happiness you have contributed to give me in the person of dear Albert. Allow me then, my dearest uncle, to tell you how delighted I am with him, and how much I like him in every way. He possesses every quality that could be desired to render me perfectly happy. He is so sensible, so kind, and so good, and so amiable too. He has, besides, the most pleasing and delightful exterior and appearance you can possibly see. I have only now to beg you, my dearest uncle, to take care of the health of one now so dear to me, and to take him under your special protection. I hope and trust that all will go on prosperously and well on this subject of so much importance to me. Believe me always, my dearest uncle, your most affectionate, devoted, and grateful Niece.' Clearly the future Queen is in love, and in her girlish happiness is disposed without delay to regard her future as settled, and the delight of the King of the Belgians is in a way evidenced in the circumstance that in future letters he addresses her as 'My dearest and most beloved child,' whereas previously the simple superlative 'My dearest child' had sufficed.

Thenceforth, though her sentiments may not change, she perceives the desirability of maintaining a perfect discretion and reserve in the development of this most delicate and important affair, as the national aspect of it begins to appeal to her, whereas at the first moment there was only the happy individual one to think of. So far as the published correspondence is concerned, the Princess makes no further reference to the possibilities of her domestic future until she succeeds to the throne, and only once or twice in her letters to the King of the Belgians makes casual mention of her cousins—casual and reserved, but still always most kind and sympathetic.

Then comes the death of King William IV. and

the accession of Queen Victoria. In the spring of 1838, when so many weighty affairs are in occupation of the young Queen's mind, her thoughts fly to a project for the training of Prince Albert for the office and responsibility of Consort, and of making a special test of his capacity for the difficult position. It is a delicate task, but perhaps a necessary one, and it is the good Stockmar who is called in for its accomplishment. With the knowledge and consent of the Queen, King Leopold commissions him to accompany Prince Albert on a tour in Italy with the objects just stated. Writing in April, Leopold observes to Her Majesty: 'Concerning the education of our friend Albert, it has been the best plan you could have fixed upon to name Stockmar your commissary-general; it will give *unité d'action et de l'ensemble* which otherwise we should not have had. I have communicated to him what your uncle and the young gentleman seem to wish, and what strikes me as the best for the moment. Stockmar will make a regular report to you on this subject. They will return to Bonn at the beginning of May, and remain till the end of August. . . . I agree with this, as nothing enlarges the mind so much as travelling. But Stockmar will best treat this affair verbally with you. The young gentleman wished to pay me another visit at the beginning of May, prior to their return to Bonn. Nothing definite is, however, as yet settled about it. On one thing you can rely: that it is my great anxiety to see Albert a very good and distinguished young man, and no pains will be thought too much on my part if this end can be attained.' Such is the tact and capacity of Stockmar that the mission is quite a success, and he becomes the most confidential and trusted of all the Prince's advisers. There are many letters in existence from the one to the other which plainly show that Stockmar never shrank from speaking the plainest truth to the Prince, when he considered it to be necessary, on matters of duty and faults of temperament, without, as it is said, any courtier-like attempt to blink criticism that might have been unpalatable. This was characteristic of him.

With the coronation over and rapidly becoming an event of the historic past, and the Queen settled down to the serious business of her reign, it is natural and inevitable that some more serious consideration shall be given to the question of her alliance, although she professes, and with sincerity, that she is disinclined personally to change her state for the present, and that the nation has made no suggestion to her that it expects anything of the kind. So, when it is arranged that her two eligible cousins shall pay her another visit in the autumn of 1839, we find her writing with some little show of nervous anxiety to her uncle Leopold, and disclosing to him her feelings with more exactness than formerly. 'I shall send this letter by a courier,' she writes, 'as I am anxious to put several questions to you, and to mention some feelings of mine upon my cousins' visit, which I am desirous should not transpire. First of all, I wish to know if Albert is aware of the wish of his father and you relative to me? Secondly, if he knows that there is no engagement between us?' There is not a little naïveté in one of these questions at any rate; for Albert—after his recent travelling education, and all the talk that he must have had with Leopold—can hardly be in any doubt as to the wish of the latter and the general family gossip upon the subject. But it is characteristic of this absorbing correspondence that while the woman seems always to be effaced by the monarch, severe, dignified, practical, when she is discussing affairs of State with her Ministers—save occasionally in her intimate confidences with Melbourne—the femininity of the young girl so wisely trained, in all its warmth and weakness and occasional inconsequence, is foremost and dominant when intimate domestic matters such as this one of her future marriage are the subjects of discussion. She rules as a queen, but she loves like a simple, most charming woman; although we discover her making one feeble, futile attempt to conduct her love affair—as she seems to have put it to herself—as a queen ought to do. In this same letter from which we have just been quoting she goes on: 'I am anxious that you should acquaint Uncle Ernest that if I should like Albert I can make no final promise this year, for, at the very earliest, any such event could not take place till two or three years hence. For, independent of my youth, and my great repugnance to change my present position, there is no anxiety evinced in this country for such an event, and it would be more prudent, in my opinion, to wait till some such demonstration is shown, else if it were hurried it might produce discontent. Though all the reports of Albert are most favourable, and though I have little doubt I shall like him, still one can never answer beforehand for feelings, and I may not have the feeling for him which is necessary to ensure happiness. I may like him as a friend, and as a cousin, and as a brother, but not more; and should this be the case (which is not likely), I am very anxious that it should be understood that I am not guilty of any breach of promise, for I never gave any. I am sure you will understand my anxiety, for I should otherwise, were this not completely understood, be in a very painful position. As it is I am rather nervous about the visit, for the subject I allude to is not an agreeable one to me. I have little else to say, dear uncle, as I have now spoken openly to you, which I was very, very anxious to do.'

At this point one may be permitted to anticipate to the extent of saying that within a fortnight of Prince Albert's arrival in this country on this visit the Queen informed Lord Melbourne of her engagement to him, and shortly afterwards the Privy Council received official intimation. So much for the 'repugnance' and impossibility of deciding that year, and the necessity for awaiting a sign from

the country! So much, indeed, for the delightful failure of the Queen in the matter that of all others must appeal to her as a woman; and one may be sure that, if it had been fully cognisant of all the circumstances, the country that was to give the sign would have given it with much enthusiasm, and would have loved its girl Sovereign the more for this feminine inconsistency.

There is no further reference to the important cousins in this correspondence until October 12th, by which time they have arrived, and then the Queen tells Leopold that 'Albert's beauty is most striking, and he is so amiable and unaffected—in short, very fascinating; he is excessively admired here.' Three days later she precipitately writes to her uncle to tell him that it is all settled! 'My mind is quite made up—and I told Albert this morning of it,' she declares. 'The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and I shall do everything in my power to render the sacrifice he has made (for a sacrifice in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have a very great tact—a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I know hardly how to write; but I do feel very, very happy.' She adds that some secrecy must be maintained about the event until after the meeting of Parliament. In England, only Lord Melbourne is told, and he quite approves, and considers the match eminently desirable. 'We also think it better,' she adds, 'and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February; and, indeed, loving Albert as I do, I cannot wish it should be delayed. My feelings are a little changed, I must say, since last spring, when I said I couldn't think of marrying for three or four years; but seeing Albert has changed all this.'

Leopold is naturally much pleased, seeing that a great object which he has pursued through many difficulties and disappointments is at last achieved, and his present sentiment is that of Zacharias: 'Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!' In her ecstasy the Queen writes to him again: 'Oh! dear uncle, I do feel so happy! I do so adore Albert! he is quite an angel, and so very, very kind to me, and seems so fond of me, which touches me much. I trust and hope I shall be able to make him as happy as he ought to be! I cannot bear to part from him, for we spend such happy, delightful hours together.' Then the Queen proceeds to inform a few relatives of her determination, receives many congratulations, and settles down in a business-like way to arrange the many serious and important matters that have to be determined with regard to the establishment of a Prince Consort in the country. The Prince is requested to give particulars of the religion of his ancestors in order that the English people may be convinced he is nothing of a Catholic; and Her Majesty, anxious as she is to please him, finds it necessary to be firm on the point that she and not he must appoint the gentlemen of his household. After much controversy all round, it is agreed that he shall not be made a Peer. In the midst of it all she writes to King Leopold in the early part of December to say: 'I was quite miserable at not hearing from Albert for ten days; such a long silence is quite unsupportable for any one in my position towards Albert, and I was overjoyed on receiving yesterday the most dear, most affectionate, delightful long letter from him. He writes so beautifully, and so simply and unaffectedly.'

Then it is all bustle and happiness and joy until February 10th, when, amid great popular rejoicings, the royal marriage takes place. On the morning of the nuptials the Prince receives a pretty note from his bride: 'Dearest, . . . How are you to-day, and have you slept well? I have rested very well, and feel very comfortable to-day. What weather! I believe, however, the rain will cease. Send one word when you, my most dearly loved bridegroom, will be ready.'

The day after the marriage an ecstatic letter with many underlinings and capitals is penned from Windsor Castle by the Queen-wife to the King of the Belgians: 'I write to you from here, the happiest, happiest Being that ever existed. Really, I do not think it possible for any one in the world to be happier, or as happy as I am. He is an Angel, and his kindness and affection for me is really touching. To look in those dear eyes and that dear sunny face is enough to make me adore him. What I can do to make him happy will be my greatest delight. Independent of my great personal happiness, the reception we both met with yesterday was the most gratifying and enthusiastic I have ever experienced; there was no end of the crowd in London and all along the road. I was a good deal tired last night, but am quite well again to-day and happy.'

From this happy period one may go forward lightly over the years, and notice here and there the satisfaction and the fullness of life that are being experienced by the matron Queen. In so far as her domestic affairs are concerned it is roses all the way for more than a score of years, and now and again in a message to some beloved friend or kinsman she gives vent to the joy that is within her always by a song of her happiness and the blessedness of it. When the heir to the throne is born that constant confidant, good Leopold, reads this that comes to him from Windsor Castle: 'Oh! my dearest uncle, I am sure if you knew how happy, how blessed I feel, and how proud I feel in possessing such a perfect being as my husband, as he is, and if you think that you have been instrumental in bringing about this union it must gladden your heart! How happy should I be to see our child grow up just like him!' A year and a half afterwards the Queen writes to him telling him how visitors have indeed been struck with the likeness

of the young Prince to his father, and in a rhapsody she exclaims: 'Indeed, dearest uncle, I will venture to say that not only no royal *ménage* is to be found equal to ours, but no other *ménage* is to be compared to ours, nor is any one to be compared, take him altogether, to my dearest Angel.'

And with the years increasing the happiness does but seem to increase also; and at last, when the silver wedding is celebrated in 1861, another letter is sent to Belgium which speaks of the great consummation of happiness: 'On Sunday we celebrated, with feelings of deep gratitude and love, the twenty-first anniversary of our blessed marriage, a day which has brought us, and I may say the world at large, such incalculable blessings! Very few can say with me that their husband at the end of twenty-one years is not only full of the friendship, kindness, and affection which a truly happy marriage brings with it, but the same tender love of the very first days of our marriage!' Alas! this was the climax and almost the last of the wedded joy.

* * *

Before that year had run out to its end the happy scene was extinguished in a melancholy darkness. The Prince Consort died.

What at first seemed to be but a little rheumatism, an insignificant chill, developed seriously, and a few days before Christmas the Queen became a desolate, broken-hearted widow.

In the poignancy of her grief she wrote thus to Leopold: 'My own dearest, kindest father—For as such have I ever loved you!—The poor fatherless baby of eight months is now the utterly broken-hearted and crushed widow of forty-two! My life as a happy one is ended! The world is gone for me! If I must live on (and I will do nothing to make me worse than I am), it is henceforth for our poor fatherless children—for my unhappy country, which has lost all in losing him—and in only doing what I know and feel he would wish, for he is near to me—his spirit will guide and inspire me! But oh! to be cut off in the prime of life—to see our pure, happy, quiet, domestic life, which alone enabled me to bear my much disliked position, cut off at forty-two—when I had hoped with such instinctive certainty that God never would part us, and would let us grow old together (though he always talked of the shortness of life)—is too awful, too cruel! And yet it must be for his good, his happiness! His purity was too great, his aspiration too high for this poor, miserable world! His great soul is now only enjoying that for which it was worthy! And I will not envy him—only pray that mine may be perfected by it and fit to be with him eternally, for which blessed moment I earnestly long.'

It happened sadly that Lady Canning died just at this time, and with this great bond of deep sympathy made between them the Queen wrote to the Earl a kind message of soulful condolence. 'To lose one's partner in life,' she said, 'is, as Lord Canning knows, like losing half of one's body and soul, torn forcibly away—and dear Lady Canning was such a dear, worthy, devoted wife! But to the Queen—to a poor, helpless woman—it is not that only—it is the stay, support, and comfort which is lost! To the Queen it is like death in life. . . . May God comfort and support Lord Canning, and may he think in his sorrow of his widowed and broken-hearted Sovereign—bowed to the earth with the greatest of human sufferings and misfortunes! She lived but for her husband! The sympathy of the many thousands of her subjects, but above all their sorrow and their admiration for him, are soothing to her bleeding, pierced heart!'

And then, as like the change from the dejected dirge of the middle of a funeral march to the spirited passage that marks the exaltation of the soul, there seemed to come from the depths of this gloom the brave cry of hope and faith and everlasting constancy that would shine as a bright light for the rest of life. At the end of this story, in letters of the reign of the Queen up to 1861, there is yet another letter to King Leopold, written from Osborne on Christmas Eve, and it fittingly marks the end of the earthly period of the Queen's love-story: 'I must write these few lines to prepare you for the trying, sad existence you will find it with your poor, forlorn, desolate child—who drags on a weary, pleasureless existence! I am also anxious to repeat one thing, and that one is my firm resolve, my irrevocable decision, viz. that his wishes—his plans—about everything, his views about everything, are to be my law! And no human power will make me swerve from what he decided and wished—and I look to you to support and help me in this. I apply this particularly as regards our children—Bertie, etc.—for whose future he had traced everything so carefully. I am also determined that no one person, may he be ever so good, ever so devoted among my servants, is to lead or guide or dictate to me. I know how he would disapprove it. And I live on with him, for him; in fact, I am only outwardly separated from him, and only for a time. . . . Though miserably weak and utterly shattered, my spirit rises when I think any wish or plan of his is to be touched or changed, or I am to be made to do anything. I know you will help me in my utter darkness.

'It is but for a short time and then I go—never, never to part! Oh! that blessed, blessed thought! He seems so near to me, so quite my own now, my precious darling.'

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER IX.—THE ESCAPE.

JEAN had been uneasily conscious for some time that when by chance he met M. Duclos that gentleman's eyes dwelt upon him in a meditative way that showed some special purpose of evil was ripening in his plotting brain. When that purpose crystallised into action an instinct warned Jean that it would mean a plunge into new disasters for him. So sure was he of this that it hardly surprised him when he awoke one morning to see M. Duclos standing by his bedside with a look of triumph in his deep-set eyes.

'An English lad,' he said, with a visible relish in every word, 'is degraded by nature; but I did not know that the son of your father could steal.'

Jean's eyes were still heavy with sleep, but as he listened, and the meaning of the words crept to his brain, a spark of anger woke in them, and anger made the lad bold. He leaped from his bed and confronted the major-domo with a steady look.

'Yes,' said M. Duclos sternly, 'you have stolen madame's jewels. They were missed, and were found concealed in this room—at least part of them—and for a thief the only place is the Châtelet.' Then, without waiting for a reply, he went out, locking the door after him.

The sound of the bolt as it was shot into its socket sent an icy vibration through Jean's heart. What plot M. Duclos had woven, or what device against him he had on hand, Jean could not guess, but he never doubted that it would be carried through successfully. To be accused of theft! And the evil brain that planned the accusation would provide the evidence to sustain it. Jean felt, as he meditated on it all, as though shame scorched him like fire.

The hint of the Châtelet, too, thrilled him with dread. Of all the prisons in Paris this was the one most feared. Its dark, frowning mass, set in a brown sea of slums, was a familiar sight to Jean. An atmosphere of cruelty lay about it. To be whipped for theft, and buried alive in the black depths of that ill-omened building—Jean knew that this meant his disappearance; it might mean death itself. What would they think of him in London when they heard the story?

Presently his stubborn English courage awoke. Why should he wait till M. Duclos returned with the gendarmes? He would flee. He would get somehow to London; and, as he called up the picture of his aunt's face, he felt sure she would refuse to believe this evil tale of theft.

All the lad's wits were now busily at work. To escape from madame's house was not impossible, but to tramp from Paris to the seaboard, to cross the Strait, to reach London—these were tasks which might well daunt even a stout heart. Jean's heart was stout enough, but his pockets were empty and he was friendless. The Rat could not help him in this business. Jean could see no plan as he sat brooding over the problem, with bent head and stubborn courage, all through the lonely day till the darkness of night crept into the room.

He lay down at last and slept, but his sleep was broken. Presently he woke. The house was silent; he could not guess the hour, and in the dark he began meditating afresh over the problem of escape. The faint chime of a far-off church bell striking midnight reached him, and still he sat turning over one plan after another.

As he sat, staring with unseeing eyes into the gloom, he became aware of a faint film of light that seemed to creep under the bottom of the door. He heard no sound of steps, but the stain of light grew fuller. Then there came the slow creak of the lock, and his door was gently pushed back. Jean's nerves had grown tense with expectant fear, but it was Denise who stood there.

A hood was drawn over her head, her feet were bare, she carried a tiny candle in her hand, and in the disc of light her face—the pure white features, the shining and steadfast eyes—showed with startling effect. To Jean it seemed like the face of an angel. Had one of the saints whose pictures hung in madame's drawing-room stepped out of its frame, stolen a candle, and crept up through the darkness to visit him? But there was on Denise's features a very human look, an expression of girlish yet resolute purpose such as no artist could put into the countenance of a painted saint.

Jean had the scorn natural to his age and sex of a girl's courage, or want of courage. But as he stared at the slender figure, the steady eyes, the little hand that grasped the candle, the dainty brow knitted into characters of resolve, he felt that here was a courage which a soldier might envy. What generous daring this slender girl had shown to form a plan for his escape, to secure the keys, to climb in the midnight darkness to his door in order to set him free! For that Denise came to release him Jean knew in a moment without words.

'I heard mamma and M. Duclos talk together,' Denise whispered, and then the words died on her quivering lips.

Jean nodded comprehendingly. 'I shall make for London,' he said; and at this Denise in turn nodded with brief assent.

They whispered for a few moments together, but the darkness chilled them, and their very whispers seemed to run through the long, dim corridor as though they would awaken the household. There was no need for explanation and no time for loitering. Jean took the slender fingers in his hand with wordless gratitude. Denise felt that the touch

of the strong, warm hand holding hers so tightly was better than a caress, and meant more.

'We shall meet yonder, in London,' said Jean, he hardly knew why, and it was with a conviction that came to him he knew not whence.

'Good-bye,' he whispered again, and moved away in the darkness. He stopped, after taking a few steps, and came back. He drew from some inner pocket a little book and thrust it into her hand.

'Mother gave it to me,' he said; 'it is all I've got.'

It was a little Testament with bent and broken covers and many signs of use, the gift to Jean of tender hands now lying in the dusty grave. It was the boy's one treasure. With instinctive tact, Denise took the little book without protest. She knew all it represented. Jean was giving her the most precious thing he possessed.

'Yes,' she whispered, 'I'll love it for your sake.'

Jean went down a few steps, then turned and looked back again. To his dying hour he never forgot the picture offered by the figure of the girl. Her face in the flame of the candle showed clear-cut like a cameo. A pity wordless but inexpressibly tender burned in her shining eyes. She smiled, in silent answer to his look, a smile that showed in the sudden gleam her white teeth. Then Jean passed out of sight, swallowed up in darkness, and Denise was left to creep back to her room.

Jean knew enough of the house to find his way out of it. He reached the street, stole through its emptiness, and stood a moment at the corner of the Rue de Grenelle. The dark night lay about him. The dark city was before him, in which there was not a roof to give him shelter. Beyond was the long, unknown road to the sea, the problem of crossing, the tramp to London. But Jean was of a fine courage, and he lingered for an instant ere he plunged into the tangle of sleeping alleys to reflect with a sense of humour how M. Duclos would find the nest empty and the bird flown when he came up to his room in the morning.

Mrs Robert Lawrence was sitting by her comfortable fireside in London, many weeks afterwards, when a maid entered and said, 'A boy wants to see you, ma'am.'

Mrs Lawrence went out into the hall, and saw a ragged boy, with broken boots and unwashed face, standing there, and her eyes ran over him with suspicious scrutiny. It was another street-beggar, and she drew her skirts more closely about her. The dusty, unwashed figure was an offence to the sacramental cleanliness of her house. Presently the boy lifted his face slowly with an odd shyness, and said, 'Auntie.'

Mrs Lawrence stared a moment longer with uncomprehending eyes; then her lips began to tremble. She understood.

'Oh John, John!' she cried, and she kissed him and wept over him, her tears running afresh and her exclamations becoming more broken every time she glanced at the ragged dress, the thin face, strangely old for its years and written over with signs both of hunger and suffering.

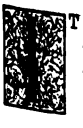
'Oh that Frenchwoman!' at last she cried with a sudden vehemence, at which Jean laughed.

She asked no questions, but she never doubted that it was madame's wicked arts that sent back poor Jean a hungry, footsore, and ragged fugitive to her door. Then her housewifely instincts awoke. Jean—or John, as she instantly insisted on calling him—was carried off to a hot bath and to clean garments, and set down to a supper during which even his youthful hunger toiled in vain to meet the dainties his aunt's care spread before him.

After supper he told his story, his uncle listening in angry silence and with knitted brows, while his aunt punctuated the tale with the oft-repeated and indignant cry, 'Oh that Frenchwoman!'

(To be continued.)

AN ITALIAN GOLD-MINE.



It was early in July, and the hotel was deserted, for—with the exception of a chance English mountaineer arriving *viâ* one of the mountain passes—no one comes to stay at Macugnaga until August. Then the hotels are filled with Italians from the plains of Lombardy, who have fled to the mountains to escape the heat; and there is generally much dancing and singing every evening, for there are always cool, refreshing breezes at Macugnaga, and ninety degrees in the shade at Rome generally means fifty-five degrees in the shade there. I had found it too hot at Stresa, and had left the nightingales to the fireflies by the lake, only to find myself too early and alone in a large, bare hotel, and under the care of Padre Oberto, who was acting as *locum-tenens* for his relative the proprietor, away in Verona. My bedroom had a good view of Monte Rosa from its window; and on my arrival I found the good priest seated there conning his breviary, and so made his acquaintance, and was able to induce him to give me his company at the hotel dinner-table.

On my journey up the valley I had noticed a board with the legend, in English, 'The Pestarena Gold-Mining Company, Limited;' and, thanks to the somewhat polyglot conversation in which the padre exchanged ideas with me, I gleaned a good deal of information about the gold-mines, and eventually obtained an introduction to the overseer of one of them, and was enabled to inspect it.

The valley—called the Val Anzasca—runs laterally from the Italian end of the Simplon road, and from Piedimulera to Monte Rosa, where it ends

in the six hamlets comprising the amphitheatre called Macugnaga. It is only twenty miles long; but it takes nearly six hours to drive up it, for Macugnaga is five thousand one hundred and fifteen feet above the sea, and Piedimulera only eight hundred and ten. In the first mile one ascends nearly four hundred feet; and the road, winding up the great defile, high above the left bank of the roaring and rushing Anza, is a magnificent piece of engineering. Nearly all the way one sees the pure white mass of Monte Rosa closing in the mountains which form the sides of the Val Anzasca, and always the scenery is overpoweringly grand, without that sternness which characterises so many of the Swiss valleys. For we are in Italy, as the masses of flowers, tiers of trellised vines, and groves of chestnut, mulberry, and walnut trees we encounter in each successive village remind us. And those villages, with their whitewashed houses and tall campaniles perched on every plateau, are charming and (for Italy) cleanly beyond compare. The churches are splendidly decorated and frescoed inside—so much so that one wonders whether a good deal of the gold found in the valley has not been spent for the purpose. Only near the mines of Pestarena—where a mountainous block of stone has fallen, and compels the Anza to find its way round it—do the impending mountains become stern and threatening. Even at Macugnaga itself the balconied and trellised houses, with their store of picotees and carnations, smile gaily in the centre of eight or ten tremendous peaks, four of which are the summits of Monte Rosa herself. Only Italy could give the wealth of mosses, ferns, and flowers which accompany one the whole way.

There are seven or eight villages in the length of the Val. About one-third the way up are the mines of San Carlo, about two-thirds the mines of Pestarena, and it had almost startled me to see the English inscription in this remote spot. I believe that these last mines, after so many centuries of varied existence, have now ceased to pay, and that the company has either come to an end or is waiting a new promoter. Be that as it may, the alpine mines have fallen on bad times lately. The name Pestarena is said to be derived from the Latin *pistrina*, meaning mills. In recent times the mills for the ore amounted to about two hundred.

Pliny mentions the gold-mines of the Ictymuli, and states that a law existed forbidding their employing more than five thousand men in them. The Ictymuli are supposed to have been the original inhabitants of Piedimulera. Although there were then no mines at that place itself, some have within the last few years been opened there. Later a number of the Arian heretics, nicknamed *cani* (dogs), were sent to work in the mines by the Christian emperors. It is more than probable that some of the ancient British were sent there also. The Saracens worked the mines during their invasion, and since those days they have been carried on continuously to our own times.

The rocks in which the gold is found consist almost entirely of gneiss, so tunnelling is fairly safe. The ore consists chiefly of friable pyrites, occurring in lumps of irregular cube-shaped crystals. The gold is very rarely discoverable by the eye, as it is contained in a mixture of sulphuret of iron, quartz, arseniuret of iron, antimony, and the argentiferous sulphuret of lead called galena. When the ore has been picked and washed, it is ground up into a rough powder and mixed with quicklime in a tub. The effect of this is to convert the sulphurets into sulphates, and so to leave the way clear for the subsequent admixture of mercury. After this process is finished the mixture is put into what, for want of a better word, I must call churns, which are first nearly filled with water, and then the quicksilver is added. The whole is next churned for twenty-four hours in order to dissolve out the salts and to enable the mercury to amalgamate with the gold. When the churning has been completed and the rubbish separated, and the water poured away, the amalgam is put into chamois-leather bags, through which the mercury is squeezed, leaving the gold behind as residuum. A good deal of the mercury is lost owing to the antimony.

About two pounds worth of gold is extracted from each hundred kilogrammes of ore. On this there is a Government tax of 10 per cent. So that the gold is not very plentiful—not so plentiful as it must have been in Wales in the days of James I., when Sir Hugh Middleton realised two thousand pounds per month from the Dolgelly mines, all of which he expended on his New River scheme for supplying London with water.

The mines are not very obtrusive in appearance, and do not at all spoil the beauty of the valley. Indeed, if one had not been told of them one would hardly suspect their existence, for the mills are all down in the valley by the bed of the Anza, which supplies abundant water-power for them. Sheds cover their adits. Usually the entrance is through a trap-door giving access to a shaft about one hundred metres in depth. The galleries run from the bottom for hundreds of yards into the mountains, and are generally about six or seven feet high. There is one danger to many of them, and that is the Anza, whose water has been occasionally known to break through, particularly when the galleries run under its bed. I was told one harrowing story of the water forcing its way in this manner into the lower levels of the galleries, which farther on bent upwards above the level of the water, so that the cries of the imprisoned men could be faintly heard by their wives and children above; but it took the rescue party too great a time to bore through the rock, and it was only when the cries had been stilled in death that the poor men were reached.

When a vein has been worked out and it is desired to find a new one, a dark and stormy night is chosen, when the lightning has full play among the rocks of the Alps. Those who have had the nerve-racking experience of being on an alpine

summit in a storm, and of hearing their ice-axes 'sing' in their hands with the electricity passing along the rocks, will realise that men posted at good points of observation will be able on such a night to note the scintillations of the pyrites where a vein exists, and to mark the place. The following day they look for traces of decomposed pyrites, and if they find them a shaft is sunk.

The walls of the Val Anzasca are lined with trees, the cutting of which forms a great industry for the villagers not employed at the mines. Occasionally, as one drives along, one is startled by seeing a great tree-bole denuded of branches apparently flying through the air from the heights on the opposite side of the valley; and as it lands with a thud against a balk of timber near the roadside, placed to receive it, one sees that it has traversed the whole distance slung on a stout wire which is suspended across the valley. The journey across thus takes only a few seconds instead of hours, and the tree is carried directly to the mill to be further dealt with. When the logs are finished they are cast into the Anza, which carries them down to Piedimulera. Sometimes, where the gorge narrows, a block of these logs will occur in the mountain torrent, and the force of the stream will pile them up to a considerable height. A man is then employed to pick them off one by one with a sort of iron hook attached to a pole. It is a difficult and dangerous task, in which he has to display the greatest agility in order to avoid being crushed.

Oddly enough, Macugnaga itself is a German-speaking village, having been colonised from Switzerland at the instance of the sixteenth-century lord of the valley, who colonised Saas, on the other side of Monte Rosa, with Italians. Why, history does not say. There is a tradition that they were originally followers of Martin Luther, driven over by persecution; but this is preposterous, as they have always been devout Catholics, as also have been the inhabitants of the Valais from which they came. Near the old church there is a great lime-tree which they brought with them. Then it was only an ell long; now it is no less than twenty-six feet in circumference. In nearly all the churchyards in this valley they have a gruesome custom of digging up the skulls of the dead, and of putting them into a skull-house built to receive them; the more important ones are pigeon-holed and neatly ticketed with the names and dates of death, and the uppermost skulls of the common piles are crowned in weird fashion with the priests' old birettas. The women all wear white veils when going to church.

The valley is a paradise for the botanist, as many ferns and plants are found here which can be found nowhere else. Now that the tunnel through the Simplon has become a fact, the southern valleys of Monte Rosa, hitherto unknown to all but the mountain-climbers, may rightfully expect to attract a stream of northern visitors. Monte Rosa is nothing but a desolate mass of rocks and ice on the Swiss side, but she sits a very queen enthroned among the lovely Italian valleys which run so deeply into her southern flanks. The glories of the valley of Zermatt and the Riffel pale before the valley of the Lys and Val Anzasca. Mr Ball has said that for grandeur, beauty, and variety, the valleys of Monte Rosa were entitled to pre-eminence not only over the Swiss valleys, but over those of the whole world; and this, I think, most visitors to them will confirm.

A ROMANCE OF ORD.

CHAPTER III.

THE Laird's den was a small room on the ground floor of the house, severely plain and masculine in its appointments, but all the more interesting to Katie on that account. She was wandering idly round, taking unconscious stock of the various possessions it contained, as if in search for some fresh clue to its owner's personality, when a large panel photograph in the centre of the writing-table caught her eye, and instinctively she paused before it.

It was of a young girl in evening-dress, and the triumphant, almost disdainful, beauty of the face seemed to leap out of the dark frame to Katie's eyes with a stunning and bewildering effect. For some moments she remained standing silently in front of it, absorbed in that elementary though none the less cruel exercise of self-depreciation which only the very young know how to indulge in fully, when a voice at her elbow made her start.

'Well, what is your verdict?' inquired Ellis.

'She is beautiful, of course,' was Katie's abrupt reply, her clouded eyes still fixed upon the picture.

He agreed nonchalantly. 'And that doesn't do her justice,' he added the next moment.

'Then you have seen her lately?' said Katie.

'I have just been staying with her mother, Lady Lancaster, in London,' he replied. 'She is my aunt. Rose and I used to be playmates when she was an elf with a pigtail. Then I went abroad, and when I came back I found her metamorphosed into this;' and he pointed to the photograph. 'You will have a chance of seeing her for yourself soon,' he added a moment later. 'She and my aunt are coming up to pay me a visit next month.'

'Then you are still playmates,' blurted Katie almost before she was aware, raising her blue eyes suddenly to his face.

He gazed back at her silently for a moment, an odd smile flickering about his lips.

'Well, hardly that,' he pronounced slowly at last. 'I worship still, but from afar. You will understand what I mean when you see her,' with a little sentient laugh. 'My friend Usgood is coming to help me to entertain them.'

'So that he may occupy the mother's attention while you enjoy yourself with the daughter,' supplemented the minister, who had joined them, and was looking over Katie's shoulder at the photograph.

Ellis laughed frankly. 'You are too clever for me, sir,' he said, though without a trace of embarrassment in his tone.

The appearance of tea at this juncture provided a welcome interruption; and, in answer to a request from the Laird, Katie seated herself at the table to do the honours. She was indignant with herself for the influence she had allowed the photograph to exert upon her mood, and fearful lest her host should have remarked any change in her demeanour. 'What right had she, the daughter of a country minister, to court comparison with a girl in Miss Lancaster's position?' she asked herself angrily. Their lots were cast in very different spheres, and the sooner she realised the fact the better.

It was this determination that lent a touch of coldness and indifference to her manner when, a little later, she and the Laird made their promised inspection of the drawing-room.

Ellis, who had looked forward all the afternoon to this opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* with the girl, was nonplussed by the sudden change in her mood, and utterly at a loss to account for it. But though her coldness piqued him, it had the effect of stimulating his interest in her personality; and by the time she had pronounced judgment on the condemned room he would have welcomed any excuse to lengthen the interview.

'What do you say to a turn in the gardens?' he said, pausing at one of the French windows that stood invitingly open.

But Katie shook her head. 'I am afraid there wouldn't be time,' she retorted carelessly. 'My father spoke of starting home at six o'clock. It must be almost that now.'

'It is more,' assented Ellis gravely, pulling out his watch as he spoke. 'Shall we go back to the smoking-room, then?' he added, making a movement towards the door as she still stood hesitating.

She started forward at once, her face grown suddenly crimson. Somehow, his manner of accepting her rebuff had made her feel very small and very insignificant.

But his parting words as they drove away consoled her a little, though they were addressed pointedly to the minister. 'I am shooting over Kyllachie Moor to-morrow afternoon,' he called from the porch, whither he had accompanied his guests. 'If I am not too late, may I drop into the manse to tea?'

'By all means, if you take your chance of finding us,' called the minister heartily. 'I shall probably be out. But Katie here will look after you.'

The Laird's answer was lost in the grinding of gravel as the manse chariot started forward.

On the homeward way the minister was unusually discursive, and talked of their visit and the character of their host, with whom, notwithstanding his previous strictures, he appeared well pleased.

Katie listened silently, glad of the excuse to indulge in her own thoughts. The impulse of self-depreciation that the sight of the photograph had evoked within her still dominated her mood; and, as if to add to its bitterness, the memory of the pleasure with which she had heard Ellis's tale of her supposed likeness to the backwoodsman's wife returned upon her, making the contrast between herself and the London beauty seem almost grotesque. For the first time in her life the longing for some such inherent support as that of noble birth or great beauty assailed her, and in response to it she broke into the midst of one of her father's panegyrics with an abrupt question.

'Father, who were the Bethunes?' she demanded, raising a pair of stern, inquisitorial eyes to his face.

The minister was too gratified by this opportunity for expatiating on his favourite theme to remark the irrelevancy of the question, and launched forth at once into a sea of genealogical complexities which endured for the remainder of the homeward way.

'Ay, their blood was of the best, the Bethunes; though their morals were, to say the least of it, medieval,' he added in conclusion, as the white stacks of the manse came suddenly into view round a bend in the road. 'So be content to be the daughter of divinity, Katie'—and he half-turned towards the girl with a little whimsical laugh as he spoke—'and don't trouble your head with your ancestry.'

Strange to say, in his lonely den at Ord, Martin Ellis was following something of the same train of thought and arriving at a very similar conclusion. Though he had no knowledge of facts such as the minister's to guide him, he had wound up a long train of reflections upon the personality of his late guests with the brief but significant summary—thoroughbred; and to him the term was perhaps more comprehensive than to one accustomed to the restrictions of a narrower civilisation. In his acceptation it was an all-round verdict that included not only race and training, but heart and mind as well; and Ellis was not given to undue enthusiasms. But, whereas in the case of the father his interest was to a certain extent superficial, the daughter appealed to much deeper strata of his emotions.

Up till his accession to Ord the idea of marriage had never occupied a very prominent place in his imaginings; in fact, he had put it from him as a secondary purpose of his life, only to be indulged in if some lucky chance threw fortune in his way. But with Ord had come new responsibilities, and among them marriage of necessity had a high place. Not that he was minded to sacrifice his future happiness to any sense of duty, however imperative. He would marry to please himself, or not at all.

But having once found his ideal, the rest was inevitable. That Katie Bethune represented the nearest approach to that divinity he had yet met was already an accepted conviction in his mind. But for the further developments he was content to await events.

'I wonder what old John Usgood will say,' he murmured at last, rising out of his chair and letting his sleepy eyes wander round the small empty room that was now for him so redolent of the girl's personality. 'But I'll let him find it out for himself. He's clever enough.'

CHAPTER IV.

ELLIS'S self-invited call on the day following the luncheon at Ord was only the precursor of many such informal visitations; and as the minister's sense of duty was peculiarly exacting, and his flock a scattered one, it generally happened that Katie was alone to receive him.

The *tête-à-têtes* on the manse-lawn or in the bright, homely drawing-room became an established institution for the pair, and were often followed by long rambling excursions over the bare, wind-swept heights above Ord, where, with only the curlews and peewits for company, they would thresh out that old yet ever new and inexhaustible theme for man and maid—their own personalities.

One day they had taken refuge in a shepherd's cottage from a squall of wind and rain that had suddenly appeared from nowhere, eclipsing the sunshine of a moment before, and sending a sheet of gray rain slanting down the glen, when Ellis said abruptly, 'Well, I suppose this is the last free afternoon I shall have for some time.'

Katie, who had been leaning against the open door, opposite him, watching the storm, moved suddenly inside as he spoke, and, crossing over to the fireplace, held out her hands to the red glow of the peat-fire on the hearth. 'I suppose so,' she said at length, in a matter-of-fact tone, 'as your aunt and cousin arrive to-morrow.'

'And John Usgood to-night,' he supplemented, following lazily in her wake across the dark little kitchen, and taking up his position facing her, one shoulder propped against the high mantel. 'You have been very good to me,' he added, his gray eyes fixed intently on her downbent face under the boyish tam o' shanter.

She laughed, glancing up at him as she did so. 'What nonsense!' she exclaimed.

But his eyes remained fixed upon her. 'I feel as if the first chapter of our friendship was about to close,' he went on seriously. 'I wonder what chapter two will be like.'

Katie laughed again. 'A repetition of chapter one, I imagine,' she exclaimed.

He shook his head. 'I think not,' he said; then added with deliberate emphasis, 'I hope not.'

A silence followed his words. Katie had lowered her eyes once more and was attentively examining one of the thongs of her stout leather brogues which had come unfastened. 'Perhaps there will be no second chapter,' she said at length, throwing up her head and walking over to the tiny window, down which the rain was falling in sheets.

Ellis was about to follow her, when the abrupt entrance of the shepherd's wife interrupted him. She had been cutting bracken in the glen, and appeared, a drenched figure, in the doorway of the sheiling, her short petticoat heavy and sodden with rain, her shawl wound tightly about her head.

'Ye s'uld ha'e made yoursel's a cup o' tea,' she exclaimed in the loud, overpitched tone of one unaccustomed to the sound of her own voice, when their apologies were concluded. 'Juist wait a wee till I'm dried, and I'll luik aifter ye;' and she disappeared into the but-end of the cottage as she spoke, leaving the two alone once more.

They were standing side by side now in the centre of the kitchen, and for some seconds they remained thus, without speaking. Then slowly they turned towards each other, an expression of mute amusement growing in their eyes. With only a thin partition between them and inevitable interruption, it would be vain to attempt to reawaken the spell that had held them a moment before.

Ellis was the first to speak. 'Next Wednesday, when you come to Ord, the second chapter will commence,' he announced in a low yet confident whisper.

And Katie made no effort to contradict him, because she believed in her heart that he was a true prophet.

The fête on Wednesday had been arranged in honour of the Laird's guests, and was a mixed gathering of gentry and farmers after the patriarchal system which still holds good in some remoter districts of the Highlands. Katie and her father were late of arriving. But some clairvoyant instinct seemed to warn Ellis of their approach, and he detached himself at once from the little group of which he was the centre, and came quickly across the lawn to greet them.

The expression of his eyes as they lighted on her was welcome enough to Katie without any spoken words, and sent a thrill of exultation through her heart which even the chill response of Lady Lancaster and her daughter to the introduction which he hastened to effect failed to dissipate. Just for a second perhaps the almost dazzling beauty of the London girl and the exquisite grace and daintiness of her attire sent a pang of envy through Katie's heart. But she had forgotten it the next moment as she found herself bowing to a small, grave-faced man who was standing among the house-party, and whom Ellis had introduced with smiling significance as 'My friend Usgood.'

Something in the curious intensity of his gaze and a hint of baffled recognition in the dark, deep-set eyes as they rested on her face caused the girl

a momentary feeling of embarrassment. But the moment he spoke her shyness disappeared. There was such a true ring in his voice, and beneath the gravity of his demeanour a suggestion of lurking humour that made constraint impossible.

'Shall we find somewhere to sit down?' were his first words, glancing round the groups of gaily dressed people that covered the lawn as he spoke. 'Or do you prefer talking in a crowd?'

Katie laughingly denied the imputation, and under his guidance was soon ensconced in a shady corner of one of the conservatories, with the cool green of tropical verdure all around her.

Usgood did not talk much, but he had a knack of drawing others on to converse; and, almost without realising it, the girl was tempted from her usual reserve, and spoke freely of herself and the simple duties and pleasures that made up the sum of her existence. Now and then the look of puzzled recognition that had first struck her would steal into his eyes as he listened, and several times she caught him studying her face with curious intensity.

At last, emboldened by the friendliness of their intercourse, she challenged him to explain the mystery, giving as her apology the likeness Ellis had already discovered between her and the little woman of the prairies.

To her surprise, he seemed annoyed by the allusion, and briefly retorted that he had never known the woman in question. 'There is a likeness in you to somebody I once knew in America,' he confessed a moment later, as if ashamed of his former brusquerie, 'though I cannot place it. Have you ever had any relations out West?'

'My brother,' she retorted, and paused. 'I cannot tell you where he is,' she added in the defiant tone she always assumed when speaking of the scapegrace. 'We have lost sight of him for many years.'

'Bethune — Bethune,' repeated Usgood abstractedly.

'Diarmid Bethune,' supplemented Katie in a reflective undertone. 'We called him Jack.'

Usgood gave a violent start; his brows contracted over his dark, cavernous eyes; the colour ebbed slowly from his face. 'Diarmid!' he echoed in a low voice.

'What is it? You have met him—you know him!' cried Katie, leaning forward, her eyes seeming to scorch him with the intensity of their gaze. But at her question his self-control returned.

'Never, I am afraid,' he retorted with a slow, compassionate smile. 'I am sorry my manner should have misled you,' he continued more hurriedly. 'But the name Diarmid is connected with a rather painful episode in my past, and hearing it mentioned suddenly, when I was unprepared, took me aback. That is all, I assure you.'

Katie shuddered. 'I didn't know what to think or expect,' she murmured in a low voice. 'It is so long since we have heard, and'——

But before she could proceed further the conservatory door opened, and Ellis appeared on the threshold.

'Ah, so you are here,' he said, limping towards them. 'I have been looking for you everywhere. My cousin is going to sing, and I should like you to hear her, Miss Bethune.'

Katie rose at once, thankful for any excuse to escape from the unpleasant associations of the last few moments. Usgood followed her example, though more deliberately. To any close observer his eyes must have betrayed the strain and shock of his late emotions.

But Ellis was too much engrossed with his other guest to pay much heed to the variations of his friend's moods. 'When the song is over you must spare me a few moments,' he murmured in Katie's ear as she moved down the narrow pathway in front of him. 'I have thought of a most auspicious preface for our second chapter.'

She nodded in response, glad that their relative positions prevented him from seeing the flush that had mounted her face at his words.

A crowd had collected in the drawing-room to hear Miss Lancaster sing; but Katie and her host contented themselves with a place near the door, so that they might make an easier exit afterwards.

Usgood had disappeared. 'Gone for a smoke probably,' as Ellis explained. 'He never could stand much society at a time.'

'How beautiful your cousin is!' remarked Katie to her companion when they had reached the garden, having escaped before the encore with which Miss Lancaster's performance had been greeted.

'Yes,' replied Ellis abstractedly, 'she is.'

'And what a lovely voice!' added the girl.

He nodded acquiescence, then suddenly stopped and faced her. 'I didn't bring you out here to talk about my cousin,' he burst forth impatiently. 'And you know it.'

Katie stopped too. 'What shall we talk about, then?' she queried provokingly. 'Your friend Mr Usgood? I like him so much.'

'I knew you would,' retorted Ellis quietly.

'And isn't it strange he has discovered a likeness, too, between me and some one he has known in America?' she ran on, raising her blue eyes suddenly to her companion's face. But something she saw there checked her, and the colour ebbed slowly from her own.

'Katie!' he cried.

But before he could say another word Lady Lancaster's shrill tones came echoing down the pathway to their ears. 'Why, there he is, the truant!' she called to her daughter, who was following in her wake.

Ellis had just time to mutter, 'May I come and see you to-morrow morning?' when the intruders were upon them.

'You rude boy!' pouted Miss Lancaster, laying her white fingers possessively on his coat-sleeve and ignoring Katie's presence as successfully as if she

had been a rose-bush or some other object of floral decoration—'to run away before my encore.'

Without waiting for his excuse, Lady Lancaster turned on her heel, and, signing to Katie to accompany her, moved off in the opposite direction.

'I am going back to the house,' she said. 'You had better come with me.'

Katie agreed without demur. She was too thrilled with her own happiness to resent the unceremonious behaviour of the elder woman, and had a vague pity, besides, for the fruitless results of her diplomacy.

For some minutes they walked in silence.

'You live here all the year round, I suppose?' said Lady Lancaster at last, though without turning her head in her companion's direction.

The girl assented politely.

'It must be freezingly cold in winter,' the elder woman went on in the same tone of negative interest. 'They tell me you are sometimes snowed-up for weeks at a time.'

Katie laughed light-heartedly. 'It doesn't make much difference to us,' she said. 'We have so few neighbours in any case.'

Lady Lancaster shuddered. 'How dreadful! I shall insist on Ellis taking a house in town for the winter. It would be so bad for him to live here all the year round, with no one of his own class to associate with.'

'He has done without them for a good many years, has he not?' retorted Katie carelessly. She was gradually waking up to the rude intention underlying her companion's remarks.

Lady Lancaster cast a suspicious side-glance at her. There was none of the becoming humility in this daughter of the manse that she might reasonably have expected; and in that glance she made a startling discovery: the girl was a beauty, and of no rustic or plebeian order. There was race in the proud carriage of the head, the clear-cut aquiline features. Immediately her tone changed, a more propitiatory note appeared in her voice.

'My dear Miss Bethune,' she said, laying the tips of her fingers almost affectionately on Katie's arm as she spoke, 'you forget that he was very differently circumstanced then. Now he is a rich man, the representative of an old and distinguished name. Picture all our feelings if he were to be trapped into some low marriage; and you never know what circumstances will do for a man,' with a significant sigh.

Katie's head went a little higher, a faint colour stole into her cheeks, but her voice was calm and unmoved as ever as she replied, 'I am sure the Laird would never dream of marrying beneath him, however long he lived in these wilds.'

Again Lady Lancaster cast a sharp, inquiring glance at her. But neither insolence nor embarrassment could she detect in her expression, only a calm, unruffled dignity that somehow checked the further rudeness she was about to perpetrate.

They had reached the lawn by this time; and Katie, seeing her father in conversation with one of his parishioners, took a scant farewell of her companion, and joined him.

'The trap is round, Katie,' he said. 'I have been looking everywhere for you.'

'Then let us go,' said the girl thankfully.

'But the Laird! We can't run off without saying good-bye to our host,' replied the minister, glancing from right to left as he spoke. 'Ah, here he is,' as Ellis appeared suddenly from the direction of the garden, Miss Lancaster smiling and radiant by his side.

He came straight over towards them, leaving his cousin bereft in the centre of the lawn.

'We are off, my boy,' said the minister, shaking him heartily by the hand. 'And a pleasant afternoon we have had of it.'

Katie's farewell was taken in silence.

But Ellis's last words as he tucked the rug around her echoed in her heart all through the homeward way. 'Till to-morrow, then,' he said, and the look with which the brief sentence was accompanied filled her with joyous anticipation.

(To be continued.)

NAPOLEON'S FIRST LIBRARY.

READING was the lifelong hobby of Napoleon's leisure. In the bare room of the penniless artillery sub-lieutenant at Valence, the book-box, his brother Joseph asserted, was larger than the trunk which sufficed for Napoleon's scanty wardrobe. In Paris, before Brumaire brought him forward to the first rank, he spent his time principally in the Bibliothèque Nationale. A veritable library accompanied him to Egypt; and once definitely settled in France as First Consul, he selects, in the Malmaison, the quietest and most pleasant room for his first library. Separated by a long 'Council Chamber' from Josephine's brilliant and noisy reception-rooms, it looked out on three sides on to the quiet, leafy garden. A door opened on a miniature bridge across the moat. On this bridge an awning was fitted up, and a small table and chair placed. Thus on summer days the Consul worked in the open air within easy reach of his works of reference. These were some five thousand in number, history and philosophy predominating. French authors were naturally most numerous. The classics figured as French translations, for the most Roman of modern emperors—like the author of *Julius Cæsar* and *Coriolanus*—had 'small Latin and less Greek' scholarship. Shakespeare, by the way, figured on

the Malmaison shelves with Pope and, of course, *Ossian*, Napoleon's lifelong favourite. Among other English authors, the novels of Fielding and Richardson were keenly appreciated by the Emperor; and Milton and Hume he also studied.

Restored, after long years of neglect, the Malmaison is now a public museum, and the first and most personal of Napoleon's libraries open to the inspection of the Parisian tourist. The ceiling is adorned with medallions of the First Consul's favourite authors in the pseudo-classical style of the epoch, when 'Art stopped short at the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine.' The plain elbow-chair still bears the gashes made by Napoleon's penknife; the writing-table is ample and simple. Close by is a curious piece of furniture, on the child's money-box system, into which private papers could be introduced rapidly, but could only be extracted by the use of lock and key. On the table are a few odd volumes in the 'Malmaison binding.' The initials P. B. interlaced speak of the part Pauline, the First Consul's favourite sister, took in forming this collection. Here Napoleon worked his way to an imperial throne; hither he fled, his throne finally lost, after Waterloo; hence he wrote to his librarian at Paris to draw up a list of books, and 'especially on America,' to accompany him to the United States. But he lingered too long in his library. 'I don't understand the Emperor,' exclaimed Queen Hortense as she restlessly wandered in and out of his presence. 'Instead of deciding one thing about his departure, there he sits novel-reading.' Reading light literature was Napoleon's relief in moments of mental overstrain. On board the *Bellerophon* he 'dozes over *Ossian*.' At St Helena he reads perpetually to forget his captivity. Some twenty books from the Malmaison accompanied him to St Helena. The bulk of the remainder were sold by auction a few years after the Emperor's death.

A JAPANESE EPISODE.

By E. HALLAM MOORHOUSE.

ON a certain summer morning of 1902, the year of the King's coronation, a smart steam-pinnace was hissing her rapid way through the crowded waters of Portsmouth harbour—darting aside to avoid the lumbering Gosport ferry-boat, slipping between an anchored yacht and a destroyer coming down harbour, all with the speed and swiftness of a skimming swallow. The coxswain, standing with immovable face at the little wheel, looked straight ahead with the impassive stare which is correct in the presence of gold lace and the executive curl. He appeared to see nothing, but in reality was taking stock of every craft in the harbour. The sun glinted back dazzlingly from the terribly polished brass funnels of the pinnace, and danced so gaily over the tips of the little waves created by the fresh breeze that a dark-haired girl sitting in the stern with Captain Richard Waring and his wife laughed from sheer joyousness and the exhilaration of swift movement.

'Look, Uncle Richard!' she cried, pointing down the harbour to where the old *Victory* lay, her yellow masts shining in the sunshine, her massive three-decked hull showing all its dignity in contrast to the low, dark shape of the passing destroyer. 'Look how pretty it is! You see it so often that you don't notice; but really it's splendid—enough to make any one want to be English and a sailor!'

'Wouldn't a Japanese sailor do as well, Betty?' asked Captain Waring with a quizzical little smile.

'Well, hardly. You can't quite compare Trafalgar and the Yalu, can you? But, all the same, I know they'll do something when they meet a stronger enemy than the Chinese. What do you think Lieutenant Fukishima was telling me at the Admiral's yesterday? Why, here we are!'

She broke off suddenly and stood up as the pinnace, with a turn of the stolid coxswain's wrist, sheered neatly under the stern of a large black-and-white torpedo-destroyer flying the Japanese flag. Half-a-score Japanese blue-jackets ran to the rail and looked down at the pinnace, with flashes of white teeth and quick gestures expressive of pleasure.

'Now, auntie,' said Betty, with a gay little girlish laugh, 'we've got to go up that ladder, and it's got no handrail—nothing but a rope to haul ourselves up with! Shall I go first?'

'I should much prefer that you did,' said Mrs Waring, smiling at the girl's happy face.

Betty gathered up her skirts in her left hand, seized the dangling rope with her right, and after a moment's scramble stood on the deck of the destroyer, shaking hands with Lieutenant Fukishima, a thick-set little Japanese with an ugly jaw and high cheek-bones, the Mongolian bluntness of his face only redeemed from the grotesque to English eyes by its look of strength and a singularly attractive smile.

Captain Waring was preparing to assist his wife up the destroyer's side, and said as he glanced at the group above, 'Pity I've not my camera; it would make a capital little snapshot of the Anglo-Japanese alliance.'

Lieutenant Fukishima was extremely pleased to see his English friends, and delighted to have the opportunity of showing them the *Nagato*—his first command. Two years before he had come to England from the Japanese Naval College at Yetajima to learn the language and go through a special torpedo course. He was shortly returning to Japan

with the *Nagato*—the newest, and in his opinion the most powerful and perfect, destroyer ever added to the Mikado's navy.

'Yes, sir, she is of a great beauty,' he said in answer to some professional comment of Captain Waring, 'fresh from the yard of Thorneycroft; and she has a good speed—we have tested her.'

'You think to test her more seriously soon, perhaps?'

A quickly suppressed gleam lightened Lieutenant Fukishima's face, but he answered quietly, 'We are ready when our Emperor inquire of us; we shall not have too great fear when we hear the thunder-clap of war-guns.'

'If I were Japanese I know I should want to fight Russia,' said Miss Waring straightforwardly.

'Tut, tut, Betty, who said Russia?' Captain Waring smiled at his niece, and then turned to the lieutenant: 'However, since the name's out, you must remember that Russia's a very big country, and Japan a little one.'

'We remember—oh yes. When we in Japan are, we look across the Inland Sea to the great mainland stretching away through Manchuria to Russia, which spread herself upon the earth to crush it. But we believe not always in bigness in Japan,' he broke off as though unwilling to say more.

Later on, when he was explaining the working of the torpedo-tubes and the power of the Whitehead to Betty, something in the suppressed but keen joy with which he gave her details of explosive power and range of action struck the girl.

'You believe in this?' she said, laying a hand on the torpedo-tube.

'We all do in the destroyers, Miss Waring. In war it will redress of the balance—one of those little silver fish driven home, and there is no more a battleship!'

'A Russian battleship?' queried the undiplomatic Betty.

'A Russian battleship—yes! Since that Port Arthur was deprived from us we have not forgot. And it is the life of our country that Russia would take in her paw.'

'I'm awfully glad that England will be behind you if you have to fight,' cried Betty warmly, for she felt, under the awkward words of this Japanese lieutenant, in his badly fitting uniform, something that set her pulses tingling.

'Thank you much. We very proud to be allies of this great country; and your navy it is very fine—China, Pacific, Mediterranean, everywhere it is!'

But as Betty looked along the crowded, narrow deck of the destroyer, with its four squat funnels, its ventilators and machine-guns, she felt that it was not always great ships that conquered—that there was a spirit which outweighed tonnage. Looking at the Japanese blue-jackets and their lieutenant, she remembered how he had told her at the Port Admiral's luncheon-party the day before that when the Japanese soldiers joined the colours in war-time they called themselves *Kesshitai* ('Determined to die').

As they were leaving the *Nagato* an impulse seized her. She stood up in the stern of the retreating pinnace and kissed her hand in salute to the crimson-and-white Japanese flag stretching out in the English sunshine.

'Good luck to your flag!' she cried in her clear young voice.

Lieutenant Fukishima was standing at the rail watching his friends depart. He turned quickly to the blue-jackets also watching, and translated her words to them. Smiles broke over their faces, and a sudden strange shout of '*Banzai! Banzai!*' went ringing across the sunny waters of Portsmouth harbour.

. . . . . .

It was three years later, and the destroyer *Nagato* was no longer lying in Portsmouth harbour, but under the heights of Tsu-shima awaiting the night and the admiral's word. All that long afternoon the battle had rolled and raged across the waters of the Sea of Japan. Early in the morning Lieutenant Fukishima had been one of the first to get sight of the Russian fleet, so long awaited, looming up solemn and threatening through the mist and spin-drift that blinded his staring eyes. He clung to the rail of his destroyer as she plunged in the heavy swell with a grip that nearly burst the skin across his knuckles, and felt his heart expand with steady exultation; it was no wild flame that leaped up in his Samurai spirit, trained through long generations of self-control, but he knew with an instinct deeper than knowledge that the great day of his life had come—the day in which all his years of preparation were to be tested on the touchstone of experience. He and the *Nagato* had sought this day through many dangers round Port Arthur, but had so far failed to find it, though they had both been in close touch with annihilation. In the course of those weeks in the icy seas round the besieged Russian fortress, Fukishima had learned to know his crew and his ship with a stark intimacy; and day by day, with unswerving faithfulness, he saw to it that every nail and bolt and piston-rod, every torpedo-tube and quick-firer, in the *Nagato* was ready—ready for the chance he meant to wrest from the very jaws of death.

For hours the Japanese guns had thundered with such an unceasing roar that twenty miles away the houses were so shaken that people feared an earthquake. It seemed impossible through the smoke and fury of battle to believe that silence had ever rested over that heaving sea. The swell was so heavy that destroyers and torpedo-boats were ordered to the shelter of Tsu-shima and Takeshiki, and there Lieutenant Fukishima waited till nightfall, his swarthy face impassive in outward aspect, his spirit contained. Like the rest of the Japanese navy, he had supreme faith in the quiet, gray-haired man who walked the quarterdeck of the *Mikado*, and never doubted that 'Father Togo' would make use

of his torpedo craft when the sea abated and the right time came.

Twilight fell upon the stricken mob that had been the Russian fleet. Some of the morning's battleships had been sunk, three of the cruisers were in desperate flight to the southwards, and the shattered remainder were trying to form some sort of order out of the deadly havoc, when through the dark from ship to ship sped the cry, 'Torpedo attack!'

There was a wild spluttering from the few Russian quick-fire guns that were workable, and suddenly the night was split into ribbons of stark light as the remaining searchlights of the shattered fleet were switched on, wildly searching the dark waters for those low, speeding shapes that meant utter destruction to the shattered Russians.

The thin plated decks of the *Nagato* throbbed with the beat of her engines as she sped onwards to the foe. Luckily the sea had moderated towards night, but the torn water seethed round the destroyer's sides and was drawn up clinging to her stern in a roaring cataract of foam. The long wake gleamed ghostly behind her, and now and again a red glare burst from the smoke-stacks, hinting at the pressure down below. Tarro Fukishima had left the bridge as the distance from the enemy lessened, and now was crouching by the forward torpedo-tube, something resembling the rigidity of a carven idol in his attitude and the look of his set face.

Through the darkness loomed a deeper blackness, which was a Russian battleship, and on that his straining gaze was fixed. Suddenly the blinding shaft of a searchlight cut across his eyes like a sword, and the *Nagato* stood out upon the night stripped of the protecting dark. The Russian flashed into points of flame, and the clash and rattle of her guns came shouting down the wind. But in another instant, by a turn of the quartermaster's wheel, the destroyer had plunged into the deeper darkness on the edge of the searchlight's sharp rays —plunged and sped onwards till the distance narrowed from four hundred to two hundred and fifty yards. The signal had been, 'Give finishing-stroke,' and the *Nagato* was going in to do it. Fukishima's hands had never left the keys of the torpedo-tube through those blinding moments in the glare of the Russian searchlight, which now was wildly sweeping the sea in search of the *Nagato;* and though he had felt a sudden sharp stab in the thigh, his only thought was an instant thankfulness that his arms and hands were untouched. Another moment, and with a quick turn of the levers the torpedo was loosed and sped towards the looming battleship, true on her course and so close to the prey that she could not fail. The Japanese lieutenant turned to go to the little forward bridge, and found he could not raise himself; one leg was useless, and a thin dark stream ran wavering down the shaking deck. Fukishima looked at the blood he had shed for his country and smiled with a strange flash of white teeth. He pulled himself on his knees to the rail, and half-raised himself by it, straining his eyes towards the Russian battleship. Through the random firing all about him his trained ear had caught a muffled knocking stroke—the veritable hand of death knocking at the warship's side—and suddenly a column of water dashed on board, and the Russian man-of-war heaved up her great forecastle and went down by the stern as though she had been clutched from beneath and drawn down to the ocean-bed.

Fukishima's face was transformed; fierce elementary things broke up its Mongolian impassivity; the blood of all his fighting ancestors rose surging within him as he pulled himself up and shouted the full-throated war-cry of old Japan: '*Banzai! Banzai!*'

That triumphant shout was cut in half by the sweeping shaft of another battleship's searchlight which had found the *Nagato*. Quick on the heels of the light came a bullet striking Lieutenant Fukishima full in the chest. Thus death found him in that bright light, his duty to his country and his ancestors fully done, his blow struck home. In the last moments of his life he saw that a large rent was torn in the white-and-crimson of the *Nagato's* flag fluttering in the breeze. And suddenly, by some trick of memory, there flashed before his inward eye a vision, a momentary picture, of a blue shimmering sea and a dark-haired English girl standing up in the stern of a retreating pinnace and kissing her hand to the Japanese flag. 'Good luck to your flag!' she had cried across the waters of Portsmouth harbour—the same flag that fluttered its gaping rents in this murky atmosphere of death. The memory flashed by in an instant, and a great darkness and silence crept down upon Tarro Fukishima as he dropped upon the slippery deck of the *Nagato* with one last faint, indomitable whisper of '*Banzai!*'

WINTER.

The dream-like lap of the waters
Is gone from the shelving shore,
And the thunder of breaking billows
Fills the shuddering air once more.

The law stands ever steadfast,
'Neath sun and moon and star,
That rest is the root of action,
And peace is the fruit of war.

The summer and the winter
Are the golden and silvern waves
Of the rolling sea of the seasons,
Which our little life-rock laves.

And through the crash and the tumult,
And amid the storm and strife,
The billows are bearing us onward
To the goal of a grander life.

HALDANE BURGESS.

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OLD AND NEW CAIRO.

By GEORGE PIGNATORRE.



AIRO—or Masr-el-Kâhira, as the Arabs call the great city of the Fatimite califs—has retained much of its Oriental picturesqueness intact, in spite of Western innovations. Unlike Alexandria in this respect—which has gradually become a very commonplace, European-built city, with a dingy native quarter attached—is the great city on the Nile, with its splendid mosques, its typical Eastern bazaar (which the shade of Haroun-al-Raschid might revisit with equanimity and find the surroundings little changed since the days when Islam ruled more than a third of the known world), its camels and asses, and its wondrous sapphire sky.

The European quarter, with its regular, broad streets branching off in all directions from the Esbekieh Gardens, bordered by lofty ailantos or acacias, forms but a fraction of the city, and a very desirable fraction, too; but it does not impair the unmistakable Eastern stamp of the whole; nay, it adds the charm of contrast. Certainly Cairo offers all those pictures of Oriental life and gorgeous colouring we are wont to associate with Eastern cities, together with something more which we are not so apt to connect with these: the comforts and luxuries of modern civilisation. You may be charmed with the picturesque, but you may be averse to dirt however hallowed by time—unless, of course, you happen to be an antiquary without any sense of smell to speak of; and you are not obliged to put up with uncleanliness, however venerable, for the sake of the mosques and monuments.

Cairo has, besides, the singular advantage of being in touch with a long-buried past, wholly disconnected with its existence. The huge ancient creations of a remote period—the hugest and most ancient erections of civilised man still extant in their entirety—the three great Pyramids and the Sphinx, loom over what is in comparison a brand-new city, born some four thousand years at least after their erection. No intermediate links connect these gigantic structures with Saracenic Cairo; they stand, wholly apart in their solemn majesty, equally remote from Saracen or Frank, from the mailed crusaders of King Louis and the red-coated soldiers of Lord Wolseley, for a few centuries hardly count in the æons which they have witnessed. We may pass, then, through the ages, from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to the Hegira, or to the ninth, when califs ruled, and thence to the dim, far-off times of Chepen and Cheops, when Greece was unborn, when even Nineveh and Babylon were yet unbuilt. The neat, soberly dressed European, the Arab, and even the wild Ishmaelite of the desert may be viewed in succession within a radius of a few miles.

But the heart of Cairo, the stamp on the city as a whole, is neither Egyptian nor European, but Saracenic; and the famous bazaar leading out of the Muski is an ideal Eastern bazaar, worthy of the eighth century rather than of the nineteenth. You may still alight, if you are fortunate, on personages who seem to have stepped out of the scenes of the *Arabian Nights;* you may meet the veiled lady, with her attendants, making purchases of trinkets or silk stuffs, and enjoying the chaffering which enables her to while away an additional hour or two, which is so much gained and abstracted from the total of monotonous harem-life. But more interesting even than the veiled beauty is the native merchant, for with him you may come into close touch, and converse and do business with him. He is usually a most dignified, solemn, courteous old Arab, with a long, flowing white beard, two piercing, coal-black eyes, and apparelled in the garb his forefathers have worn for centuries, such as the merchants under Saladin might have worn unaltered. Sitting cross-legged on a carpet or matting, this fac-simile of the old patriarchs welcomes your advent with a profound obeisance, and declares that all he possesses is at your lordship's disposal—for a consideration of course, as the miser said in *Nigel*—and orders coffee and cigarettes, or a narghile even, should the customer promise fairly. You may now settle down to business and make

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your offer; after hearing the old patriarch's demand you may safely offer a quarter, perhaps less, working up gradually to a third, when the vendor will probably meet you; and should you be lucky and tactful you will be able to close the bargain before lunch. Otherwise, if you take too much time to climb up, or your opponent too much time in climbing down, to the golden mean, you will have to adjourn the sitting till the morrow. The old man may be, and often is, a swindling old cheat—anyhow, an old humbug; but he is also a characteristic figure, and forms a very original picture in a quaint setting well worth the loss of a few hours, in a country where time is not, and never has been, money. Moreover, if you are disinclined to buy at the price asked, or at any price, having gone into the bazaar out of sheer curiosity, you may leave with a clear conscience in either case, and as quietly as you entered. For the merchant is too much of a gentleman—in manners at least, whatever he be in morality—to grudge his wasted coffee and cigarettes, or the time spent abortively; which are, moreover, articles of very little account, the last especially so. In any case it was written—*Allah* or *kismet* (God or Fate) had willed it so—that the gold of the Frank should not be transferred into Mohammed's coffers. But God is great, and might send him another purchaser on the morrow.

Next to the labyrinth of covered ways, with their stalls and grave-looking vendors of wares—in interest at least—come the mosques, with or without dancing dervishes—I prefer them without—into which unbelievers are allowed to enter barefoot, or rather symbolically so—that is, with slippered feet; the difference between slippers and shoes being quite as sensible as that between fish and caviare in the Eastern Church, which prohibits the former and allows the latter during Lent.

The Moslem prays with the same earnestness with which he chaffers, and between the two he is pretty well occupied, though hardly progressive; but at any rate he gives his whole heart to both. He was wont once to put his whole heart to many other things—to learning, to poetry, to music, and to science; but that was before the coming of the Turks in the East, the Inquisition and barbarous Berbers in the West. The Arabs or Moors of to-day are as different from their brilliant ancestors of Bagdad and Cordova as the Greeks of the seventeenth century from their forebears of the fifth century before Christ. They are savage and fierce in Morocco, docile and quiet in Egypt (except when carried away by an occasional fanatical outburst like that of 1882); but they are all equally ignorant and unprogressive. The Cairenes, like all their countrymen, and like most Orientals, are usually inert, submissive, servile even, to those whom fortune favours, insolent or faithless to those whom fortune deserts; good-natured and fairly courageous in battle when led by men they can trust, but utterly worthless when officered by men of their own race exclusively or by Europeans whom they have not had time or the occasion to appreciate.

But the fellahin or native Egyptians are not the only, though they are the predominant, element in the somewhat mixed native population. There is a fair sprinkling of thick-lipped, black negroes, of straight-featured Nubians, of fair-skinned Berbers; finally, of Turks and Copts—these last being the survivals of the ancient Egyptian race who embraced a form of Christianity under the Roman sway, and preserved their faith throughout all the stress of foreign invasion. All these indigenous or quasi-indigenous races differ so strikingly in form, face, and dress that there is no mistaking them. To these must be added the Syrians and Armenians, and the various Europeans—Greeks, Italians, English, French, &c., in the order mentioned—to complete the tale of nationalities and creeds. Under the *de facto* rule or overlordship of Great Britain, all natives enjoy equal laws and even justice: benefits which had been denied them from time immemorial. Foreign tyrants and home oppressors had worked their will on Egypt under calif, mameluke, and viceroy; and though two of the latter introduced many material improvements, they never endeavoured to raise the moral standard or to better the conditions of the peasantry, who continued to be ground down by petty local tyrants, who were in their turn victimised by greater ones, who were preyed upon to a certain degree by the Khedive or the Viceroy, who was the apex of the pyramid of misrule. The only discontented classes are the smugglers and keepers of gambling-houses, who prospered exceedingly under the old régime. The greater order and efficiency of the public service have put an end to systematic smuggling; while the gambling establishments have, I believe, been closed or placed under police supervision. Public security, too, has followed the British flag. So that the Cairo of to-day bids fair to be on all counts the most pleasant winter resort for Europeans. The climate is healthy all the year round, but of course intolerably hot during the long summer for Northerners. The proper season for visiting El Masr commences in November and ends in April, during which it is an ideal residence, with its soft, balmy winds, ever-azure sky, shady walks and gardens. The perfect stillness and warmth of the atmosphere enables even the relatively weak to make excursions on donkey-back in the old-fashioned way, or, if they prefer it, in tram-cars in the new-fashioned style. You can drive to the Great Pyramid, and climb it too, without risking sunstroke or a headache, or to Sakkarah, the site of Memphis, where still older monuments await you on the spot on which the first king of Upper and Lower Egypt erected his capital, according to some, over five thousand years before the Nativity; although recent discoveries reveal the existence of a pre-Memphite kingdom. Indeed, the bourn of Egyptian history seems to recede more and more with fresh discoveries into the infinite past, as the

limits of our visible stellar universe recede farther and farther into boundless space with every fresh revelation of the telescope and spectroscope.

I have said that the climate is healthy throughout the year, and so it is; but it does not follow that it is equally pleasant. With April the season practically closes; the hot, parching *hamsin* wind blows intermittently during about fifty days (whence its name *hamsin*—from *hamsa*, fifty); but for five months the foreign visitor will find what he will vainly seek at Cannes, or the famed Riviera, or Nice, or anywhere in Europe—a perpetual halcyon temperature and almost always cloudless skies. Social relations, too, are for various reasons more cordial than they are wont to be in purely fashionable or health resorts, where people go merely for pleasure or health; and society itself during the height of the season attains a higher level in Cairo than in Nice from the fact of its not being the rendezvous solely of invalids or jaded men and women of the world, but likewise of men of science and learning, and of many who, without being scholars or antiquaries, are people of intelligence and education, who have come to visit this marvellous land and to improve their minds.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER X.—DAYS OF PEACE.

NOW for John—the 'Jean' was dropped with the rags he cast off in his uncle's bathroom on the night he had reached London—followed a long stretch of peaceful days—days that, after the humiliations and haunting disquiets of madame's house, had the airs of Paradise. The fear that had closed around him so long like an atmosphere faded into a vague memory. He was put under a good private tutor for a while, and later sent to a public school. The green of country lanes lay about him instead of the stony slums of Paris. He exchanged the foul airs of the great city on the Seine for the blowing winds of English downs, the Rat and his predatory band for the comradeship of English schoolboys.

Amongst his new comrades he was at first anything but popular. He seemed, to careless eyes, slow-witted. He had an unhurrying and loitering coolness which his teachers called obstinacy. His school companions, like his teachers, looked at him with doubtful eyes. His French experiences hung round him like a mystery; and English schoolboys do not like mysteries. The English boy of that day, it may be added, had a special dislike for mysteries with a French flavour. It was only the circumstance that Jack Lawrence's fighting gifts were beyond suspicion, and were of the true British type, which saved him from being permanently branded as 'Froggie' and sent to Coventry as guilty of being more than half French.

There was certainly a strain of something uncanny about the lad. He had not lived so long under the shadow of M. Duclos and on the edge of a revolution without some mark being left on him. His French experiences had aged him. The clear, deep-set eyes seemed curiously watchful, as though they were constantly on guard against hidden but haunting peril. A gravity, not to say a sadness, in odd discord with his youth lay on the thin face.

Sometimes, however, when in congenial company, or when seduced into a game that interested him, his apparent slow-wittedness fell from him like a mask, his face lit up, he became alert and resourceful. A compelling energy of will awoke in him that gave him an easy leadership over his comrades. And if he was careless over his lessons, he had a keen interest in other things. He knew every path and stream, bird-haunted pool or nested hedge, for miles around. No persuasion could make him a student; but he read with greedy appetite, and absorbed more knowledge than could be compressed within the narrow limits of examination-papers. He had a gift for languages, and he knew French with an intimacy and a command of the *argot* of Parisian gamins which astonished his French master. But acquirements of this sort do not lead to a profession, and Robert Lawrence admitted with a sigh that to send the young fellow to Oxford would be a waste of time and money.

Paris grew dim to the lad. Echoes of great events filling the world with their tumult reached even as far as his school, but they seemed to him remote. All the figures in the sordid drama of his Parisian experiences grew indistinct. The Rat, Toulan, the goggle-eyes of Lepitre, even the dark face of M. Duclos began to fade.

Of all his Paris memories, only one survived with unfading clearness. It was the face of Denise! And always it was the Denise of the midnight visit: a girlish figure, candle in hand, with shawl-hooded face, who unlocked the room in madame's house and saved him from the Châtelet. As he lay in his bed in the darkness, with his schoolmates asleep about him, he could see at will, painted on the dark as on some black canvas, the white brow, the shining eyes, and the smile such as he had never seen on any other human lips, sad with the grief of parting and sweet with innocent love.

Meanwhile, an event occurred which completely changed the young fellow's prospects.

Robert Lawrence was sitting in his dingy chambers one foggy October afternoon, bending with frowning brows over a long and tangled brief, when his clerk entered with a card in his hand.

'A gentleman to see you, sir.'

The lawyer looked at the card offered him with a gesture of impatience.

'Dr Graham! I can't see a client except through a solicitor.'

Then he repeated the name meditatively. It stirred some dim memories in his brain, out of which presently emerged a vision of the little room in the British Embassy at Paris, the open safe, his brother's will.

'This must be the doctor,' he reflected, 'who witnessed John's will. He may help to solve the puzzle of it.—Show him in,' he said briefly.

Dr Graham's face was brown with Eastern suns, and the shrewd Scottish eyes above the high cheek-bones had a troubled and half-ashamed look as they met the lawyer's gaze.

'I am in a strange puzzle,' he said, going bluntly to his business, 'about your brother's will.'

'And so am I,' answered the lawyer; 'so there are two puzzled men. It was a bad will,' he went on with emphasis. 'It robbed his own son for the sake of a woman whom my brother at the very time he made that will had ceased to respect. For he had found out that she was nothing better than a political spy.'

'But the will is a fraud.'

'How do you know?' asked the startled and incredulous lawyer.

'Because I have got the true one—the one I witnessed.'

'But you gave me the one now before the court yourself. It was in an envelope endorsed by you in my brother's presence, and kept for security in the safe at the Embassy. Did you give me a false will?'—and the lawyer looked with shrewd and challenging eyes at his visitor. 'And do you come to tell me that?'

'Yes, I come to tell you that,' said Dr Graham ruefully. 'The Scotch side of my head warned me to keep quiet, for the story will prove me to be a fool and make some people suspect me to be a rogue; but I have a Scottish conscience as well as a Scottish head, and I cannot see a great fraud committed. Some strange trick was played on me in that sick-chamber—a trick that cheated my very senses.' He drew from his pocket a sheet of paper and laid it before the lawyer. 'Look,' he said; 'that is the will your brother signed, and the only one he signed.'

The body of the will was short and clearly written; the signature beneath was in trembling characters; a black smudge disfigured the margin of the sheet.

'That is the will he *ought* to have signed,' said Robert Lawrence as he read it. 'It does not rob the boy. But this is no good,' he went on. 'This is not witnessed. And how did you come to witness the other document?' There was a hard note in his voice as he asked the question.

'I witnessed *that*,' said the Scotchman doggedly, and put his finger on the paper lying on the desk.

'Nobody witnessed it. The only thing beside what claims to be the testator's signature is a smudge.'

'The smudge,' said the doctor, 'is my signature, and a safer one than I could make with a pen.'

Then Dr Graham told his story. He had gone to India, leaving his rooms in London locked up, with his books and part of his wardrobe packed safely away. He had just come back to England; and when settling in his rooms afresh, and unpacking his effects, he had found in the breast-pocket of one of his coats the document on the desk.

'Now,' he said, 'you know your brother signed only one will on that day in Paris?'

'Yes; the people on the other side agree as to that.'

'Well, *that* is the will he signed. By some fraud, some clever sleight-of-hand, I was tricked into witnessing another will. But that is the true will, and *there* is my signature.'

'The smudge?' asked Lawrence in a tone of ridicule.

'Yes, the smudge. It is the impression of my thumb. A drop of ink had fallen on the paper, and, catching it from your brother's hands as he seemed about to faint, I put my thumb on the ink-spot, and so left that impression on the paper.'

'But, if I recollect aright, there is a smudge on the will they have got too.'

'Yes; but it cannot be of *my* thumb. And show me that smudge and I will find the man who played the trick on me;' and the doctor's eyes sparkled vengefully as he spoke. 'He made me a fool, and he gave effect to a fraud. The pattern of the skin of the thumb,' Dr Graham went on to explain, 'is absolutely distinct in every case. It is Nature's cipher. She never repeats it. It cannot be imitated or altered. It is characteristic and separate in every case. You have only to look at that smudge through a magnifying-glass to see.'

He pulled out a magnifying-glass and offered it to the lawyer, who with minute care examined the smudge as though it were some Chaldaic inscription or fragment of black-letter Latin.

'It is the exact transcript of that thumb,' said the doctor, holding up his hand. 'There is no duplicate of it on any other human hand. You may take the record of a thousand thumbs; no one is the replica of the other. In India this is well known, and is admitted in the law courts.'

'Yes,' said Robert Lawrence; 'I have heard of it, and thought it only an Eastern folly.'

'Well, the West has something to learn from the East in that as in many other things. It is not a folly,' Dr Graham repeated; 'it is a scientific fact. Signatures written by the pen vary; they can be imitated. But the lines wrought into the skin are Nature's monogram; they are ineffaceable, and nobody can forge them.'

Robert Lawrence questioned the doctor shrewdly till the whole story was clear, and then sat for a

while meditating, a look of power coming into his brow as he thought. Then in legal fashion he slowly summed up the situation:

'You witnessed in different fashion two wills, and my brother signed only one.'

'And *that* is the one,' interjected the Scotch doctor.

'You were tricked. And how were you tricked?'

'I do not know, but I begin to guess. Let me see the other will and I will tell you.'

'Well, it is unprofessional, and the papers are with Lempriere, who acts for the other side. But he is a sensible fellow, and, I think, will let us see them. They have secured administration of the will in France, and have got the estate there; but here in England I have opposed the will on the boy's behalf, mainly on the ground of undue influence. I have fought for time, in the hope that something might turn up, and the state of affairs in France has helped me. One never knew what might happen there at any moment. The guillotine might cut madame's claim short. As it is, her major-domo is here in London at the present moment claiming to act on her behalf. They have spent the French property; but the English estate consists, in the main, of broad acres in the country and of London freeholds. And the courts do not look kindly on a will executed in a foreign country which displaces a man's own flesh and blood in favour of a foreigner of doubtful antecedents. Come,' he said, getting up, 'let us go and see Lempriere.'

(To be continued.)

THE COURSE OF A POST-LETTER.

By R. S. Smyth.



UCH will depend, as regards certain primary details, on where the letter is posted. It can be readily understood that in a small country post-office, where the business and the staff are restricted, and where, because of lesser requirements, the office fittings and even the appliances are different from those at the larger provincial or the metropolitan offices, the treatment of a letter posted there will vary accordingly. In describing 'the course of a letter,' therefore, I shall assume that the posting takes place in a moderate-sized town, say, of forty thousand to fifty thousand inhabitants.

The length of time a letter will remain in the receptacle into which it falls depends on circumstances. If posted shortly before the making-up of a mail or during a busy portion of the day, it will be removed immediately, it being necessary that the work of stamping and sorting should be kept up and all avoidable accumulation prevented, so that when the time for despatch has arrived there may be as little pressure as possible. The letters on being taken from the receiver are 'faced'—that is, arranged so that the addressed side will face the stamper and the postage-stamps be on the upper right-hand corner. The larger letters are separated, but are subsequently dealt with in a similar manner. This 'facing,' as will be seen, is a necessary preparation for the stamping, which is then proceeded with. In many of the larger offices there are stamping-machines; but the greater number of letters are still stamped by hand. An india-rubber pad to act as a cushion is inserted in the stamping-table, and on to it the letters are drawn one by one. The stamp receives a fresh supply of ink by being pressed on a saturated pad alternately with the stamping of each letter. Stamping on the face must be done very carefully, as not only has the postage-stamp to be obliterated, but as clear an impression as possible of the name of the office, date, &c. must appear. A competent stamper will face-stamp one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty letters per minute; while stamping on the back, which is merely date-stamping, can be done more rapidly—up to two hundred letters per minute can be so stamped. During the processes of facing and stamping a sharp lookout is kept for insufficiently paid letters, those bearing stamps of insufficient value, and any suspected to be short-paid are placed aside and afterwards surcharged if necessary. At town receiving-offices stamping is not done. On reaching the head-office the letters from those offices and from the pillar-boxes are treated as has been described; but the stamp used for them has always a distinctive number or other indication to show that the posting did not take place at the head-office.

As regards the safety of letters posted in pillar-boxes, it may be said that while attempts by various ingenious methods to extract letters were not uncommon, such attempts are believed to occur but rarely now, and to be but seldom successful; the reason, doubtless, being that because of improvements in the internal construction it is most difficult to get a letter out of the aperture. Some years ago, before these improvements were effected, there were numerous thefts from pillar-boxes in Dublin, and they were traced to a youth who was found to have an attenuated arm with which the letters were reached. When boxes were introduced there was a fear—practically a groundless one, as experience showed—that the letters might form too great temptation for the collectors, and the then postmaster of Belfast invented and patented a pillar-box from which collections could be made without the collector having access to the letters, the act of unlocking the door closing and locking the bag into which the letters fell, which could then be opened only at the post-office. After a

trial, however, it was found unsuitable for general use.

I may here call attention to the fact that the first process—if the mere 'facing' be excepted—to which letters are subjected is that of date-stamping. It is well to remember this, as in cases of delay in transmission or delivery, when the date-stamp shows the cause to be late posting, it is sometimes urged that the delay arose from missorting before the letter was stamped, the complainant being unaware that no sorting whatever had been done previously. In like manner, the stamping of inward letters—those received from other offices—always precedes any process of sorting. Formerly letters posted late for a particular mail were stamped 'Too late,' and similarly those received by a delayed mail were stamped with a 'late mail' stamp. As there is now a time indication in the ordinary stamp the practice has been rendered unnecessary, and except in rare instances has been discontinued.

The stamping over, the letters are what is called 'primarily sorted.' Of course, on leaving the stamping-table they are all indiscriminately mixed just as they had been posted. The first thing that is necessary, therefore, is to sort them into divisions or 'lines of road,' including a local division. In a town of the size I have mentioned the number of these divisions depends much on its geographical position, which affects the circulation, and on its connection with lines of railway, especially if on the latter there are 'travelling post-offices.' To these offices large numbers of letters are sent, as will presently appear. Letters for London and foreign letters which circulate on London are always so numerous as to justify the making-up of a bag. They therefore form a division, while those for the more important metropolitan postal districts form subdivisions. There are divisions also for the larger provincial towns, for places served by a local line of railway or on a mail-car route, and so on.

The following description of the treatment of outward letters in the London office was given recently by Mr Babington Smith, secretary of the General Post-Office, in his evidence before a parliamentary committee: 'The operation of sorting consists of several successive processes—four operations. After the postage-stamps have been obliterated the letters are separated into a few large divisions representing the great lines of railway, Scotland, and Ireland, and a few of the larger towns. The correspondence for each division is then separated into sections, technically called "roads," consisting of groups of places in a particular area or of large towns and their sub-offices. This is called secondary or divisional sorting. The correspondence for each "road" is then divided into the various places comprised in the road; this is called final sorting. Then the correspondence is tied in bundles and placed in the mail-bags, which are then tied and sealed for despatch. This is the work of the despatching sorters.' The foregoing description of secondary and final sorting applies equally to provincial offices, and need not be repeated.

It will be observed that letters cannot always be despatched in direct bags from the places of posting to the delivering offices, because that would obviously involve the making up of an enormous number. The plan adopted, therefore, is to send the letters to intermediate or 'forward' offices which are known to make up bags for the respective offices of delivery. This, of course, necessitates re-sorting at the forward offices; but that process is greatly reduced by the use of 'labelled bundles' for places the letters for which, though numerous, are not sufficiently so to justify the making up of a bag. These labelled bundles are sent on by forward offices just as received.

Amongst the most important of such forward offices is the H. & K. P. O. (Holyhead and Kingston Packet Post-Office), through which the greater portion of the correspondence between England and Ireland and a good deal between Scotland and Ireland, and *vice versâ*, passes. Of course, much goes through in sealed bags and labelled bundles for the more important towns, but still an enormous volume is dealt with letter by letter. This can be readily understood when it is stated that the staff on duty averages about sixteen for each trip—of which there are two in each direction daily; but when foreign mails have to be dealt with the force is almost doubled.* As many as one hundred and fifty bags, containing from fifty thousand to sixty thousand letters, besides newspapers, are received and opened, and this necessitates the making up of about two hundred bags, while those passing through, and the labelled bundles also, often exceed that number. All this work must be done in a little over two and a half hours.

The advantages of such a 'forward' office as the H. & K. Packet are of first importance. Letters from innumerable places in each country converge there, are re-sorted, and sent direct to their respective destinations. To illustrate: ten, twenty, or thirty towns or places in England may each have some letters for a single town in Ireland, and instead of their being sent to that town in so many different bags, as they would have to be in the absence of the 'forward office' system, they are sent to the packet, and, after being sorted, all are included in the *one* bag made up there for the town in question.

It should be understood that 'forward' letters are not as a rule stamped at forward offices. This will account for the majority bearing the stamp of only two offices—those of posting and delivery. Sometimes, indeed, letters will bear only the stamp of the former, because at times of much pressure, and occasionally for other reasons, stamping at the delivering office is suspended.

On arriving at the office of delivery letters are at once stamped and sorted to the 'walks' of the post-

* The regular force for the packet duties consists of three superintendents and forty-five sorting clerks.

men to whom they are then handed. Some towns, however, are now served by a railway travelling post-office, and receive their letters already sorted for the postmen, the travelling staff having been trained in the local 'walk' sorting. This saves time, as the postmen can at once commence to arrange their letters for house-to-house delivery according to the route by which they have to proceed. It may be mentioned that in sorting for town delivery the sorter always looks first at the middle line of the address, because on it, as a rule, the name of the street will be found; but in the case of letters for despatch it is the last line that is invariably looked at first, in the expectation that it will show the place of destination. I mention this because some persons—in the belief, apparently, that the full address is read, and evidently with a desire to help the sorter—place the name of the town at the upper left-hand corner, thinking the eye will first light on it. Instead of assisting, this tends to delay.

In connection with the delivery by postmen it may be interesting to state that letters will not be placed under doors or in a window, even though this may be requested; that a letter for a servant or a person in a house other than the householder will not be placed in the letter-box against the express wish of the addressee, although the householder may desire that this should be done; that such requests as 'Not to be forwarded if absent,' 'Not to be redirected,' &c., written on letters will not be acted on; that if the address of a letter be so indefinite as to apply equally to two or more persons, when it is not known to which of them it ought to be delivered the letter will be endorsed 'Insufficient address' and treated as undeliverable; that in the case of a person unable at once to pay the charge, a charged letter will, on request, be kept for three days; that a letter that has been opened will not be taken back unless it be clearly shown that it was not intended for the person who opened it; and that, while a rural postman may deliver a letter on the road, a town postman is not permitted to do so.

As regards visitors' letters, it is very desirable that the name of the householder should always appear on the address. While its absence would be no proper excuse for a letter not being presented at the address given, it has sometimes happened that a postman, knowing the occupier of the house to be of a different name, hastily concluded that the address was incorrect, and marked the letter 'Not known.' There have also been instances in which a servant, unaware at the time of the name of the visitor, did not take the trouble to inquire, and declined to receive the letter. An objectionable practice, that of signing letters with only the Christian name or a pet name, and the giving of an incomplete address or no address, may be here referred to, as such letters cannot be returned; thus the writers in the event of non-delivery remain unaware of the fact, and attribute the silence of the addressee to some other cause. This has been the fruitful source of the severance of many friendships.

Some persons residing in towns who for private or other reasons may not wish to have a letter or letters delivered at their house consider they may have them addressed to the post-office 'till called for.' This is wrong, as the 'Poste Restante' is intended solely for the accommodation of strangers and travellers; any town resident, therefore, or a resident within a local delivery so using the post-office may be required to give his address, and the letter will be sent out with the postman.

The treatment of registered letters, which is of an exceptional nature, is outside the scope of this paper. It is known, of course, that they are specially dealt with, *every* person through whose hands one passes during transit having to give a receipt for it. The system adopted to ensure their safety is as near perfection as possible, and is strictly carried out.

Some months ago a writer in *Truth* recommended that in substitution for registration, or when inconvenient to register, a letter should be prepaid a halfpenny only—thus raising a charge for insufficient payment, and thereby making its transmission more secure. Another writer in the *Daily Mail* advocated for the same purpose entire non-payment of postage. The argument of both writers was that as in such cases a charge had to be collected on delivery, the letters were necessarily dealt with in an exceptional manner—were, in fact, 'charged on' from office to office. This, however, is only partially true, as such letters are not charged against a 'forward' office. Besides, should a postman decide to act dishonestly and keep the letter, it would only be necessary for him to pay the postage himself. Indeed, if the practice were to become general the fact of the letters being unpaid would lead to the conclusion that they had valuable contents, and as they would thus be a temptation to dishonesty their security would be lessened rather than increased. For this as well as other reasons the public would be well advised not to adopt such an objectionable plan.

With reference to delays of letters from errors in sorting, it may be remarked that a great deal of post-office work is done under pressure, the last minute for posting being always clamoured for; and no matter what influx of letters may immediately precede the time of closing for the mail, all must be properly dealt with and reach the railway station at the appointed time—trains, unless in exceptional cases, do not wait for mails. Similarly, there is always a desire to have inward letters delivered at the earliest moment. It should also be remembered that much of the work is done under conditions most unfavourable for the workers—at night, in railway trains and even on the sea (the twenty-three-knot steamer or in the case of a railway the sixty-mile-an-hour express rushing on), while the entire staff—and the travelling staff is necessarily restricted—works at high pressure and always against time.

A ROMANCE OF ORD.

CHAPTER V.

LATE that same evening, after Miss Lancaster and her mother had said good-night and retired to their own rooms, the two young men made for the Laird's sanctum to smoke and discuss the events of the afternoon.

There had been a curious suppressed excitement in Usgood's demeanour since the dispersal of the guests that had aroused Ellis's curiosity; but he was too well acquainted with his friend's peculiar temperament to make any outward comment on the circumstance. His own feelings, besides, claimed a good deal of his attention. The interrupted declaration in the garden had left him strangely restless, and the long evening of conventional intercourse with his aunt and cousin had seemed interminable in consequence. He was just in that condition of mind when a man most desires a confidant, and it would require very little encouragement on Usgood's part, he felt, to make him unburden himself.

But Usgood showed no inclination to offer him the desired opening. An extra quality of reserve seemed to hedge him round, and he took long, meditative pulls at his pipe without uttering a word, his eyes, dark and absorbed, fixed on some invisible object in front of him, his lips set and resolute. At last the silence became unbearable, and, jumping to his feet, Ellis began to pace restlessly to and fro.

As always in moments of self-forgetfulness, the slight limp that disfigured his movements became more apparent; and, stopping suddenly in his walk, he found Usgood's eyes fixed on him with an expression of unmistakable significance. There was a brief period of awkwardness, during which each tried to appear as if nothing had happened; then Ellis, taken off his guard, blurted impulsively, 'It doesn't grow any less, does it?' glancing downward at his injured limb with a little defiant laugh as he spoke.

Usgood shook his head. 'I am sorry, Martin,' he said in a low, contrite voice; 'but I was reminded rather painfully of the circumstances this afternoon, and I suppose that is what drew my attention to it.'

The laugh died on Ellis's lips. 'This afternoon!' he echoed incredulously. 'My dear old fellow, you must be dreaming,' he added the next moment.

Again Usgood shook his head. 'I wish I could believe it was a dream,' he said, and paused. 'Do you remember a girl you introduced me to—a Miss Bethune?' he went on more hurriedly as the other was about to interfere.

Ellis bit his lip. The simple mention of her name had sent the colour flying from his face and made his heart beat wildly; nevertheless, he controlled himself to reply.

'Yes, of course. By the way, she told me you had discovered a likeness between her and some one you had known in America,' he went on with well-simulated indifference. 'Do you mind telling me who it was?'

There was silence for a moment.

'It is just that that has been puzzling me,' Usgood said at last in a low voice. 'Not the likeness—I settled that at once—but whether I ought to tell you.'

Ellis laughed again, though there was a forced, unnatural sound in his merriment. 'And why not?' he exclaimed. 'I promise you to say nothing of your discovery to Miss Bethune;' and, limping back to his old chair, he seated himself carelessly on the arm of it, his hands buried in the pockets of his smoking-coat, his whole attitude expressive of calm preparedness. The light from the red lamp overhead struck full on his smooth, bronzed face and steady eyes.

As Usgood stared at him, a sudden gleam of resolution dawned in his own. He leaned forward. 'Martin, do you remember that night in Travellers' Gulch?'

Ellis nodded. 'Am I ever likely to forget it?'

'And the man you shot there?' Usgood went on in the same quick, decisive tones. 'You never saw him, because you were unconscious from your wound directly after; but I did, and'——

'Well?' The syllable rang out sharp and clear as a pistol-shot through the still room.

'He was this girl's brother,' finished Usgood, lowering his head instinctively as he spoke. A deathly silence followed the revelation.

Ellis was the first to speak. 'What are your reasons for believing this?' he said. But his voice was the voice of a broken man; all the virility and manhood had gone out of it.

Usgood drew a sharp breath, raising his eyes to the ashen, mask-like face opposite him at the same time.

'I didn't realise it till she mentioned the name Diarmid,' he said in a low, quick voice. 'Then I knew. It was tattooed across his chest. But the likeness was unmistakable in any case. You don't often see such black hair and blue eyes together.'

Ellis shook his head. 'No,' he agreed; 'you don't often see it.'

Something in the slow, lifeless accents frightened Usgood, and, rising, he crossed over and laid his hand gently on the other's shoulder. But the touch seemed to waken Ellis to new life; he started to his feet in a sudden frenzy.

'It is a lie!' he cried, turning on the other, his gray eyes blazing with passion—'a devilish fabrication! You yourself told me his name was Brown—the man I killed. I saw it on his grave,

carved on the cross—David Brown. What has Diarmid Bethune to do with David Brown?' His outburst ended in a loud, fierce shout of laughter.

Usgood waited patiently till his merriment had exhausted itself, then he spoke again.

'Who puts any faith in surnames in a mining-camp?' he questioned calmly. 'There is no good trying to argue against facts. Much better face the truth. You are innocent in any case. What you did you did in self-defence. You believed Bethune had come into your tent to rob you, or worse. His friend fired first. It was a clear case of manslaughter, any jury would have agreed.'

He paused. The curt, decisive sentences seemed to have had a tranquillising effect upon the other. Gradually the light of passion died out of his eyes, the tension of his body relaxed, and in the first helplessness of the reaction he sank down into a chair, burying his face in his hands.

Usgood remained standing beside him, patient and calm, while the clock on the mantelpiece ticked out the slow minutes.

At last Ellis raised his head. To his friend's eyes he seemed to have aged ten years in the interval.

'You told me there were papers on him,' he said in a low, monotonous voice. 'Where are they?'

Usgood shook his head. 'That friend of his, Jimmy Barnes, has them,' he said. 'He left Travellers' Gulch the next day, taking them with him. I have tried to discover his whereabouts since, but failed.'

A silence followed his words.

'Then, until we find him, we can have no actual proof of the story,' pronounced Ellis again, with careful deliberativeness.

'No written proof,' corrected Usgood. 'But, as I told you before, I am as certain of the truth as if I saw his name in black-and-white.'

Another silence.

'Yet you do not think I should be justified in telling his father and sister on the strength of a mere supposition?' Ellis went on in the same tone of suppressed though painful eagerness.

Usgood hesitated. He was baffled to discover the drift of his friend's arguments, but on that account was the less inclined to advise him blindly.

'You must decide that for yourself,' he returned—'whether it is fairer to let them go on living in uncertainty or to put a final end to their hopes.'

A pause followed his words; then, with a deep-drawn sigh, Ellis rose to his feet.

'Don't think too hardly of me, John,' he said pleadingly; 'but I am going to run away from the choice for the present. I can't give you my reasons. There is one side to the question of which you know nothing. But I want your promise that you will never under any circumstances divulge my secret to Miss Bethune or her father.'

Usgood held out his hand. 'I promise,' he said gravely.

Ellis took it in silence. For a second they remained thus; then something in his expression startled Usgood.

'Martin,' he cried, 'you don't mean'——

Ellis bowed his head. 'I love her,' he said simply.

With a groan, Usgood dropped his hand and turned away. 'God forgive me!' he muttered.

The next morning Katie was up betimes and looking out of her window to see what manner of day it promised to be. Nor did the red streaks of dawn behind the mountains discourage her. As a rule, on beholding such an ominous forecast she would have resigned herself for a wet spell; but the thought of rain on such a day as this was impossible. Was not the second chapter so rudely interrupted yesterday to recommence this morning? And almost unconsciously she had conceived the garden as the natural *mise en scène* for its development. But alas for her plans! By breakfast the early morning prophecy had been fulfilled, and a soft easterly drizzle descending from a sky of uniform gray filled the air, and rendered any thoughts of outdoor wanderings impossible. So, with a faint chill of disappointment, Katie took her work and repaired to the drawing-room, pulling up a chair to the window that she might have a better view of the long, straight drive that led from the avenue gate to the hall door. In the room beneath her father was composing his Sunday sermon, that blunt condemnatory oration with which every Sabbath he sought to stir up the hearts and consciences of his flock.

The house was very still—so still that it seemed to Katie as if, like herself, the other inmates must be waiting too for some fateful epoch in their lives.

How long her suspense had continued she could not tell, when all at once the clanging of the door-bell made her start to her feet.

No one had passed along the drive beneath her window—of that she was certain; the visitor, whoever he might be, must have come by some short-cut over the fields.

With trembling haste she made for the stairs; but as she reached the outer landing she heard the study door open and her father's heavy tread in the hall.

Then followed a long altercation with some one whose voice she did not recognise, and she was about to return disappointed to the drawing-room, when the sound of her own name made her pause.

'Katie! Katie!' called the minister with a touch of irritation in his voice she knew so well, and which was the sure result of any interruption in his work.

She ran hastily downstairs, hardly feeling her feet as she did so.

'Here's a note for you,' he said, meeting her at the foot. 'One of the Ord grooms has just brought it. He tells me the whole party of them are off to London this morning.'

But the concluding part of the sentence was lost

upon the girl. The sight of the familiar handwriting had had a paralysing effect upon her, and she was to all intents blind and deaf as she stumbled back up the stairs, the note clasped tightly in her hand.

It was some time before she could bring herself to open it, but when she did so its contents occasioned her no surprise:

'Dear Miss Bethune,' she read, 'I regret extremely that I shall be unable to fulfil my promise of calling upon you this morning, as my aunt and cousin are leaving unexpectedly for London, and I find that I am obliged to go with them.—Yours sincerely, Martin Ellis.'

So far she proceeded without flinching. Then her eyes travelled on to a postscript scrawled at the foot of the page, and with a stifled moan of anguish she let the letter fall to the ground and buried her head in her hands: 'Try to forgive me, and do not think too hardly of me.'

It was these few words, added evidently as an afterthought, that brought home to her heart the full realisation of the truth. The cold conventional sentences preceding contained no reality for her, and might have been penned by a stranger; the postscript alone lived. It was Ellis speaking to her—the Ellis of her dreams, her comrade and friend, the brave knight and hero of her girlish romance.

In that moment it was perhaps her pride that suffered most—the intolerable humiliation to which she had been subjected seemed to her quivering soul as if it must ostracise her from the society of her compeers for the rest of her life. That he should have deemed it necessary to take refuge in flight, to run away coward-like from her too sanguine expectations! Oh, it was bitter! bitter!

Why had she not refused him yesterday when he pleaded for the morning interview? Why did not some doubt of him assail her to act as a deterrent upon her judgment?

But no! How could she doubt him whom she had always looked on as the soul of honour until now? And even now it was well-nigh impossible to believe him guilty.

There must be something, some excuse for his conduct. Again she took the letter and read through its cold, conventional utterances, and again as her eyes fell on the postscript her heart sank within her: 'Try to forgive me, and do not think too hardly of me.' What more convincing proof of guilt did she require? Had he meant nothing yesterday in the garden there would have been nothing for her to forgive this morning. But he did mean something, she told herself passionately. It was love she had seen on his face when she raised her eyes suddenly to his; there had been love even in his voice as he spoke her name. It may have been only a momentary weakness, a temporary ascendency of the emotions over the judgment; and in that case, of course, he was wise to withdraw in time. After all, nothing had been said, and he had had opportunities enough; a vague hint or two of a second chapter to follow the first—that was the sole ground on which she had built her hopes. Fool—fool that she had been!

Instinctively Lady Lancaster's words in the garden recurred to her, those bitter, vindictive phrases against which she had felt so well fortified and superior. Now the laugh was on the other side.

Every moment as she sat there the train was bearing him farther and farther out of her life.

With a cry of realisation she leant forward again, the pain of her loss surging over the broken ramparts of her pride. It was in this attitude that her father found her when, some time later, he entered the room.

'The gong's gone twice, Katie,' he said. 'Why, child, whatever is the matter?' as she raised a pair of dull, heavy eyes to his face.

'It's nothing—a headache,' she faltered. 'It came on suddenly, as I was sitting here. I think, if you don't mind, I'll go and lie down for a little;' and she staggered to her feet as she spoke.

'I'll send for the doctor, Katie,' said the minister, reverting to the old threat of her childish days. But the jest evoked no answering smile on her face.

'I'll be all right presently,' she muttered, passing her hand wearily across her brow and taking a few uncertain steps towards the door.

'You've dropped your letter,' said the minister, remaining behind to pick it up.

At the mention of it her self-control returned. She half-turned to take it from him. 'The Laird just wrote to say good-bye. They are all off to London this morning,' she said in an indifferent tone.

'A mad notion,' said the minister. 'He'd better have remained at home.'

She moved over to the fireplace, her fingers absently tearing the letter as she went.

But hardly had she reached it, when the floor of the room seemed to rise and rock around her, and, clutching wildly at the nearest chair for support, she fell forward, the scattered fragments of the letter strewing the ground, a merciful darkness eclipsing her senses.

CHAPTER VI.

SUMMER had passed into autumn, and already in the darkening days and creeping chillness of twilight and dawn the promise of another winter made itself felt in the glen of Ord. On the mountains the bracken had faded from green to brown, and the dying purple of the heather seemed like a last sad reminiscence of the glory that had been. The manse-lawn was strewn thick with leaves, which day by day descended with persevering insistence, trying at once

the temper and patience of John Tod, the minister's man, till he vowed to leave them unswept pending the first autumn gale that would bring the last of them down. It came at last, a wet, driving hurricane that demolished not only the leaves but felled many a noble tree as well. The principal damage was to the woods around Ord. 'But what mattered it,' the villagers asked themselves, 'with so careless and indifferent an owner?'

For three months now the house had been shut up and deserted, and the disappointment, coming after the first hopes raised by the Laird's administration, was doubly hard to bear. It was not as if he had even the excuse of some perilous expedition to foreign parts to account for his neglect. As far as they knew, the full extent of his travels was from one Continental watering-place to another in the train of those ill-mannered, stravaiging women the Lancasters.

As to the original cause of his desertion they were at a loss to conjecture. The more optimistic of them inclined at first to the belief that some rupture with their beloved Miss Katie had driven him from his home, and this idea was encouraged by the grave illness that had taken the girl on the very day of his departure. But when her slow recovery had brought her into contact with them once again they were reluctantly forced to discard the idea. True, there was a change in her. But it was not of the kind they had anticipated. She had always been famed for her high spirits among them; now, if anything, she was brighter and gayer than before. But they missed the old contagion of her mood that had seemed to draw them out of themselves, and instead of laughing with her as they had done formerly, they caught themselves pausing to question the cause of her mirth.

The truth was that Katie was acting a part, and her very anxiety to blind others to her real feelings made the portrayal forced and unnatural.

Ever since that fatal morning on which her pride, faith, and love had been swept away from her on the bitter current of disillusionment, her one aim had been to conceal the havoc the disaster had occasioned in her life.

The effort to carry out this ambition had at first told upon her nerves. But by degrees the attempt became mechanical, and in the end cost her nothing. It was easier to laugh than to cry, she found; though, indeed, tears had never been farther from her than at this time. If only the Laird would come back to Ord and settle down again she felt that the worst of her trouble would be over. She had no dread of the consequent meeting with him. The deep waters she had been through had left her with a strangely cold, impersonal feeling towards all the relations of life, and she was confident that the sensation would endure even such a test as his return.

But still the weeks went by and no word of his coming reached Ord.

At last, when the hopes of the country-side had dwindled to zero, a piece of news as thrilling as it was unexpected put a sudden end to any further need of conjecture. Ord forest and house had been let to an American gentleman, Mr Conrad, for the season reopening on the 10th of November; and the Laird was too deeply engaged in private business to return even for a few days to put the place in order or bid farewell to his people. It was a crushing blow, and during the interval that was to elapse before the arrival of the new tenant little else was talked of in croft and shieling and even the distant shepherds' cottages. The very minister was moved to indignation, and Katie had to listen as patiently as she could to his lengthy and oft-reiterated strictures on the young man's lamentable fall from duty.

She was thankful when at last Mr Conrad's arrival put a temporary end to the flow of criticism, and the general interest was transferred from the absent misdemeanant to the personality of his unwelcome substitute.

(To be continued.)

BACK TO THE LAND.

By Lady NAPIER of Magdala.

IT is an era of catchwords. Some are pretty, many are meaningless, many mischievous.

As a combination of all three, perhaps the parrot-cry of 'Back to the land' would take the cake in so far, at least, as concerns the land best known to the writer—namely, the West Highlands of Scotland. Many a pang have the traces of little homes in far glens caused the writer, many a sad wonderment as to what became of the people. Fair glens, indeed, are many, with every natural advantage of water, peats, sunny slopes, now deserted, without a trace or sound of life save the call of the wild bird on the hill, the bleat of the blackfaced sheep. The little homes are now no more. Moss-grown heaps of masonry show where they stood, and there are the green billows of the 'lazy beds' which have lain unstirred by the *caschrom* for many a long year of storm and shine.

Where are the people who planted the rowan-trees by the side of their dwellings 'to keep away the witches'? The trees are still there, many of them; but the people are gone, never to return. The towns, the colonies, the grave, have swallowed them up; and if any of their descendants were to return, what would they do when they got there? Would they live off the land as their fathers did?

Would they be likely to submit to the conditions under which their fathers lived, simply and happily, to judge by song, tradition, hearsay? Would they be content with a diet of porridge, oatcake, potatoes, and herring, and the little string of dried fish hanging outside the houses? Would the women spin and weave webs of cloth and blankets, and knit, and make sheep's-milk cheeses, and sometimes grind the corn? Would the successor of the one-eyed shoemaker be content to-day to make shoes for the people of the glen—shoes that would never wear out, and that were carried over the shoulder by a string as often as they were worn on the feet? Would the successor of the crooked tailor sit in his black house and make up the webs the women spun and wove into clothes for the men, for a small price, and be content, to-day?

Of what kin can this pale lassie home from Glasgow, sick with disease bred of foul air, unwholesome food, and overwork, be of the handsome girl with her row of splendid teeth and thick russet hair, who drove her cow home to the croft up the long glen when the sun was low, her Gaelic song resounding through the still air, a creel of peats on her broad shoulders, her knitting in her small shapely hands? What would the girl from Glasgow do in the long glen or its like—the girl with the high-heeled shoes that melt from her feet, her beflowered and befeathered hat, her trailing dress, who at times comes home for a few weeks in the summer to the old folks still to be found here and there in the old land; the girl who soon becomes impatient to return to the town that is eating her young life out, sapping her strength, hurrying her, likely enough, to an untimely grave? Who that knows this fair land has not seen these pallid girls, with their cheap finery and their openly expressed intolerance of the 'dullness' of home in the far Highlands, their craving for excitement, for the glare of the gas-lighted shops, theatres, for what they call 'life'? So in Glasgow or some other great town they are absorbed, and in the end they never return.

The boys sitting in overheated schoolrooms, their young heads crammed with modern Board-school teaching, imbibe new views of life. Enervated and weary, they turn with distaste from the sea and the boats and the rock-fishing, erstwhile the chief joys of the lives of the youth of those parts; also from the fine game of shinty played on the hillside, for which they lack strength and energy to-day. Often their chief thought is how to procure the money to be expended in the 'shoppie' in the purchase of tobacco and cigarettes to be smoked on the hillside to the accompaniment of unwholesome talk and longings for they know not what. The shoppie not only provides tobacco and cigarettes, but many unwholesome things, such as tinned meats, salmon and lobster also tinned, and white, very white bread. In the opinion of the writer the shoppie foods are greatly the cause of the deterioration in physique and teeth decay of a once splendid race. The boys grow up pale and languid for the most part, and they too drift to the towns.

Only the old people remain on the land, and not many of them—the *cailleachs* and *bodachs*, who will ere long be gathered. Who then will remain? Who will go back to the land? Will the descendants of the thousands who went down to the sea in ships at the time of the destitution in the Highlands when the potato-crop failed, and the people emigrated in shoals to Canada and Australia, where they made new homes or died by the way? Will their descendants be likely to return to the old land and the old conditions, to the stormy climate, the hard, hard life dragged from land and sea? From the sea at one time perhaps. There is but little to be gained from the sea now when the steam-trawler works his will, in many cases undisturbed. That source of living, therefore, is cut off, and the crofter-fishermen, once such a fine race of men, will soon be as extinct as the dodo.

Bitter have been the complaints as to the depredations of the trawlers to the powers that be; representations made that might, to judge from the results achieved, have been addressed with equal profit and more pleasure to a stone wall. Evidence sifted and gathered with much care, fully verified, put into form, and presented, to be cast aside as of 'no importance.' 'Trawlers! Absurd! All the fishermen have to do is to take the number of the trawler and telegraph at once to headquarters.' Certainly so easy and so simple when the number is carefully covered up, and a hose of boiling water is directed on the boat that approaches the thief, and threats are hurled that the boat shall be swamped should it come any nearer. So very easy and simple! However, the powers that be have as much fish as they require for their own dinners, which is a most comforting thought.

Who, then, will go back to the land? Who will live under the old conditions when the glens were filled with a people prosperous and content? How could any living be made off the land by a people bred in towns—soft, poor in physique, accustomed to luxury of sorts, to cheap and plentiful amusement of sorts? How would they fight the climate, the difficulties, the modern competition and rush, the loneliness, the long, dark winters?

To return to the point: Does any one want to go back to the land? If he did, most assuredly he would not stay there long.

WHEN CONSOLS FELL TO 70.



SAT in my office a broken man. For three days I had struggled to raise money. Old friends had failed me; men I had helped in times past turned from me in my extremity. Next day was the fortnightly settlement, and I knew that it was a certainty I should be hammered. It was hard—terribly hard. If I had been alone in the world I could have borne it better. When I thought of my wife and daughters the prospect was unendurable. That they should have to give up their pleasant home at Twickenham for some wretched dwelling in a cheap suburb; that the girls, who had known nothing but luxury, should have to go out and earn the living their father could not provide for them—somehow I could not bring myself to face these things. Yet I must break the news to my wife that night. I had put off the evil moment in the vain hope that things would pull round. I knew she would not blame me, and yet I dreaded her sympathy and attempts at consolation. I could have faced it better if I had known that she would find fault with my recklessness. In my wearied, muddled brain I began to wonder whether it was necessary to buy a license before I could get a revolver. Even death seemed pleasanter to me than the prospect of breaking the news that night.

All at once my head clerk entered. He knew as well as I did that I was doomed, and, to do him justice, though he had a wife and children of his own, and my failure would wreck his little bark, yet I believe he was very sorry for me.

'A gentleman wishes to see you on urgent business, Mr Davies.'

'Tell him, Sellers, that I'm very busy, and can see no one to-day.'

He went out, and a moment later returned with a card. 'I'm sorry, sir, but he insists on seeing you. He says his business gravely concerns you. Here is his card.'

I took it and read, 'Esdras B. Quilter.' Across it was pencilled, 'Personal business with Mr Davies.'

'Quilter,' I said. 'Isn't that the Yankee who quarrelled with the Stock Exchange Committee a few years ago, and gave up his membership?'

'Yes; I think so, sir.'

'Show him in, anyway.'

Mr Esdras B. Quilter was a short, very stout man, with a face which seemed the embodiment of good humour. One would have thought him the best man in the world to do business with if it had not been for his cold eye. A man with a cold eye and a perpetual smile is the wrong man to bargain with.

He shook hands with me as cordially as if I were an old friend he had not seen for many years, and settled himself comfortably in my largest chair. Then he glanced at me shrewdly, and said, 'Reckon business is none too gay with you, Mister Davies.'

If he had sidled round the subject, or approached it less abruptly, I should probably have told him to go to the devil; but he was so straightforward and so obviously interested that I did not take offence. As it was, I answered airily, 'I don't know whether the matter interests you at all, Mr Quilter, but I shall certainly be hammered to-morrow.'

'That's the way I like to see a man take it. Guess you've been going round your friends, and they've been going back on you.' He peered at me with his shrewd eyes. 'Ah, I see that's so. No man knows it better than Esdras B. Quilter. The skunks! When I did my first bust on Wall Street thirty years ago I begged and prayed my oldest friend to lend me ten thousand dollars, and he went back on me. Never mind, sir; I caught him short on Erie Rails ten years later, and I bled him—bled him dry. Now he's in an asylum at Albany. But this isn't business. What do you want to pull you through?'

His voice was kindly, even if his question was impertinent. I had had too many snubs and slights from men I knew during the past few days not to value kindness from a stranger.

'Seventeen thousand pounds,' I answered shortly.

'Eighty-five thousand dollars! H'm, that's nothing. Why, I've bust three times in my life, and never under a cool million dollars. You Britishers don't know what big business is. Well, I'll settle this little affair for you. When we've had our talk out just come with me and see my bankers. No; it mustn't be known in financial circles that I'm backing you. No; I'll take you to my solicitor's. I'll settle it with him, and he shall give you his cheque for a hundred thousand dollars to set you on your legs.'

I was dumfounded at his benevolence. For a moment I could not speak. Then, when my voice would allow me, I said, 'Mr Quilter, I am infinitely indebted to you, but I must be honest with a man who makes me such a noble offer. One thing I must say: there is no likelihood, at anyrate for some years, of my being able to repay this money.'

He waved his hand impatiently. 'Who talked about repaying? You'll earn those dollars before I'm done with you. Look here; I'll tell you why I'm doing this. Esdras B. Quilter is not famous for benevolence—that is, in business—though if you saw the Quilter University at Wabash you'd see he could beat any oil king at the benevolence-game; but sometimes he risks a few dollars on a man. Now, I've a reason for speculating on you. First, you've a good name as a straight man in the City. Secondly, you once said a good word for me when I was at loggerheads with the big bugs on your Stock Exchange Committee. It was at the Stock Exchange bar. You didn't know me, and you were talking to a skunk who didn't know me, whilst I was standing at your elbow. The skunk was running down Esdras B. Quilter, and you said your Stock Exchange

Committee should have made allowances for the difference between English and American ways of doing business. I never forget a good word—perhaps I haven't heard many in my time—so, while I've got my knife into every other member of your blamed Stock Exchange, I remember Austin Davies.'

His beaming face was all friendliness, yet I felt there was something behind this unaccountable munificence.

'Mr Quilter,' I said, 'I'm very grateful to you for saving me from ruin; but I should like to know what you want me to do.'

'You're 'cute for a Britisher. Waal, there is something behind. I had another motive back of my mind. I want a straight man who will work for me on your Stock Exchange—a man who can obey orders, a man who can hold his tongue.'

'Right, Mr Quilter; I'm your man.' I paused for a moment, wondering how I could put my thought without hurting my benefactor's feelings, 'Providing, of course, that the business is'——

He took the words out of my mouth, 'Providing that it's honest. Oh, it'll be honest enough. You're not the man I should have chosen for a queer deal. No; you will simply have to buy and sell stock when I tell you. You'll have ample funds placed at your disposal in case I'm across the pond. It'll be the straightest kind of business. You can do it all in white kid gloves.'

'Then I promise you that you will have an absolutely faithful and devoted agent here.'

'But no man must know that I'm at the back of you. Can that clerk of yours be trusted? He'll guess that I yanked you out of this hole.'

'He would have been ruined if I had gone under. He'll be as grateful to you as I am myself.'

'Call him in, then, and I'll let him know.'

I rang my bell, and Sellers came at once.

Mr Quilter looked him up and down. 'See here, young man. Mr Davies did me a good turn years ago, and I'm helping him to pull round. But I don't want every derned galoot in this city to come smelling round after my dollars when he's in a hole. Can you keep your tongue from wagging about it?'

My clerk stepped across the room and shook hands with me. 'I congratulate you, sir,' he said. 'I've been thinking about you all day, for though it would be bad enough for me, it would have been ten times worse for you if the smash had come.' Then, turning to Mr Quilter, he proceeded: 'I should like to shake hands with you, sir, for you've done me a good turn to-day. You can rely on my secrecy, though I should like to tell every one on 'Change what a good sort you are.'

'Then that's all right,' said the Yankee speculator. 'Come along with me, Mr Davies, and we'll see my lawyer. The sooner this little business is settled I reckon the better you'll be pleased.'

After Mr Quilter had had a five minutes' interview with his solicitor, the latter gentleman handed me a cheque for twenty thousand pounds.

'Get along; pay it into your account,' said Mr Quilter. 'Some of your miserable friends will have a nice shock to-morrow. Now, I've not much more to say to you. I'll send you a copy of my private telegraphic code to-morrow. Later you'll get instructions from New York. You'll follow them word for word. When the time comes for action my lawyer will be instructed to place funds at your disposal. You won't need them; but the fact that they are there will give you confidence, else you might curl up when the pinch came. Now, get away. Look after your business, and don't get in such a hole again. You might not find an Esdras B. Quilter to back you another time. And remember, Mr Davies, if you are tempted to play with me, that I can break you as easily as I've saved you.' The smile vanished from his face as he whispered the last words into my ear. Then he pulled out his watch and glanced at it. 'Great Scot! I'm due to meet Mrs Q. at the Savoy at four sharp.'

His face clouded over at the thought of keeping his wife waiting, and I saw that there was one person before whom the daring financier quailed. He shook me by the hand, hailed a passing hansom, and in a moment was out of sight.

I went home cheerfully that night. I smiled as I read in the financial column of my evening paper that in all probability the next day's settlement would pass over without any considerable trouble. 'Only one small failure is anticipated.' My wife, who strives, like the good woman she is, to take an interest in matters that concern her husband, read the paragraph after dinner.

'Who is the poor fellow who's in trouble, Austin?'

'Oh, the paper's misinformed,' I answered. 'I heard just before I left town that the account had been arranged.'

'I'm so glad,' she said. 'What a relief to his poor wife and family! Just think, Austin, how we should have felt if it had been us instead!'

It required all the self-restraint I possessed to refrain from telling my wife that I was the poor fellow in question, and how a kindly old stock-pirate had come to my rescue.

Some astonishment was expressed by my friends when I pulled through at the settlement. Many congratulated me; some took me aside and said that they had not come to my help because they were awkwardly fixed themselves just at the moment; now, however, if I needed an odd thousand or so it was at my service. The world is ever ready to help the people who don't need help.

The same day I received from Mr Quilter a copy of his private telegraphic code, but it was a month before I had any further communication from him. Then a curt wire came: 'Leave Home Rails and get on the Consol market.' Hitherto most of my business had consisted in dealings in English railway stocks, though I had dabbled a little in Consols and local loans. However, I had promised to obey Mr Quilter implicitly, so now I followed his instruc-

tions. Evidently, I thought, his speculation has something to do with our national securities. Another month passed, and then I received a letter from Mr Quilter's solicitor. He informed me that he held a sum of a quarter of a million at my disposal to be used according to instructions I should receive direct from his client. Still I heard nothing about Mr Quilter's scheme. I began to wonder whether the stout old gentleman had forgotten his intended speculation. I saw from the American papers that he was busy organising a great bear movement in Yankee Rails.

At last, however, I received a wire in Mr Quilter's private code. It ran:

'For the next fortnight be on the Exchange every minute it is open.—QUILTER.'

I was puzzled; but still, it was easy for me to obey these instructions. Except for the time it took me to snatch a hasty lunch I was never away from my post. I stood there like a sentinel, and some of my friends chaffed me for my extraordinary devotion to business. I waited like this for a week, till there came a wire which made me wonder if my employer had taken leave of his senses:

'When Consols fall to 70 buy every share in the market.—QUILTER.'

'Consols at 70!' I thought. 'He must be insane. Why, they've been hovering round 83 for a month. Can he know something? Is there some terrible international upset on the cards?'

I went on the Exchange puzzled by this strange problem. That day Consols were a trifle higher, and closed at 83⅜. My instructions seemed absolutely absurd. But the next day there were slight symptoms of strained relations with Germany. Prince Bülow made a speech in the Reichstag on the Bagdad Railway, in which some English papers detected unfriendliness towards England. The press of both countries took the matter up, and in a day or two there was a pretty squabble on paper. Under the influence of the unfavourable political situation and the scare articles in the papers Consols sagged down to 82⅛. All the time I was thinking, 'Is Esdras B. Quilter sure that there will be a war?' To me the whole business seemed one of those petty passing disputes which are sure to arise between nations when they are commercial rivals.

At last, on the Friday, I had given up watching the market in despair, and had gone to the bar for a sandwich and a drink. As I stood there I heard a great shout in the House. I rushed back and found the members nearly frantic.

'What is it?' I cried to the nearest man.

'War, they say,' he answered.

I fought my way to the spot where the telegrams were displayed, and read:

'MARCONIGRAM.—The Cunard liner *Lusitania*, with five hundred thousand pounds in gold aboard, was fired on by the German cruiser *Kaiser Friedrich* to-day, and is proceeding under escort to unknown destination.—*Cunard Company.*'

I dashed back and struggled into the centre of the Consol market. Men were screaming, shouting, yelling their willingness to sell Consols. Already the price was down to 80. As it became evident that all were sellers and that there were no buyers, the bottom dropped out of the market. The price dropped rapidly to 78, 76, 74. I had no lack of confidence in Esdras B. Quilter now. A man screamed '72' in my ear. I shook my head. Finally came the roar: '71, 70, 69.' I plunged into the fray and bought every share that was on the market. When people saw me buying a few others took confidence and bought too. But they bought timidly, whilst I took every share that was offered. Men crushed round me wildly and besought me to buy. Finally, when I had struggled in the seething crowd for an hour, the strain was too much for me. I broke down utterly, pushed my way out, and went and sank into a chair in an anteroom. I was absolutely exhausted, and could only feebly wonder how Esdras B. Quilter knew what was coming.

Suddenly there came another wild shout from the brokers. I staggered to my feet and went to a friend.

'What is it now,' I asked—'an invasion?'

'No; contradiction from Berlin. The *Kaiser Friedrich* is not on the Atlantic at all, but in Kiel Harbour. And you've been buying Consols. By Gad, Davies! you'll be a millionaire.'

Just as rapidly as prices had dropped they rushed up again. I could see that I was the envy of my fellow-members, but that did not gratify me in the least. In my heart of hearts I felt that I had been the tool used by Esdras B. Quilter in one of the dirtiest deals that he had ever planned.

The next morning I had a wire from New York:

'Sell. Meet me at Claridge's Monday week. Sailing to-day.—QUILTER.'

Happily, after I had given up buying through sheer exhaustion, others had stepped in and purchased Consols largely. If I was suspected of knowing that the Marconigram was wrong, there were others almost as deeply involved. I waited anxiously for an explanation of the mystery. Then came the news that a cruiser had undoubtedly stopped the *Lusitania* in mid-ocean, had fired a shell across her bows, and ordered the captain to alter his course under penalty of being instantly sunk. The name of the cruiser was the *Kaiser Friedrich*, and she certainly answered the description of the German cruiser. The Cunarder captain instantly sent a Marconigram to warn his company. The cruiser stayed in the vicinity of the *Lusitania* all day, but vanished under cover of the night. All sorts of wild speculations were made as to the solution of the mystery. Did some European Power desire to involve England and Germany in war, and resort to this miserable trick to gain its end? Whatever it was, I felt sure that at the back of this shameful business there was Mr Esdras B. Quilter of New York. I sold the shares I had purchased, and waited anxiously for the time when I should be confronted with Mr Quilter.

At last the day of his arrival in London came, and I went at the earliest possible moment to see him at Claridge's Hotel. The little, stout man beamed at me as I entered. 'Pulled it off all right, didn't we? Didn't I say I'd take it out of the big bugs on your Stock Exchange Committee? Half of them are on the Consols market, and I've squeezed them till they squealed again. Didn't like American business methods, they didn't! Reckon they'll have had enough of one Yank by now. It's as easy clearing them out as it is stealing cents from a blind man's tin. Waal, let's get to business. According to the figures you've wired me we've made five million dollars out of this transaction. Now, putting that little commission I paid you aside, what do you reckon would be fair for your share?'

'Not a single penny,' I said.

He looked at me in a puzzled way. 'What's this derned foolery?'

'I'm certain that in some way you were responsible for that outrage on a British ship. You risked war between two great peoples just to pile up more of your miserable dollars.'

'So you've got horse-sense enough to guess I did it. Simple it was. I've a friend who's agent for one of those ten cent republics in South America. He'd bought a cruiser for them some time since. What was simpler than to put a German crew aboard, disguise the ship by rigging up a false funnel and painting in a fake name, and paying crew and captain handsome to commit piracy on the high seas? If that Cunarder captain hadn't been enterprising enough to use his Marconi instruments Esdras B. Quilter would have got left, badly left, sir. But I calculated he would be smart enough. What if he did fire on a British ship? I'm as patriotic as any blamed Britisher; but I tell you I don't sing "Yankee Doodle" in business hours. Now, what do you estimate your share to be—allowing for your wounded feelings?'

'I told you I wouldn't take a penny. Do you know you might have brought about a great war—that you might have shed the blood of millions of men, each one of whom would have been worth twenty miserable money-grubbers like you? I've done your dirty business because I promised you, and because I was kept in the dark; but if I had known your shady tricks I'd sooner have let myself be hammered twenty times over.'

The smile had vanished from Esdras B. Quilter's face. He wriggled in his chair. 'Are you mad? Why, it's the straightest kind of business. Are you in business for your country's health, or the Kaiser's, or your own? What do I care, an American born and bred, what happens to you back-numbers of Britishers or German lager-swillers? I said I'd smash your Stock Exchange Committee, and I'd do it if I set every nation in the universe at each other's throats. A Britisher like you to tell me how to do my business! Why, you're as low down as—as—one of your blamed Stock Exchange Committee. Take care what you're doing. I've smashed better men than you before breakfast. Why, what do you think I've made this money for, sir? Every cent of it will go to the Esdras B. Quilter Homes for Poor Widows—the philanthropical sensation of the century. Get out of my sight; you make me tired. Never so long as you walk on two legs will you do another stroke of business for Esdras B. Quilter.'

And thank Heaven I never did.

SKYE FAIRIES.

Over the hills and far away,
Up the glen where the fairies stay,
Come away, children! come away,
For the world is all before us.
Hark to the wild wind's whispering!
Hear what the rushing rivers sing,
While fairies and we are listening
To the glorious happy chorus.

Fairies everywhere! How they hide
Down by the stones at the river-side,
Riding the heather-bells astride,
You can hear their joyous laughter!
For a fairy's life is gay and free,
And a fairy babe, it seems to me,
Is as happy as any babe should be,
With the heaven for roof and rafter.

This is the land of magic streams,
The sun on the water glints and gleams,
And lulls one into sleepy dreams
Of the world-just-round-the-corner,
Where life is ever a sunny morn;
Surely not here was the poet born
Who sang of fairylands forlorn—
There are leagues of land forlorner.

Hills of purple stand grandly steep,
Each like a giant o'ercome with sleep,
Hiding his mysteries grim and deep.
Will they nevermore awaken?
Perhaps they stir in the stormy night,
And like shrieking ghosts arise and fight,
Filling the darkened world with fright,
And rent rocks wildly shaken.

To rest again at the break of day,
Swathed in a mist-veil soft and gray,
The mountain giants quiescent lay,
With never a tale for telling.
But gnomes work hard beneath the rocks,
Dig and delve in their close-ranked flocks;
No fairy ever really mocks
When there's fairy gold for selling.

Up, then, children! up and away!
Time for us is but time for play;
Dance and sing and be always gay
With a fairy friend for neighbour.
For youth comes once and never again,
Sunshine fades in the tears of rain,
And pain and joy and joy and pain
Are all man wins of his labour.

Francis Annesley.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Jan. 20th.*

PARLIAMENT will be meeting soon, and even if the times are not exciting compared with what they are when ominous international complications are in progress, and there is interest in what is being done at the War Office, still there is always a little group of more or less superficial politicians—people whose interest is mainly on the personal side, and to whom a Cabinet Minister is not like any other person who walks on legs—waiting on the pavements and about the doors in Downing Street to watch the great men enter for the beginning of the business of another parliamentary season. They can tell who each Minister is without troubling to look at the faces or even making a momentary study of the way of walking, for they all have their peculiarities, or at least they had them in the days of the long Conservative Ministries. One right hon. gentleman would always be seen accompanied by a stout umbrella no matter what the weather might be, while another would never be provided with any such protection despite any apparent discomfort that might be occasioned to him by his waywardness. Some Ministers would wear tweed suits and bowler hats, with no overcoats; and others would always be most immaculately attired in black frock-coats and glossy silk hats, with the extra embellishment of a heavy fur coat if the cold made justification for it. And yet another Minister would often be seen with his little dog. The types may not be so distinct in these later days; but still there are marks by which you can tell the Minister almost in the dark. The people who like to make these periodical studies on the kerbstones and at the doors of Downing Street were perturbed of late by an official announcement that for the future this famous street is not to be a public property in the same full sense that it has been in the past, and that, in fact, a Bill is to be introduced in Parliament forthwith, one of the objects of which is to 'stop up and discontinue as public thoroughfares' certain streets of which this was named as one. But the announcement was not quite so serious as it seemed, for it simply meant that the Office of Works was about to take over the control of these streets from the Westminster corporation, which has been their ruling authority for many years, and that it desired to have a power of stoppage that does not exist at the present time—a power which it is little likely to exercise save in very exceptional circumstances. It would, indeed, be a sad thing if the general public were to lose its Downing Street—that magic thoroughfare to which the leading-strings of the Empire converge, and where they are daily pulled in secret with an effect that is sometimes known later through the medium of the daily newspapers, but which is oftener undisclosed. It is difficult even for a dull man—perhaps more difficult for him than any other—to walk along Whitehall and past the end of this street, at a time when the Government is busy, without vaguely wondering to himself what is going on inside those sacred places. Because, whatever is must surely be just a little awful. Many books have been written about the old squares and streets of London town, and there is still room for many more. If the average Londoner of impartial tastes as to roads and streets were set the task of writing one more book about any thoroughfare of his own choosing, his thoughts would wander down Cheapside, would linger in the Strand, and would hesitate seriously in Piccadilly; but we doubt not that at last they would often settle in old Downing Street, because it would be so easy to write a book about that street, an enlivening book full of the matter and the incident that would interest most men of Britain, full of the pointed tales of the things and the people that have mattered most in the last two centuries. The street is called after the name of Sir George Downing, who was secretary to the Treasury in the days of the second Charles, and about his time it was described as 'a pretty open space, especially at the upper end, where are four or five very large and well-built houses, fit for persons of honour and quality, each house having

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a pleasant prospect into St James's Park, with a terras-walk.' And the 'persons of honour and quality' who have lived their official lives there since that time include Sir Robert Walpole, Lord North, Mr Pitt, Lord Melbourne, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr Gladstone, and a number of other statesmen celebrities of the first magnitude. When Peel was Prime Minister he never lived there, being disinclined to leave his home in Whitehall so close by. However, he transacted his official business there, and it is a curious and little-known fact that a charge used to appear in the annual estimates presented to Parliament in the usual manner for a small annuity for the sweeper who used to keep in order the crossing at the end of the street that the Prime Minister might not soil his boots on his way from Whitehall to the Treasury. Strange scenes and solemn, others that have been thrilling, have been enacted in these houses of Downing Street, but in particular at the world-famous No. 10, which is the official residence of the Prime Minister. Here wars have been decided upon, and here on one hot Saturday afternoon in June, long way back in 1872, might have been seen (but only with a ministerial passport) the curious spectacle of the whole Cabinet being absorbed in a game of chess which was being contested by two of their number. That afternoon the Cabinet was waiting for a telegram announcing the decision of the *Alabama* Court, and it grew very tired of waiting as the hours went by and no telegram came. 'Upon my word,' said Lord Granville, 'if we all sit together like this for very much longer we shall in the nature of things quarrel! Let us get a chess-board.' And when it was produced—they always do seem to be able to find anything in Downing Street without going outside—the Government filed out on to the terrace, Lord Granville threw down the glove to Mr Forster, and they set their pieces out against each other. Scenes sad and solemn? Was ever one more so than that which was presented when Mr Gladstone said his last 'Good-bye!' to his last Cabinet in 1894? For as Mr Gladstone was a great lover of Parliament, so also he had an affection for the official life of Downing Street that has not existed in the bosoms of other Premiers. In his own private diary he wrote that that was 'a really moving scene.' Lord Kimberley and Sir William Harcourt made kind speeches of acknowledgment and farewell, and in a low tone the chief replied for four or five minutes. Then he seemed to breathe rather than speak the final words, 'God bless you all!' but all heard them, and as Mr John Morley has told us, 'he went out of one door, while his colleagues, with minds oppressed, filed out by the other.' Yes, the drama of great affairs is acted here in Downing Street as in no other place. There is a little comedy; now and then there is awful tragedy; but the note that seems to be sounded oftenest is the one that dings through all human life, the note of pathos.

If circumstances permitted of those eminent Byzantian architects of the time of Justinian whose names were Anthemius and Isodorus taking a walk through London in these days they would find much to interest them, and Anthemius would remark to Isodorus that he was dimly reminded of something that he saw some fourteen hundred years ago; which would provoke the reply that that was surely so, since it was a faint copy of what they themselves had fashioned. It is so. We are, so to speak, going over to Byzantium in the matter of our architecture, and the towns and cities of the provinces, who often enough take their time from London in great matters like these as well as in the trifles of newspapers and clothes, will perhaps go over to Byzantium also in due course. In the present age we are copyists. The workers in every branch of art and craft have the models of the old and famous schools to copy from, and they do so often copy without struggling to the initiative of raising up models of their own and establishing them with a creator's arrogance throughout the land. Perhaps for our own æsthetic sense it is better that we should thus frequently draw from the rich and varied stores of the past, and enjoy the genius of a hundred ages instead of limiting ourselves to one. It may be also that some of us mere wanderers through the town give too little credit to the school of to-day, if it does exist; but, to take the matter of houses only, it does seem that the last of a distinctive character were those of the Georgian times with which streets in Bloomsbury, Kensington, and some of the inner suburbs are still filled, houses plain enough in their way, but of a pleasant plainness and telling a little of the life of their youth by the iron balconies at their first-floor windows—balconies upon which smiling and weeping women stood as they watched the soldiers march along on their way to the wars. Villas we have now of a modern fashion which for politeness we may call chaste, but which in a less agreeable mood we should rather say are smug. But for the architecture of the town, the big things, we have ranged over the models of all ages and all nations, and here we have now a medley—a fine thing, a rich thing, but still a disordered medley. One must repeat that this is merely the untrained impression of the casual wanderer. But there is a sign of a change at hand, or as yet it may not be a change, but merely the strong conspicuousness of a comparatively new element. It is four or five years since the new Byzantian in London first closely attracted the attention of one observer, and since then the same note has been struck anew in many parts. Here there is a new restaurant being raised in great magnificence on a Byzantian design of architecture; then it is the new building of an insurance company or some semi-philanthropic institution of that kind. Somewhere else we find Anthemius in a lordly house that is being built for a most eminent personage, and in another place it is Isodorus at a theatre. Pillars and domes, grand and bold—a touch

of the strength of empire in it all—this taste for the Byzantine does seem to be in harmony with the spirit of the age and with the mighty force of London. As a crowning piece to this Byzantian London there is the new Cathedral at Westminster. It is an established taste, and it is spreading; soon we shall see the results of it on every hand. The other day we were at an old railway station in process of reconstruction, and it seemed that even there, from the chaos of scaffoldings and disordered timber and stone, there was a sign of Byzantium emerging. Lately we were speaking of the Napoleon fetish that pervades the time, and now it is Byzantium in stone. It seems to be the imperial way.

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Recently a welcome letter came to us from a reader of these special pages, who is an old Londoner and lover of London, but who for a long time has been living in one of the farthest distant of the British colonies. He told us that he was well pleased to hear now and again, as it were, a little pleasant talk about things that were familiar and dear to him—haunts, places, people, and actions—that wonderful cosmos that makes up the life of the town. But now and again there were intimate allusions to things which he did not understand, of the existence of which he had never heard, but which were now evidently such an integral feature of the system of things that a knowledge of them and their circumstances was taken for granted. So he was led to a somewhat uncomfortable thought as to whether when he returned to the big town in a few months' time, as he will be doing—the first visit after many long years of absence—she will be quite the same to him as she used to be, whether he will like her in all her new dresses and ornaments in the latest style and fashion of science and enterprise—and hurry. We will hope that our colonist will like his London as ever he did, but certainly he will find her changed, and he may at times have difficulty in recognising her. We gather that he is a man of reading habits, and we suspect that soon after he has set foot again in the town he will take a horse omnibus or a hansom—he may hesitate as to the use of the motor-bus or the taximeter-cab—and will make for Booksellers' Row, which, as he knew it, was at the eastern end of the Strand, there to see what priceless little bargains in old and discarded literature may be picked up for a few pence that will give pleasure to his mind and awaken happy recollections on long and lonely evenings when there is again half a world between him and Booksellers' Row—or the place where it was. Alas! he will find that the famous alley and all about it has gone, has been utterly demolished and removed from the face of London; and not only will he not be able to find it, but he will not be able to tell with any certainty exactly where it was, for the surroundings have been altered also. Hereabouts, instead of grimy old buildings that were strongly suggestive of slums behind, instead of those old bookshops, instead of the various spirit-houses that there were about, and the shabby little theatre that went by the name of the Opera Comique—instead of all these things and many more there are now fine, wide, new thoroughfares, magnificent hotels and theatres erected on the most splendid models, wide building spaces to let for which record rents are being asked, and a noble statue of Mr Gladstone, given to London by the people. This place where our returned wanderer will hurry, anticipating the long morning or afternoon in his Booksellers' Row, is a semi-slum no more, but rather is by way of being the capital or centre of the newer London—which reminds us that one of the effects of all this change has been to remove the centre of gravity of London life, as it were, a little farther east.

* * *

Who shall say that in two centuries from now Whitechapel shall not in some respects be the equal of the Strand? The people who have been living in the inner suburbs are being driven out from them by excessive rents and rates, when their own disposition would be to move farther in, and yet in the great slum-quarter, which, if it were fired, cleansed, and rebuilt, would make an ideal residential quarter for a large proportion of the middle-class workers of London, the cost of house-room cannot at present be as much as half or even quarter of what it is in those suburbs. In a very little while this is almost certain to be a feature of new schemes for the reconstruction of London—the exploitation and improvement of the East End. If we had now to build London afresh from the beginning, what a very different London would it be! It would be partly a blend between New York and Paris; but it would be different from either, and it would be so convenient, so new, so thoroughly what it ought to be, that life in it would be a quite impossible bore, and its residential population would decrease alarmingly. It is a good thing that we have to remodel our London by a slow process, and that only the men who have been on duty at the outposts of the Empire for a long time will be much concerned at the changes that have been made during the past few years. Coming home they must cultivate agility, for they will have less time to cross the streets than they had in the old days, and the streets are wider. Always they are wider; there is not a main thoroughfare in London but in some part or other is constantly in the hands of the builders, the buildings always being pushed back and back. Room for the traffic—room for the traffic—that is always the central idea of every scheme; and one sometimes thinks that if Sir Christopher Wren had a disposition that was at all of a revengeful turn, he would keenly have enjoyed a study of the London streets from the top of his St Paul's Cathedral now, towards the end of the first decade of the twentieth century. For everywhere they are struggling with those

streets, trying to make them something like what he advised they should be—his advice being rejected. Wren saw farther than his age. He was what we would call a big Londoner, and he drew up a plan for three fine streets that would run east and west, at least ninety feet wide, with one or two cross streets, all to be quite straight. The lesser streets were to be of a width of not less than sixty feet; there was to be a quay of a width of forty feet, free of all buildings, alongside the bank of the Thames, and the Fleet ditch was to be turned into a canal. But Wren had few sympathisers with him in these projects, and the merchants of Thames Street were largely responsible for their overthrow, though the Fleet ditch itself was somewhat of a stumbling-block.

* * *

There is a reaction from every movement that advances far and quickly, and now and again there is evidence of reaction in some quarters from the effeteness of our civilisation, as it has been called. Such reaction takes many and curious forms. A year or two since we heard much talk of the simple life, and of the manifold advantages to both body and spirit that accrued from living it. But the simple life is not so popular now as it was for ten days or a fortnight at the time when it was being talked about so much. Now, in the course of the reaction in another direction from too much civilisation, it is the turn of the primeval instincts to be taken up, discussed, and generally made much of. You hear portly City gentlemen, going to the City or returning therefrom in first-class railway carriages, tell each other that what they like so much about some new habit or diversion that they have taken up is that it is so 'natural,' that it represents so much of a primeval instinct, and consequently must be good, essentially good. They have been saying for some time past—and very likely with truth—that the amazing spread of the game of golf is due to the fact, discovered on analysis of the emotions excited, that it soothes and satisfies the primeval instincts, and that there is something intensely 'natural' in wandering over green fields and alongside the slopes of hills, simply pelting a little ball along, and defying, or at all events contending with, all the obstacles that may be encountered, all the little roughnesses on the face of the earth that nature made. In wind or in calm, in sunshine or in storm, the golfer, in as rough things as he will care to wear, is out alone satisfying his primeval instincts! Then they say, more curiously, that the motor fever is due to the assertion of these instincts. There is little that is primeval in six cylinders and a vessel of petrol; but we may suppose that the original instincts are present in the case of the wild, hurtling rush along the roads, the sense of great danger to others as well as to the riders that is created, and the general feeling that there is life and space and speed, and very little besides that matters at all. But, after all, one cannot get very far with the primeval instincts on the strength of golf and the motor-car alone, and there have been signs for some time that something more primitive was needed, something a little more like barbarity, with a suspicion of blood about it. It has come at last. A few weeks since the prize-fight was revived after a long absence from official London. There are fights every Saturday night 'in the season' at a place of entertainment in the East End which makes a speciality of them, and for a shilling one may have a good seat for the spectacle of some of the most determined milling, which, though chiefly intended for the East End population, is nevertheless frequented in disguise by folks of social eminence from the West. But this is not in what we call official London; it is not recognised as part of the established taste and custom of the town. Lately, however, there was elsewhere a real fight between champions of England and America, and there was all the old-time glamour about it—beforehand. The House of Lords was properly represented at the ringside. Now observe: many years ago when pugilism was flickering out in this country there were general condemnations of it by the public and the Press, as being a thing that was quite unfitted to the civilisation of the time, a brutal, coarse thing that ought to be stopped for evermore. So it dropped out. And now? Its return is applauded by the public and the Press, who rejoice at this encouragement of the primeval instincts. Well-known writers were set to extol this pugilism, and leading articles in the newspapers reminded us that the great men of all time had loved to see a good fight; that thinkers and writers, men like Hazlitt and Borrow, had dealt with the subject most sympathetically, even lovingly; and so forth. It was said that there was a great deal that was noble in two men standing face to face with each other to fight to a finish, to cuff and beat each other until one of them could neither stand nor see. Such men, it was said, must have fine limbs, great nerve and courage, and fine endurance. Indeed, it was declared that it was unflinching endurance such as this that is just the very thing that this period of trouble and strenuousness calls for; that England has need of men who do not flinch at times like this, and it was almost suggested that the mere watching of them created the capacity for not flinching, and would therefore be good for the nation. The primeval instincts! 'The thing that the times call for.' It is suggested that even clergymen were sometimes sympathetic towards the idea, and few people made harsh comments on the circumstance that one of the demonstrators of the working of the primeval instincts asked to see that the prize-money was ready and waiting before he began his demonstration. Perhaps such a far throw-back to the primeval as this is a little too much at once. Anyhow, despite great efforts, the new pugilism does not seem to catch on, for all that so much has been made of it, and it has been nicely blessed in many places.

How strange are the contrasts of the world and the town, though we do not always appreciate or even notice them! We have been talking of the primeval instincts that were given play at a fight in Covent Garden. Within a stone's-throw of this place tightly packed crowds of people had been exulting night after night in the discovery of a new queen of song who was to be exalted to a topmost place in music—had already been so. Tettrazini was being worshipped. They said there was none like her, and the lovers of song and melody lived for a season in an ecstasy of delight. This also was in Covent Garden, and who knows but that if Tettrazini had been singing that night the victor-pugilist with all his gains might not have called in to listen when the fight was over, as showing that the instincts patronise each other? And a little farther away, out in the east of the town, there was at the same time another contrast in the matter of these instincts. It was in the roughest part of London, and a bishop was kneeling at the bedside of a vicar who lay dead, the bishop praying that the Church might be forgiven for the wrong that she had done to the dead man. It was one of those sad tragedies in which this world can still glory and thank Heaven for their happening. This dead priest had died of overwork and illness made by it among the poorest and in many respects the most disreputable people that are to be found in the Metropolis. In the conventional euphemism his charge was 'a difficult one.' He was a young man, and he gave all his strength and all his health. He had a little means, and he gave it all to his people, and was poverty-stricken. He patted the young hooligans on the back, and made them whimper that they would do better. They thought they would. He walked hand-in-hand with the children, brightened the lives of hard-worn mothers, encouraged the fathers to better things. He was a ray of sunshine amidst filthy, black surroundings. It killed this young man, and the bishop prayed at his bedside while they were still talking in the streets of the fine revival of the primitive instincts and the glory of the prize-fight at Covent Garden.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XI.—THE TWO WILLS.

THE other counsel was in his chambers, and proved reasonable, and the disputed will was readily produced. The doctor examined it carefully, passing over the faint characters that purported to be the signature of John Lawrence, and scrutinising through his magnifying-glass the smudge on the edge of the paper.

'Yes, *that* is my signature,' he said, pointing to the written characters, 'but *that* is somebody else's,' pointing to the smudge; 'and *that* is *not* John Lawrence's signature. The thing is a fraud. My senses were all about me in that sick-room. Somehow I felt there was roguery in the air, and so, I think, did your brother; and that'—pointing to the document—'shows our suspicions were just. The key to the fraud lies under that smudge. Find out the thumb that left that mark. Its owner is the rogue, and, I suspect, the major-domo. I did not like his shifty eyes and furtive look at the time.

'I can guess now how he performed the trick. I took the will from your brother's hands as he seemed about to faint, and gave it to the major-domo, and for nearly half-an-hour was attending to the sick man. For that time the will which carried your brother's signature, but which I had not witnessed, was in the scoundrel's power. He took it with him when he left the room. I am sure of that, because he had to be called into the room when I was ready to witness the will. He came after a delay which, I remember, exasperated me, and brought it with him. He must have had the second sheet ready all the while, watching for a chance to substitute it for the true will when the time came for signing. But your brother made me read the document before he signed it.

'When he fainted, and the rogue had possession of the signed will, and was able to take it out of the room for a few moments, he forged your brother's signature on *that* paper,' pointing to the sheet on the table—'not a difficult task for such clever fingers. Then, to make it agree in appearance with the genuine will, he put on the smudge of ink. When called into the room he solemnly put this on the table for me to witness. He must be a cool and daring rogue, for he took a tremendous risk. But I was in a hurry. I saw on the sheet what I thought was your brother's signature. I knew I had made a smudge on the paper, and a smudge was there. So I signed it without reading it and detecting the change.'

Dr Graham looked as if he still were heartily ashamed of himself. A Scotchman to have been tricked so coolly by a Frenchman, and in such a business as the signing of a will which affected nearly half a million's worth of property! 'D—— the rogue!' he said heartily.

'The story is plausible,' commented Lempriere, 'but there is no legal proof.'

'But,' said Dr Graham hotly, as he held out his magnifying-glass once more, 'look at the difference of the two thumb-marks. They are more unlike than two faces. *That* is my mark, and that is *not* my mark.'

The lawyers examined the two smudges afresh with great care.

'It is odd, no doubt,' said Lempriere; 'but the

courts have never yet admitted evidence of that character.'

'Give me the print of the major-domo's thumb,' cried Graham, 'and I will stake my head it is the transcript of *that*;' and he pointed to the smudge on the witnessed will.

'That is a rash wager for a Scotchman,' said Robert Lawrence; 'a good Scottish head for a Frenchman's thumb. But how can we get it?' And the lawyer knitted his brow meditatively. 'Will you,' he said at last to Lempriere, 'ask the scamp to dine with you? After all, he has the manners of a gentleman, and he represents your client. You need not take him to your house; dine with him at one of the coffee-houses. Let the doctor be the third man in the party, and trust to his wit to get the print of the Frenchman's thumb. I cannot be there, for it would be unprofessional, as I represent the other side. But he is your client,' he repeated, 'and Graham is your witness.'

'Yes,' said Lempriere reluctantly. 'I do not like the business, but I like the flavour of a possible fraud still less. The man,' he admitted, 'looks and dresses like a gentleman, and so, doctor, you shall have the chance you want. If there is a fraud, and a French fraud, too, designed to rob an English boy of his estate, I do not think that my professional duty requires me to prevent it being found out;' and Lempriere, a good lawyer but a sound Tory, who, like all the Tories of that age, thought it part of their religion to hate a Frenchman, laughed dryly.

Lempriere found no difficulty in arranging for the dinner-party.

'Dr Graham,' he told the Frenchman, 'is not a very friendly witness, but he might be of importance. When the case comes into court we shall be obliged to call him, and so you had better meet him.'

Two nights later the party met at a famous coffee-house in the Strand, and dined together. The lawyer was surly and ill at ease, as if taking part in a business he disliked. But Dr Graham was chatty and pleasant. The dinner was good, the wines of the best; and M. Duclos, who was plainly on his guard at first, relaxed, and showed himself an excellent talker. He had much to tell of Paris and the wild doings there, and the tangle and distraction of its politics, to which the other men listened with unaffected interest.

Then the talk was turned adroitly on India, and the doctor was rich in anecdotes bearing on the subtlety of the Indian intellect and the cleverness of Indian rogues.

'Let me tell you,' he said, 'one of the oddest stories I know. But to understand it we must try a little experiment first.' He told the waiter to bring the inkstand, and, taking up a dinner-card, he coolly let fall a drop of ink on it.

'Now, Mr Lempriere, put your thumb on that and press it steadily for a moment. Now, initial the smudge so as to identify it by-and-by.'

He then put a second drop on the card, and asked M. Duclos to do the same.

The Frenchman hesitated for a moment, but he hardly knew why. The incident seemed natural, the doctor was waiting with the outstretched card, and the Frenchman pressed his thumb upon the drop of ink and then initialled the mark. The doctor, in his turn, went through the same process. The blots quickly dried, and then the doctor produced his inevitable magnifying-glass.

'See,' he said, as he bade them examine in turn each smear, 'it is a clear enough print of our thumbs, and how distinct the pattern of the lines is in each case! Nature never repeats her ciphers. This is a scientific identification of the human hand, and of the owner of the hand, which can never be cheated.'

Then he told how the thumb-mark was used for purposes of identification in India, and related an amusing tale of how a rogue had been detected by the print of his finger-tips, and punished. When he finished the story, as though in a careless fashion, he slipped the menu-card into his coat-pocket.

The little party broke up early, but Lempriere and the doctor lingered for a moment after the Frenchman had gone.

'I will call in the morning at your office,' said the Scotchman, 'and we will compare the thumb-mark on the alleged will with the print M. Duclos has left on the menu-card. If they are identical, is not my case proved?'

'Well,' answered the lawyer cautiously, 'I will not say that, and I am not the full court. But at all events it will be important if the two impressions prove to be identical.'

The next morning the doctor and the two lawyers met in Lempriere's chambers. The conflicting wills were produced, and the menu-card with its initialled smudges lay beside them.

'Look how different are the three marks on the dinner-card,' said the doctor, as he put his magnifying-glass over them in turn. 'They are separate and unmistakable. This is my own; compare it with that on the will which lay for three years in my coat-pocket here in London while I was in India.'

The two legal heads bent in turn over the prints.

'Yes,' Lempriere admitted, 'the smudges are twins. Each is the transcript of your thumb, doctor. Who could have believed that a tracery of lines so definite and unmistakable in pattern was hidden under that ink-stain?

'Now,' he said with energy, 'let us compare the print the Frenchman left on the menu-card with that on what is averred to be the true will. If they correspond exactly with each other, doctor, your case is proved; and whether the courts accept your evidence or not, John Lempriere will not lend his wit and time to help a fraud.'

'You agree that the thumb-mark on that will is not mine?' asked the doctor.

Then he put the print of M. Duclos's thumb, as it

stood on the menu-card, beside that on the will. Each of the lawyers in turn examined it with minutest care.

'Yes, doctor, that is the rogue's thumb-mark.'

'D—— him!' cried Lempriere. 'He had to reproduce the smudge to make the two documents agree, and in doing that he supplied the proof of his own villainy. I shall throw up the case. I think I ought to ask the court to impound the documents and to prosecute the scoundrel.'

'No,' said Robert Lawrence; 'we need not do that. If the Frenchman finds his trick is detected he will take himself off. We can let both the wills drop out of the case, and the boy will inherit as his father's heir.'

After some debate this was agreed upon.

The next day M. Duclos, by appointment, called at Lempriere's office. The doctor sat at the table as he entered, and the Frenchman's vigilant senses warned him instantly that there was danger in the meeting. He sat down at the table and looked with keen and watchful eyes at the pair of grim faces opposite him.

'M. Duclos,' said Lempriere, going straight to the business, 'you left that print of your thumb on the menu-card a couple of nights ago; but when did you put *that* mark on the will?' and he pointed to the sheet of paper that lay on the desk before him.

'That is not the mark of my thumb,' replied the Frenchman steadily. 'Dr Graham ought to remember that he is responsible for that smear.'

'No,' cried Lempriere; 'if you choose to examine them you will see that the two prints are identical.'

The Frenchman waved the magnifying-glass aside carelessly.

'One thumb-print is very like another.'

'Ah, that is where your scientific ignorance has led you into a trap,' said the doctor.

'My ignorance, scientific or otherwise,' answered the Frenchman, 'hardly affects a legal question.'

'But this is a question of hard facts,' exclaimed the lawyer, pointing to the mark on the paper.

'Dr Graham knows perfectly well that he put that smear on it.'

'No,' replied the lawyer, pulling out a drawer and producing the other will; 'here is the print of Dr Graham's thumb; and,' he added, 'here is the will John Lawrence signed. Whoever put his thumb-print on that sheet'—pointing to the false will—'forged the dying man's signature; and since that thumb-print is certainly yours, M. Duclos, you are responsible for the fraud.'

The Frenchman had gone suddenly white. His hands clutched the edge of the table as though to keep him from falling. His eyes flitted to and fro like those of a hunted animal. But he had an admirable courage.

'You hold a brief, Mr Lempriere,' he said, 'for madame. Is it the fashion for an English lawyer to trap his client?'

'An honest man,' replied the old lawyer sternly, 'does not fear traps; and an English lawyer when he finds he holds a brief for a fraud gives up his case. You had better go back to Paris, M. Duclos,' he went on coolly; 'you will find there a field better suited to your genius than London offers. When your case is called on I shall tell the court I withdraw from it, and I shall keep these documents. If any attempt is made to revive the case I will use them against you.'

The Frenchman looked at the two faces—the doctor's strong Scottish features, the lawyer's legal brow and his shrewd and penetrating eyes. Here were forces, he knew, too strong for him. But he was not unequal to the occasion. He rose and bowed with elaborate politeness.

'I see,' he said, 'that in England justice learns to be patriotic. A Frenchman fares ill—because he is French.'

'No,' replied the lawyer; 'but rogues on this side of the Channel are a little less triumphant than on the other side. You had better go back to Paris, M. Duclos. It is your natural field.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

HEAT-PRESERVING WITH HAY.



EVERY mother who is compelled to nourish her child by artificial feeding realises the great difficulties encountered during the night in preparing and heating the food for charging the feeding-bottle. A convenient method of surmounting this trouble, by means of which a sufficient quantity may be prepared to last a whole night without any deterioration of the food or decrease in the heat, is the employment of what is familiarly termed the hay-box. This comprises a small wooden box equipped with a lid that slips well over the top. The interior of the box is well packed with hay, and within this is buried the vessel containing a whole night's supply of food which has been previously boiled and prepared, ready for eating, in the usual manner. The receptacle with its boiling contents is placed in the hay-box, covered with a thick layer of hay, and the lid slipped on and securely fastened. In this condition the milk will keep very hot for several hours—certainly a whole night. When the food is required, all that one has to do is to remove the lid, draw off sufficient to charge the infant's bottle, replace the stopper, and reinsert and pack the vessel in the box. So slight is the loss in the heat when stored under these conditions that probably when required the food will be found too hot

to administer to the child, and care should therefore be exercised to let it cool sufficiently—that is, to one hundred degrees, or blood-heat. Not only does this simple expedient save a considerable amount of trouble and preparation during the night, but the food is better preserved and more quickly available for the child. The system can be adapted to several other uses, such as, for instance, preserving comestibles hot for consumption at any time; and, owing to the heat-retaining qualities of the hay, such articles as vegetables and meats continue cooking when inserted in the box in their hot condition. The system is especially applicable to the artisan who for six days in the week invariably has to comfort himself with a monotonous cold midday meal. By this means the hot dinner can be stored in the box just before he sets out on his daily task, so that at dinner-time he has a steaming-hot meal. The box need only be of small dimensions, and can be made for a few pence, while similarly the requisite supply of hay can easily be secured, and the only attention requisite is the changing of the preserving medium from time to time. In Germany the hay-box is coming into extensive vogue for heat-preserving purposes, and various types and sizes have a ready sale. In the latter case other substances than hay are generally utilised, but this simple and easily procured material is the most efficient.

A NEW PROCESS OF CAULKING LEAD JOINTS.

The difficulties of jointing gas and water pipes, especially in street mains during wet weather, are well known. The usual procedure is to insert first a few layers of hemp into the joint-socket, and then to fashion a clay pug-mould round the periphery of the pipe, into which the molten lead is poured and directed into the annular space between the two pipes, the operation being completed by caulking to ensure a perfect joint. If the trench contains an accumulation of water such as results in rainy weather, the operation is of great difficulty; while, furthermore, it is imperative that no moisture should exist upon the surfaces into which the lead is poured, otherwise an imperfect joint results. With the new system, however, the operation is considerably facilitated and expedited, dispensing with molten lead altogether, while no care has to be exercised in securing perfectly dry surfaces; and the work can be carried out irrespective of weather conditions without the slightest apprehensions concerning the perfection of the joint. This end is achieved by means of what is called 'lead wool,' consisting of pure lead cut into fine strips by machinery. The wool is produced in strands or skeins, each weighing about a pound, the thread sections being approximately three feet in length. In making the joint all that is necessary is first to insert the usual layer of hemp, and then to feed in the lead thread in layers until the space is filled. By means of a caulking tool the threads are then pounded into a solid mass, the strips welding firmly together, further layers of thread being applied and caulked down until the space is filled to the desired extent. When the operation is completed the leaden threads form a homogeneous solid mass, filling every interstice. The joint thus formed is considerably stronger and capable of withstanding a far greater pressure than that produced with molten lead, and can be effected much more quickly and cheaply.

HOW TO MAKE WATERPROOF WHITEWASH.

The hygienic properties of whitewash are well known, but it has the objection when applied under ordinary conditions of lacking durability, while at the same time it cannot be washed or cleansed. In certain districts in Queensland a waterproof whitewash is in general use, and it is very simply made. The recipe is as follows: One pound of glue is dissolved in three and a half pints of water. To this is subsequently added three ounces of bichromate of potash dissolved in half-a-pint of hot water. These two ingredients are thoroughly well mixed, and enough whiting then added to secure the desired consistency. The mixture is applied to the walls or roofs in the usual manner, and dries rapidly, while the action of the sun upon the potash and glue serves to render it highly waterproof. Such a whitewash is available for a variety of applications, both exterior and interior. It adheres firmly to slate, glass, metal, masonry, or plaster, care being taken in the last-named instance to rub the fluid well into the fabric. It not only affords an excellent protection to the sun's rays in tropical climes, but acts as an admirable waterproofing to walls exposed to driving rains. When desired it can be cleaned with a hose and cold water or washed down with a sponge. Of course, any required quantity can be prepared, it only being necessary to adhere to the foregoing proportions.

DANGEROUS SWEETS.

From time to time instances occur of children being poisoned by eating common varieties of sweet-stuffs. Only recently an important prosecution was levied against a cheap form of chocolate that was sold in the streets of London, which under the searching examination of analysis revealed a remarkable concoction, the most important feature of which was paraffin-wax manipulated so as to resemble the creamy contents of chocolate, the latter itself being an extraordinary and highly injurious noisome compound, flavoured and coloured. More recently the Durham inspector under the Sale of Food and Drugs Acts drew attention to the grave injury accompanying the consumption by children of sweets containing chloroform. The worst offenders in this instance, it appears, are those known as 'chlorodyne gums' and 'chlorodyne lozenges,' usually sold at a penny per ounce. When the composition of these gums and lozenges was investigated, it was found that they contained 0·5 and 0·05 minim of chloroform respectively per lozenge. Other sweets of the chocolate variety were found to be equally as dangerous, since they con-

tained alcohol in varying quantities. Considering the pernicious habits arising from the eating of such confectionery, the authorities should exert a searching vigilance in regard to their manufacture, and render the utilisation of such harmful drugs impossible.

SOME NEW PATENT FUELS.

To the evolution of new fuels prepared by patent processes either in a solid or liquid state there appears to be no end. One which has recently been brought out by a French inventor is named 'charbonnette,' and is stated to be produced for about two-thirds the cost of coal. It lights easily, and, rapidly becoming incandescent, no smoke is emitted, while at the same time it gives out intense heat and leaves scarcely any ash. It is manufactured in briquettes, and its main features are cleanliness in handling and the absence of smell. It is stated that the preliminary tests have been so satisfactory that a manufactory of forty thousand tons annual output is to be erected. In the second case the fuel is of the liquid type known as 'masut,' and is one of the by-products of petroleum distillation. Among its advantages are stated to be great heat-yielding qualities, accompanied by little smoke, and it is already in use among certain European navies. This product is stated to be easily obtainable from the oleiferous tertiary coal-beds, and for this reason its manufacture should be susceptible of extensive development in this country, especially among the shale-oilfields of Scotland.

AN IMPROVED DUPLIGRAPH PRINTER.

At the present time many systems for duplicating purposes are in use in the up-to-date commercial house to expedite and facilitate the work of the office. Recently an American invention has been placed on the market, the features of which are extreme rapidity, cleanliness, reliability, and adaptability, it being possible to secure copies of work executed in typewriting, by pen, or copying-pencil at a speed ranging from twenty to a hundred copies per minute, according to the nature of the work. The copies can, moreover, be taken on a variety of substances, such as cardboard, china, and wood, as easily and clearly as upon paper, the reproduction being so excellent as to be scarcely distinguishable from the original. One notable characteristic of the process is that when one operation is completed it is not necessary to remove the transfer from the face of the composition by washing. Instead, the inventor has devised a chemical composition which, when applied to the surface, draws the ink through the mass to the bottom of the tray in which it is placed, leaving the copying surface smooth, clean, and unimpaired.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

Interest is being evinced by quarry-owners and others who have to resort to blasting operations in the new explosive that has recently been placed on the market. The recommendatory advantage of the compound is that it will only explode by detonation, thereby rendering it perfectly safe to handle under all conditions. In the preliminary tests at a quarry recently, although it readily exploded when detonated, hammering and other similar efforts failed to explode the mass, while it remained inert when a hot iron was plunged therein or when gunpowder was fired on it. Moreover, friction failed to produce any evil results. Under these circumstances it is becoming widely adopted for excavating stone by blasting, for which it appears to be eminently adapted, especially as explosion is not accompanied by the emission of poisonous fumes, while it can also be more cheaply produced than the majority of explosive agents in general use for such work.

'HODGSON'S.'

A booklet, printed for private circulation, entitled *One Hundred Years of Book Auctions, 1807-1907*, contains a brief record of the rise and progress of the firm of Hodgson & Company, the well-known London book auctioneers in Chancery Lane. The review marks the changes in book-collecting and bookselling over that period, and especially the rise in price of such works as the Shakespeare folios, many of which have found their way to America. Dr Dibdin in 1818, in referring to the sale by Mr Robert Saunders, the founder of Hodgson's, of a first folio for one hundred and twenty-one pounds sixteen shillings, remarked that this was the highest price ever given, or likely to be given, for a book, which not so long ago fetched three thousand six hundred pounds. Over the century Messrs Hodgson have held four thousand two hundred sales, and between 1849 and 1890 many thousands of pounds' worth of publishers' stocks, plant, and copyrights have been sold by the firm. One of the most important of these transactions was the sale at the London Coffee-House of the entire copyrights and stock of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, along with Lockhart's *Life*. This branch of the business seems to have been diverted into other channels, and now Messrs Hodgson deal on a large scale in rare, valuable, or standard books. An interesting chapter of the history of publishing and bibliography might be gleaned from the priced catalogues of Hodgson's trade sales at the Albion Tavern. In the early years of the century the hours of sale used to be 11 A.M. or 5.30 P.M.; now 1 P.M. is the regular hour.

AN INGENIOUS CALCULATING-MACHINE.

Since the first commercial mechanical calculating appliance was devised by an Englishman—the evolution of which, however, proved such a tax upon the inventor's brain that it drove him insane—other devices to the same end have since been evolved with more good fortune to their contrivers. One of the latest, most simple, and most efficient of these which we have seen is that perfected by a Glasgow inventor. Its most prominent feature is

its extended range of usefulness, an object achieved without resort to complicated mechanism. Indeed, simplicity, combined with time and labour saving, is its keynote. It can be designed to meet the requirements of any trade, such as invoice-checking, calculating purely and simply, weights or measurements, quantities, multiplications, estimating, abstract of cost, payment of wages; in short, it is an admirable ready reckoner. It is a distinct acquisition to a busy commercial house or factory, and being so simple in its operation, a boy or girl can manipulate it with infallible accuracy, while at the same time it occupies but a very small space upon the office desk. It marks a new departure in mechanical clerical work, and its success may be gathered from the fact that it has been already adopted by several of the leading and largest Scottish commercial houses and manufactories.

RAILWAY TICKETS FROM OLD NEWSPAPERS.

This is essentially the age for the commercial utilisation of waste products; but the strangest development in this connection would appear to be that prevailing in Belgium. Upon the Government railway system newspapers left in the train are the property of the nation, to be used by it for the manufacture of railway tickets. The papers are carefully collected and sent to the head depôt, where they are pulped and a special variety of cardboard for ticket purposes is prepared. Some idea of the amount of raw material readily available to the railway authorities from this source may be gathered from the fact that the accumulation of discarded newspapers upon the whole network of railways aggregates about seven hundred pounds per day, representing over one hundred tons per annum.

NEW WOOD PRESERVATIVE.

The preservation of wood comprises one of the most economic questions of the day in certain industries, such as the manufacture of railway sleepers and paving blocks. Various processes have been devised for prolonging the durability of the material when exposed to the deteriorating influences of wind and weather or water, but few have survived the trying ordeal of practical application. For this reason creosote injection under pressure remains the most general method in vogue for preserving timber. Attention, however, has now been drawn to a new process that has been perfected, by means of which the wood is impregnated with a new coal-tar extract called 'injectol,' comprising a thin, dark-brown liquid of regular density, the viscosity of which varies very slightly under atmospheric changes. The wood to be treated is either soaked in the fluid or the latter is forced into the pores of the timber under pressure; and, owing to its fluidity, the antiseptic is capable of penetrating the heart of the wood more easily and quickly than creosote, while at the same time smaller quantities are required. To secure some comparative data concerning the preservative quality of 'injectol' as compared with the more generally adopted mediums, samples of timber treated with each were immersed in a tank containing a highly and rapidly decomposing solution, and permitted to remain there for several months. Upon withdrawal the wood treated with 'injectol' was found to be in a perfect condition, while the other samples dressed with creosote preserving-fluids were found to be extremely decayed, thereby showing that creosote is only capable of arresting decomposition for a short period. Owing to the success of the new extract, it is arousing the attention of railway authorities and others in trades in which extensive avail is made of timber.

NEWSPAPERS FROM PEAT.

The heavy demands that at present prevail for wood-pulp, more especially for newspapers, and the extensive denudation of the world's forests that has resulted in order to meet the requirements of the market, have urged inventors towards the discovery of some new source of raw material. Peat is regarded as a possible raw material for this purpose. The latest development in the production of peat-pulp is being made in Sweden, where a large factory has been built. The process adopted is of American origin. It is claimed that a ton of paper worth six pounds can be produced from peat at a total cost of three pounds, so that an ample margin of profit is available to render the enterprise financially practicable should the paper-pulp thus obtained compare favourably with that secured from timber, and be applicable to the same commercial requirements. The operations of the Swedish company are being closely followed, since in the event of its success efforts to utilise the huge expanses of peat-bogs in Scotland and Ireland would be carried into effect.

A NEW SHALLOW CONDUIT TRAMWAY.

A committee of the corporation of Edinburgh has recently been investigating the new shallow conduit system for tramways that has been perfected by a Birmingham inventor, the feature of which is a combination of the advantages of the overhead and conduit systems at a greatly reduced initial outlay. In this system the central slot or conduit in the centre of the road is abolished. Instead, the rail on the right-hand side of the driver is slotted, and on its under side is carried the conductor, consisting of a thick copper wire. Current is collected by means of a small trolley carriage placed between the wheels of the car. It is claimed that not only is such a system cheaper to lay down—the outlay being about a thousand pounds per mile—but disorganisation of traffic by water collecting in the conduit is prevented. It would seem, however, that the greatest objection to the system would be the liability of the tram-rails to become electrically charged, thereby offering a grave danger to pedestrians and vehicular traffic, while a break in the wire would necessitate tearing up the road, which,

in view of the principles of the system, might possibly be of frequent occurrence.

A NOVEL STRANDING-BUOY FOR SHIPWRECKS.

Although our facilities for succouring wrecked vessels, as represented by the rocket apparatus and the lifeboat, have been brought to a high standard of perfection, yet there are instances from time to time when these systems are unavailable, owing to the inclemency of the weather or the situation of the wreck. This fact was strikingly exemplified in the cases of the *Hilda* near St Malo and the *Berlin* off the Hook of Holland. These disasters emphasised the necessity of devising some other means of establishing communication between ship and shore. The fact that in such catastrophes the wind and sea have always been raging shorewards suggested to Mr Bredsdorff, a director of the Flensburg Shipbuilding Company, after the *Berlin* calamity, an apparatus which should be carried by the vessel itself, and which, in the event of a wreck, could be easily and quickly launched, and under the combined agency of the wind and sea be carried towards the beach. For this purpose he has contrived an ingenious 'stranding-buoy.' In design it resembles a small boat, three feet in length by eighteen inches broad, and twelve inches deep, drawing eight inches of water, and equipped with a small mast and sail. The device is built of metal, with a rounded deck, and has a heavy lead keel, which, tapering at either end, maintains the buoy in an upright position no matter how rough the sea, and which, even if it should be capsized with the sail up, is sufficient to enable the buoy to regain its equilibrium. The apparatus is divided into three watertight compartments, in which can be stowed the ship's papers or any other communication which the captain may desire to be conveyed. Attached to the stern of the buoy is a light manilla rope, which upon the launch of the device is paid out from a reel, there being one thousand five hundred feet of rope in the coil. When the buoy is dropped overboard it is caught by the wind and rapidly driven ashore, means being provided to keep the sail always to the wind, and when stranded it can be easily secured by people on the beach by means of a boat-hook. In this manner a light line is established between the land and the ship, and a heavier cable capable of carrying the rocket life-saving apparatus can be hauled either from the ship to the land or *vice versâ*. The possibilities of such a novel device will be instantly realised. In the case of the *Berlin* wreck—which was too far away from the land to enable the rocket apparatus to be of any service, while the surf was too heavy to enable the lifeboat to be launched immediately intimation of the wreck was received—communication between the ship and the shore could have been quickly and easily established by the Bredsdorff apparatus, and possibly the whole of the passengers saved. It has also many other potentialities which should recommend its adoption in maritime circles. Occupying but small space, it can be easily secured to the bulwarks of the captain's bridge, and launched instantly by merely cutting the lashings with a knife. By its means many of the mysterious disappearances of vessels in mid-ocean could be cleared up, as when such a calamity occurs the captain would only have to insert a notification of the circumstances in one of the watertight compartments, and then cut the buoy adrift. Owing to its size, sail, and brightly polished surface, it would be a conspicuous object upon the sea during the day, and would be quickly recovered by some passing vessel; while during the night, owing to the ringing of a small bell carried at the top of the mast, its presence in the vicinity of a ship would be betrayed to the lookout. Moreover, in an emergency it can be used as a lifebuoy, since there are four grips fitted to its sides for such purposes and it is sufficiently buoyant to maintain three persons afloat, while provisions and water can be carried in its watertight compartments.

PRESERVATION BY PASTILLES.

In the December number, under the title 'Tabloid Refrigerating Agents,' a mistake was inadvertently made in describing the process as one of refrigeration. It is rather a means of *preservation*, since the edibles to be safeguarded have their surfaces impregnated with sterilising fumes arising from the combustion of a patent carbon pastille in the air-tight chamber. The scope of the idea, which is already in extensive vogue on the Continent, is to afford a cheaper, handier, and more hygienic method of protecting perishable and delicate food-stuffs than that afforded by ice, the fumes which constitute the sterilising agent exercising no deleterious effects whatever upon the meat, vegetables, liquids, &c.

A NEW AND NOVEL SAFETY WINDOW.

For years the necessity of devising some improvement upon the conventional system of hanging and fastening windows, dispensing with the dangerous sash-lines, heavy weights, and the crude, unsafe type of fastener, has been realised. Any superseding type, however, to secure success must be equally simple, and an invention complying with this indispensable requirement, and far safer, has been devised by a London inventor. The whole of the working apparatus is contained in a small box which is so made as to be applicable to the ordinary type of window if desired by simply cutting away a small portion of the frame to admit of its insertion. The mechanism is of substantial construction, and there is nothing liable to derangement. By its means a window can be opened to any desired extent, and is automatically locked in that position, so that should a window be left open for ventilation during the night it is impossible to effect a burglarious entry. Moreover, the act of pushing up the bottom sash lowers the top section a corresponding distance; while, to facilitate cleaning, the top sash can be pulled right down to displace the lower one.

A ROMANCE OF ORD.

CHAPTER VII.

'MR CONRAD to see you, miss.'

Katie, who had been crouching on her knees before the study-fire, started to her feet at the words and turned a flushed, amazed face towards the door. It was only yesterday that the new tenant had taken up his quarters at Ord. What could possibly have brought him to the manse in this unconventional and precipitate haste?

But the sight of the bashful figure hesitating in the doorway behind Kirstie's ample shoulders helped her to recover herself, and with a few simple words of welcome she stepped forward.

'My father is out,' she said; 'but I am expecting him every moment.'

Mr Conrad grasped her proffered hand eagerly, his wistful eyes seeming to devour her face at the same time.

Katie thought she had never seen such mournful eyes in any human face before; the shadow of a great loneliness seemed to lurk in their depths, a haunting conviction of solitude such as may often be seen in the eyes of those accustomed to gaze perpetually on the vaster mysteries of nature. But his first words banished any thought of sympathy, and recalled her abruptly to herself.

'My, if you ain't poor Diarmid's living image!' he exclaimed in a low, awe-stricken voice, dropping her hand at the same time and turning away as if the likeness had been too much for his feelings.

Katie gasped, unable to speak for a moment or two. Then her courage returned, and she said faintly, 'Diarmid—my brother! You know him?'

Mr Conrad faced slowly round again. 'Know him!' he echoed in the same subdued tones. 'Yes, and the man who killed him too—and'—— But the sudden pallor that had overspread his listener's face made him break off abruptly.

'Didn't you know he was dead?' he ejaculated hoarsely the next moment, as Katie staggered towards the mantel and stood clutching it, her blue eyes, dilated with horror and incredulity, fastened upon his face. 'Has Martin Ellis been living here at your very door all this time and never told you? But there, I might have known;' and he smote one hand into the other. 'Blundering cuss that I am!'

Strangely enough, the mention of the Laird's name restored Katie's self-control. With a flash of intuition she realised that she was on the threshold of some discovery that would explain, if it did not justify, his former conduct; and through all the shock and horror of her personal grief the desire to vindicate him made itself felt.

Signing to her visitor to seat himself, she herself groped towards the nearest chair.

'Mr Ellis has told us nothing,' she began at last in a low, difficult voice that to her own ears sounded strangely distant and far away. 'We have not heard from or of my brother since he left home. We might have guessed something had happened to him.' She paused. Not a doubt of the truth of Mr Conrad's story had assailed her. From the first she had accepted the tragedy in its entirety, and, with a courage that was part of her inheritance, had faced it in the same unflinching spirit. 'But what has the Laird to do with my brother?' she added the next moment. 'They never knew each other.'

It was Mr Conrad's turn to gasp; then he recovered himself. 'No; you are right—they never knew each other,' he acknowledged, and paused.

But Katie was not to be so easily put off. 'Tell me the truth,' she said, leaning suddenly forward; and there was something in the expression of her eyes that made evasion or prevarication impossible.

So he told her. 'Martin Ellis shot your brother,' he said; 'not wilfully, but in self-defence.'

She uttered no sound, only pressed one hand over her eyes. The horror of the revelation seemed to stun her for the moment; but subconsciously her brain was working all the time, readjusting her life into focus with this new and calamitous revelation that had suddenly come upon her.

Could she go on living, knowing the truth? Could she go on loving, knowing that the man she loved was her brother's murderer? Could she have married him—had he himself proved faithful—knowing what she now knew?

Quick as lightning the questions followed each other through her brain, to be met with the same unequivocal response in each case. The Laird was innocent. She loved him. His instrumentality in her brother's death could make no difference to her. There was no thought even of forgiveness in her mind. All the morbid complexities and shrinkings that would have assailed many women in the same position were entirely absent from her considerations. Yet her loyalty to her brother was unimpeachable; her grief for his loss was as deep and irreparable as theirs could have been.

'Tell me all,' she said presently, lowering her hand and facing her visitor with calm, tearless expectancy.

Mr Conrad glanced uneasily from left to right. He had been accustomed to meeting stoical women in his rough Western existence; but this girl's composure was of a very different order. It worked upon his sympathies as no mere callous indifference would have had power to do, and made him long to escape from the necessity of inflicting further pain upon her. But in the face of her steadfast courage it would not do for him to flinch; so, with a sigh, he took up his story.

'It was at Alaska, in a mining camp—Travellers' Gulch, they called it—that it happened,' he began. 'Ellis and his friend Usgood were supposed to have struck a claim and made a haul. They had just come, too, and there were a lot of us fellows there who had been prospecting for months and never sighted gold; your brother was among them. Well, one night he and his pal Grainger determined to find out the truth, and they stole into Ellis's tent to see what they could discover. Ellis woke up suddenly, and, thinking they meant mischief, he drew his revolver and covered the foremost of them, who happened to be Diarmid. Grainger, seeing the flash of the barrel, believed his pal was in danger, and fired. At the same instant Ellis took aim—the shot that killed your brother. It was all in the dark, remember; nobody was really to blame. Grainger's charge had gone into Ellis's leg, and the next instant he swooned away.

'He is lame still,' interrupted Katie between white lips.

Mr Conrad nodded. 'That's true,' he agreed. 'Well, he was ill for a long time, and when he recovered poor Diarmid had been buried for some weeks. So, in a manner of speaking, they never really met or saw each other—which is, of course, the reason why Ellis has kept silence all this time,' he continued with a sudden illuminating flash of inspiration, starting to his feet at the same time and commencing to pace restlessly to and fro. 'He doesn't know, poor chap! and I've wronged him.'

'But the name!' interrupted Katie quickly.

Mr Conrad gave a faint smile. 'We don't put much faith in surnames in a mining camp,' he said, unconsciously adopting Usgood's very words in reminding the Laird of the same circumstance. 'Your brother was known as David Brown in Alaska. It was only when I had left the Gulch for some weeks, taking his papers with me, that I discovered his real name. There was a letter among them from your father. But somehow, hard as I tried, I hadn't the heart to sit down and tell the old man of his son's death, as I should have done. But I resolved that if ever I had a chance of coming to this country, Ord would be my first stopping-place, and so it has been. Last year I struck a claim and made my pile, and here I am. It will be something of a surprise to Ellis when he discovers that the Mr Conrad who has taken Ord from him is the Jimmy Barnes of Alaska,' he added with a dry little laugh.

Katie started. 'Then he doesn't know yet who you are?' she queried sharply.

The visitor shook his head. 'I did all the business with his solicitors,' he said. 'And now I wish I'd left the whole thing alone,' he went on in a tone of sad reproach, 'bringing this trouble upon you. But I naturally believed Ellis would have made a clean breast of it at once. It, somehow, never entered my calculations that he might fail to recognise you. Now, if it had been his pal Usgood the secret would have been out at once,' he concluded, turning and continuing his restless walk as he finished.

Katie started to her feet. 'Usgood!' she echoed in a bewildered tone. 'But he has been here.'

'And met you?' queried her visitor, turning sharp round and facing her.

She nodded.

'Then it's all up!' he ejaculated. 'If John Usgood saw you he knows, and if he knows you may be pretty certain Ellis knows too; so we are back at the starting-point again, and no nearer the truth than we were,' he added with a little sigh of perplexity.

But the last part of his sentence was lost upon his listener. Bit by bit the detached fragments of the mystery that had so long troubled her were piecing themselves together in her mind, and as she realised the truth a strange sense of thankfulness mingled with the first anguish of her grief. Mr Usgood's recognition of her at Ord, Ellis's interrupted declaration in the garden, his sudden and inexplicable flight the next morning—of course she saw it all clearly now. In the interval Usgood had told him of his discovery, and for very shame he had made his escape. How could he face her knowing that he had her brother's blood upon his hands? A wave of pity for the suffering he must have endured swept over her, in which the memory of her own months of bitter shame was lost for ever.

It is necessary to be in such extremity as hers to realise how the stricken spirit turns about for any gleam of comfort to which to cling. Fate had dealt her a cruel blow with one hand; but with the other it had restored her pride, her self-respect, and, better than either, her faith in the man she loved.

She was still absorbed in these conflicting emotions, when the sound of wheels on the drive outside recalled her abruptly to the present. Unconsciously her face whitened. 'It is my father,' she said in a low voice, casting a little involuntary glance at her guest as she spoke.

Mr Conrad met the glance with eager solicitude.

'Let me tell him,' he said, starting forward, his face flushing awkwardly.

But Katie with a resolute gesture waved him aside. 'No,' she said; 'wait here. There may be questions he would like to ask you;' and before he could signify his submission to her commands she had left the room, closing the door behind her.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME time later the minister tapped at his daughter's door, and in response to her muffled summons entered the room. To Katie's eyes he had a strange aspect of loneliness as he came towards her, emphasised by the expression of pathetic fortitude on his face and in his whole bearing.

A sudden conviction of guilt and disloyalty smote her with the realisation. For him the sorrow that had come to them was unrelieved by any redeeming circumstances; while for her—— How else could she explain that inarticulate yet undeniable sense of relief and thankfulness that made itself felt through all the poignant consciousness of her loss? But was it disloyal to find solace in the re-establishment of her own self-respect? she asked herself. That was all it meant, this twofold discovery she had made. Her grief was none the less in consequence, only the removal of the reproach upon her womanhood helped her to be strong in enduring it. But the minister had no idea of the diverse emotions that were mingled with the central fact of her sorrow in his daughter's mind, and set himself to comfort her with the simple alleviation of mutual grief. For some time they talked in hushed voices of the one who had been dead to them in reality for so long, their memories—sharpened by the certainty of their loss—reviving old tales and incidents of his past, till by degrees an actual reflex of his personality seemed to invade the room.

It was not till these reminiscences were exhausted that any allusion was made to the author of the tragedy.

The minister was the first to introduce Ellis's name. He had risen from the low couch on which they had seated themselves, and crossing to the window, stood gazing out over the drab November landscape for a moment or two without speaking. Suddenly he murmured something, and as she caught the words Katie's heart gave a leap within her.

'Poor Ellis!' the murmur came again, more distinctly this time. 'We must think of him! We must think of him!'

Katie held her breath, hardly daring to believe she heard aright. If her father could take this merciful view of the case, her own leniency had not been so misplaced as she had imagined.

But he was speaking again.

'It is almost worse for him than for us,' the low voice went on. 'We must make it up to him somehow. It won't do for him to be driven away from his duty by fear of us and our reproaches, eh, Katie?' and he turned suddenly round and faced the girl, his voice grown vigorous all at once, a challenging light in his blue eyes.

But Katie made no answer. She had lowered her head at the question, anxious to hide the expression of glad relief that, she knew, must be betrayed on her face; and, try as she might, she could not bring herself to utter a word.

The minister watched her for some moments in disappointed silence; then, crossing over, he laid his long brown fingers on her arm. 'What's this, Katie?' he said, reproach and tenderness struggling for the mastery in his voice. 'Surely you are not going to show an ungenerous spirit, my girl! The thing was an accident, and he has suffered enough, be sure of that.'

Still Katie remained silent. Her head went lower and lower. Every word of her father's made her sense of reproach the keener; yet how could she show him the extent of her gratitude without also revealing its true cause? And this was no time for such a confession. 'I am sure he has suffered,' she faltered at last, though without looking up; 'and I am sorry for him.'

The minister gave a quick sigh of relief, straightening his shoulders involuntarily at the same time. 'Ah, that is spoken like my own brave girl!' he said, moving over to the window once more and stationing himself in his old position with his back to her.

Katie's eyes followed him reverently. Hitherto her belief in his goodness had been more or less a matter of instinct; now in this crisis she saw the true essence of the man proved and attested beyond doubt. There was a long silence.

At last the minister turned, and with sudden resolution moved towards the door.

Katie half-started up to follow him.

But at the sound of the movement he paused. 'I was thinking of dropping Ellis a line,' he said in a hurried, somewhat embarrassed voice, 'to tell him—that we know. Is there any message you would care to send him?' and he glanced tentatively at the girl as he spoke.

Katie was silent for a moment; then, flinging back her head, 'Tell him to come back to Ord,' she said in a low, clear voice. 'Tell him that his duty lies here.'

The minister's only answer was a grave smile as he passed on to the door.

The next days were filled with alternating suspense and anxiety for Katie. What reply would Ellis make to her father's letter? The generosity that had prompted him in writing it must surely find some response as high and deserving of admiration in its recipient. But day after day passed, and no letter came to turn her hopeful premonitions into certainty. She could see that the minister was as anxious as herself on the matter, though he said no word of his feelings. The eagerness with which he opened the post-bag morning by morning, and the little shadow of disappointment that fell on his face as he turned over its contents, told their own tale and filled her with anger and bitterness against Ellis. All else she had forgiven him. But this slight to her father, coming as it did just in the moment when he was most in need of comfort and support, hurt her beyond the telling.

At last, when the silence had continued for a fortnight, the minister made his first and only allusion to the subject. 'We are not to have an answer, Katie,' he said, raising his head from examining the address on the one meagre envelope the morning's post had brought. 'Well, he knows his own business best; and at all events he can't blame us for keeping him from his duty;' and he drew in his chair to the table and prepared,

with a pathetic display of unconcern, to open his correspondence. Katie shot a glance of almost passionate tenderness across the table at the white, bowed head and the face that had grown so pitifully thin and transparent-looking lately; but she said no word, and the meal was concluded in silence.

Then followed a period of reaction that to the girl, on looking back, always seemed the blackest and most hopeless epoch of her life. Everything was in accordance with her mood. The very weather was of the dreariest: long days of dismal rain alternated by wild gusty winds that cried in the chimneys and swept around the manse, shaking the walls to their foundations; gray skies and a grayer atmosphere. Little wonder was it that Katie languished and drooped.

It was Mr Conrad who first drew the minister's attention to her condition. He had become a constant visitor at the manse since that first tragic afternoon, and it was wonderful how quickly and unobtrusively he had adapted himself to the life of the house. Neither Katie nor her father realised fully their dependence at this time on his quiet comings and goings and the kindly sympathy and interest he was always ready to extend to everything that concerned them.

As his first shyness wore off, too, he proved himself a conversationalist of no mean order, and many a dull evening he enlivened for the lonely pair by his tales and anecdotes of the wild, adventurous existence that lay behind him.

It was on the conclusion of one of these informal evening visits, when Katie had retired to bed, leaving the two men for a last smoke, that he voiced his warning concerning the state of her health. The minister was at first inclined to deride the idea. But Mr Conrad stood his ground. 'Forgive my interference, padre,' he said earnestly; 'but in a manner of speaking I feel responsible. It was I that brought the trouble on her, and I'd do any mortal thing to help her over it. I was wondering if perhaps it was a question of money,' he went on, reddening awkwardly as he spoke—'if a small loan would convenience you. I've far more than enough for myself, and it would be an honour to do anything for Miss Katie.'

The minister glanced sharply over at him as he finished speaking. Katie's father was not an observant man as a rule; but there had been an unmistakable something in the tone of his visitor's voice as he said the last words that aroused his suspicions. Mr Conrad was gazing into the fire evidently unconscious of his scrutiny. Yes, he was afraid he was right. What a change had come over the man since his first appearance at Ord! The lonely, haunted look had vanished from his face; his whole aspect was sprucer, more civilised, less uncouth than formerly. Really, as he sat there in his dark, well-cut clothes, he was quite a personable-looking fellow; and what a heart!—as good as gold. Rich, too; there was no doubt about that.

The minister closed his eyes for a minute trying to face the situation. Mr Conrad was not the kind of son-in-law he had pictured for himself; but Katie might do worse, and he could feel very safe about her in the care of such a man.

A glow almost of excitement at his own astuteness warmed his veins. He would say nothing to either of them; but in a judicious way he would take some opportunity of sounding Katie as to her feelings. Then came the remembrance of what had led to the revelation. If he took Katie away just now he might be interfering with the course of the affair. But Mr Conrad wished it; it was his suggestion. Doubtless he would follow them, and in due season propose. By that time Katie would have seen something of other men. Yes, it was the best plan in the world.

'My dear fellow, I can't thank you enough,' the minister cried; 'but happily there will be no occasion for me to borrow from you. I have some money put by for such an emergency as this, enough to pay for a substitute too. It will do both of us good to get away for a time. And, who knows, you may be coming south yourself?' he added with elaborate indifference.

Mr Conrad's eyes gleamed. 'I shall make a point of following you wherever you go,' he said. 'I am not going to lose sight of the first friends the old country has given me.'

'Then it's settled,' said the minister. 'I wonder what Katie will say,' he added under his breath.

It was the day before the date fixed for their departure. Katie had proved malleable; and though she exhibited no elation at the prospect of leaving Ord, neither had she raised any objections to the idea. To-day, for the first time, an unreasoning regret assailed her, and, donning her outer things, she determined to try to walk it off. The weather had changed during the last few weeks, and a brilliant frost succeeded the preceding gloom.

Instinctively her feet turned in the direction of the glen, following the path she had so often trodden in company with the Laird. Never had the claim of his personality been stronger than upon this afternoon. It seemed to her as if his very presence was visualised before her; all the more attractive traits and aspects of his character reproduced themselves in her imagination: the subtle glamour of his manhood, his chivalry, his strength and courage. At last, tired with her wanderings, she sat down on a slab of granite by the rude stone dike that intersected the moor at this point.

The sun was already sinking behind the distant shoulder of Ben Gerrick; a soft, mellow haze hung over the wide spaces about her. No sound broke the stillness save the bleat of a sheep in some distant corrie or the mournful crying of a curlew overhead.

Lulled by the restfulness around her, Katie leant

her head against a projecting stone in the dike and resigned herself to her thoughts.

All at once she sat up with a start and looked about her. Somebody was coming towards her across the moor: a tall tweed-clad figure sharply outlined against the faint glow of sunset in the western sky; somebody with a strangely familiar lameness in his gait, a little rebellious jerk of the shoulder, that made Katie start to her feet in a sudden panic. It was the Laird—or his wraith. For a brief instant she believed she was dreaming; then, as realisation came to her, she glanced hurriedly round as if for flight. She must escape somehow, somewhere. But where? On one side was the wall effectually barring her progress, in front the trackless moor. No, there was nothing for it; she must stand her ground. With cold certainty she came to the decision.

Now he had seen her, and now he had recognised her; she could tell that by the sudden halt he made and the equally sudden forward movement again.

Oh, would that interminable distance between them never be covered? Now they were near enough to read each other's eyes, each to note the set pallor of the other's face.

Now his cap was off his head. He was standing in front of her.

'I have just come from the manse.' To Katie his voice sounded distant and far away, as from the summit of one of the surrounding hills. 'They tell me you are going away to-morrow.'

'Yes,' from Katie. Then, with a sudden, uncontrollable impulse of anger, 'Why did you not answer my father's letter?'

He started. 'I have had no letter from your father.'

'No letter! Then you don't know—that we know about'—— But she could get no further.

'You mean about your brother?' The Laird's voice was very low.

'Yes.'

A long silence.

'I had come to tell you that to-day,' he said. 'I have been in America ever since, looking for the man who had the proofs of his identity.'

Katie gave a little dry laugh. 'And all the time he has been at Ord!' she said.

Ellis laughed too, but with mingled anger and derision. 'Ord is let to a man called Conrad.'

'He was Jimmy Barnes in America,' said Katie.

'My God!' from the Laird. 'And it was from him that you heard—— Then it is true.'

Katie nodded.

Another long silence.

'Now I know why your father wrote to me,' said Ellis very bitterly at last.

But Katie silenced him. 'You are wrong,' she flamed. 'He wrote to offer you his forgiveness—to ask you to come back to Ord.'

Ellis's head was bent. As he stood there Katie noticed with a pang how gray the lock of smooth hair on his forehead had become, how lined and haggard his face. At last he raised his head.

'That was like your father,' he said. 'But you need have no fear. I am not going to take advantage of his goodness. I only returned to tell him the truth. I am going away at once.'

'Then you are a coward and weak!' cried Katie indignantly almost before she was aware.

His face hardened; a steely gleam came into his eyes. 'You have the right to taunt me,' he said. 'I have no defence.'

His words brought the hot tears smarting to her eyes. But she winked them resolutely away.

'I shouldn't have said it, but it's true,' she persisted. 'Can't you see that you are wrong—that your duty lies here? See, the land claims you'—and she waved her hand expressively from right to left—'the land and the people—and you would run away!'

The Laird was silent for a moment, his eyes fixed on her glowing face. At last he spoke. 'You condemn me to a harder punishment,' he said. 'But you are right. I will stay.'

Katie thrust out her hand impulsively. 'Thank you,' she cried.

He stared at it dumbly. 'Your hand!' he said. 'And I the cause of your brother's death!'

She stamped her foot. 'Oh Laird,' she said, 'as if that could make any difference to me!'

'Katie!' he cried hoarsely, seizing her hand in both his. 'Katie, what do you mean?'

'The second chapter is going to commence,' she said.

THE END.

A WISH.

In the silence of the midnight,
'Neath the vastness of the skies,
In the softness of the starlight,
Let this soul of mine arise;
While my life-worn frame is sleeping,
And all-conscious, let me soar,
Let me rise above the darkness
To the Land of Evermore.

Let me soul to soul commingle
With the spirits of my kind,
Let my sleeping pulses tingle
With my ecstasy of mind,
Let the visions of my slumber
With my waking wish attune.
Let me sleep! Why re-encumber
This pent soul of mine so soon?

JAMES KEDDIE.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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TONELLI'S GOLD.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

ON a certain chilly October afternoon, when the clouds hung low and heavy and the London pavements were greasy after the morning's rain, Carlo Tonelli shut the door of his domicile behind him, and, after an indifferent glance up and down the mean street in which for years he had made his home, he bent his steps westward. He was carrying a small parcel containing a couple of Satsuma vases which he had bought the day before for a mere song from a person who was evidently hard up and was unaware of their value. It was Tonelli's belief—and he had some knowledge of such matters—that they were worth a good round sum, and he was on his way to the emporium of Signor Monti, the well-known art and curio dealer, in the hope of being able to strike a profitable bargain with that astute individual.

Tonelli was a man of sixty, but looked older than his age. A quarter of a century's close devotion to experimental chemistry had aged him prematurely. He was tall and lean, with a student's stoop of the shoulders. He had the long, thin face of an ascetic, but it was the face of one who in his time had been a remarkably handsome man. His outer garment this afternoon was a much-worn overcoat which reached nearly to his heels, while his plentiful white locks were crowned with a broad-brimmed hat of soft felt. He had come to London when comparatively a young man, and had remained there ever since. He spoke English as fluently as his native Italian, with only a just perceptible foreign accent.

He had concluded his business with Signor Monti to the satisfaction of both, and was on his way back through the lamp-lighted streets, when he came to a sudden stand, arrested by the sight of a young man who was staring intently into a jeweller's window. For several seconds his own stare at the other was just as intent.

'*Davvero?*' he exclaimed under his breath. '*E possibile?*'

Advancing a step or two, he peered more closely into the other's face. Then, laying a hand on his shoulder, he said in English, 'Stefano Santi, what hast thou been doing all these years since we parted last?'

The young man thus addressed turned swiftly, as a man might who was liable to be suddenly arrested. He gave a great gasp and his lips trembled visibly in the light from the window.

'It can't be that thou hast forgotten thy old uncle Carlo Tonelli!' exclaimed the elder man. 'At any rate, I have not forgotten my sister's son.' With that he proffered his hand, which the other grasped cordially enough.

'The surprise was so sudden and complete,' said Santi, 'that for the moment I was taken aback. But I've not forgotten you, Uncle Carlo; no, indeed, nor your kindness to me when I was thrown homeless on the world.'

'That was ten long years ago. *Oime!* how time flies!'

'And how is my cousin Amata?'

'Come home with me and see for thyself. Thou wilt find that she has not forgotten thee.' With that he linked an arm in one of his nephew's, and continued on his way. An agreeable notion of some sort seemed to have struck him, for more than once he chuckled softly and said under his breath, 'It may be that in Stefano I have found the man I have so long been looking for.'

When they had reached a quieter part of the town Tonelli said, 'And now, tell me what thou hast been doing all these years. At our parting thou wast about to go to Paris as a waiter at one of the big hotels, a situation which a friend of thy late father had obtained for thee.'

'That is so. As a waiter I stayed in Paris for three years. At the end of that time a rich English *nobile*, a bachelor, took a fancy to me and engaged

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me as his body-servant, and with him I travelled half over the world. Unfortunately, he died at Gastein a few weeks ago, and—well, and here I am.' He ended with a short laugh.

His uncle had listened attentively. 'Thou speakest French, of course—and perhaps German?' he queried a little eagerly.

'Both. Not, of course, as well as I do English, but enough for all ordinary purposes.'

Again Tonelli chuckled softly to himself.

There was one inaccuracy in Santi's statement to his uncle. The nobleman in whose service he had been had died, not a few weeks, but three years before.

He was an exceedingly handsome man of six-and-twenty, with that style of good looks which we are accustomed to associate with his race and country. He had a clear, dusky complexion, and his small moustache and short beard were carefully trimmed. In his large, velvety black eyes there lurked a certain shifty cunning, which, however, the majority of people, not being physiognomists, failed to detect; but on occasion he could endue them with an expression of amorous languishment which, from the time he was a youth of seventeen, had caused many a soft and foolish heart to flutter uneasily. His clothes were of good material and fashionable make, but were frayed and shabby from long usage. With an Italian's love of colour, he was wearing a loosely knotted tie of pink silk, while his soft gray hat was worn with a peculiar rakish air, which, if nothing else had done so, would have marked him out as an alien. His uncle, glancing at him now and again with penetrative eyes, told himself that Stefano had all the appearance of a man who was hard up. Well, should such prove to be the case, so much the better for the purpose he (Tonelli) had in view.

'Art and Curio Dealer' was the announcement over the door of Carlo Tonelli's shop, which was situated a couple of streets away from the heart of the Italian colony in Clerkenwell. Passers-by who stopped to peer through the dingy bow window beheld a miscellaneous collection of articles which to the majority of them doubtless seemed little better than so much rubbish. There was a tray of dirty-looking coins of various ages and various countries, with a smaller tray of medals close by. There were a number of hideous idols of china or bronze, interspersed with vases large and small whose chief merit seemed to be their extreme ugliness. Here were focussed a number of quaint and strange articles collected by sundry travellers and seafarers from the aboriginal tribes of various parts of the world. In singular juxtaposition, a couple of Red Indian scalps—grim trophies!—hung between a coloured caricature by Gilray and another by Rowlandson. A stuffed alligator, five feet long, was suspended from the ceiling.

The opening of the shop door by Tonelli set a bell tinkling, and a moment later a young woman appeared out of the inner room. It was Amata, the old Italian's daughter. He had wedded somewhat late in life, and she was his only child. He had now been a widower for several years.

'Here I am back again, *mia cara*,' he said as he entered, 'and I've brought somebody with me; but I'll leave thee to find out for thyself who it is.'

Santi had followed close on his heels, and the elder man now stepped aside, leaving the other full in the gaslight. Amata turned her deep, steadfast gaze upon him. As she looked a rich colour swiftly overspread her face. There was a brief silence; then she said, 'You are my cousin Stefano Santi.'

Tonelli's laugh rang out. 'Did I not tell thee, *giovanetto*, that she had not forgotten thee?' he exclaimed.

'And you, of course, are my cousin Amata,' responded Santi. 'But most certainly I should not have recognised you again, so grown, so changed are you.'

They adjourned to the inner room, where dinner was in readiness. Another plate was laid, and they all sat down.

During the progress of the meal Stefano could hardly keep his eyes off his cousin. As he had said, he would not have known her again. When last he saw her she was a sallow-complexioned girl of ten, with high cheek-bones, long thin arms and legs, a generally weedy appearance, and a mop of hair which flattery alone could truthfully have designated as other than red. Now, in her twentieth year, she was in the full bloom of the opulent beauty into which she had gradually developed. In the course of his travels abroad Santi had seen many beautiful women of different nationalities, but few who, to his thinking, were as beautiful as Amata. Her complexion had the pure, creamy pallor of perfect health. The pupils of her large hazel eyes, over-arched by finely curved but somewhat heavy brows, when she was at all animated became flecked with minute specks of iridescent flame. Her wealth of hair had modified the crudity of its original tint, and was now of that exquisite Venetian red which the bygone painters of her country have known how to immortalise on their undying canvases. In her gait and bearing there was a certain untutored stateliness which formed a part of her birthright. She had already been sought in marriage by more than one of her countrymen, but so far she had turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of love.

In her dark-blue frock, with her snowy collar and cuffs, her coquettish little apron of sprigged muslin, and crowned with the heavy coils of her glorious hair, she made a seductive picture as she sat at the table and attended to the needs of her father and her cousin. She was fully conscious of Stefano's admiring glances, but she was so used to the admiration of the opposite sex that they affected her less than they might otherwise have done; for all that, she was genuinely glad that her cousin should seem to find her so attractive. There was much gay chatter over the meal, and rarely had Amata seen her father so animated as he was this evening. He

pledged his nephew's health in a glass of chianti, and made a feeling allusion to the young man's mother, who had been his favourite sister. At length he said, 'And now, while Amata clears away, thou must come upstairs with me. I have a certain proposition to put to thee.'

Carrying a lighted lamp in his right hand, and with a box of cigars tucked under his left arm, he led the way to the upper floor.

CHAPTER II.

CARLO TONELLI conducted Santi to a commodious room over the shop, in a corner of which an iron bedstead for one person formed an inconspicuous object. The old man motioned his nephew to a chair by a round table near the window, and, after placing his lamp on a bracket, himself took the opposite one. Two minutes later each of them was exhaling a spiral of pale-blue smoke.

Tonelli sat for a little while as if lost in thought. Presently, fixing his deep-set eyes on Santi, he said, 'I take it that thou hast no engagement at present?'

'None of any kind.'

'And if an easy way of earning fifty—nay, perhaps a hundred—pounds were pointed out to thee, thou wouldst not turn up thy nose at it, eh?'

Santi stiffened himself on a sudden. 'Only show me the way, and I shall be very glad to earn five pounds, much less fifty,' he said with a grimace.

Again the elder man became absorbed in thought. At length he spoke, first laying on the table his half-smoked cigar. 'When I was a lad of eighteen I entered the service of Professor Pazzi of Padua. He was indeed a very learned man. He believed in the existence of what is, or used to be, termed "The Philosopher's Stone"—that is to say, in a substance or any amalgam by means of which the baser metals can be transmuted into pure gold. For many years he conducted his experiments in secret, with me alone for his confidant. Unfortunately, he died just as he seemed on the eve of discovering the great secret. After that I came to London and set up in business with the money my dear master had left me. But it was not till I had lost my wife, years later, and my life felt very lonely, that I took to experimenting on my own account, following so far as my knowledge, which is considerable, goes in the professor's footsteps. From that day to this I have never ceased experimenting; indeed, I might almost say that my life has been given up to it.' He paused.

'And at last, where the professor failed, you have succeeded!' said Santi with unmistakable eagerness. Part of his uncle's statement had gone over his head, but the gist of the matter was clear enough to him.

Tonelli smiled a little wistfully. 'Not quite that; but I have gone a considerable way towards it,' he said. 'Listen. But first I will relight my cigar. *Oime!* I am an old man, and I have decided to waste no more of the little time left me in further experiments, but to stop at the point I have reached, and turn to account what I know already. In so doing I want thy help, *caro mio*. Again listen. I have mastered the secret of converting a coin compounded of base metal into gold; but the misfortune of it is that it only remains such for a short time, after which it gradually reverts to its original composition and becomes again the base substance it was at the first.'

Santi stared across at him, an unlighted cigar between his fingers. It seemed clear that his uncle's brain was beginning to give way. After a pause he said, 'And in what way do you want me to help you?'

'That I will presently explain to thee.'

Crossing to an escritoire, he opened it, dipped his hand into it, and, going back, emptied a small bag of sovereigns on the table. 'Behold a few samples of Carlo Tonelli's gold!' he said with a deep chuckle. 'Pick up any one of them and examine it closely. Is it not the very coin itself? Look at the milling. Each is the exact weight of the genuine article. Thou mayst test it—or all of them—with the most powerful acids, and they will leave no trace. Anywhere they will be accepted as real sovereigns—at banks, at hotels, at railway stations, at the money-changer's—anywhere, anywhere. To prove it to thee, we will presently go out, and I will change several of them at different places. For three months they will continue to pass current unsuspected by anybody; but at the end of that time they will begin to lose colour and brightness, and the loss will go on till they become once more what they were before I put them into my magic bath.'

'Your magic bath!' exclaimed Santi, feeling more sure than ever that his uncle's brain was softening.

'My cauldron, then, in which they are boiled for eighteen hours at a uniform heat, after which they come out as you see the specimens on the table. Somewhere is the hidden chemical which, if added to those already in use by me, would transmute into gold that would remain such for ever the coins of which the currency is now limited to three short months. In his search for that unknown agent my dear professor spent years of his life, and I have done the same. But some day it will be found—not by me, but by another. Ah, what a revolution—the greatest the world has ever known—it will cause!'

Santi was becoming still more puzzled. 'Then, of course, you have all the appliances for coining on the premises,' he remarked.

'Not at all. The coins are supplied to me by two of my countrymen, and very clever workmen they are. Of course I have to pay a good price for them. For what purpose I want them is no business of theirs, and they are too sensible to ask questions.'

'But where do I come in in this queer business?' queried Santi, who had a wide acquaintance with English slang.

'It will be thy business to put into circulation the coins I shall supply thee with.'

'Oh!' exclaimed the other; and he stared blankly at his uncle.

'There will be no danger—none whatever. Rather will it be a pleasant holiday for thee, for thou wilt be dressed like a gentleman, thou wilt have money to spend, and thou wilt put up at first-class hotels. Suppose that in the first instance thou goest to Paris, taking with thee a thousand of my sovereigns. In the course of a week or ten days thou wilt have no difficulty in changing them into their equivalent value in French notes, less the money-changers' percentage. Money-changers, I am told, are plentiful in Paris, and nobody objects to English sovereigns. Back in London, thou must change the French notes for English ones. About that there will be no difficulty. After Paris, thou shalt try thy luck in Brussels. Other big cities will follow. Oh, it's a grand scheme, I tell thee!' His eyes shone like those of a man in a fever, and his hands shook as he put back the coins into the bag.

Santi was still doubtful as to his relative's sanity. After a longish pause he said, 'Your scheme may be a grand one, uncle; but in what way should I benefit by agreeing to act as your agent in the affair?'

'Out of each hundred pounds' worth of English notes brought back by thee there would be fifteen pounds for thyself. In other words, for every thousand of my sovereigns got rid of thou wouldst pocket one hundred and fifty pounds.'

It was a big temptation to a man in Santi's position who was untroubled by moral scruples.

'But such a scheme could not be in operation for many months without resulting in a big "bu'st-up." When once the sovereigns began to change colour'——

Tonelli laid a lean forefinger against his nose. 'And thinkest thou thy old uncle has not considered all that? Tut-tut! Before the first lot of sovereigns put into circulation has had time to change colour I shall leave London for ever, taking with me English notes to the amount of six or seven thousand pounds. I shall go back to my native Sorrento, where I hope to lay my bones. There I shall buy a little villa and a vineyard. There Amata will keep house for me as she does here. And why shouldst thou not go with us to Sorrento, Stefano *mio*? Amata would make thee a good wife—none better; and it should not take thee long to win her heart, for she likes thee already.'

At these words Santi's cheeks flushed as they had not done for years, and the light of passion flamed suddenly in his eyes. He drew a deep breath, but did not speak.

'Think over all that I have said to thee,' resumed his uncle. 'Sleep on it, and come to me to-morrow afternoon. And now we will go out together, and thou shalt watch me get rid of four or five of my beautiful sovereigns at different places in exchange for small purchases.'

(To be continued.)

LETTERS OF A BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

IT is long since a critic said that of all the John Browns, commend him to Dr John Brown the physician, the man of genius, the humorist, the student of men, women, and dogs. Now, some twenty-five years after he has passed away, we are enabled to view him as a letter-writer. Messrs A. & C. Black have published *Letters of Dr John Brown, with Letters from Ruskin, Thackeray, and Others*, edited by his son and the Rev. D. W. Forrest, D.D. The biographical introductions are by Elizabeth T. M'Laren, whose booklet, *Dr John Brown and his Sister Isabella*, drew from Mark Twain this encomium: 'He was the most extensive slaveholder of his time, and the kindest, and yet he died without setting one of his bondmen free.' They will be less free than ever after reading these letters. And Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes, who knew him only through his writings, said of the same tribute: 'The life itself is so angelically sweet, the nature which won the love of the English and American reading-world showed itself so beautifully in his daily life, that no portrait-painter who pictures life in words could ask a more captivating subject.' Professor Masson tells us that as he saw Dr Brown about 1846, in Edinburgh, when in his thirty-sixth year, with some little practice as a physician, he was a dark-haired, stoutish man, of much shorter stature than his father, the Rev. Dr John Brown, with fine, soft eyes, spirited movement, and very benignant manner. In later life he developed into the placid, bald-headed, blue-spectacled veteran that many folks remember.

Some expressions of Dr Brown fit his own writings: they are 'done to the quick,' or 'the style was the man;' 'Good writing, like good breeding, comes from keeping good company.' In an appreciative article in the *North British Review*, Dr Brown was amongst the first to hail the dawning genius of John Ruskin in his then anonymous *Modern Painters*. He heralded, too, the rising star of Thackeray, and prompted the presentation in 1848 of a silver statuette of 'Mr Punch' to the novelist, defrayed by eighty half-crowns collected from friends, amongst whom were Lord Jeffrey and Sir William Hamilton. Thackeray thanked the donors who had been 'good enough to find out in Edin-

burgh that under the mask satirical there walks about a sentimental gentleman who means not unkindly to any mortal person.' And no doubt John Brown heartily agreed with him in this closing sentiment in one of his letters regarding literary pre-eminence: 'What, after all, does it matter who is first or third in such a twopenny race? Kindness matters, and love, and good-will, and doing your duty if you can.' Ruskin and Thackeray, Lady Trevelyan, and many others valued very highly the friendship of John Brown, as these letters, with their record of social intercourse, amply bear out.

His great-grandfather, the Rev. John Brown of Haddington, author of the *Self-Interpreting Bible*, Dr John Brown styles 'Our King, the Founder of our Dynasty.' Miss M'Laren writes of him as that 'shepherd boy on the braes of Abernethy, whose father and mother died before he was eleven. He taught himself Greek and much else. One evening, asking a companion to take charge of his sheep, he set out on a midnight journey to St Andrews, twenty-four miles distant. His purpose was to buy a Greek Testament. The bookseller to whose shop he went the next morning was inclined to smile at his request, but a professor, coming in at the time, asked the lad some questions, and finally told him that if he could read a passage from the Testament he should have the book for nothing. He did so, and this Testament is now in the possession of his great-great-grandson.' The Haddington patriarch's son, the next John Brown, of Whitburn, Linlithgowshire, was a devoted country minister there for fifty years. Then the next in order, his son, Dr Brown of Broughton Place, Edinburgh, was for fifty-two years a minister—for sixteen years at Biggar in Lanarkshire, thirty-six years in Edinburgh; and for twenty-four years was one of the Professors of Theology in the United Presbyterian Church. The beloved physician of whom we write was the second child, but eldest son, of this greatly revered preacher and theologian. The atmosphere of his home and birthplace, with a rare and sympathetic memorial of his father, will be found in the son's 'Letter to John Cairns, D.D.' It was rather awkwardly so titled because the material came too late for the biographer; but we may be thankful that this memorial was kept intact and not chopped up and pieced into the Life. John Ruskin met his future friend for the first time at Wallington, Northumberland, then the home of Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan. In walks and talks with the young Edinburgh doctor on the moors around Wallington it gradually dawned upon Ruskin the manner of man he was. Ruskin says: 'This the reader capable of learning at all (there are few men who can understand a good Scotchman of the old classic breed) had better learn, straightway, from the record he gave of his own father's life.' Jowett was equally appreciative of the memorial: 'I don't think I know of any piece of religious biography which I liked nearly so well or which showed the same feeling of genius.'

The future author left the quiet town of Biggar when twelve years of age, was sent to the Edinburgh High School and afterwards to the University, and, adopting the profession of medicine, was apprenticed to Professor Syme. It was an experience as Syme's assistant, in December 1830, in the old Minto House Hospital, which stood in what is now Chambers Street, which he wove into that delightful tale *Rab and his Friends*. In 1831 he went as assistant to a Scottish doctor at Chatham, and the home letters during the two years he was an exile show how hungry he was for communications, detail expenses, and breathe an affectionate spirit. There was a visitation of cholera; and although he makes light of his own share in fighting the epidemic, he acted with real heroism, while cowardice was shown by others. Dickens at a dinner-party in Edinburgh told how a young Scottish doctor during the Chatham cholera epidemic had remained with a poor stricken woman 'whom all had deserted, and then, overcome with fatigue, falling asleep, and being still asleep when in the morning the house was entered.' One of the party said, 'That was Dr John Brown.' On returning to Edinburgh in 1833 he began to practise, and married a very beautiful and charming young lady; and it was from 23 Rutland Street, where he died in 1882, aged seventy-two, that most of his delightful letters were dated.

It was Hugh Miller, geologist and journalist, who tempted Brown to write for the press by enclosing twenty pounds and asking for notices of the pictures in the Academy Exhibition. The notices were written with rare felicity and insight. His friend Dr Hanna also encouraged him to write for the *North British Review*, of which he was then editor. His practice increased, and his acquaintances included all who were in any way distinguished in Edinburgh society. Three children were born between 1841 and 1846, two daughters and a son; the second daughter died in infancy. In 1847 he was made a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and for some time he acted as its librarian. Occasional letters and paragraphs in the *Scotsman* were stamped by individuality and never failed to interest, while he was on terms of intimacy with J. R. Findlay and Alexander Russel of that newspaper. Thackeray came to Edinburgh in 1851 to deliver his lectures on the 'English Humorists,' and in 1856 returned to give his 'Four Georges,' and on both occasions Dr Brown saw a good deal of him, and the friendship and admiration were mutual. 'The great man has come, and *is* a great man as well as a writer. He is in fact greater as a man than as a writer, and he is big as well as great, six feet two, and built largely, with a big, happy, shrewd head.' Dr Brown also said Thackeray 'delivered us from Mary Queen of Scots, and Bruce, and haggis, and Burns, and Auld Reekie, and Hugh Miller. He took the whole house by the heart and held them; they were still and serious, and broke out wildly at the end.' The publication in 1858 of the first series of *Horæ Subsecivæ* made

John Brown famous, containing as it did the ever-popular *Rab and his Friends*. Two more series followed; the last he facetiously dubbed 'Potted Head' from the miscellaneous nature of its contents. The papers which laid strongest hold on the public, besides 'Rab and his Friends,' were the 'Letter to John Cairns, D.D.,' 'Pet Marjorie,' 'Queen Mary's Child Garden,' and 'Jeems the Doorkeeper.' And no saner or wiser advice was ever given in simpler language to common people than in his 'Plain Words on Health.' In his writing and his practice as a medical man he was an apologist for the good old virtues of common-sense, practical clear-sightedness, 'and vigorous rule of thumb,' and he was essentially anti-speculative. He had an unusual apprehension of all that was good and admirable in character and life. His love for the lower animals was well known. '*Rab and his Friends* and *Our Dogs* have been read,' says Professor Masson, 'by perhaps three millions of the English population of the earth; the very children of our Board schools know the story of Rab and his friends. Who could have told the story like Dr John Brown? Little wonder that it had taken rank as his masterpiece, and that he was so commonly spoken of while he was alive as The Author of *Rab and his Friends*. It was by that story, and by those other papers that might be associated with it as also masterly in their different varieties, as all equally "done to the quick," that his name would live. Yes, many long years hence, when you and I and all of us are gone, I can imagine that a little volume will be in circulation containing "Rab and his Friends" and "Our Dogs."'

An American publisher entitled his collected works *Spare Hours;* in the Tauchnitz edition a volume is named *Rab and his Friends*. Mrs Fields, wife of his American publisher, in 1860 called on Dr Brown at 23 Rutland Street. After the visit, with its interesting talk, Brown admitted that he had not been so happy for many a day. In a letter to Mrs Fields he said: 'I am quite sorry I cannot give you the manuscript of *Rab*. Only three days ago I found it in my desk, and threw it into the waste-basket, and by this time it is in ashes and up the chimney.' There must have been another manuscript, as we have handled one, which had these unprinted lines at the close: 'I have in my head a human and a dog moral, if thought advisable, but I prefer every one being his or her own moralist.—J. B.' In all likelihood this was the manuscript recently bought in a London saleroom by Quaritch for forty pounds.

The origin of *Rab and his Friends* was as follows. Dr Brown had been invited by his uncle, the Rev. Dr Smith of Biggar, to lecture there. He had never lectured before, and was puzzled as to what to give. The old incident of the carrier and his wife often came to his mind; he tried to set it down, in vain at first. At last, after returning from a happy dinner, he sat down on a midsummer night at twelve, and arose at four A.M., and 'slunk off to bed satisfied and cold. I don't think I made almost any changes in it. I read it to the Biggar folk in the schoolhouse, very frightened, and felt I was reading it ill.' When it was published the Biggar folk liked it better, and it did a great deal for his growing reputation. The real name of the Howgate carrier was not James Noble, but James Jackson; and his wife was not Ailie Graeme, but Tod; and there are other purely imaginative touches.

John Ruskin calls Dr Brown 'the best and truest friend of all my life: best for me because he was of my father's race and native town, truest because he knew always how to help us both, and never made any mistake in doing so.' His advice to Ruskin was, 'Don't over-cerebrate.' He was to take porridge and cream, and sleep eight hours out of the twenty-four. This corresponds to what Brown wrote to his father: 'It is quite certain that by concentrating in your brain the nervous energy for the purpose of thinking out a vast, complicated, and severe subject, and then committing it in the fewest and strongest words to the smallest piece of paper, you by necessity withdraw nervous energy from the rest of the body, you render your digestion imperfect and your liver torpid, and all this reacts on the brain, and you have giddiness and disturbance of vision. Try by all means to diffuse this nervous energy, by being out of doors, by being idle, by talking, by being talked to, by sleeping.' And not long before his own death he wrote to Miss Molyneux: 'Now, take care of yourself, and try to pass eight hours of the twenty-four in deep sleep, and don't read, and above all don't feel too much, till you are as strong as a horse.'

Dr John Brown's *obiter dicta* in these letters are always piquant and interesting, whether the reader agree or not; he had strong likes and dislikes, with depth and simplicity of character, and originality. The strength of manhood and the tenderness of womanhood were united in the genial essayist. Here are a few extracts: He called W. E. Gladstone 'the biggest man of our party; but he is ignorant of human nature, and as old Lord Dunfermline said to me thirty years ago, "he is a monk."' Of Sir Walter Scott's novels he never tired, and after a series of readings he was lost in wonder and love. 'What a fine fellow Scott was!—as shrewd, as queer, as game, as warm-hearted, as Scotch as his terriers.' He read *David Copperfield* with admiration, wonder, and disgust. 'Dickens, so hard and exacting in his egoism, so self-centred, his falsetto pathos, his caricature run mad, and above all his conduct to his wife.' After *Little Dorrit*: 'Dickens is a child of genius, but only a child; he never progresses, never improves, never studies, never restrains.' George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda* he felt 'unwholesome, unhuman, and absurd, full of laborious cleverness and naughtiness.' Like Carlyle, he does not entirely admire Christopher North. There was 'a dash of Bosh in him, a hullaballoishness, and a sort of demoralised and demoralising sentimentality that at once took and disgusted me.' Macaulay is a

'timid, flat man, and not one of the immortals; he wants the salts of genius and fine intellect and pure principle.' The best things in Macaulay's *Memoir and Letters* to him were his intense domestic tenderness and affection. He seemed never to have been in love, and there was no symptom of religion. In Matthew Arnold he found a sinewy and delightful style, but 'the great Matthew looks at the universe —and for that part at God—through an eye-glass, one eye shut, and a supreme air.' Of Browning he wrote in 1876: 'I have been reading Browning largely and carefully. He is a very true and great poet, more of both than Tennyson is by a great way. There is a wonderful quantity of thought and feeling in him, and he is always himself, never aping any one; but still he is at times coarse and rough and difficult, and goes off into mere thinking—very hard and strong, but not poetry.' W. B. Robertson of Irvine was 'the gifted and the copious.' Dr John Ker, whose sermons Queen Victoria was wont to read, was a 'delightful, a benign, pure, happy intelligence, a sort of Domestic Sun.'

There are hints and brief references to happy holidays in Spain, the West Highlands, and elsewhere. Those who have read 'Minchmoor' or 'The Enterkin' feel the very atmosphere of these regions in company with the author. The lines on the Tummel at Moulinearn in the last series of *Horæ Subsecivæ* are a rapid, vivid, portraiture of that stream from its source in Loch Rannoch until it joins the Tay. R. L. Stevenson would have delighted in the whimsical letters to young folks. There were periods of depression and melancholy in Dr Brown's life; but these do not leave their impress in this volume, which contains so much that is true, lovely, and of good report.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

By W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D., Author of *Deeds that Won the Empire, How England Saved Europe*, &c.

CHAPTER XII.—A NEW CAREER.

HIS natural inheritance thus came happily back to young Jack Lawrence, and he was now the heir to what was still a great fortune, even after madame had spent the French part of it. His uncle, however, was a practical man, with a wise sense that a young fellow needed a definite career to give purpose to his life. But what career would suit Jack? He was too old for the navy; he had no predilection for the army or the Church.

Fox, who took a generous, if careless, interest in his old friend's son, brought the question to an issue with characteristic shrewdness.

'What are you going to do with poor Lawrence's son?' he asked.

'I am puzzled,' said Robert Lawrence. 'He is too old for the navy, he does not care for the army, and apparently has not brains enough for the law. His teachers say that he is slow-witted.'

'Nonsense,' answered Fox. 'There are brains somewhere behind that square forehead he owes to his father, poor fellow; and he has his mother's honest eyes. He has survived the Frenchwoman and that scoundrel the major-domo. His dullness is only a mask. He knows French like his mother-tongue, and he must know more about French politics than half the men in the Foreign Office.'

'French politics!' said Robert Lawrence in wonder. 'He only knows the gutters of Paris.'

'Well, France is ruled to-day from the gutters of Paris, if we're to believe all Burke says. To-morrow its gamins will be its statesmen, and he knows *them* well, doesn't he? The Foreign Office,' Fox said with conviction, 'is the place for him. They hate me on the Treasury bench; but old Lord —— is a good fellow, and I will speak to him.'

When Fox took the trouble to interest himself in anything he was a force to be reckoned with, and in due course John Lawrence found himself sitting at a desk in the Foreign Office.

Meanwhile, great events in Paris, as the years crept on, were sending their vibrations round the world. An ancient monarchy was falling, and the crash threatened to shake all the thrones of Europe. France was passing through a terrible new birth, and no one knew in what aspect it would emerge from the process.

John had seen the States-General meet—the opening scene in the terrific drama of the Revolution. His boyish eyes had watched the stately procession in which so many figures were marching, all unconscious, towards a goal of which they little guessed. Since he had reached London had come the news of the capture of the Bastille, an event which was more than the fall of a fortress or even of a dynasty. It meant the overthrow of a political system. Next came the memorable Feast of Pikes, an event which mistook itself for an idyllic scene of peace. But this strange dove of peace had steel pikes for pinions!

Then followed the flight of the royal family; the return of Louis XVI., a prisoner, to his own capital; the emergence of the Commune; and the appearance of that still more alarming apparition, the Jacobin Club. By the end of 1791 perplexed Europe was full of strange fears. The Revolution was a menace to the world. How far might not this newly kindled conflagration spread!

At his desk in the Foreign Office, Jack Lawrence, whose business it was to translate and docket the

French despatches, watched the whole wild drama with kindling interest and with eyes which had learned insight from his contact with the crowds of Paris and his familiarity with the oratory of the pavements.

Then came a personal event which changed the current of his life and flung him into strange scenes and perils.

'Lawrence,' said Fox, as he met the lawyer at his club one night, 'there's a bit of news from Paris which ought to interest you. Madame has been arrested, and her head must sit very loosely just now on her pretty shoulders.'

'Madame arrested! What for?'

'Well, she has been sailing in very stormy waters, and some eddy of the political whirlpool has caught her dainty little pleasure-boat and capsized it. She is in either the Châtelet or the Abbaye.'

'And has that scamp Duclos been arrested too?'

'Oh, no! He is more cautious than madame. I suspect he always had relations with the wilder spirits of the Revolution, and he renounced madame after the English estate had slipped out of her hands. He is a member of the Jacobin Club, and it is fast becoming the supreme force in Paris. If madame is to lose her head, I imagine he will be quite willing to pull the string that lets the knife fall.'

Jack learned the news that night from his uncle's lips, and he broke out hurriedly with the question, 'But what about Denise?'

'The child ought to be safe,' said Robert Lawrence. 'They are not sending children to the guillotine.'

But the younger man knew enough to be sure that neither her youth nor her sex was any guarantee that Denise would be safe after her mother's arrest. Would M. Duclos protect her? Yes, as a tiger might protect a lamb. Denise was now a girl of fifteen, and in the madness of Paris what perils might not threaten her? Jack pictured her cast a homeless waif into the streets. What refuge was there for her?

As he thought of that slender figure, set lonely and unfriended in such perils, every nerve in his body thrilled with sudden purpose. He would go to her help, and he clenched his hand as though it grasped a sword! She came through the darkness of midnight to his door to save him from the Châtelet. He would face all risks to rescue her from what might well be worse perils than any which lay in the darkness of that dreaded prison-house.

Characters written with a certain ink on litmus-paper are invisible, but when exposed to heat they creep into vision and can be read; and the sudden fire of concern kindled by the news of Denise's peril acted on young Lawrence's memory in the same way. Things forgotten became luminous.

His mind ran quickly over the familiar scenes and figures of the French capital, and they came back to him with strange clearness. He felt he knew Paris once more with the intimacy of one of its gamins. He would find helpers amongst his old associates. Lepitre he doubted; Toulan he could perhaps trust. Then he thought of the Rat, and he smiled, in spite of the anxiety of his mood, as he pictured the ferret eyes, the pointed chin, of his old follower. He could bend him to his will at pleasure. The Rat, indeed, might be a better ally than men in great positions.

He told his uncle of his plans the next morning, and was bluntly pronounced by that sagacious lawyer a fool to entertain any such thought.

'You will risk,' he said with emphasis, 'your career and your life by going to Paris just now.'

'I do not see why I should risk either. I know my way about Paris as though I had been born there, and I think I know where to get help.'

'You will never get leave,' replied his uncle with confidence.

'I think I shall. Indeed, I can help the Foreign Office, for I know men and affairs in Paris better than the secret agents they now employ.'

'Help the Foreign Office!' cried his uncle with scorn. 'Why, you know only the gamins of Paris.'

'Yes, uncle; but France is just now borrowing its politics from its gamins. Their ideals are shaping French affairs, and *will* shape them.'

Robert Lawrence stared to hear Fox's words on his nephew's lips, and as he looked at him he realised that here was a will stronger than his own. Jack Lawrence was no longer a boy. He was a young fellow of twenty, with broad shoulders and grave face. The news from Paris had acted on him like a challenge. The dreamy look that usually sat on his countenance had vanished. There was power on his dark brow and purpose in his keen eyes.

The long-limbed figure, the square head set on the square shoulders, the resolved lines on the dark countenance, the frank eyes steady with purpose—his mother's eyes of honest blue—under the black brows, these were all the signs of a force of character he had never suspected his abstracted-looking nephew to possess.

Jack feared his aunt's opposition more than his uncle's, and he approached her with some adroitness.

'Aunt,' he said, 'if your little Chris had fallen into some black well and was at the point of being drowned, do you think I ought to jump in and rescue her?'

'John,' said his aunt, with an alarmed look round for her little girl, as though to be sure she had not been swallowed up in some deep pit, 'do not talk of such dreadful things. But if it *did* happen,' Mrs Lawrence added with a smile at her own alarm, 'why, of course you would save the little maiden.'

Then Jack expounded his parable. Denise was at that moment in urgent peril. He was the only friend she had. He must go to Paris to try to rescue her. As Mrs Lawrence listened her kindly eyes grew moist.

'Yes, John, madame deserves neither pity nor help. She is amongst her own people and has made

her own bed. But that brave child, with neither mother nor father, in that dreadful city'——

As Mrs Lawrence spoke all the mother awoke in her. 'Yes, John, you *ought* to go. But, oh, my dear, my dear!' she said—and here Mrs Lawrence's Spartan virtue dissolved in mere tears.

Young Lawrence interviewed his official chief that same day.

'I must go to Paris, sir,' he said briefly, 'and cannot say for how long I may be detained there, and I want you to give me leave of absence.'

Mr Herriott stared. Leave of absence asked by a junior officer, and in such accents of confidence, offended all his official instincts.

'Go to Paris! You cannot go, Mr Lawrence.'

'I must go, sir. I want, indeed, to be authorised to use the agents of the Office in Paris to carry out my plans;' and he briefly explained his object.

His chief smiled satirically.

'This is all very interesting; and you want to use your time and the machinery of the British Foreign Office to serve a private interest. Your request is at least ingenuous.'

'But I can make it a public service, sir. I know Paris better than any of the secret agents you employ. They mislead you constantly.'

'How do you know, Mr Lawrence?'

'The Paris despatches come to me for translation, and so I know all their blunders. I can give you a catalogue of them. They have never been right. They are all Royalists, and their wishes blind their judgment. M. Target is advising you now that the Moderates are certain to triumph over the extreme party. But he is wrong. The Mountain is crushing, and will crush, the Girondists.'

'This is interesting once more, Mr Lawrence; but, again, how do you know?'

'It is a revolution, sir, which is in progress; and history shows that in a revolution—in the earlier stages at all events—it is the extreme party which prevails. Besides, I know Paris, and know many of the men who are coming to the front.'

'You know, I understand, the Paris of the gutters.'

'Well, sir, the revolution on your own theory reflects the Paris of the gutters. It is to be interpreted from the gutters. M. Target tells you the Jacobin Club will be suppressed. I am confident it will overthrow all its rivals.'

'You are surprisingly confident on a great variety of topics, Mr Lawrence.'

'I am confident, sir, because I know. Our agents are not in touch with the right men.'

Here was one of the youngest members of his staff talking diplomacy with accents of quite absurd certainty; yet it was with a penetration which made his chief uncomfortable. At that moment the door opened and an attendant entered.

'Lord Granville asks for you, sir.'

Jack waited for nearly an hour until his chief returned. His face was flushed. He plainly had been dealing with some unpleasant business.

'Mr Lawrence,' he said, 'some of your views at all events are right. The intelligence just to hand is that the Jacobin Club has declared itself in permanent session. It is plainly seizing control of affairs. Our secret agents on the spot, it must be admitted, are blundering. Lord Granville has asked me to find some special agent—an unknown man for choice, so that he will escape suspicion, but one whom we can absolutely trust—and send him to Paris for an independent report on the present state of things there. You shall go. It's quite exceptional to employ so young a man on such a business; but, then, you know Paris as nobody else available knows it. You know, too, that side of its life which just now, when all the ordinary landmarks have disappeared, may help to interpret affairs there. The business of that poor girl is a matter of purely personal interest; but our agents shall help you in it, and you may help the Office by getting better information than we now receive.'

Jack took his instructions with a calmness that, somehow, increased his chief's respect for him. This young official, it was clear, had some gifts he had never yet been suspected of possessing.

(To be continued.)

A CITY OF ETHIOPIA.

PART I.



If we look with attention at a map of the universe, we shall find, diverging from that spot where the continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa meet, a number of vast areas of land all of which go to make up the formidable whole known as the Mohammedan world. Many of these countries are dowered with Nature's choicest gifts, yet in spite of this, and of their comparatively close proximity to the centre of civilisation, they have for many centuries succeeded in holding aloof from, and often actively opposing, the progress made by their occidental neighbours. The people who inhabit these lands might be compared to the lonely watchers in a lighthouse who behold through a telescope the festivities taking place on the far-distant shore. Intolerant pride and self-righteousness are the rocks on which their structure is reared; fanaticism is the turbulent sea which bars their passage.

The kaleidoscopic changes which from time to time sweep over other parts of the world, reducing prosperous cities to poverty and decay, and raising up mere hamlets to be great centres of commercial

activity, seem to ignore entirely this region; for hidden away in the uttermost parts of these countries lies many an ancient city, the commerce and prosperity of which are, in spite of the primitiveness of its usages, as assured now as ever they were. The manners, customs, and dress of the inhabitants would appear to have remained the same throughout the ages; and the clamour and turmoil of the great outside world, if it reaches their ears at all, only does so as a distant rumble from a far-off land with which they have nothing in common. In some instances civilisation has stretched out one of its great tentacles in the form of a railway from the coast; but even this has not always made any appreciable change. The histories of these places, if any history is known, are often replete with terrible tales of bloodshed and oppression, of rulers deposed and slain, and of others raised up in their places only in their turn to meet with violent ends.

One of the most isolated outposts of this great empire of fanaticism and retrogression is the ancient and populous city of Harar, which has been for many centuries the commercial centre of that lovely and fertile country which lies west of the Somali desert—the land of the Gallas—now forming part of the extensive dominions of the Christian Negus of Abyssinia.

No more convincing proof could be offered of the force and vitality of Islam than lies in the fact that the conquering Abyssinians, steeped as they are in barbarism and superstition, and fiercely intolerant of any missionaries who may come and try to supplant their own ancient form of Christianity, now maintain towards their Mussulman subjects an attitude of complete religious toleration.

The three hundred odd kilomètres of desert which lie between the coast and the fertile region are now bridged by the French railway from Djbouti, which goes almost to the foot of the great mountains which border the wilderness. The original intention was to carry the line on to Adis Ababa, Menelik's capital. However, the work stopped where it is nearly three years ago, and does not seem likely to go on. 'Want of funds,' some people say; but it is generally believed that political complications have a good deal to do with the matter. The terminus is at Diré Daowah, in the Dankali desert, a forlorn and wretched-looking spot which owes its being to the railway. A few tin shanties dumped down amongst the stunted thorn-trees, a long, straggling street of miserable hovels—the native village—and the description is complete. The heat is oppressive, the flies plentiful and industrious, whilst the dismal groaning of camels, long trains of which are constantly being loaded or unloaded, forms an almost continual refrain.

There is nothing to tempt the traveller to linger in this spot, so that it is with a feeling of relief that I find myself at dawn one morning superintending the saddling of mules and the packing of baggage. At last all is ready; and, accompanied by the three or four Abyssinian soldiers who have been provided for my escort and guidance, I start off in the direction of the mountains, determined to traverse before nightfall the forty kilomètres which lie between me and the town of Harar.

This refreshing hour lends even to the desert a certain beauty. A slight breeze is stirring; the sky is tinted with violet and gold; and the sun, which later on is to become so fierce a tyrant, is now smiling over the rim of the horizon, picking out the distant scrub in a golden filigree.

Ahead lie the mountains, and somewhere on the other side of those hazy peaks is our destination. The track winds its tortuous way between the foot-hills, and after crossing and recrossing the dry bed of a torrent, enters at last a deep gorge, and we find ourselves after a ride of two hours at the bottom of the mountains to be ascended.

Increasing signs of vegetation now appear. The trees are larger, the foliage is more vivid, and patches of grass show here and there. The desert is being left behind!

A road was built over these mountains by the railway company for the purpose of facilitating traffic between the terminus and Harar; but either the workmanship was bad, or it was built without due reference to the force of the elements during the rainy season; for it is already so dilapidated and washed away that it is scarcely safe to use it. Therefore we keep to the old track, which has the additional advantage of being shorter.

It is now that that truly wonderful animal the Abyssinian riding-mule shows what he is capable of. He carries me up some of the steepest places without turning a hair. Sharp, loose stones or fallen tree-trunks do not worry him in the least. It is just the same to him if a chasm yawns beneath him or he is on a broad, solid road. His sturdy little feet never slip.

We are now near the top, and the sides of the mountains are covered with vegetation. Most surprising of all is a species of stunted cedar which grows in great profusion. How strange it seems to be standing here amidst surroundings that almost suggest a temperate clime, whilst down there lies the burning waste which we only left this morning—the land where it 'never rains'!

The ascent has now become so steep that we have to dismount and lead our animals. Our exertions are soon rewarded, and we arrive panting on the top.

What a scene of beauty is here unfolded! It is the land of promise, and the ridge on which we stand might well have been the spot from which Moses beheld the inheritance of Israel, only that instead of the country being 'afar off' it is close, and rolls in green undulations up to our very feet. Behind us, deep down and far over the sinuous lines of foothills, stretches the gray sea of desert. In front is a lovely prospect of green hills and dales. Fields of maize and barley wave in the

valleys, and groups of horses, cattle, and sheep are to be seen grazing in the pastures. Here and there a winding line of foliage betokens the passage of an abundant stream of water, whilst clusters of neat-looking huts speak of peace and industry. The shining surface of a lake in the distance completes the picture.

Descending a short and easy slope, we now travel through this Arcadia. The sense of exhilaration is simply irresistible. We are nearly six thousand feet above the sea-level. The air is balmy and full of breezes, and the change of scenery from the desert seems almost magic. The new and varied nature of the passengers encountered forms another source of interest. Hitherto we have seen scarcely any one but the scowling Dankali nomads or the Somali camel-drivers. Now we meet Gallas, Hararis, and Abyssinians, the last being nearly always mounted and armed.

The different ways in which these people greet or fail to greet the European stranger form an amusing study. Some of the peasants accord me a cheerful salaam; others stand with outstretched palm and scowlingly demand backsheesh. Most of the Mohammedans, and a few of the Abyssinians as well, are particularly insulting; and as they pass me they cover the nostrils and mouth with a corner of their robe, thus signifying that they consider me to be something unclean!

About noon we reach the top of a rise from which we again see the lake, now quite close, winding about in the hollow of the hills from which it takes its shape. Here we are to rest and take refreshment; and, having reached the bottom of the slope, we off-saddle at the water's edge.

The fresh and simple beauty of this place is of an order well calculated to rejoice the heart of a wanderer from a temperate clime, especially if that wanderer has already been satiated with the florid and overpowering magnificence of tropical scenery. With the delicate tints of the verdure, the abundant wild flowers, the noble stretches of greensward, and the gleaming sheet of water girt by the emerald hills, the scene might have been laid in one of the lake districts of England. The flowing and picturesque robes of many of the natives, the wild forms of the half-naked peasants, and the quaint scriptural appearance of the beasts of burden—these details just add that touch of romance and orientalism which makes the scene so perfect and fascinating.

In some places the banks are steep, but on this side a perfect lawn slopes gently down to the water's edge. Quite a number of travellers are encamped or halted along here. White tents are dotted about, and horses and mules are cropping the short, sweet herbage. In the distance a string of camels can be seen sailing along with a dreamy, sinuous movement towards where the track ascends the slope. Some of these travellers have been journeying many days, for we are now on the main route which goes from the emperor's capital to Harar. That stately Arab, for instance, who is now bowing and genuflecting over his midday prayer, has been trading up to Adis Ababa, and those camels in front are probably loaded with the ivory he has brought down from the interior. If we could take a peep into that tent we might see his women, or possibly two or three little Soudanese slaves whom he has bought for the use of his own household. Yonder are half-a-dozen Galla women resting against the cruel loads of firewood they are taking to the market.

Presently an Abyssinian comes up. He is evidently a person of rank, for he is attended by half-a-dozen armed servants. He is habited in the national costume, consisting of close-fitting cotton garments and a folding mantle ornamented with a broad red stripe. Neither head-dress nor sandals are worn—probably in contradistinction to the Mohammedans. On his breast is a metal cross, together with a few pagan charms; and he carries in the way of arms a long sword curved almost into a semicircle, a revolver, and a belt containing a most prodigious number of cartridges. His colour is very dark, almost black, as is the case with most of the Abyssinians of the south, though his finely cut features plainly bear the stamp of his Semitic origin. He bows with the graceful ceremony peculiar to these people, and offers me his hand. Finding that I cannot speak Amharic, he tries me in Arabic, and we exchange a few remarks. He affects to be greatly delighted on hearing that I am an 'Ingleza,' and soon commences to question me about my affairs: Where have I come from? Where am I going? What is my business? &c.—supplementing the information he acquires by addressing occasional interrogations to the soldiers who accompany me. In due course he again bows profoundly and retires.

The most extravagant dreams of a naturalist could not conjure up anything like the scene of bird-life which this place presents. The surface of the lake is literally covered with wild-fowl, including many varieties of ducks and geese; whilst all along the shore there strut in pairs or in troops all sorts of gay-plumaged birds of the stork and crane varieties. Nor are any of these creatures in the least disturbed by the near presence of so many human beings. The ducks, many with broods of little ones, swim about as unconcernedly as those in the parks at home.

After resting for a couple of hours at this spot we resume our journey. The road now begins to give evidence of the enormous amount of traffic which daily passes along it. In some places it is broad and regular, in others split up into four or five tracks, whilst occasionally it runs between banks from ten to fifteen feet high, cuttings actually worn by the feet of the countless transport-animals which have traversed it.

The nearer we get to our destination the more numerous are the passengers we encounter. All

roads seem to lead to Harar, and everything serves to remind us that we are approaching what represents the metropolis of the country. Long trains of camels, horses, mules, or donkeys are either going to or coming from the great market-town; in the one case they are loaded with cotton goods, hardware, and other imports from civilisation, and in the other with coffee, skins, ivory, and other native products destined for the marts of Europe.

Sometimes we pass an Abyssinian lady riding astride, but nevertheless looking quite graceful, and attended by servants or slaves; or, again, we meet a couple of soldiers mounted on the excellent mules of the country, and armed with modern rifles and long scimitars. The horse is apparently very little used for riding in this district, the mountainous nature of the country rendering the mule more serviceable. These animals are trained, like the Boer ponies, to go at a comfortable pace known as the 'triple'—something between an amble and a trot; this they can keep up for long periods, covering great distances.

The sun is nearing the western horizon as we top the rise which brings us in sight of the town. At first I can see nothing of it; my attention is held by the general aspect. Again the scenery has changed, and we are looking down on a wild and rugged landscape. Huge mountains rise up on every side; minor ranges and valleys seem to run in all directions, regardless of the ordinary rules of topographical formation. Here and there a frowning cliff of solid rock stands out in defiance of the all-embracing verdure, the valleys are rich with cultivation, and the thatched roofs of villages show all along the foothills.

It is not until the eye has taken in all these details that I become aware of the presence of a great brown smudge which sweeps over the end of the long, winding hill-spur on which I am standing. This is the city of Harar. As we descend the hill the brown smudge appears like a great area of ruins, from the midst of which there rise three or four tall white buildings. Lower down yet, and the ruins begin to take the shape of flat-roofed houses, and the white buildings resolve themselves into the minarets of a mosque, an Abyssinian church, and a large castellated building which turns out to be the palace of the Ras or governor.

We are now in the midst of the coffee-gardens, and are able to observe the clever way in which the slopes are terraced and irrigated. I am reminded, however, by the soldiers that if we are to enter the city to-night we must hasten on, as the gates are closed at sunset.

Outside the walls is a large enclosure filled with huts; these are the barracks; and close by is an earthwork fortification mounting several fairly modern guns. We soon approach one of the gates, round which is grouped a miscellaneous throng of idlers; and, wending our way through these, we reach the entrance, where the soldiers on guard, having addressed a few questions to my escort, allow us to pass.

Oh, disenchantment! Any lingering hopes that I still entertain of beholding anything picturesque about the architecture now rapidly vanish. Most of the houses are flat-roofed structures of one story, built of sandstone and plastered with mud. The widest street does not appear to be more than four or five yards across, whilst most of them are so narrow that two horsemen can with difficulty pass each other. These thoroughfares wander around with a tortuousness and apparent aimlessness quite incredible, and frequently end in a *cul-de-sac;* they are indescribably filthy, and in places almost precipitous. Thousands of pariah dogs in various degrees of manginess and semi-starvation prowl about or lie in heaps on the dunghills which obstruct the thoroughfares. Lepers in all stages of their horrible disease stand begging at the street-corners and church-doors. Gone is the beautiful landscape! The vision is obstructed by ugly, staring walls, and the nostrils are assailed by foul odours. In place of the smiling and tranquil scene of nature adorned by the unobtrusive works of rural and primitive man, we are faced by the spectacle of unnaturally congested humanity, with all its attendant signs of poverty, disease, and squalor.

After wandering for some time through this maze, I arrive at the one and only hostelry in the place, which is kept by a Greek, and bears the title of Hôtel de Harar. It is but a ramshackle place at best, squeezed into a courtyard at the end of a lane which is if anything narrower and dirtier than the others. Nevertheless, the proprietor, with the characteristic resource of his race, has made the place, if not luxurious, at any rate clean and comfortable. And so, having partaken of a meal which is certainly better than I had looked for, I retire to rest, worn out by my long ride, and hoping that a closer acquaintance with the town will reveal something of interest to repay me for my journey.

(To be continued.)

THE MILITARY GUARDS OF LONDON.

By CHARLES WINDHAM.

FROM the days when it was a mere palisaded village, inhabited for the most part by people who dressed chiefly in a costume of skins and blue paint, military guards have always kept watch and ward over London. With the passage of centuries, however, these have changed considerably, both in their number and nature. Thus, the skin-clad, javelin-armed warriors who opposed Cæsar's advance gave place to Roman legions, and these latter to the troops brought over from Normandy in the train of William the Conqueror. It is their descendants who, as scarlet-coated British infantrymen with magazine-rifles, enable the citizens of London to sleep peacefully in their beds to-day.

From the fact that the majority of them are employed in barracks and other places to which the general public do not have access, the military guards mounted in London at the present date are not much in evidence. Sentry-duty, too, is becoming reduced every year, for a better use has been found for a soldier's time than spending it in tramping up and down a measured 'beat.' A hundred years or so ago, however, a very different order of things obtained, and sentries were posted all over the Metropolis for the purpose of discharging duties that would now be looked after by policemen or regarded as unnecessary. In the latter category, for example, would undoubtedly be included the functions of the two grenadiers who once attended the sisters known as 'the beautiful Gunnings.' These ladies, it may be mentioned, professing to find themselves embarrassed by the crowd when they walked in St James's Park, actually prevailed on the military authorities to detail a couple of Guardsmen to march in front of them and keep the other promenaders at a respectful distance. As may be imagined, the circumstance excited a good deal of comment in the press; and, so far from achieving their avowed object, the ladies thereby attracted an increased amount of public notice. It is very possible, however, that it was in the hope of this that the military escort had been applied for!

Other places where the services of sentries are now discontinued are the 'patent' theatres (excepting on gala occasions), although at one time they were always in evidence there. The practice existed in the reign of Queen Victoria; and whenever Her Majesty attended a performance a guard took up position outside the doors. Beyond enhancing the importance of the occasion, and perhaps impressing an admiring crowd, it is difficult to see what useful function was achieved by employing troops in this capacity.

Occasionally the military guards stationed at theatres early in the last century came into contact with the people waiting to catch a glimpse of Royalty. A notable instance of this occurred at Covent Garden. According to a newspaper report of the period, 'two young men of respectable appearance were indicted at the Westminster Sessions for having assaulted a private in the Third Regiment of Foot Guards in the execution of his duty at Covent Garden Theatre. The case excited a great deal of interest, much doubt having been entertained by several gentlemen at the Bar whether a soldier's duty comprehended his attendance at the theatre.' From the evidence submitted, it seems that while the sentry was on his beat outside the main entrance, 'the defendants, who appeared to be in liquor, came up to a girl and began to pull her about, by which some noise and disturbance was occasioned.' This, of course, was more than the chivalrous soul of the Guardsman could permit. Accordingly, he 'called upon them to go about their business; but they denied his right of interference, and refused to comply. The consequence was that a scuffle ensued, in which the soldier was roughly used. He denied that he had pointed his musket against them or used any other means of restoring quiet than fair words.' The defence resolved itself mainly into an acrimonious discussion between the gentlemen in wig and gown on either side as to whether employment at places of amusement was included in the routine of military duty or not. The presiding magistrate, however, soon removed any doubts on this subject in the mind of the prisoners' counsel, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty. A well-deserved fine of five pounds was inflicted in each case.

Among the different parts of the Metropolis where the public may still see military guards being mounted daily are Buckingham Palace (when the King is in residence), St James's Palace, the Tower, the Bank of England, Whitehall, and the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park. At St James's Palace and Whitehall the ceremony always attracts a large number of spectators. This is the case to a special degree at the first-named place, and is perhaps chiefly due to the fact that a band is in attendance. The parade, indeed, is quite one of the 'sights' of London, and, as it may be witnessed for nothing, is also extremely popular. This, by the way, is one of the three guards now posted in London that include officers in their composition. Of these there are three—a captain and two subalterns. At the Bank the command is vested in a subaltern.

The daily guard-mounting at St James's Palace takes place in Friar's Court every morning throughout the year (except when the King happens to be at Buckingham Palace), about 10.45 A.M. On the approach of the relieving troops, headed by their band, the old guard falls in under arms and awaits the arrival of the new-comers. As soon as these

make their appearance, an interchange of compliments is carried out, the colours saluted, the new sentries posted, and the quarters formally handed over by the officers in command. While all this is going on the band plays a selection in the courtyard. The proceedings are finally brought to a close by the musicians forming up afresh and marching back to barracks with the old guard. The 'pomp and circumstance' accompanying the ceremony acts as an excellent recruiting agency, and many a soldier's military career dates from the moment when he first witnessed a guard-mounting parade at St James's.

When the guard mounts at Buckingham Palace the ceremony is perhaps rather more elaborate. The procedure is as follows: The detachment on duty at St James's (which has also furnished sentries for Marlborough House, and at one time supplied them for the War Office) marches down, accompanied by the drums and fifes of the battalion detailed for the purpose. On arriving at the Palace it takes up position in the forecourt facing east, a few paces from the principal entrance to the quadrangle. The portion which has been on duty in the Palace falls in on the left, the drums and fifes on the right. The centre of the line is thus opposite the main gates. As soon as all is in readiness, the relieving guard, formed in four divisions, enters by the north entrance and comes to a halt in front of the old guard. The band accompanying the new arrivals occupies a position on the north flank, facing south. On the word from its commander, the new guard advances in slow time to within about fifteen paces of the line. It then halts and 'presents arms,' a compliment which is repeated by the old guard. During the time occupied in relieving the sentries and 'taking over' the guardroom, the band, which is stationed near the equerries' entrance to the Palace, plays a brief selection. When all the arrangements have been completed, the old guard returns to barracks again, slow time being observed until the forecourt is cleared. The detachment for St James's furnished by the new arrivals is then marched there by the drums and fifes, the Buckingham Palace portion proceeding to its own quarters.

For the Palace guard the smartest men in the battalion of the brigade detailed for duty are, of course, picked out. Some of the tallest men in the whole of the British army are to be found in what is known as the 'King's Company' of the First Grenadier Guards. The average height of its members is well over six feet, while other measurements are in proportion. At one time every corps had a 'Grenadier company,' to which were posted all the biggest men in the regiment. When Guards of Honour were required they were usually composed exclusively of these troops.

Although it is unaccompanied by a band, and only lasts a few minutes, the ceremony of changing the guard at Whitehall is an exceedingly popular one with Londoners. This is accounted for in a great measure, no doubt, by the fact that it is performed by the Household Cavalry. The uniforms and magnificent chargers of these troops come in for a great deal of admiration, and attract scores of those people who always seem to have plenty of time to witness anything in the nature of a show. The mounted sentries on either side of the entrance-gates also attract an embarrassing amount of attention on the part of the public, and when they are withdrawn at night anxious inquiries are often put to the dismounted men inside as to when they will reappear.

Under ordinary circumstances the care of the military buildings at Whitehall is left in the keeping of two corporals and twelve troopers. When, however, the Court is in residence additional men are supplied, and the command devolves upon an officer. He is permitted to leave his quarters for a stipulated period at night in order to dine at St James's Palace. This mess is also attended by the officers on duty at the Palace, and several guests are often present as well. The calls of duty, however, make the hosts leave early, and by eleven o'clock the assembly must disperse. The hospitable gathering in the mess-room was in bygone days not marked by the decorum that now obtains, and scenes of rather wild revelry sometimes occurred. In a set of old military drawings an artist of the period takes this circumstance for his subject. His treatment thereof, however, is in all probability highly imaginative. Some entertaining comments referring to these gatherings may also be found in a magazine article, purporting to describe an officer's life in London, that appeared about the year 1840. 'The Guards' dinners at St James's,' says the writer, 'are of ancient standing; and it is a shame that nowadays, when military men have betaken themselves to writing like their neighbours, none of their traditions have been given to the public. It is a thousand pities Miss Burney was not a Guardsman; the record of the mess would have furnished forth much more inspiring incidents than the Frau Schwellenberg's dinners to the equerries at which "dear little Fanny" presided, as vice-bedchamber woman. To Gilray are we indebted for the only peep into the *symposia* of the Guards at St James's with which the public has been favoured; and until some member of the corps takes up the pen to show that his predecessors could joke and sing to the purpose, the corps must be contented to be judged by that caricature.'

A peculiarity in connection with the guard which looks after the Bank of England at its headquarters in Threadneedle Street is that it is changed in the evening, instead of—as is the case with all others—in the morning. The sentries on duty at this institution are all posted within the building, so that no one but burglars and persons attempting to gain a forcible entry after business hours is likely to be aware of their presence. The knowledge that they are patrolling the vicinity of the strong-rooms, however, probably serves to keep evil-doers at a

respectful distance. At any rate, not even the most daring housebreaker has, so far, attempted to help himself to the Bank's property under cover of night.

The Bank guard is commanded by a subaltern. At one time he was allowed a guinea by the directors for each tour of duty performed. The custom, however, has been discontinued for some years past, and the duty has now to be undertaken as part of the ordinary routine of garrison life in the Metropolis. Still, the commander of the guard has little to complain of, for, in addition to being provided with comfortable quarters, he is served with a capital dinner, to which he has the privilege of inviting two guests. Persons accepting his hospitality, however, have to leave the premises by a certain hour. The non-commissioned officers and sentries formerly received pay from the Bank's funds for their services in reinforcing the civilian staff of custodians, but this practice no longer obtains.

Half-a-century ago the custom of providing an evening meal for the subaltern in charge inspired the following quaint remarks in a guide-book of the period:

'Dinner is supplied by the Bank for the officer on guard there and two friends. A plain, excellent dinner it is, brought in daily from one of the best taverns in the neighbourhood. The store which the guards set by this dinner—excellent though it be—speaks volumes for the *ennui* which broods over the period during which they are stationed at the Tower. . . . The cynosure of attraction to the weary sub on duty, the magnet which drew him to encounter this long and toilsome march, and, worse, the incarceration of four-and-twenty mortal hours within the walls of the Bank, was not the ingots piled within these walls—his high spirit disdained them; not the bright eyes of the City maid or dame—these must now be sought in the suburbs; it was the substantial fare of the City—the genuine roast-beef of Old England and the City's ancient port, far surpassing the French cookery and French wines of St James's. . . . But rich and substantial though the feast provided for the red-coated dragon who guarded the golden fruit of their Hesperides by the merchant princes of the Bank of England, its merits were heightened in the estimation of the young Guardsman by the circumstance under which it was eaten. . . . Engagements that might have looked commonplace elsewhere, and under other circumstances, were Elysium there and then. What a moment was that when, the hour of shutting the gates approaching, his visitors must leave him! The sweetest minute of the evening, he tasted it not in the bustle of leave-taking; but, like all sweets approached to the mouth and withdrawn untasted, it lived for ever unchanged in remembrance!'

The guard at the Tower has more than once been called upon to resist attempts to make away with the property committed to its care. The object of these has generally been the Crown jewels or the contents of the Armoury. A notable instance was one in which the infamous Colonel Blood was concerned. This was in the days of Charles II., and the arrangements were so carefully planned that they all but succeeded. The alertness of the sentries, however, prevented the actual completion of the theft.

About fifty years ago something like a reign of terror existed among the daily military guards at the Tower on account of the appearance of alleged 'ghosts' who were solemnly asserted to haunt certain portions of the buildings from midnight to dawn. Nothing could shake the garrison's belief in these supernatural visitations, and one of its members actually died from fright. At last things arrived at such a pitch that it became necessary to post double sentries on every beat. The 'ghosts,' however, still manifested themselves, and the authorities were practically at their wits'-end to calm the superstitious fears of the troops. Matters, indeed, had almost culminated in general refusal to go on duty, when the mystery was cleared up. It appeared that the spectres were the outcome of a stupid practical joke on the part of some young men who had studied the ghost-raising methods of the celebrated Professor Pepper, who was just then giving his entertainment at the Egyptian Hall. With the punishment of these would-be humorists the unwelcome manifestations promptly ceased.

The ceremony of delivering up the keys of the Tower is still carried out in the fashion that was first adopted centuries ago. A few minutes before the appointed hour the yeoman-porter, attended by a warder, comes to the main guardhouse. The sergeant in charge turns out with an escort, and the party proceeds to the Spur Gate. Each sentry passed challenges in turn, 'Who goes there?' and is answered, 'Keys.' After all the gates have been carefully locked, the little procession arrives once more at its starting-point. Again the sentry outside challenges, and as before is answered, 'Keys.' This time a more detailed explanation has, however, to be given. 'Whose keys?' is demanded. 'King Edward's keys,' answers the bearer. This is deemed satisfactory, for the reply is given, 'Advance, King Edward's keys, and all's well!' Thereupon the yeoman-porter exclaims, 'God bless King Edward!' to which every one responds, 'Amen!' The guard then presents arms as the key-bearer goes across the parade to deposit his charge at the office of the lieutenant of the Tower, and with this the ceremony is concluded.

The Royal Mint, which at one time had its offices in the Tower, and now adjoins it, was until quite recently also provided with a military guard. A year or two ago, however, it was decided that the premises could be looked after by policemen quite as well as by soldiers. As may be imagined, the latter made no complaint. The guard at the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park, however, is still continued. More than once the custodians of this institution have had rather an anxious time, for the place has been threatened by evil-disposed persons with the avowed intention of blowing it up. The

last occasion of this nature was when a party of desperadoes known as 'the Fenians' were displaying considerable activity in London. Fortunately, however, nothing came of their threats.

Guard-duty is not popular among soldiers. In proportion to the amount that has to be performed, a garrison is said by them to be 'easy' or the reverse. London is, according to barrack-room opinion, one of the latter, for the different guards (including those mounted regimentally) call for the employment of a large number of men daily. Yet in comparison with that required in Paris, Berlin, or St Petersburg it is insignificant. The tour of duty lasts for twenty-four hours at a time, throughout the whole of which period every one has to be very much on the *qui vive*. The actual time spent on sentry by each man, however, is only eight hours. This is divided into four spells of two hours, with a rest of four hours in between. As guardrooms are always furnished in a severely simple manner, the term 'rest' is a relative one. The only bed, for example, on which a soldier can recline when relieved from his beat consists of a sloping plank that occupies the entire length of one wall. He has to lie down, too, fully dressed, and his slumbers may be disturbed at any moment by the necessity of having to turn out for inspection by the field-officers of the day. This takes place twice during the tour of duty.

Sentry-go itself, although not particularly fatiguing, is decidedly monotonous—especially at night. It consists in little more than walking up and down a carefully defined 'beat' in a 'smart, soldier-like manner,' as the regulations put it. While thus employed a man may at any moment be called upon by the commander of the guard, or an officer detailed for the purpose, to 'give over his orders.' These, which have to be learned by heart, vary in number and nature with each post, and are printed on a board hung up in each sentry-box. Certain orders, however, are more or less common to all posts. Among such are those requiring the sentry to keep 'a vigilant eye' on Government property, and 'in the event of fire or disturbance to alarm the guard.' Notice has also to be given of 'the approach of armed parties,' in order that the proper compliments may be paid.

The greatest vigilance has to be observed on sentry, for on this often depends the safety of large bodies of men. Any dereliction in this respect is accordingly regarded as a most serious offence. In the old days, when a much more severe discipline was in force than is at present the case, a soldier found guilty of sleeping on or deserting his post would certainly have been shot. In connection with this there is a well-authenticated story of a sentry proving his innocence of such a charge in a novel fashion. The man in question, whose name was John Hatfield, was brought before a court-martial for being found asleep on his beat shortly after midnight when visited by a patrol. The evidence appeared conclusive, and the prisoner would undoubtedly have been convicted, when he set up the extraordinary plea that he must have been awake at the time in question, as he distinctly heard St Paul's clock strike thirteen instead of twelve. On the matter being investigated it was found that this had actually happened, and the accused was accordingly acquitted. Hatfield, it may be mentioned, remained in the army for many years afterwards, and died at the great age of one hundred and two. His trying experience, accordingly, could not have done him much harm.

Non-commissioned officers when on guard are never called upon to perform sentry-go. They are kept fairly busy, however, in posting reliefs and visiting the men on their beats, &c. This latter has to be attended to by the commander four times during his tour of duty. He is also held responsible for the safe custody of any prisoners committed to his care, as well as for all Government property in the guardroom. A detailed inventory of this latter is handed over from one commander to another. Any item therein that is not produced, or is found to be damaged, at this time has to be made good. Broken windows can generally be attributed without demur to 'violence of storm;' but when it comes to putting missing door-keys down to the same cause even the most easy-going of garrison quartermasters finds it time to protest.

A DAY OF MARCH.

My soul went singing, for I knew
That spring was close at hand,
Although a sounding tempest blew
Across the wintry land,
And rarely broke the sunshine through
The great clouds overspanned.

The keen wind swept the clouds along
In swift, stupendous march,
And angered past the oak-tree strong,
Or whistled through the larch:
Great Nature's organ to her song
In her infinite church.

About the northern slopes and dells
The sheeted show still lay,
For proof that winter yet had spells
To grudge that jocund day
When prisoned leaves should burst their shells
And flame to green from gray.

Then, in a sheltered copse, I heard
Some first sweet notes essayed
By an undaunted prophet-bird,
So blithe and undismayed,
That to loud song my being stirred,
And this the verse I made:

'Wild wind! beat with thy phantom wings
Against the doors of spring,
Thou shalt not dull the joy she brings
Nor cause long tarrying.
Listen! 'tis that this brave bird sings.
Harken! thou envious thing.'

N. E.

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MAGPIES IN A GARDEN.

By L. H. SOUTAR.

One's sorrow, two's mirth,
Three's a wedding, four's a birth,
Five's a christening, six a dearth,
Seven's heaven, eight is hell,
And nine's the deil's ain sel'.

THERE is a garden which was beloved of birds. I use the past tense discriminately, for by so doing I am stating the present condition of the state of mind of the feathered tribe as far as I can ascertain it.

Four years ago there were kept in captivity in a roomy aviary in the orchard situated at the foot of this garden two magpies, and in a smaller division of the cage dwelt a solitary sable-winged corbie. All were fierce gluttons and unlovable, and if they had not been the choice pets of a boy who had gone over the seas they would have regained their freedom cheaply; for his sake they were kept and fed, and visited with as much curiosity as one might visit captive ogres.

These birds lived to eat, and, oh! the cunning of them in their endeavours to add succulent morsels to their already generous fare. The magpies excelled themselves in devices to secure small birds, one of which was the raising of the wire netting at the foot of their enclosure, and laying down a sop of bread to lure in the confiding robins, sparrows, and chaffinches. These little birds at first cautiously hopped near to the tempting bait, took a peck, then hopped away, while the sly magpies, perched on the dead stump of a tree within their enclosure, regarded with apparent indifference the little intruders. Thus gaining confidence, the little birds became bolder, and finally, casting all fear away, they ventured into the cage. Quick as a flash of lightning the pies darted upon them, slew them, swallowed what they could of their victims, then buried the remainders in their larder for future consumption.

There was nothing attractive about this bird-trio excepting a peculiar whistle which the male magpie gave when he heard any one approaching his cage, and it was not to be wondered at that we received the news of the death of the 'sad presaging raven' without much emotion; but we *were* aghast when we learnt some days afterwards that one magpie had disappeared, all but its feathers. We could only conclude that the remaining bird held in secret more than the knowledge of the fate of its missing mate.

Spring-time came, and with it a solitary wild magpie to the garden. The beauty of plumage and droll inquisitiveness of these birds cannot fail to attract attention. With what quaint dancing gait they hop along the lawn, how gracefully they balance themselves on the topmost branches of swaying fir-trees, and with what lightning speed they dart across the landscape on foraging expeditions! The beauty of plumage and droll ways of this wild pie fascinated us, and we went into raptures over him and his wooing of the lonely ogre in the aviary. He was often to be seen in the garden during the summer and autumn, and we fed him and encouraged him to stay with us throughout the winter. So that when another spring came round, and the little birds were busy as usual building new homes, and were full of thoughts of domestic affairs, the stranger magpie desiring to take up his abode with us forsook his captive lady and sought out a free mate, and together they constructed an untidy, roomy, concave nest of rough twigs, fibrous roots, and turf on the high branches of an araucaria-tree some twenty yards distant from the dining-room window, the winter feeding-place. In this stronghold six pale-dirty-green-spotted eggs were laid, out of which came in due time six voracious chicks, who, with clamorous cries for food, spurred with new energy their marauding parents to plunder mercilessly the surrounding neighbourhood for the wherewith to fill their craws.

When I explain that this garden is rich in trees of all sorts and sizes my readers will understand how the bird-clans found it an ideal nesting-place. The upper terraces and the lower terraces are dotted over with bushy golden yews and tall, grave-looking,

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closely clipped Irish yews. The grass walk has two double rows of similar sentinel-like trees, the long walks are lined with varieties of evergreens, and rhododendrons and bushy shrubs are met with in every corner, and cover the steep grass plot down to the edge of the water-lily pond, where the willows and birch-trees grow, and the water-hen nests among the reeds. There are holly-trees golden and silver and green, plane-trees golden and variegated of leaf, oaks of big leaf and oaks of small leaf, poplar oaks and golden oaks, beeches green and beeches purple, Scotch firs and silver firs, pine-trees, maples, araucarias, ash-trees, thorns of all varieties, cypress-trees, and more trees than I know, all with long botanical names, and all with homely names. The owner of this garden loves his trees and goes on planting, forgetting the saw that trees grow when one sleeps, and the result is that at the present time this garden is in reality a forest in miniature.

But to hie me back to the birds and the reason why their love for this arboretum is of the past tense.

You will note, good reader, that the first nest of the wild magpie couple was built three years ago, and every one was interested to hear of a magpies' nest so near to a dwelling. Alas that these bandits should have given us just cause to deplore their coming into this Eden of little birds! Three years ago the magpies' nest made the sixty-fourth we discovered in the garden. Among this number we did not include some demonstrative rooks, who, uninvited, at the garden-gates built a small rookery on tall beech-trees, and cawed, to our great distraction, night and day during the brooding season; nor yet were counted the nests of the bickering, fussy sparrows, who fought with the chattering starlings and house martins in the eaves, and who lost many an egg in their rowdy disputes for possession of building sites.

Among the nests counted was one built by a reckless pair of missel-thrushes. They plastered down their nest with seeming carelessness on an exposed branch of an araucaria-tree, some four feet from the ground and thirty yards from the magpies' castle. It was a rough structure of twigs, moss, and rags, held together with mud and lined with fibrous roots. In it in the early spring they brooded over reddish-white speckled eggs, and four little chicks were hatched. The loud, harsh screech of the parent birds was constantly heard, for the magpies watched them keenly, knowing where a dainty morsel lay hid. The missel-thrush is said to be an egg-robber, and perhaps on this account they recognised thieves and were more wary of their treasures and rarely left the neighbourhood of their nest during the time of incubation, and for the first few days after the chicks were hatched one or other of the parent birds constantly hovered near or sat closely on the nest. The nestlings would be about four or five days old when the harsh, churring cry of the thrushes warned us that a battle-royal was taking place. A cunning magpie found an opportunity to dart on to the nest and seize a hapless nestling. The two missel-thrushes pursued the robber, uttering loud, alarming cries of anger and anguish sufficiently harassing to have disconcerted the most callous-hearted bird in featherdom. The thrushes chased with whirling flight round and round the marauder, never actually striking him, but driving him with their persistent circling flight against the bole of a slender pine-tree. Twice the magpie struck the tree in his clumsy endeavours to get clear of the wrathful parents. At last, with wild screeches and flapping of wings, the thrushes drove the long-tailed bird of heavy flight with such force against the tree-trunk that he fell to the ground, and in so doing dropped a featherless, limp, clammy baby-thrush. Quickly the robber regained wing and rose clear of his pursuers, and flew far away beyond his own fortress, followed by the screaming missel-thrushes out of sight and out of hearing of us, who had watched the battle and saw the spoil lying dead at our feet. Often and loud were the alarms raised by this noisy family during the weeks that supervened, until time clad the remaining little ones in brown coats and speckled vests, yellow boots and docked tails, and endowed them with wisdom and strength sufficient to teach them to spread their wings and fly far beyond the reach of the inhabitants of Ogre Castle. That year warfare was declared in the garden, and in the feathered nurseries many an ogre-tale must have been told. Six baby-magpies had to be reared and fed riotously on the choicest of foods.

Some hygienic hens persisted in laying their eggs in the open hen-run; these were found-treasure for the magpies, and during the early hours of the morning the birds descended from their lofty nest and sucked to the shell these oblong, white, succulent spheres. A foolish pair of pheasants chose a nesting-place in the long grass near to the ogres' abode. Their eggs were chipped and sucked, and with loud whir of wing the hen-pheasant forsook her harried nest and we knew her no more.

A wild rabbit, having discovered the sweetness of the grass on the lawn, came in one evening and was nibbling it. Maggie, seeing the stranger, flew down beside him, and with sidling gait hopped all around him; the bird cocked his head to one side, and then to the other, and looked at the rabbit with a droll air of inquiry, gave his unmusical croak, and tried to attract bunny's attention. The rabbit looked up, skipped along the lawn a short way, and then, with an air of indifference, resumed his juicy repast. Maggie continued his manœuvres, but finding his furred visitor regarded him with scorn, gave him a peck. Bunny moved on a pace or two and went on munching. Maggie continued his hopping, croaking, and pecking, and annoying the rabbit until both edged off the lawn and disappeared among the thick shrubs. Could a tragedy have been enacted in that dark retreat beneath the laurels, and was one more crime added that evening

to maggie's long list? Was a too confiding bunny bereft of two black eyes by an artful dodger?

The nebs of these raiders began to appear to us as if they had grown sharper, and their keen eyes regarded us with cruel intensity. After the thrush battle the magpies lost favour. No longer did the drollery of their movements and the beauty of their pied garments atone for their behaviour. We shooed them away when they alighted on the lawn, we hurled epithets of ferocity at them, and they unlearnt their tameness in fewer hours than it had taken months to teach them to confide in us.

In a green yew-tree, wide of growth and smoothly clipped, a family of robins was reared. With what ardour the parent birds built their dainty nest of moss and dry leaves, and lined it with wool and hair and feathers! Robin was a winter pet, who had had the misfortune in the late autumn to get his leg hurt in a mouse-trap. He bore the injury 'manfully,' and we, with thoughts to do him good service, tried to capture him to amputate the hanging limb. Fortunately for robin we inefficient surgeons failed to capture him, and Nature, that wise doctor, set the limb, with the result that cock-robin has to-day a good pair of legs, the injured one somewhat short, which gives him the appearance of being splay-footed; but that only adds to his charm. He had often breakfasted indoors during the time of snow; and his little wife was not more coy than he when food was to be had for the taking. They were dear old friends of the family, and we seemed mutually interested in one another; and when, in bird-like fashion, robin told us where he had built his house by leaving some wisps of wool and dry moss outside his front door in the clipped green tree, there was no difficulty in discovering it snugly built in the heart of the dark yew, and his little wife, with bunched-out feathers and large broody eyes, sitting on the nest, fully occupied with maternal cares. We often called on Mr and Mrs Robin Redbreast, and the little pair seemed pleased to welcome us. One sat quite unconcernedly on the nest, and the other hopped about showing no fear. In due time five tiny, yellowish-brown, naked things wobbled together in their downy nest, with gaping yellow nebs and black sightless eyes, the treasured children of proud cock-robin and his wife. There were no alarms in this nursery, although it was only a few yards from the ogres' castle. The nest was built so snugly and safely among the thick branches of the yew-tree that maggie could only rest himself on the tree-top and cogitate as to how an entrance might be effected into robin's tree-fortress. It was impossible for the long-tailed bird to find an opening, and the brown-feathered baby-robins, quaintly freckled with yellow, reached the rainy day of boyhood and maidenhood in safety. One rainy day I opened the big branch gates of this bird-home and showed the little fledglings a world beyond. Three of them I placed in a basket and carried them into the house. After this adventure into an unknown land I brought them back to their nest; and from that hour they were no longer content with the narrow limits and darkness of their home in the yew-tree. They had seen a world bright with June sunshine, and they had felt their strength. The morning following this expedition three—could it be the same three who had had a glimpse of the world?—were fluttering about among the branches. By midday they were gone; the following day the nest was deserted. I discovered three hopping in the long grass which grew around their tree-home, and during the day two pied ogres hovered around the yew where was reared the robin family. A couple of days later cock-robin appeared alone upon the lawn, pecking up his infinitesimal beakfuls. He chirped to us and was friendly as of yore, and quickly resumed his ways of bachelorhood; but, like others of his kind, he has not for the past two years built a nest within range of the magpie castle.

A white-headed blackbird and many others with orange bills and black glossy coats built in the holly-trees and bushy hedges on and around the terrace where the monkey puzzle held the nest of these wary pies in what was judged to be inaccessible security. The loud, bell-like cry of alarm of the blackbird often roused us, and we knew a speckled egg had been taken from a nest or a hapless nestling had gone to fill a pie.

The song-thrushes, above all birds, seemed to love this garden, and their wondrously and elaborately constructed nests of exquisite workmanship were found in numbers in the boxwood hedges, bushy laurels, rhododendrons, clipped hollies, thorns, and in the fruit-trees in the orchard. During mating season these favourites of British feathered songsters gave us of their richest melodies, and the garden rang sweet,

> Till heart with heart in concert 'beat,'
> And the lover 'was' beloved.

Alas that it is necessary to record that the magpies changed this note of harmony into harsh, piercing shrieks of fear and anger! The song-thrushes, more timid than their relatives the missel-thrushes, could not give battle to the marauders, and their nests were mercilessly harried by the ferocious magpies.

Gay chaffinches, gentle hedge-sparrows, tweeting green linnets, tiny wrens, and all the feathered tribe who claimed tenements in this garden were plundered of their treasures. Perhaps exception may be made of the tits. They found safety in choosing quaint situations for their homes. A blue tit found a nesting-place deep down in a hole in an oak-tree which had for years previous been the children's post-office. These tits, like the robins, were family friends, and fed all winter at the window on fat and cocoa-nut, and grew fearless of humankind and gladly shared possessions with them. A pair of cole-tits made their home in the mouth of one of the cannons which ornament the

terrace and face the ogres' nest, and this 'weapon of death' has proven to be the safest bird-home in the garden. Each year the tits return to it and rear their tiny babies in safety. A piece of wire netting has been placed over the aperture, a barrier against poachers; and maggie's only comfort is found in perching meditatively on the cannon, strutting up and down on it and around it, and looking into the dark opening with covetous eyes. Last year and this year I saw some of the little tits when they flew out of their home in the cannon, and I fancy they escaped the doom of most of this garden's fledglings. The wire netting probably kept them longer within their nursery than otherwise they might have stayed, and their flight was wondrously strong when they set out to explore the wide world, and they could easily find a place of safety for their tiny acrobatic persons where long-tailed maggies could not follow.

But the ogres' assiduity in the plundering of nests has had disastrous results. Last year some twenty nests were found, and this year not more than a dozen, where five times as many were discovered three years ago. Last year a venturous spirit placed a ladder against the trunk of the araucaria-tree, and defying the monkey puzzle thus, climbed it, and with the help of a long pole displaced the magpies' nest, and in so doing several eggs fell out and were destroyed; but the birds set to work immediately and repaired the damage done, and in due time eggs became chicks, and the bandits grew fiercer than ever in their plunderings. The only satisfaction we had was to capture two of the young birds. One was photographed and placed in the cage beside the captive maggie; but its life was short—it was found dead the following morning. This year direr means were taken to prevent pie-nest-building—one of the couple was shot. For a few days after this event the remaining maggie strutted in dejected fashion on the lawn or perched in melancholy mood on a tall tree; then he sought himself out another mate, and together they built an impregnable fortress in the bushy crown of a silver fir a few yards distant from the former pie residence, and five handsome black-and-white-plumed young birds have been sent out into the world. The parent birds, being satisfied with their family, now crouch on the spreading branches of a cedar-tree and look defiantly in at us through the dining-room window, conquerors of a lamentable situation—a garden deserted of small birds!

During the winter the caged ogre met with a violent death—she was discovered decapitated in her den. A rat, we surmise, had been her judge and executioner. Another judge has donned the black-cap of doom, and any pie convicted of nest-building in this garden in the year 1908 is to be shot dead. The years of grace have passed for these nest-robbers, and the bird-forsaken garden cries out for redress.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XIII.—IN PARIS AGAIN.

IT was late one afternoon when Jean—he took a French name again as soon as his feet touched French soil—found himself in Paris once more; and as he walked, dressed as a French workman and with a story to match, along its narrow streets, it seemed as though the years betwixt had slipped from him. He almost felt himself a gamin again. He looked around, expecting to see the Rat thrust his pointed chin and ferret-like eyes out of some dark alley. All his old familiarity with the city revived. He walked past madame's house, but the building was shut up and apparently empty. He had secured a room without difficulty in a narrow street near the Châtelet, and spent the first day exploring the city.

But he quickly realised that it was a new Paris on which he looked. Here was a city not merely shaken with a thousand agitations and passions, effervescing with angry oratory in every square, and black with drifting and excited crowds on every pavement. The crowds wore a strange aspect. The signs of wild alarms and of wild hopes were visible enough; but there was something added which Jean had never seen before. The dark, preoccupied look on men's faces, the hurrying steps, the whispered and furtive conferences—all seemed to him tokens that some mysterious event was on foot. The sense of a swift-coming crisis seemed to be in the very atmosphere.

He had reached Paris at a moment history was long to remember. It was the afternoon of August 9, 1792. In the hours of the coming night great events were fermenting.

A revolution, especially of the French variety, is apt to march quickly. Jean had watched the procession of the States-General on May 4, 1789—a little more than three years before. It was, as events proved, a stately and picturesque illusion. In less than six weeks the Tiers État had thrust both the other orders aside and proclaimed itself a National Assembly. A month later the Bastille was falling.

How much had fallen since! The Church had gone; the nobility had fled; the king had tried to flee and had been brought ignobly back. What a wreckage of ancient traditions and habitudes the astonished world had seen! But it is not easy for a nation to cast off a whole set of social forms and to evolve a new set. Ancient names yet survived

political traditions and usages that ought to have disappeared still walked about like animated corpses that had somehow evaded burial.

France was still a monarchy. Louis XVI. sat in the Tuileries, his red Swiss Guards about him. He even ventured, on occasion, to whisper the magic word 'veto' that paralysed the most beneficent laws. The Assembly debated; but it was broken up into three great mutually hating parties—the Gironde, the Plain, and the Mountain. The Mountain, in which were reflected the passions of the Paris sections, was in a minority. The Paris municipality itself, that had flamed so long a portent to mankind, had sunk to mere smoke. It threatened, indeed, to become an extinct volcano. The Revolution would not march.

Impatient Paris could wait no longer. The forty-eight sections had met, and had each elected three representatives whose patriotism was of a heroic quality. These one hundred and forty-four were to form a Commune—a name destined to be terrible. This very night they intended to seize the Hôtel de Ville, dismiss into space the old Municipal Council, and capture Paris; and Paris, at that moment, in a special sense was France. A state of insurrection was to be proclaimed; the National Assembly was to be purged and transformed into the Convention.

The Revolution, in brief, was moving to its natural climax. Its wilder forces were capturing it. Betwixt the States-General and the Convention, the old Paris municipality and the Commune, the Cabinet of Necker and the Committee of Public Safety, there is an interval of time surprisingly brief. But how wide and terrible is the moral interval which parts these names!

Jean, of course—though, thanks to his early Paris experiences, he understood something of the French temper and the drift of French affairs—did not realise all this. Yet he felt vaguely that wild forces were abroad. The night was clear; the high stars shone in the quiet heavens. A curve of white fire—the crescent moon—hung above the black towers of Notre Dame. But if there was peace in the star-crowded sky, tumult and storm were on the dark earth. Paris was awake in every nerve. In its narrow streets and dark lanes strange tides were flowing, and in spite of himself Jean caught the infection of the restless crowds. He swung with the hurrying groups betwixt what some strange instinct proclaimed to be the two opposing centres—the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville.

The Assembly was in session, with open doors and lighted windows and sounds of debate that at times reached even the jeering streets; but that wild night the Assembly was rather the prize of combat than one of the combatants. Round the Tuileries flowed more ominous sounds—the rumble of guns, the clatter of armed squadrons, the tread of disciplined feet, hoarse shouts of command, the clash of steel. There was the glare of lights in every window of the great building. And from the crowded bridges near, from every street that opened on it, sullen crowds watched the hated palace of Louis XVI.

But Jean realised that the Hôtel de Ville was the true centre of action. Its dark front was pricked with a hundred red points of light. Agitated figures thronged in and out of its doors. The black streets about it were full of agitated crowds. Here was the true heart of Paris, and all about it passions cruel as fear and blind as the night were rising like some sea-tide. Across the house-roofs from every direction, now harsh and now faint, came the sound of drums beating the *generale*.

A little after midnight Jean was passing the most picturesque of Paris churches, Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, when from its tall and graceful tower broke, sudden and deep, the stern clamour of bells. It was an evil omen. A little over two centuries ago from the iron throats of those same bells came the signal for the bloody feast of St Bartholomew!

Jean stood still to listen. The storm of sound grew wilder as one church tower called to another through the night. The black midnight sky was shaken with the iron clangour of alarm-bells. The sound set all feet running, and Jean presently found himself one of a vast multitude in front of the Hôtel de Ville. Its gloomy mass wore a more evil aspect than ever, with the frantic sound of the calling bells rolling above its roof, red lights in its many windows, and the tumult of the shouting crowds about its walls. But for a while nothing happened. The Revolution loitered. The wild, planless hours crept on, and still no signal for movement came. The crowd wanted a leader, some single figure visible and picturesque. A committee of a hundred and forty-four patriots, with scarfs, even though their patriotism is beyond proof, cannot persuade a revolution to march.

But the sections were somehow—nobody exactly knew how—set moving at last, and in the gray dawn the angry human tide about the Hôtel de Ville found direction. The streets were shaken with the tread of countless feet. Paris—the Paris of the sections—was about to fling itself on the Tuileries! Soon all the bridges and streets that opened on the great building were black with crowds more or less armed. The stately palace was an island round which a wrathful human sea was flowing in wild eddies, and over which these eddies must soon break.

Jean climbed on to the parapet of the Pont de Neuf, from which he could see the whole front of the Tuileries. Across the streets opening on to it were clusters of guns and squadrons of cavalry. In the garden of the Tuileries itself were clear-cut lines of red, the steadfast and faithful Swiss. Agitated figures, with gestures of alarm, came and went at all the windows; but that girdle of red was steady as granite.

Jean turned presently to look at the faces about him. Near him was the figure of an artillery officer with uniform not too fresh. The clear-cut features, the complexion with its tints of dead gold,

the straight forehead, the flashing eyes, seemed familiar. Jean looked again. It was his comrade of Brienne, *Paille au nez*—the Napolione of bygone years. His hair was cut square on the forehead, and hung down the cheeks, making a dark frame for the thin and sallow face.

Jean felt his pulses quicken as he looked; he involuntarily put out his hand and touched the arm of his old chum. The artillery officer turned. The keen dark eyes ran swiftly over Jean's features. There was recognition in them; but after a few brief words he turned impatiently to watch the scene before him.

He had no time to waste on personal emotions. He was looking at history; and Jean, as he glanced in turn from the Tuileries to the face of his companion, clear-cut as the die of a coin, tried to guess what thoughts were behind the mask of those intent features. Here was a conflict of forces—disciplined force with the red Swiss, the energy of numbers and of passion with the crowd. This shabby artillery officer was plainly assessing these threatening opposites.

His instinct as a soldier made him sympathise with the Swiss. His eyes ran with a look of contempt over the distracted crowd. Here was power, the power born of mass and of fury, but it was planless and blind. Then he fixed his gaze on the slender but steadfast lines of red—the orderly guns drawn across the streets, the squadrons of cavalry behind, the horses' heads tossing impatiently. They were few, but they represented discipline.

'They only want a leader,' said Napolione, as though to himself; and as his quick, deep eyes ran to and fro from the crowd to the little red parallelograms in front of the Tuileries, Jean felt that here was not only a soldier assessing the rival forces, but a leader choosing the points of attack or the methods of defence.

Just then a group of figures came out of the great central door of the Tuileries. Women and children were in it. They passed along the red lines of the Swiss, and came down the main walk to the central gate. As they approached it a deep roar went suddenly up from the crowd. It was the king and the royal family.

Yes, the stout, farmer-looking man was Louis XVI.; the woman with proud uplifted head was Marie Antoinette; the child, that kicked with a boy's careless foot the leaves on the path as they walked, was the dauphin. To what strange fates the little group was moving—to the Temple, to the guillotine!

The dense mass opened to receive them, and they were submerged in a sea of tossing figures, a wild tumult of voices. They reached at last the doors of the National Assembly and disappeared within them.

Napolione had followed the little vanishing group with scornful eyes. He read with swift, unerring judgment the whole significance of the incident.

'It is a surrender,' he said; 'it is cowardice. This king'—and there was an accent of bitter contempt in the way he pronounced the word—'will not strike a blow for his crown.' Then after a moment he added with yet more fiery scorn, 'It is a betrayal.'

He was looking at the immovable Swiss. They were left, without a leader and without orders, to guard an empty palace. Louis XVI. had forgotten his guards, and the forgetfulness was for them a death-warrant. The crowd was now beating furiously at the gates. The cavalry squadrons were breaking up; the guns stood abandoned; only the Swiss remained moveless in their silent lines.

There came a pin-point of white smoke from the crowd, the sound of a shot. Then followed a tearing sound—the crackle of many shots, and a wild tumult of human voices. The people were attacking! Then came the deeper sound of guns from the Carrousel.

The Swiss begin to fall; before ten minutes have passed, dozens dead or dying lie at their comrades' feet. The steady, tormented red line breaks at last into flame and smoke, and the long crackling thunder of platoon-firing dominates all other sounds. The crowd rolls back as if scorched by a wave of flame; the pavement in turn is strewn with fallen bodies. Napolione's eyes gleam. Discipline is overmastering numbers.

But the crowd is in a fighting mood. It is running forward again, silent now, but in deadlier fashion. Napolione's eyes glance impatiently to the guns on the right of the Swiss, but they are silent. The gunners have fled. A cloud of powder-smoke blots out the scene for a moment. There is the sound of furious but irregular musketry, the firing of the crowd; and as the smoke for a moment lifts there can be seen the mad running to and fro of little groups that are trying to climb the gates or break through them. But within, at the very heart of the smoke and tumult, still come like ordered claps of thunder the volleys of the Swiss.

'They want a leader,' the artillery officer at Jean's side is saying afresh; but almost while he speaks the thunder of the rolling volleys dies away. An order to 'cease firing' has come to the Swiss. The word runs down the disciplined ranks, one officer calling to another, the sergeants striking up the smoking muskets. The red lines stand silent.

But from the bridges the guns still flash upon them; from every direction the crowd still fires. The unhappy Swiss have ceased to shoot, but not to be shot at. The best troops in the world would be destroyed under such conditions. In a few minutes the steady red lines begin to crumble. The Swiss waver. Some run back into the building; the main body, tormented with incessant musketry fire, moves towards the gate and begins to file through. The crowd closes fiercely on the unfortunate soldiers. They are torn into broken, irregular groups, into flying units—little atoms of red, struck at from every side, stumbling, falling. It is a

massacre. Round each red speck the black crowds shut with thrusting points of steel.

Jean had watched the sight with clenched hands and compressed lips. His sympathies were with the gallant, betrayed, ill-fated Swiss. He turned to look at his companion. The frown had gone from his brow; he was watching the scene with a curious look. Here was the birth of a new and terrible energy taking place under his eyes.

'If *they* had a leader!' Napolione was saying, and somehow Jean divined that Napolione's words applied to the crowd. He had assessed the two opposing forces. For him they represented not principles but energies. And he was in the last analysis a mercenary, prepared to take the side of the strongest force, and to sell his brains to it, since its service would open the door of the widest future to him. Jean read enough of his companion's thoughts to shrink from him, chilled and disappointed, but he could hardly realise that at the moment Napolione himself had turned Jacobin.

The crowd by this time had swept into the Tuileries and flooded all its rooms. Wild figures came and went at its windows; the building shook to the sound of musketry-shots and to the crash of shattered doors. Furniture was being flung out on to the garden walks. They were witnessing the sacking of a palace. The two men watched the spectacle for long in silence; then, tired of watching, they forced their way through the crowd. At a street corner they were stopped by a group of citizens drunk with the passion of the fight. They bore aloft on a pike the head of a Swiss; and, stopping passers-by, they compelled them to salute it and to repeat the watchword of the day.

Jean felt his blood take fire at the sight, and he halted with a look of stubbornness on his face. But Bonaparte pulled him on. '*Vive la nation!*' he cried with a gesture of contempt to the wild group with their bloody symbol.—'It is only a phrase,' he said with scorn. 'Would you soil your coat for the sake of a phrase?'

'It is more than a phrase,' replied Lawrence stubbornly; 'it is a sign of sympathy with murder.'

But the only reply of his companion was an impatient shrug of the shoulders. 'I care only for realities,' he said.

They walked side by side for some distance. Napolione was preoccupied and silent, and Jean felt his companion's thoughts were moving in some field remote from him. He was trying to read the riddle of the tragedy they had just witnessed. What were the forces at work in this wild scene, and whither were they hurrying? Jean lacked courage to break in on his thoughts.

'What are you doing in Paris?' Jean's companion asked suddenly. 'You have no business to be here.'

Jean hesitated as he looked at the passionless face of his old schoolmate. Here was a mind over which mere sentiment had no authority. He felt it would be idle to tell his tale or to ask for sympathy. While he hesitated, Napolione turned away with an impatient gesture.

'You have your own secrets; take care they do not cost you your head. I am for Corsica;' and, with a gesture of farewell, he moved away and was lost in the crowd.

(To be continued.)

A CITY OF ETHIOPIA.

PART II.

HARAR is one of those places of whose history and origin but little can be stated with certainty. Places of this kind are visited from time to time by travellers of various nationalities, who set forth their impressions in books of travel, memoirs, &c., and who often boldly advance the most glib accounts of their history both ancient and modern. Heaven only knows how this information is arrived at! More often than not it is taken down from the mouth of some old sheik of romantic tendencies and a keen scent for backsheesh; and, after passing through the hands of the merciless dragoman, who gives *his* version of the matter, it takes its place among the valuable notes of the profound historian, duly to appear in some 'work' dealing with the place concerned.

What seems certain about Harar is that the town and province was for long a free and independent state. The inhabitants are a distinct tribe, probably of Semitic origin, and use a language of their own, which, though containing many words from the Arabic, Amharic, Galla, and Somali tongues, is not sufficiently like any of them to be intelligible to a stranger from the far provinces.

It was probably during the invasion of Abyssinia by the Arabs early in the sixteenth century that the people of Harar embraced Islam, though what their faith was before that is open to conjecture. It might have been some form of Judaism; certainly there are many traces of this religion in their observances of to-day.

The people have complexions of about the same hue as the Arabs of Arabia, fine-cut features, thin lips, and black, wavy hair. The chief industry is the cultivation of coffee, whilst the enormous trade which flows in from the surrounding districts gives employment to the large population of the town.

In 1875 the place was taken by the Egyptians,

who sent an expedition thither from Zaila, a port on the Somali coast then in their possession. During the events of 1884–85, when the far provinces of Egypt were broken up, and the towns of Zaila, Berbera, and Bulhar were taken over by Great Britain, the Egyptians began to evacuate Harar, and a small expedition was sent from Aden to facilitate the withdrawal of the garrison and to make certain arrangements for the future government of the state. The party, which consisted of three British officers and fifty Indian troopers, arrived safely in Harar, and saw the last batch of Egyptian soldiers on their way to Zaila. The mission then sought out the descendant of the old line of emirs, one Abdullahi, and having set him up as the independent ruler of the town and province of Harar, departed for the coast, leaving the place to its fate. This astonishing act of folly is said by those who are in a position to judge to have laid the foundation for that long series of troubles in Somaliland culminating in the successful revolt of the Mad Mullah. For, whilst we occupied the Somali country from the coast, and thus prevented the inhabitants from arming themselves, we failed to provide them with adequate protection against the well-armed Abyssinians, who subsequently took possession of Harar, and swept down from the highlands upon their flocks and herds. But this is anticipating matters.

The Emir Abdullahi was a mere boy, and became simply a puppet in the hands of his savage and fanatical sheiks; and no sooner had the British officers departed than he commenced a rule under which all non-followers of the Prophet were treated with such severity and injustice that in a very short time scarcely any who were not Moslems would dare to reside in or even visit the place.

At this time there were living in Harar several Greek and Armenian traders, besides a number of French monks under the missionary Bishop Taurin. This zealous and indefatigable priest had been connected for a number of years with the movement which had vainly endeavoured to introduce Roman Catholicism amongst the Abyssinians, and he had arrived anew in Harar in 1881, armed with the special permission of the Khedive of Egypt to establish a mission. The position of all these Europeans was now highly dangerous, cut off as they were from any assistance, and surrounded by bloodthirsty fanatics. The death of the bishop was actually decreed at one time, but his life was spared on the solicitations of the emir's mother, and eventually the Europeans were all sent down to Zaila.

One of the most atrocious acts of the emir was the treacherous massacre of an Italian scientific expedition, under the Count Poro, early in 1886. The party, which comprised nine Europeans, and was accompanied by a large caravan, had reached a point near the town of Guildessa, about thirty miles north of Harar. When the news of its arrival was conveyed to the emir he hastily assembled his advisers, and the result of their deliberations was that a force should be sent to annihilate the *franghis*. Accordingly, about forty Turkish irregulars, or Bashi-bazouks, as they are called, in the employ of the emir were despatched, together with a vast horde of native warriors. These gentry accomplished their work in a way which did credit to their reputation. They arrived at the encampment of the Italians, whom they saluted with the most profound signs of esteem and friendship, assuring them at the same time that the emir was pleased with their visit, and was then making preparations to receive them with due honour. There was only one thing, however, which they must ask them to do, and that was to leave all their rifles and ammunition behind, and to enter the city unarmed, in order to show the populace that their intentions were peaceful. This was assented to, and the whole concourse set out for the city, the Italians and their servants in the middle. Apparently they were being escorted in honour to the emir.

What followed may be easily guessed at. At a given signal from the dastardly Turks, the spearmen precipitated themselves upon the helpless little band and slaughtered them to a man. Not one of these brave fellows escaped to tell the tale. Peace to their ashes! Honour to the gallant gentlemen who gave up their lives in the interests of science, and perhaps of their country!

The career of this young man as a sovereign was not of long duration. The Abyssinians, who were never loath to add another slice to their large empire, and to create a new field for plunder and taxation, had for long cast covetous eyes on this prosperous and fertile country, and had only been restrained from seizing it by the consideration of the risk of coming into conflict with Great Britain; but, judging from the apathetic way in which the conduct of the emir had been treated, that risk now no longer existed. This was the very argument used by Monsignor Taurin, who from his retreat in Zaila was in constant communication with the Abyssinians, urging them to go and take Harar. To these counsels were added those of Italy, who gave promise of her moral support and countenance (whatever that might have meant), and at last the Abyssinians hesitated no longer.

In January 1887 Menelik, who was then king of the sub-kingdom of Shoa, led his army against the Emir Abdullahi, whom he encountered on the plains of Chelenco, about two days' journey from Harar. The Mussulman troops were annihilated, and the victorious Abyssinians marched on to the town, which they took after an easy assault.* Their treatment of Abdullahi, whom they took prisoner, must have been extraordinarily moderate, for he is still to be seen walking about Harar, a sadder and wiser man. He may go anywhere within the walls, but is not allowed to leave the town. He is quite a

* It has been stated that before taking this step Menelik obtained the consent of Great Britain.

young man still, and of very handsome presence. He generally goes about with a little retinue of Moslems—the shadow of his former state—besides the ever-vigilant Abyssinian soldier, who will not be found far away.

The question might well be asked as to what Great Britain was doing all this time. It was considered by the Ministry of that day to be inexpedient to establish our claims over Harar. We are a strange people, for we have just spent many millions of pounds and hundreds of valuable lives in a prolonged and unsuccessful struggle for a piece of the Somali desert of no earthly use to any one but the nomads who inhabit it, whilst we have twice allowed to slip through our fingers the opportunity of annexing one of the most glorious countries in Northern Africa.

The Abyssinians are represented in Harar by the nobles who hold military rank, the priests, and the common soldiers; these last are said to receive only arms and rations of millet in payment of their services; their other wants they supply by the simple expedient of robbing the peasants, who, knowing that they could never enjoy the full fruits of their labour, do as little as possible, and hide whatever wealth they possess. In the same way the petty chiefs are afraid of their superiors, and dare not display their possessions in case they should be accused of withholding the taxes or otherwise accumulating for themselves that which should flow into higher channels. The same state of feeling is said to exist between the governors of the different provinces and the emperor, who in his turn is always in fear of a plot against the throne, and who has spies in every district.

The present population of the town is estimated at seventy thousand, and the area enclosed by the walls was calculated by Burton to be one hundred and twenty-eight acres. Justice is administered by the Abyssinian chief, the court being held in a sort of open shed—a flat-roofed building which looks as though one side had been taken bodily away—in the main square of the town. It is an amusing sight to watch the process of a case. The vociferation is terrible; every one seems to be speaking at once. The judge sits at the back surrounded by a number of soldiers armed to the teeth and ready to do his slightest bidding—which is, perhaps, to give some one fifty strokes with the *corbash*, or even to cut off a hand or a foot, for punishment is always of a drastic nature in this country. People are imprisoned for debt, or occasionally heresy within the Church; but theft is always punished by the *corbash* or by mutilation. The way in which the latter dreadful sentence is carried out is particularly revolting. The operation is performed by a person of no surgical skill whatever, who simply severs the member with a scimitar or some like instrument; the bleeding stump is then plunged into a vessel of boiling oil, which has a cauterising effect. But even then the unhappy wretch's troubles are not over; he has to sit for two days at the principal gate of the city with the amputated part placed close beside him, and every person who passes by shows his contempt by covering the mouth and nostrils with a corner of the robe as described before. Murder is dealt with in a peculiar way. The murderer is first given a chance to show reason or justification for his act, and if he cannot do this he is handed over to the relatives of his victim, who may, if they like, accept blood-money, or who have the right to take him outside the city walls and put him to death.

The excise dues of Harar are something like Sam Weller's knowledge of London—'extensive and peculiar'—for not one single article, be it the produce of the country or the imported goods of civilisation, comes into the city without paying duty; from a bale of cotton goods down to the smallest pot of honey or calabash of butter, all add their quota towards swelling this important source of the emperor's revenue. Even the poor women who travel great distances with loads of firewood are stopped at the gates whilst the lazy soldiers rob them of some of their gleanings. The chief articles brought in are ivory, hides, and coffee, besides an enormous quantity of fresh provisions for the consumption of the inhabitants. The method of collecting the dues, though not very up-to-date, is fairly effective. A man comes along with an ox-hide, and he is stopped at the gates; presently another comes with some goat-skins or perhaps a rush-mat, and he also has to wait; after a while these are joined by some more carrying raw coffee; then come women loaded with bananas, honey, milk, butter, eggs, &c. This goes on until a crowd of twenty or thirty are gathered at the gates. Then one of the soldiers in authority gives an order, and the whole motley gang is marched through the town to the custom-house, where they pay their dues according to the nature and quantity of the articles they have brought. How the money received is accounted for it is difficult to imagine; however, a couple of clerks are seated cross-legged before great books, in which they write in Amharic characters. The emperor has a direct representative in the custom-house, as has the local Ras, and doubtless each of these worthies contrives somehow to satisfy his master and incidentally himself as well.

There is not much of interest about the Abyssinian church in Harar; it is a fairly large building of recent construction, circular in shape, and having a sort of dome roofed with tin, which has only too obviously been cut from kerosene-cans. The inner wall, however, which divides the priests' compartment from that assigned to the worshippers, is covered with very quaint paintings depicting scenes in the life of Christ and of the saints, as well as likenesses of kings and princes of Abyssinia both living and dead. These works of art recall in a most astonishing manner some of the old masters; there is the same lack of perspective and the same brilliant colouring.

Amongst the curious relics of Judaism which seem common to the Abyssinians and the Moslems of this place may be mentioned circumcision (which is a solemn rite of the Abyssinian Church, taking precedence even of baptism) and the prayer (differing, of course, in form) which must be uttered as the throat of an animal intended for food is cut. Besides this is the custom of assembling to wail at a house where some one has died. I was very much amused one day watching one of these performances. Two long rows of women were squatting on either side of the lane leading to the house. Evidently a solo was on, for a young girl was walking up and down, wringing her hands and giving vent to the most dismal cries of lamentation, and so well did she do it that tears were actually coming from her eyes. After a while she sat down quite composed, and another took her place. I felt strongly inclined to laugh, but remembered in time that Abyssinia was not the only place where crocodile tears were shed.

Let us take a stroll down into the principal market-place.

Crossing the square, which lies in the centre of the town, we pass the great gateway which opens on to the first courtyard of the Ras's house; above the portals crouch the carved lions of Egypt, relics of the Egyptian rule, and over these waves Menelik's banner—red, green, and yellow in horizontal layers—with the Conquering Lion of Judah set in the middle.

We now descend a street which resembles a mountain donga more than a thoroughfare; nevertheless, its sides are packed with booths, on the counter of each of which there sits cross-legged a Harari, an Arab, a Somali, or even an Indian. The whole stock-in-trade of one of these 'merchants' is not worth more than a few pounds. Notwithstanding this, however, trade is brisk, the street is completely blocked in places, and the air is full of the sounds of the bargaining and haggling which is the essential part of any transaction amongst these people.

At the bottom of this well-like passage is the market-place, a large open space literally crammed from end to end with the buyers and sellers, the latter squatting in long rows with their wares arranged in little baskets and trays in front. All those of a trade sit together. In this corner, for instance, are the money-changers (who are shouting out their rates of exchange); yonder are the butter-sellers; then come the grain-dealers, the vendors of spices, and so on. In one corner is a large group of Galla girls all standing together chattering. These are water-carriers, and they are waiting for some one to come and hire their services.

Leaving behind us the deafening babel of tongues which fills the market-place, we pass through a succession of mean streets shut in by the high stone walls characteristic of Mohammedan residential quarters, and presently arrive at another of the city gates. Here we find an open space devoted to the sale of *kat*, a shrub the leaves of which when chewed produce a stimulating and in many cases an intoxicating effect. *À propos* of the use of this narcotic, to which all the Hararis are strongly addicted, we read in one account: 'The inhabitants often sit together reading the Koran and enjoying the drug for ten or eleven hours at a time'—surely a rather curious combination of piety and dissipation! Throughout the Mohammedan world the use of pernicious drugs is terribly prevalent; in some places it is *hasheesh*, here it is *kat*, but the result is always the same, and the much-lauded abstention of these people from the use of alcohol does not prevent them from seeking other and equally injurious forms of indulgence.

Let us stand at the gates for a few moments and watch the varied and ceaseless tide of humanity which surges past. Slave-women are constantly toiling up the slope with their loads of water. The doleful chant of a beggar just outside strikes the ear with well-timed and irritating repetition. This old leper has been here for years, and has a very good 'stand;' he possesses a valuable asset in the shape of a particularly revolting sore, and he lies there all day exposing this and fanning away the flies with a bunch of leaves, and calling out that God is great, and soliciting the charity of the passers-by. It is here that we are able to observe something of the unpitying brutality with which a native treats dumb beasts. Horses and mules pass with the most fearful 'sore backs' ever seen. Judging from appearance, when an animal is seen to be chafed it is not relieved of its burden, but simply worked until it drops. In no other way could these terrible ulcerations be accounted for.

All of a sudden a great shouting is heard, and, looking back, we see a compact mass of soldiers sweeping down the street. Urchins are cuffed, and market-women scuttle out of the way with their wares. The Ras is going for a ride! As the concourse approaches we perceive the great man in the centre mounted on a truly splendid mule, and accompanied by his little son and two or three minor chiefs. On seeing us he bows courteously, and the whole procession passes through the gates, all the bystanders bending almost to the ground.

We now ascend the street leading from this gate; it is comparatively quite a broad street and is roughly paved with cobble-stones. What a strange medley of people it shelters! Here is a steaming cook-shop presided over by a couple of Turks who are most palpably deserters from the Turkish army; they still wear their tattered and greasy uniforms. They are probably from Yemen, across the Red Sea. The adventures they have been through before reaching here would form an interesting narrative. Here is an Armenian standing at the door of his drink-shop; inside, the shelves are filled with bottles containing all sorts of vile poisen labelled 'Mastic,' 'Arac,' 'Three-Star Brandy,' &c.,

most of which is manufactured on the premises and sold to the Abyssinians at about elevenpence a bottle.

We now wend our way towards our quarters again, for it will soon be dark; and wandering about the streets after that is by no means an agreeable occupation; there are absolutely no lamps whatever, and the thoroughfares are so rocky and obstructed by filth and garbage that it is necessary to feel one's way very carefully, and to take servants carrying lights, the law as well as prudence making the latter precaution necessary. At ten o'clock a call is sounded on a trumpet, which means that all respectable citizens must be within doors; from that time the only sounds which break the silence of the night are the long-drawn cries of the watchmen, who pass the call at intervals, and the howls of the hyænas that prowl round the walls of the town.

It is the last evening of my stay, and I am sitting high up in the balcony of my quarters gazing across the city into the green country beyond. The air is full of the droning cries of the *muezzins* calling the people to prayer; and, looking across the roofs, I see many a white-robed figure turned towards Holy Mecca with bowed head and hands outstretched. '*Allahu akhbar*,' they cry ('God is the greatest'). 'I witness that there is no God but God. I witness that Mohammed is the Messenger of God. Come to prayer! Come to salvation! God is the greatest!' How strange that these simple and touching sentences should form the basis of a creed which has the power of turning men into devils and keeping nations in darkness and ignorance! Yet has not this been the case with all the religions? Have they not appeared full of noble sentiments and lofty aims, only to become later the vehicles of the worst passions of mankind? How many there are of them even to-day! They could scarcely be counted. May there not have been a message from the Supreme Being everywhere, though the pride and selfishness of man has since stepped in to mutilate or destroy it? Perhaps in that more perfect world which we are told is to be the reward of the orthodox righteous many shall meet and commingle who are now at bitter enmity. Let us hope that it may be so.

TONELLI'S GOLD.

CHAPTER III.

EIGHT weeks had gone by since the accidental meeting of Carlo Tonelli and his nephew. Much had been accomplished in the interim. Santi had visited Paris, Brussels, and Amsterdam, and in each of those cities he had managed to get rid of a thousand of his uncle's sovereigns by changing them into the notes of each country in turn, rechanging the latter into English notes after his return to London. Berlin was the next place to be visited by him, and after that Hamburg. London was reserved by Tonelli for the last venture of all.

Santi, who had considerable natural audacity, was by now quite as eager as his uncle to carry on the adventure, and he could not see why the latter need have decided to bring the affair to an end with the disposal of the sixth thousand of his sovereigns. As he argued, feasibly enough, by the time the early thousands began to change colour they would have been scattered broadcast, and mainly in driblets, over Europe, so that it would be impossible to trace them back to the hand that had first put them into circulation. But Tonelli could not be moved from his original determination. As soon as the sixth thousand of his coins should be disposed of he and Amata would vanish and be seen in England no more. Santi cursed him in his heart for an old fool, while accepting his decision with a smile and a shrug of seeming resignation.

Well might Santi feel desirous of prolonging his present mode of life till the last possible minute. Never before had Fortune smiled so graciously upon him. He was well and fashionably dressed at his uncle's cost, with an expensive fur-lined overcoat to keep him warm during the winter months; he was wearing a gold watch and chain; and if the two rings that adorned his fingers were paste, they had all the appearance of being worth twenty or thirty guineas apiece. When on one of his journeys he was now in a position to be welcomed as a guest at any of the hotels at which in bygone years he would have been glad to accept a post as *garçon*. Finally, there was his commission as agreed upon between himself and his uncle, which the latter had not failed scrupulously to pay him. Very sorry was he to think that an existence so pleasurable should be condemned to come to so speedy a close.

His uncle's words as they sat alone on the night of their coming together—'Amata would make thee a good wife'—had sunk into his mind and seemed as if written there in letters of flame. They had burnt into the texture of his being. Whether waking or sleeping, even when engaged with the special purpose that had taken him abroad, his thoughts were subconsciously coloured by them. What a superb creature she was! The joy of life seemed to glow in her veins. How was it possible to see her and be near her without falling passionately in love with her! For him, he told himself, it was not possible. Yes, he would make love to her, and try his utmost to win her for his wife.

And yet? But resolute men brush obstacles aside and go more resolutely on their way. In any case, Sorrento is a long way off, and is lost to the world save for a few tourists, birds of passage, who come and go during the weeks of early spring.

He was in love with his cousin by the time he got back from Paris, and when next he saw her and again came under the influence of her magnetic personality, his determination to win her, if it had had its wavering moments, had none from that day forward. He was a man quick in action when once resolved, and he lost no time in letting Amata see how badly he was bitten by love's tarantula. The girl was quick of apprehension, and she only needed to look into Stefano's eyes to gauge what was the matter with him. And then, almost without any volition of her own, her eyes began to answer him back; for, if he had thought much of her while in Paris, his image had dwelt persistently in her mind while he was away, and a very agreeable image she had found it to contemplate. Her heart had never yet been touched, but she was ripe for love; and when Santi, after being back in London a week, said to her, '*Carissima*, wilt thou be mine?' in no coy tones came her answer, 'Through life and in death I am thine, and thine only.' Then they kissed, and yet again, for the blood of the South ran warm in the veins of both.

When Tonelli was told he smiled approval, and said, '*Benissimo!* thy news brings gladness to my heart.'

Then for Amata began a week of gaiety before Santi took his departure for Brussels. The ordinary sights had heretofore been like a closed book to the Italian girl, for her father took her nowhere; but now she and her lover were out from early forenoon, winding up the day, after dining at a restaurant, at a theatre or music-hall. Amata felt that she had only just begun to live.

After Santi's return from Brussels there came another happy ten days before he started for Amsterdam. The same thing happened after his return from the latter city, and once more our pair of lovers had a good time.

Santi was very proud of his beautiful *fiancée* and of the admiration she excited wherever they went; but to Amata it seemed a matter of indifference how other people regarded her. At this period all she appeared to live for was her love for Stefano, which was of a depth and intensity which at times caused the volatile young Italian to feel indefinably uneasy. That he loved her after his fashion was undoubted, but it was after a fashion very different from hers. One day she said to him, 'Stefano, swear to me that thou wilt always—all thy life long—love me as much as at this moment.'

'*Carissima*, I swear it,' he answered lightly.

She breathed a sigh of full content. But a few moments later she said, 'Oh, if thou wert to change towards me, or try to deceive me in any way, it would be bad for thee! I am thine and thou art mine. Play me false, and thou wilt be sorry for it to thy dying day.'

Something in her tone caused him to turn his head and glance into her eyes. What he read there caused the colour to fade out of his cheeks for a little while.

He often wondered how much or how little Amata knew of her father's proceedings, and whether she had any cognisance of the nature of the business which on three separate occasions within the last few weeks had taken him (Santi) abroad. But seeing that neither by word nor hint had she betrayed the fact of any such knowledge on her part, he lacked the courage to question her about it; for, passionately as she confessed to loving him, he yet felt that there was between them a subtle barrier of reserve which he was expected not to try to break through. After all, he told himself, it was a matter of small moment to him how much or how little was known to her.

About nine o'clock on a certain midwinter evening, when Santi had been a couple of days gone on his Berlin expedition, Giuseppe Neri, one of the two men from whom Tonelli obtained his supply of counterfeit sovereigns, made his appearance at the shop. His coming had been expected, and the old Italian was waiting to receive him. At once the two passed into the inner room and the door was shut upon them. Amata remained in the shop, as she made a point of doing whenever Neri called upon her father.

A quarter of an hour passed, and then Neri emerged from the inner room, and with a smile and a '*Buon sera, signorina*,' addressed to Amata, he went his way. But by ten o'clock next morning he was back, and again he and Tonelli were closeted together.

When, after Neri's second departure, Amata went into the inner room, she found her father looking very pale and troubled. When she spoke to him he seemed not to hear her; but after a minute or two he said, 'A strange thing has happened, *cara*. It worries me because I cannot understand it. Listen. Last night I had to pay Neri a certain sum for work done by him for me. Well, I paid him with two notes out of the parcel Stefano brought me a fortnight since. This morning Neri came back with the notes. They are forgeries, and not they alone, but the whole of the batch, the face-value of which is between eight and nine hundred pounds. Yes, they are clever forgeries, very clever, as Neri, who was in the business some years ago, admits.'

Amata gave utterance to an exclamation of dismay. After staring at her father with clouded eyes for a few moments, she said, 'You don't, surely, suspect Stefano of having brought you the forged notes knowing them to be such?' She looked almost defiantly at him.

'I know not what to think. I'm unwilling to suspect the *giovanetto;* yet there's something

about the affair I fail to understand. When he brought the foreign notes back with him with the view of converting them here in London into English ones, his instructions were not to go to one money-changer only, but—as a matter of precaution—to four or five, and so break up the thousand pounds into several smaller sums. Now, had he done so, although he might have been imposed upon in one instance, it is not conceivable that he could have been in the case of four or five. As I have said, I don't know what to think.' He let his head drop with an air of extreme despondency.

'When Giuseppe Neri was here just now, after he had assured you that the notes brought you last were forged ones, did you not ask him to examine those brought you on two previous occasions by Stefano?'

'I did not fail to do so. He went carefully through them, and'——

'And proved them to be all genuine notes?' broke in the excited girl.

'That is what he vouched them as being.'

'I felt sure of it. Stefano has been imposed upon by a rogue. When he handed you the notes it was in the full belief that they were genuine ones. He may have done foolishly in not acting as you told him to do, but that he had any intention of defrauding you I will not believe.' Her beautiful eyes flashed; her bosom rose and fell quickly.

It did not seem to strike either Amata or her father that the business with which the latter and Santi were concerned was nothing less than a fraud from beginning to end. But possibly to them it did not seem such.

'With all my heart I hope it may turn out as thou sayest. But if when he comes back from Berlin he gives me for the second time a parcel of forged notes, I can only conclude that'——

'But he will not. I feel sure of it. Only wait—wait, and do not condemn him unheard.'

'Most certainly I will not do that. Is he not poor Lucia's son and thy promised husband? Still, I am puzzled—I am puzzled.'

Nothing more was said, but all that day Tonelli went about the house looking anxious and depressed. The money loss alone was a serious one; although that, of course, could be got over by putting into circulation a thousand more of his sovereigns than he had intended doing, provided Stefano were not a rogue and endeavouring to defraud him of set purpose. There was the rub.

He seemed in somewhat better spirits next day, and more like his customary self. No further word passed between him and Amata with reference to the subject which loomed so ominously in the thoughts of both. In the evening his old friend Benedetto Capponi looked in upon him, as he did twice or thrice a week, and the two smoked and played dominoes till the clock struck eleven.

It was a terrible shock to Amata next morning when, on taking her father an early cup of tea, she found him dead in bed. He had passed away in his sleep. There was no need for an inquest, a doctor whom he had occasionally consulted being able to certify that he had suffered from heart weakness for a considerable time—a fact which had been carefully kept from his daughter.

The only mourners to follow the body were Amata and Capponi; but, somewhat apart from the grave, the girl saw Neri standing with bared head.

As a young man, Benedetto Capponi had been a fiery revolutionary who had found it needful to choose between a prison at home and exile in a foreign land. He had sensibly chosen the latter, and although he had long been free to go back to Italy, he had never cared to do so. He was now one of the mildest-mannered old men it would have been possible to find anywhere. He had a small shop on the fringe of the Italian colony where he sold cheap jewellery and cleaned and repaired watches, clocks, and timepieces generally.

He now came to the help of Amata in the affliction that had befallen her. She was about to leave England, she told him. She had near relations whose home was at Sorrento, and she was going to them. She said nothing to him of her engagement to Santi, of whose existence he was probably unaware. So the old revolutionary took in hand the disposal of Tonelli's stock in trade, such as it was, and was very kind and useful in several ways.

Neri's wife came to stay with the lonely girl till Amata should have completed her arrangements. All she was now waiting for was her lover's return. He was not due back for another week, and never had the days seemed so leaden-footed as they did just then. Would the notes he would bring with him be genuine ones or forged? It was a burning question, and it gave her no rest by day or night; for, although she had stood up so boldly to her father in defence of Santi's honesty, there were times when she could not rid herself of a sickening fear that perhaps, after all, he might be acting a rogue's part to the man who had trusted him so implicitly, and to whom he owed so much. It may have been that, without her being aware of it, some subtle feminine instinct warned her that there might be hidden possibilities in Santi of which as yet she knew nothing. But, let that be as it might, her love for him was still as passionate and absorbing as ever it had been.

In losing her father Amata felt as if one of her limbs, and that not the least precious, had been lopped off. They had been devotedly attached to each other, and in those first days of her bereavement she found it hard to credit that he had gone from her for ever. More than once she started up from her chair, feeling sure that she heard him calling her. His unseen presence seemed to pervade the house.

At length there came a morning on which Amata said to herself as she opened her eyes, 'Only three days more and Stefano will be here!' At that moment her heart glowed and palpitated at the thought of their coming meeting, and the ugly shadow of mistrust which of late had haunted her had vanished like a mist in sunlight.

(To be continued.)

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF IRISH HUMOUR.

By A. Stodart Walker.

THERE is no more disputed point than the possession of humour by different nationalities. Sydney Smith's dictum that it took a surgical instrument to put a joke into the head of a Scotsman was once quoted in the hearing of Professor Blackie. 'Possibly,' said Blackie, 'an English joke.'

It is, indeed, a curious fact, and much more than a mere *tu quoque*, that most Scotsmen believe in their hearts that Englishmen have no real humour, although they grant them a certain form of mental fireworks which may be labelled 'wit.' But this issue need not be discussed here by a Scotsman who desires to put on record a few instances of the comedy of a nation that has seldom had its humour disputed.

Irish humour is invariably spontaneous and chiefly unconscious, or rather subconscious. An Irishman, indeed, is often most humorous when he wishes to be most serious, and almost invariably when he attempts to be rhetorical. Hence the vogue of the 'bull.' With this form of humour our literature is loaded, and may be supplemented by one which was heard by the present writer at a Nationalist meeting near Stewartstown in County Tyrone. As a peroration to a perfervid speech, an orator thus delivered himself: 'Looking back upon the trackless wastes of the future, I discern there the footprints of an unseen hand.'

Mr G. K. Chesterton once pronounced a homily on the comparative humour of the different English-speaking peoples, and took for his text the story of a member of the House of Commons who, after an impassioned speech, sat down upon his hat; whereupon an Irish member arose and congratulated him upon the fact that his head was not in the hat at the time. Mr Chesterton proceeded to imagine what an Englishman, a Scotsman, and an American might have said under a similar circumstance. The Englishman would probably have simply laughed uproariously or called out, 'Where did you get that hat?' The Scotsman, on the other hand, might have risen and said that it would have been more discreet if the honourable member had chosen somebody else's hat upon which to sit; while the American would have declared to his friends that the habit of sitting upon one's hat had become so usual that the lobbies of the House of Commons were crowded daily with hatters waiting for orders for new headpieces.

It is said that most Scottish stories refer either to theology or drink; and it may as safely be maintained that car-drivers and religion supply the maximum of the inventions of Irish humour. The jarvey is a never-ending source of 'bull' and repartee; even when he is not essentially humorous, he is always picturesque in his language. I remember the first time I landed in Ireland, some fifteen years ago, I gave the driver a fare that I thought would please him, and he immediately returned thanks in the following words: 'You are the finest man I have met for many a day, and when I meet my pals to-night I'll be the richest man among 'em.' I may add a sequel to this incident, for the man who is not averse to 'scoring off' his friends should not be unwilling to pass through a similar experience, with the laugh on the other side of the cheek; and this sequel was an example of the latter. I was relating this incident to some Irish friends, when one of them interrupted me by saying, 'You must have given him double his right fare. You mustn't spoil the market.' 'I gave him what I thought befitted the honour of Scotland,' I replied with a smile. 'That must have been saxpence,' was the retort. 'Or a bawbee,' said another.

Of 'jarvey' stories, the following may be worthy of record. One of these 'immortals' was driving a friend of mine on a very hot day between Dungannon and Maghery; and as the road was innocent of public-houses, the jarvey arrived in Dungannon in a sore state of drouth. He was supplied with half-a-mutchkin of whisky, and was asked how he liked the drink. 'Faith,' replied Pat, 'it's made another man of me, and he would like a drop too;' which reply has a Scottish analogue in the story of the man who was asked a similar question. 'Weel,' said the Scot, 'ye see, I dinna like to gi'e an opinion on ae gless.' There was a driver—Tim—whom I used to hire frequently in County Down. This man persistently appeared, like many of his *confrères*, in the veriest of rags. I never saw him with what appeared to be a fairly new garment on his back. At last, when we became on very friendly terms, I had the courage to ask him if he had ever been measured for a new suit of clothes. 'Well,' he replied, 'I'll tell ye a very remarkable fact; there's not a single tailor in Belfast can measure me, I'm that ticklish.'

I recall a story of Major Harry M'Clintock's which I have not seen printed in any journal. An Irish

jarvey and a Scottish farmer were having high words, when the latter said, 'Ye're a meeserable, half-starved gowk, and I'd caution ye to be warned by our graund Caledonian motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*. Can ye translate that?' 'Oh, aisily,' says Pat. 'The maining is, you've got something infectious'—these were not his exact words, but they will suffice—'and if I touch you I'll catch it;' which may be counted on the credit side of the Irishman, and which even went one better than the historic retort of the Scotsman, 'Ye may sit doon on the rose and the shamrock, but it's no' canny to sit doon on the thistle.'

Another story, which may be more familiar, affecting the mutual relations of Irishmen and Scotsmen. It was told me by a captain in the Dublin Fusiliers, who overheard it during the war in South Africa. A war correspondent was speaking to a Tommy of his regiment. 'The Dublins have been doing great things,' said the visitor to Mr Atkins. 'Well, ye see, sor, it's this way: for a time in the army it was all the Gordons, and now it's all the Dublins; and if ye have a reputation for getting up early ye may slape till dinner-time.'

Speaking of the war in South Africa, I may tell another story. I was shooting in the north of Ireland. Most of the keepers and beaters were Orangemen and supporters of the British cause; but there was one man who was a perfervid Nationalist and Roman Catholic, and his love for the Boers was synchronous with his hatred for the Orangemen. He was a very good-natured patriot, so I had no hesitation in 'pulling his leg.' 'I hear, Henry,' I said, 'you have two sons at the war.' 'Two sons at the war!' he cried. 'Bedad, that's not true. I wouldn't let any child of mine fight ag'in' the poor Boers.' 'Boers!' I echoed ingenuously. 'You mean the Orangemen.' 'Orangemen!' he cried. 'What do ye mane, sor?' 'Well,' I said, 'you see, they live in the Orange Free State and by the Orange River. Surely they must be Orangemen.' Henry threw up his arms in despair. 'Orangemen are they? Well, to —— with them!' Another instance of this prevalent ignorance and class-prejudice was shown in the case of a farmer in the county of Tyrone, who, whilst driving a donkey and cart, was accosted by a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary. 'Hallo, my good man!' said the constable; 'I see no name on your cart.' The man pointed to a name chalked on a panel of his small 'shay.' 'Oh, that won't do. Don't you know that the law says that your name must appear in Roman characters, legibly written?' The man exclaimed, 'Roman! Oh, to —— with Rome and the Pope!' using the common war-cry of the perfervid Orangeman.

The common use of this expression amongst all Orangemen reminds me of two stories which deserve to pass into print. They occurred in the experience of Dr M'Gettighan, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, and were told me by Lord Charlemont —than whom Ireland has produced no more brilliant *raconteur*—who, though a Protestant, was an intimate friend of the Archbishop. Dr M'Gettighan, it may be mentioned, was loved as much by the Protestants as by the members of his own Church. One day, when he was a priest in a small fishing-village in the north of Ireland, he was accosted by several of his parishioners, who informed him that a man had been cast ashore and was lying either dead or in an unconscious state on the beach. The priest hurried to the spot, and immediately flung off his coat and began the usual methods for restoring the apparently drowned. After a time his strenuous efforts met with success, and the man began to breathe. The priest continued his exertions, and shortly afterwards he was rewarded by hearing the man speak. The words came blurred and indistinct, but after a time were more intelligible. When Dr M'Gettighan realised that the man was conscious enough to hear him, he said, 'Your life is saved, my good man, and I think the first thing for you to do is to return thanks to God for your deliverance.' The only response was a few incoherent though evidently emphatic words, accompanied by a stubborn shaking of the head. 'Now, my good man, just try to say a short prayer.' The man, however, seemed loath to respond, and the priest continued to press him. 'Just a few words of gratitude—just a short prayer.' The man seemed to soften, and after a time muttered, 'A prayer—a prayer—it's a prayer, is it? Well, "To —— with the Pope!"' In telling the story Dr M'Gettighan remarked with a smile, 'I was in doubt as to his persuasion; but when I heard these words I realised he was not one of mine.' On another occasion he was driving home, when he saw a man, dressed in the full regalia of an Orangeman, lying in a ditch, in an evident state of intoxication. The drunkard's mouth was in a puddle, and ominous sounds indicative of breathing through water were heard. The priest jumped down from his car, and soon had the wretched man out of danger. He lay on the roadside spluttering and mumbling to himself, and giving vent to strange oaths. After a time he became more coherent, and opened his eyes. 'Who are you?' he asked of Dr M'Gettighan. 'Oh, I'm the village priest,' was the reply. 'The priest, are you? Then put me back!' He would rather be drowned than saved by the Roman Catholic Church.

Another very loving and striking personality in the Roman Catholic Church was the late Father Healy, one of the greatest wits Ireland has produced. Most of the stories connected with his name have been already published; but I may add one or two which were told me by one of his intimate friends. Father Healy was travelling in a train near Dublin, and as he sat in profound meditation in the corner of a first-class carriage, he suddenly became aware of a loud altercation on the platform of a small station at which the train had pulled up. After a time the carriage door was

opened, and a bedraggled woman, evidently not a first-class passenger, was hustled into the compartment. She collapsed on the seat opposite to Father Healy, and began to cry out, 'Oh, we'll niver get to Bray! I know we'll niver get to Bray!' As she continued in this strain, Father Healy leant forward and said, 'Pray, calm yourself, my good woman. You are disturbing the rest of the passengers.' 'Oh, we'll niver get to Bray; not on this side of the grave will we get to Bray!' went on the excited woman. 'Of course we will get there. Bray is the next station,' Father Healy assured her. 'Oh no, we'll niver get to Bray!' retorted the disturber of the peace. As the woman was not to be convinced, Father Healy asked her why she thought they would never get to their destination. 'Well, ye see, Father,' she cried, 'it's me brother Mick that's driving the train, and he's had a drop, and when he's got the liquor in him he'll stop at nothing.' 'I assure you,' said Father Healy, 'from that moment my confidence seemed sadly shaken, and I fancied it possible we should not get to Bray.' On another occasion he was sitting in a railway carriage reading, when he was interrupted by a query from a passenger opposite, 'Is that your missal you're reading?' 'It is,' replied the priest. 'And I suppose you believe in purgatory?' said another passenger. 'We are taught to believe in it in our faith,' cautiously retorted Father Healy. 'Bedad, there's no such thing,' said another—'no such thing at all; it's only an invention of the Pope's.' When the train stopped at the next station Father Healy rose. 'I have the honour,' he said, 'to wish you good-day; and as you do not believe in purgatory, I may politely tell you to go to another place.'

Father Healy once made a call upon a friend of mine, whom he found writing in his library. 'Ah, here you find me amongst my best friends,' said my friend, with a movement of his hand indicating the volumes around him. Father Healy took out one of the books at random and found the leaves uncut. 'And it's a perfect gentleman you are,' he said, 'for you don't cut your friends.'

My last Church story refers to the case of a parish clerk who had been newly appointed to a church in the district where I often reside. He was a self-centred, self-opinionated, superior kind of individual, who, despite his Irish blood and humble Irish origin, affected a pronunciation which he fondly imagined to be very high English. One day, in responding to the Litany, he simpered out, 'Spear us, good Lord!' when one of the congregation whispered to his neighbour, 'Oh, blur-an-agers! does he take us for eels?'

A man who had a well-earned reputation as a wit was the late Lord Morris, whom I used to meet on occasions. As in the case of Father Healy, the best stories associated with his name have appeared in print, amongst which is the one dealing with the occasion when he conducted his first criminal trial. 'When I took my seat on the Bench,' he said, 'I thus addressed the jurymen: "Gentlemen of the jury, kindly take your usual places in the court;" and, bedad, half of them made their way to the dock.' At another time he thus addressed a couple of Fenians upon whom it was his duty to pass sentence: 'You are always crying, "God save Ireland!" and you are doing all in your power to make it impossible for Him to do so.'

Mr Baillie-Gage, described by Lord Randolph Churchill as one of the most brilliant wits in Dublin, told me that on one occasion Lord Morris paid a visit to the Land Commission. Lord Morris's views on the proceedings of that body were those of the majority of the political party to which he belonged. To give point to the story, I may say that the previous evening had witnessed the last performance of the Dublin pantomime. On seeing Morris enter the room the chairman thus addressed him: 'We don't often have the pleasure of seeing you here, my lord.' 'No,' replied Morris; 'but I wanted amusement, and the *other* pantomime is closed.'

Lord Morris dined with Lord Aberdeen shortly after the latter came to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant under Gladstone's Home Rule Government. 'I suppose there are many Home Rulers present to-night besides myself?' said Lord Aberdeen to Morris. 'Possibly,' replied the latter, 'amongst the waiters.'

A FORMAL GARDEN.

You lift the latch. A green gate opens in
The hedge of yew,
Which, close-clipped, shields the sanctities within
From outer view.

You pass into a world serene and prim
Of man's device,
With terraced walks, broad lawns, and alleys trim,
Ordered, precise.

The paths are edged with box, and here and there,
Set two by two,
Grave poplars rise with spires proportioned fair
Against the blue.

It is a garden where a man may spend
Long hours alone;
A book in hand, and, at a pathway's end,
A bench of stone.

Near by, a plash and tinkle takes the ear,
Where bravely stands
A marble Cupid pouring water clear
With baby hands.

And all about is that inclusion still,
Severe and rare,
One finds in such a garden-close at will,
And only there.

Such is my garden. Others praise the sight
Of flowers profuse;
For me, the spread of lawn, a statue white,
Dark sheltering yews.

F. W. SAUNDERSON.

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THE LIMITATIONS OF A MONARCHY.

By Henry Leach.

QUEEN VICTORIA had an imperious way. In many respects she was a Queen of queens. The ideal state of the limited monarchy at which we have at present arrived, and which from our point of view constitutes the most perfect and steadiest form of government, was slowly cultivated to something like maturity during the long reign of her Majesty, when the processes were enabled to work on smoothly and without any violent interruption, such as a change in reign sometimes brings about, for over sixty years. In the development of this ideal the Queen herself, without any doubt, played a most valuable and important part. With monarchs of other dispositions and ability such a development in the circumstances of the time might have been difficult or impossible. Yet it has to be remembered that the Queen's own ideas as to the limitation of the monarchy were not altogether shaped towards the ideal which was ultimately reached; and one may be permitted to imagine that she may at times have considered that her queenship was in some respects something of a failure. At the outset of her reign she wished to be every inch a Queen, a most thorough Queen in being. She took over the monarchical control of a people who for a long time previously had been not infrequently disposed to ask themselves whether there was any good in monarchies. For more or less good reason, thrones just then were not held in the highest esteem. And here came to the throne of England a young girl still in her teens, who was fancied to have some idea of effecting a considerable personal rule; so that many of these critics of the system of kings and queens were then inclined to suggest that there was some good in the Salic Law. It was a situation that contained some features of anxiety; and once or twice in the early period of her reign situations arose through the Queen insisting on a very high standard of monarchical authority which were not devoid of elements of danger. For practically the whole of that reign there was a gentle, tactful contest between the Queen struggling for a little more personal power and her Ministers seeking the curtailment of it. The victory was generally with the Ministers, as it was bound to be; but if we were to believe half the stories that we heard, there were many occasions, even in the latest years of her magnificent reign, when the Queen asserted her power to the utmost limits of its extent in interference with matters of State of the first degree of importance. What was the exact truth in these cases the general public will not be permitted to know for many years yet, not in authentic detail at all events; but by the publication of *The Letters of Queen Victoria, 1837–1861* (Murray), we are given a deeply interesting insight into the process of some limitations of the monarchy during the most important period.

Here we see a Queen of remarkable strength of mind and character, imbued with lofty ideals of her country's integrity and greatness, and convinced, not without reason, of her own wisdom and truth, pitting herself constantly against the strength of her Ministers, and the Ministers of that period were generally men of fine force of character. This, of course, is not to suggest that the Queen had not the utmost respect for the letter of the constitution and for the spirit of its establishment as it was felt in the era in which she lived and governed. At times, however, her conception of that feeling was not the same as that of her Ministers, and the value of the variations was inevitably enhanced by the fact of her sex. In the long-run the Queen's strength and the very differences no doubt made for the good of the country, and from the point of view of the best success one cannot doubt that this Queen was for her time. Yet one is given to a fancy as to what she might have attempted and what she could possibly have achieved if she had reigned in another and earlier period, when the monarchy counted for more and when her personality and spirit would have had wider scope. If Victoria had been substituted for Mary or Elizabeth, or if she had been a Stuart Queen, what then?

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The influences upon her in those few important years of her girlhood before she was called to the throne, and then the ways of Lord Melbourne, did everything to stiffen her view of a superior queenly power and her intention to assert it.

The character of Lord Melbourne was sufficiently well understood before these letters were published; but they do emphasise very remarkably the excessive amiability on the one hand, and the frequent unstatesman-like weakness and incapacity on the other, of the Queen's favourite Minister during the early period of her reign. The friendship between Queen and Minister grew until it was of the most affectionate character, when we find communications on important matters of State constantly including inquiries and remarks upon details of personal and family affairs. All his faults being recognised, it has still been frequently conceded that Melbourne was of great value to both the Queen and the country in properly directing her at the outset of her reign; but the opinion will be slightly modified now. In the enthusiasm of his devotion and service to his Sovereign he went too far. Clever, judicious, tactful, and with a mind accurately balanced far beyond her years, the Queen was after all but a young girl who needed the most careful direction. But Melbourne seemed determined to please her at all costs, even sometimes to the point of straining the spirit of the constitution. Thus not only did he make mistakes, but he led the Queen into them, and in at least one case she recognised in after-years that such a mistake had been made, the consequences of which were somewhat serious at the time, and might have been much more so. This was the historic case of the differences between the Queen and an incoming Ministry concerning the proposed changes in the Ladies of the Household. In the secret correspondence, criticising Ministers and advising her Majesty when he himself was no longer in office, that he kept up despite strong protests that were made, he was really almost wickedly wrong. The entire tendency of his influence was to magnify the sense of sovereign power in the mind of the young girl Queen. At this critical period of the monarchy—and nobody can deny that until the birth of the Prince of Wales it was critical—he would have lessened some of its limits, and he certainly prepared a great deal of trouble for succeeding Ministers who had to insist on the proper order of things. It is infinitely to the credit of her Majesty that in the long-run she had more good common-sense than this weak, amiable Melbourne, and afterwards suffered less from a faulty initiation to her duties as Sovereign than the great majority of other women, even clever women, would have done. Thus, on the whole, one cannot help feeling that it would have been far better if Peel and not Melbourne had been in power when she came to the throne. The grand result and excellence of her queenship could, indeed, not have been better, but the order of things would have been more regular and certain, and less would have been left to depend on the superior wisdom and judgment of the Sovereign.

Now look at some of these letters, and first of all consider some points connected with those difficulties that arose about the Queen's Ladies. This happened after her Majesty had had two years' official association with Melbourne. The Melbourne Government found itself obliged to retire, and how this threatened loss of her faithful friend and adviser affected her Majesty can best be understood from reading the letter which she sent to him the day after she had the news. It was as follows:

'BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 8*th May* 1839.

'The Queen thinks Lord Melbourne may possibly wish to know how she is this morning. She was in a wretched state till nine o'clock last night, when she tried to occupy herself and tried to think less gloomily of this dreadful change, and she succeeded in calming herself till she went to bed at twelve, and she slept well; but on waking this morning, all—all that had happened in one short eventful day came most forcibly to her mind, and brought back her grief. The Queen, however, feels better now; but she couldn't touch a morsel of food last night, nor can she this morning. The Queen trusts Lord Melbourne slept well, and is well this morning; and that he will come precisely at eleven o'clock.' . . .

Melbourne answered with a very proper kind of letter, in which he said that it was necessary for her Majesty to be 'prudent and firm.' The Queen immediately consulted in turn both Wellington and Peel about the formation of a new Ministry, and sent a full account of her conferences with them post-haste to Melbourne. She told him that she had raised the question of the constitution of her Household in her conversation with the Duke, who had wisely advised her not to begin with questions of that kind, but to wait until the matter was proposed. She told the Duke also that she meant to tell the new Government that she intended to see Melbourne often 'as a friend,' so that they might know there was no unfair dealing. The Duke assented. To Peel, when he in turn came, she said the same thing; but Peel intimated that he would require her to demonstrate confidence in the Government, and that the Household would be one of the marks of that. Continuing this letter to Melbourne, her Majesty said: 'He [Peel] is such a cold, odd man she [the Queen] can't make out what he means. He said he couldn't expect me to have the confidence in him I had in you (and which he never can have), as he has not deserved it. My impression is, he is not happy and sanguine. He comes to me to-morrow at one to report progress in his formation of the new Government. The Queen don't like his manner after—oh! how different, how dreadfully different, to that frank, open, natural, and most kind, warm manner of Lord Melbourne. The Duke I like far better to Peel. The Queen trusts Lord Melbourne will excuse this long letter, but she was

so very anxious he should know all. The Queen was very much collected, and betrayed no agitation during these two trying Audiences. But afterwards again all gave way. She feels Lord Melbourne will understand it, amongst enemies to those she most relied on and esteemed, and people who seem to have no heart; but what is worst of all is the being deprived of seeing Lord Melbourne as she used to do.' Melbourne again answered with excellent advice, suggesting that in the matter of the Household, after holding out as far as possible, she should if necessary give way to Peel's desires.

These desires had not so far been formulated. The position was this, that Melbourne had made the mistake in recommending to the Queen as members of her first Household ladies who were nearly related to himself and his Whig colleagues. Doubtless he did so for the soundest reasons, knowing these ladies better than others, and having the fullest confidence in them; but he overlooked the probability that the young monarch would form strong attachments to those ladies who were in her service first, and that if the appointments were not in the first place made under the influence of party spirit, yet the Whig tendencies of the ladies were likely to affect the Queen in the direction of allying her closely with that party, and that the case would become very difficult on the formation of a Ministry by another party, who would most naturally desire a change in the constitution of the Household. After first hinting to the Queen that it would be wise for her to defer to any wishes that Peel might express in the matter, the retiring Minister in his amiability seems to have reconsidered the question and endeavoured to accommodate himself more to the Queen's desires, though he knew they were impolitic and in a manner dangerous. Thus, writing another letter to her again the next day, he ignores the essential point as just explained, and speciously explains how Households were not changed on the occasion of the formation of other Ministries, and then says: 'They [Peel and his colleagues] press upon your Majesty, whose personal feelings ought from your circumstances to be more consulted, a measure which no Minister before ever pressed upon a Sovereign. If this is put to him by your Majesty, Lord Melbourne does not see how he can resist it.'

This was just what he ought not to have written. It was what the Queen wanted, and on getting it she set her teeth, and at nineteen years of age bade defiance to the soundest statesmen in the realm, not merely impeded but absolutely prevented the formation of a new Government, and brought about a crisis that had in it many features of danger. Both she and Melbourne probably discerned the immediate return of the latter to power as the result of Peel's determination and withdrawal. On the same day that Melbourne wrote this letter to her she wrote to him thus: 'The Queen writes one line to prepare Lord Melbourne for what may happen in a very few hours. Sir Robert Peel has behaved very ill, and has insisted upon my giving up my Ladies, to which I replied that I never would consent, and I never saw a man so frightened. He said he must go to the Duke of Wellington and consult with him, when both would return, and he said this must suspend all further proceedings, and he asked whether I should be ready to receive a decision, which I said I should; he was quite perturbed—but this is infamous. . . . I was calm but very decided, and I think you would have been pleased to see my composure and great firmness; the Queen of England will not submit to such trickery. Keep yourself in readiness, for you may soon be wanted.'

Various other letters passed between the Queen and Melbourne that day. Melbourne apparently became frightened at the turn that things were taking, and wrote that he 'never advised your Majesty as to what was to be done in such a case.' In her private journal the Queen wrote an account of the day's proceedings, including her interviews with Peel and Wellington. Peel said he only desired the removal of the Mistress of the Robes and the Ladies of the Bedchamber; to which her Majesty replied that they were of more consequence than the others, and she could never consent, and that furthermore it had never been done before. 'He said I was a Queen Regnant, and that made the difference. "Not here," I said, and I maintained my right. Sir Robert then urged it upon public grounds only, but I said here I could not consent.' The upshot was that Peel consulted his colleagues, and then informed the Queen that they had agreed unanimously that they 'could not possibly go on.' Melbourne thereupon advised her Majesty to return the following answer to him: 'The Queen, having considered the proposal made to her yesterday by Sir Robert Peel to remove the Ladies of the Bedchamber, cannot consent to adopt a course which she conceives to be contrary to usage, and which is repugnant to her feelings;' and her Majesty at once sent that message to Peel word for word, afterwards writing to Melbourne that 'the Queen was fully prepared, and fully intended to give these people a fair trial, though she always told Lord Melbourne she knew they couldn't stand; and she must rejoice at having got out of the hands of people who would have sacrificed every personal feeling and instinct of the Queen's to their bad party purposes. How is Lord Melbourne this morning?' Melbourne, of course, was re-established in power, but some of his chief supporters were alarmed at these happenings.

Thereafter the relations between the Queen and Melbourne were more cordial than ever. On 11th May she begins a letter with, 'The Queen is very anxious to hear that Lord Melbourne has not suffered from the ball last night, as it was very hot at first;' and on 12th May another one with, 'The Queen anxiously hopes Lord Melbourne is quite well this morning, and has not suffered from the dinner at Pozzo's.' Again: 'The Queen is really

quite shocked to see that her box was taken to Lord Melbourne to Park Lane, and she fears (by the manner in which Lord Melbourne's note is written) that he was at dinner at Lady Elizabeth H. Vere's when he got it. The Queen had imagined that the House of Lords was still sitting, and therefore desired them to take the box there, but never had intended it should follow him to dinner; she begs Lord Melbourne to excuse this mistake which must have appeared so strange. Did the dinner go off well at Lady Elizabeth H. Vere's, and were there many people there? Did Lord Melbourne go to Lady R. Grosvenor's party, or did he go home? The Queen hopes Lord Melbourne is quite well and not tired.' When Lord Melbourne did go out of office in 1841, the Queen ended a long letter to him in this strain: 'What the Queen felt when she parted from her dear, kind friend, Lord Melbourne, is better imagined than described; she was dreadfully affected for some time after, but is calm now. It is very, very sad; and she cannot quite believe it yet. The Prince [Consort] felt it very, very much too, and really the Queen cannot say how kind and affectionate he is to her, and how anxious to do everything to lighten this heavy trial; he was quite affected at this sad parting. We do, and shall, miss you so dreadfully; Lord Melbourne will easily understand what a change it is, after these four years when she had the happiness of having Lord Melbourne always about her. But it will not be so long till we meet again. Happier and brighter times will come again. We anxiously hope Lord Melbourne is well, and got up well and safe. The Queen trusts he will take care of his valuable health, now more than ever.'

Thereafter the wise influence of the Prince Consort began to be felt, and her Majesty soon got over her early antipathy to Peel, whom the Prince so greatly esteemed, and began to appreciate his excellent qualities. Melbourne, of course, never returned to office; but this was far from being the end of him and the difficulties for which he was directly or indirectly responsible. Soon after his retirement the Queen invited him to visit her at Windsor. Melbourne asked the Prince for his views about this, and the Prince sent for Stockmar, who made a memorandum which the Prince's private secretary, Mr Anson, was to take to Melbourne and read aloud to him. This memorandum suggested that while Peel was engaged in the difficult task of making his confidence with the Queen he ought not to be handicapped by any such unfair influences as this might be. Anson was given further arguments with which he was to accompany the reading of the memorandum, one of them having regard to a speech Melbourne had just delivered in the Lords which made the desirability of such an interview with the Queen at that juncture still less. We are told that 'Melbourne, who was then sitting on a sofa, rushed up upon this, and went up and down the room in a violent frenzy, exclaiming, "God eternally d—n it!" &c. "Flesh and blood cannot stand this. I only spoke upon the defensive, which Ripon's speech at the beginning of the session rendered quite necessary. I cannot be expected to give up my position in the country; neither do I think that it is to the Queen's interest that I should."' Anson told him plainly that the principal evil to be dreaded from the continuance of Lord Melbourne's influence was, according to Stockmar's opinion, that, so long as the Queen felt that she could resort to Lord Melbourne for his advice she never would be disposed (from not feeling the necessity) to place any real confidence in the advice she received from Peel.

But in spite of all protests Melbourne continued his correspondence with the Queen upon political affairs. Peel heard of it, and he said to Stockmar, 'On this I must insist, and I do assure you that that moment I was to learn that the Queen takes advice upon public matters in another place I shall throw up; for such a thing, I conceive, the country could not stand, and I would not remain an hour whatever the consequences of my resignation may be.' Moreover, about the same time it had been said to Stockmar publicly in a drawing-room, 'Don't you believe that Lord Melbourne has lost his influence over the Queen's mind; he daily writes to her, and receives as many answers, in which she communicates everything to him.' Stockmar thereupon resolved to take immediate action. About a month previously he had had a long conversation with Melbourne, in which he strongly advised him to tell the Queen that the correspondence between them must cease. He said that, as he (Stockmar) read the English constitution, it meant to assign to the Sovereign in his functions a deliberative part, that he was not sure the Queen had the means within herself to execute the deliberative part properly, but was sure that the only way for her to execute her functions at all was to be strictly honest to those men who at the time being were her Ministers. He added: 'It was chiefly on this account that I had been so very sorry to have found now, on my return from the Continent, that on the change of the Ministry a capital opportunity to read a great constitutional maxim to the Queen had not only been lost by Lord Melbourne, but that he had himself turned an instrument for working great good into an instrument which must produce mischief and danger.'

Now, after the drawing-room incident, and hearing what Peel had said, Stockmar wrote to Melbourne a long letter telling him very plainly what the situation was, and what was its danger. He practically put him upon his honour to cease an intrigue which was fraught with the utmost danger both to the Queen and the State. 'If ill-luck is to have its will,' he wrote, 'no human power can prevent an explosion for a day, or even for an hour. . . . What state will the Queen be placed in by such a catastrophe? That, in my position, portraying to myself all the consequences of such a possibility, I look chiefly to the Queen, needs

hardly, I trust, an excuse. . . . Can you hope that the Queen's character will ever recover from such a shock received by a collision with Peel, upon such a cause?' It only remains to be said that Melbourne after all did not cut himself off from this correspondence. It was kept up regularly for a long time; but after a little while, with the Queen gaining confidence in Peel, it gradually lost much of its political complexion and force, and assumed a mere personal and domestic aspect. This was by far the most serious episode of the kind in the Queen's reign, and at this time of day it is not easy to appreciate it at its full value. Towards the end of his life, when Lord Melbourne wrote to the Queen lamenting his poverty—which was not at all so bad as he thought it to be—she lent him considerable sums of money.

It might not be inappropriate to make a quick glance forward and quote very briefly from two other items of correspondence. In 1850 Lord Palmerston wrote to Lord John Russell: 'Is not the Queen requiring that I should be Minister, not indeed for Austria, Russia, or France, but for the Germanic Confederation?' This was *à propos* of Palmerston's anti-German attitude in regard to the Schleswig-Holstein case. On Lord John informing the Queen of Palmerston's view of things, she said in the course of her reply: 'The Queen does not wish her Minister to be Minister for Germany, but merely to treat that country with the same consideration which is due to every country on whose interests we mean to decide.' Some of her Majesty's correspondence with Palmerston is marked by a quite remarkable severity. Once in 1850 Palmerston had not made an alteration in a certain draft when he should have done so. She wrote to him: 'The Queen must remark upon this sort of proceeding of which this is not the first instance, and plainly tell Lord Palmerston that this must not happen again. Lord Palmerston has a perfect right to state to the Queen his reasons for disagreeing with her views, and will always have found her ready to listen to his reasons; but she cannot allow a servant of the Crown and her Minister to act contrary to her orders, and this without her knowledge.' Palmerston used to explain, Lord John Russell would intercede, and then the Queen would write to Lord John and complain strongly of the methods of his colleague. Thus Lord John in reply: 'Lord John Russell cannot but assent to your Majesty's right to claim every consideration on the part of your Majesty's Ministers. He will take care to attend to this subject, and is much concerned to find that your Majesty has so frequently occasion to complain of Lord Palmerston's want of attention.' Of course Palmerston had to be moved eventually, and the Queen was delighted beyond measure.

And this to finish with: 'As to the right of the Crown to declare war and make peace, it requires not a word of remark; yet Lord Stanley agrees to Mr Gladstone's proposal to make over this prerogative with regard to Indian questions to Parliament under the auspices of the Queen's Government; she is thus placed in a position of less authority than the President of the American Republic.' That was by the Queen in 1858 in a letter to Lord Derby.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XIV.—ON THE QUEST.

JEAN'S first business in Paris was to find out in which of its sixty prisons madame and Denise were, and day after day went by in fruitless search. All the usual means of help had broken down. Lord Gower, the English ambassador, had left Paris without waiting for passports. What diplomatic relations could be kept up with a king who had disappeared behind the doors of the National Assembly, leaving his guards to be massacred and his palace to be plundered? England was served ill at that moment by its secret agents, and those whom Jean approached were either afraid for themselves or jealous of him; they could—or would—give him no help.

Here was a Revolution not yet crystallised into a Government. It represented only an outbreak of distracted passion. The Assembly was under sentence of death; the Convention was not yet born. The one visible governing force was the Commune. Danton was Minister of Justice—if 'justice,' indeed, survived in the storm-shaken atmosphere of the distracted city. The terrible Committee of Public Safety, with Marat preaching massacre as its 'conscience,' had not yet emerged.

Paris was a distracted cave of the winds, of winds blowing from very black depths. Black anger was fermenting in every street, with terror for twin-sister. And there is no other human passion so cruel as terror.

The fear shaking all the nerves of Paris—that city of nerves—at the moment seemed, it must be confessed, to have some reason for its existence. The city, so to speak, was on tiptoes listening for the sound of hostile guns beyond the horizon; the guns of the Prussians at Longwy, of the Austrians at Thionville, or of Brunswick (with an army of seventy thousand, it was even whispered of twice that number) marching through the Argonne Passes on Paris. France was girdled with fire. Vendée was rising. In Paris itself, as terror whispered, there were thirty thousand aristocrats not yet in prison.

The gay, guilty, passion-torn city felt itself hurrying on to some dark and unguessed fate. The very air seemed shaken with strange sounds. It tells the mad nature of the times to remember that if the representatives of the sections set the blade of the guillotine moving fast, their own necks in turn went beneath its stroke. Of the hundred and forty-four members of the first Commune, no less than ninety-six—or two out of every three—perished by the guillotine. The Revolution devoured its offspring quickly in those days.

Amid these wild scenes and the play of these strange forces Jean wandered with a sense of helplessness. He watched from the pavement the doors of the Hôtel de Ville, and tried to recognise the figures that passed in and out, for all authority at the moment was in their hands. He saw there, once, the dark face of Duclos, looking more darkly mysterious than ever. Lepitre, too, with a tricoloured sash round his waist—he recognised him by his goggle eyes. Jean had a kindly feeling for his old teacher, but he knew Lepitre was not to be trusted.

The third day, however, Jean saw Toulan, with official scarf and an air of authority, coming down the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. He liked the talkative and impulsive Southerner in spite of his restless eyes. His temper was daring. He had no concealments. He might refuse to help, but he would not betray. Jean made inquiries, and found that Toulan had given up his shop and become an active member of the Jacobin Club, where his fearless temper gave him great influence. He had been elected a member of the Commune, and was one of the leaders in the attack on the Tuileries. He had an office in a narrow and winding lane near the Hôtel de Ville.

Jean watched outside this office one morning till Toulan emerged, then, following him, touched him on the shoulder. Toulan swung sharply round, almost as if the touch of Jean's finger had been the prick of a sword, for French nerves were sensitive in such times. His quick eyes ran swiftly over Jean's face and figure.

'The Englander!' he cried.

Jean nodded, with a smile, in answer.

'What are you doing here?' asked Toulan suspiciously.

'Not conspiring against the Commune,' Jean replied with a laugh.

Toulan had been scrutinising him. 'No; you are honest; you always were honest. You have not brains enough for a conspirator,' he added with a laugh, for Jean's face wore once more its mask of dullness.

'Madame,' said Jean, by way of explanation, 'has been arrested.'

'And does that distress you? She was no friend of yours. She was always a Girondist, and she was accused of meddling with Royalist plots. The Republic must strike its foes.'

'But Denise,' said Jean quietly—'she, too, is arrested. Does the Republic make war on children?'

'No,' said Toulan with a curse. 'That little one! What fool sent her to prison?'

Toulan was, in his hot, Southern fashion, keenly sympathetic. He trusted Jean, and readily undertook to find out in which of the prisons madame lay.

'She is in the Abbaye,' he told Jean when they met next day. 'Your old enemy M. Duclos turned against her when her money was gone, and betrayed her.'

Toulan shook his head decisively when Jean asked if he could obtain an order to see madame. The days of careless guard and of easy access to the *detenus* were gone. Every prison-door in Paris was guarded at that moment by stronger bars than iron. Suspicion and hate kept watch there, and darker shapes than even these. If Jean applied for an order to visit madame the application would be taken for a proof of sympathy, and he would himself be promptly arrested.

Toulan, however, was willing to help Jean as far as possible. He supplied him with a civic card—of red, as an inhabitant of Paris; not of white, as a stranger—which any patrol might require him to produce, and without which he could sleep in safety under no roof in the city. Toulan warned him, too, that on an afternoon which he named every house in Paris was to be searched. All citizens were required to be within doors till the officers examined the rooms in each house. A net with meshes so fine that no fugitive could escape was to be flung over the whole city. But Toulan explained that as he was himself to conduct the search in the quartier where Jean lodged he would be safe.

Paris has seen strange sights, but not many stranger than it saw that afternoon. All traffic ceased; the streets were silent and empty. The population of a whole city sat under its roofs waiting inspection.

Jean sat in his room till, with sharp rattle of drum and tramp of feet, the search-party came down the street, examining each house in turn. Presently the searchers came to the room where he sat. Toulan was at their head.

'I know this citizen,' he said in a peremptory voice, 'and will answer for him;' and the searchers went on their way.

Jean's problem was how to communicate with the prisoners in the Abbaye, and over this puzzle he meditated for days. He trod the filthy pavements in its neighbourhood till he grew footsore. He hung round its gate watching—with eyes sometimes dim with pity, but more often keen with anger—the little groups of 'suspects,' haggard men and pale-faced women, being hurried in, till he began to wonder when the sad procession would end. But no chance of communicating with madame and Denise offered itself, and more than one rough chal-

lenge showed Jean he was beginning to attract suspicion to himself.

At last there shone a gleam of hope. Watching outside the great prison one morning, Jean saw an official coming through the gates. It was a shambling figure, with legs disproportionately short. In the rodent-like face, with its pointed chin and eyes set close together, and generally furtive air, there was something familiar. A second glance showed Jean that it was his old acquaintance the Rat.

Jean followed him along till a quiet part of the street was reached; then, quickening his steps, he whispered in the Rat's ear the once familiar password of his band. The Rat swung round, and as his ferret eyes dwelt on Jean's face there broke out in them a light of gladness and even of affection.

'*L'Anglais!*' he cried.

'Yes,' said Jean with a laugh. 'And what has become of the Rats?'

They had, it seemed, broken up. Their leader explained he had taken to politics, and the lessons he had learned in the forays and stratagems of the Rats had served him well in this new field. He was, he proudly said, one of the more important officers in the great prison.

'Madame is there?' asked Jean eagerly.

'Yes, she is there; but you would not know her. Her hair has turned white. She is ill. I think she's dying.'

'And Denise?' asked Jean with a beating heart.

'Ah, the brave little one!' said the Rat. 'She takes care of her mother.'

When Jean suggested that he might obtain access to the prison the Rat shook his head energetically. No visit to the prison was possible for Jean except as a prisoner. He knew his influence over the Rat, and exerted it to the utmost, but in vain. He would carry a note to Denise, but it must bear neither name nor address. He would permit Jean only to write a few impersonal and colourless syllables that could arouse no suspicion.

Jean wrote the letter with the hope that Denise's quick wit would guess from whom it came; but he was struck with the Rat's disquiet as he talked of the prison, and it left on Jean's mind the sense that some tragedy was gathering over the gloomy building and the prisoners within its walls.

(To be continued.)

A CHAT ABOUT DREAMS.

By Dr Andrew Wilson.

THE subject of dreams forms a never-ending attraction both to scientific minds and to the lay public. The man of science studies dreaming from the point of view of the brain-expert, and has regard to the possible explanation to be drawn from physiology respecting the origin of the visions of the night. The public attitude towards dreams varies. In some cases they are still treated as harbingers of fortune or of disaster as the case may be; in others they are simply dismissed, without the arousing of curiosity, as brain-vagaries undeserving of notice.

We may readily understand why a large accumulation of superstition should still envelop the dream in the eyes of many persons. From the earliest periods of human development dreams have entered more or less intimately into man's conceptions of religion, and they have afforded ground for beliefs regarding a future state, and concerning even man's own personality, such as moulded in no small degree the attitude of nations towards the powers to which they attributed the governance of the universe at large. The North American Indian, who believes that in his dreams his spirit leaves his body and wanders forth at will, returning to his frame when his repose ends, illustrates one phase of the influence of the dream on man's personality. Dreams as portents and omens have figured all throughout history, sacred and profane. The coming event which casts its shadow before is perhaps better typified by the dream than by any other phase of life. There is a link to be clearly perceived, striking as the thought may be, between the auguries of old founded on the visions of sleep and the servant-maid who in order to read the supposed meaning of her disturbed slumbers purchases and studies a penny 'dream-book.'

It is true we can only regard the dream, scientifically considered, from a distance, as it were. We are unable to determine the exact causation of dreaming in so far as the mechanism of the brain responsible for its evolution is concerned. But a knowledge of the general details of brain-work leaves us in little doubt concerning the mode in which dreams are produced, and any study of the subject, to be satisfactory at all, must take cognisance of the details in question. The constitution of the brain, briefly regarded, forms the starting-point of all discussion here. We have first of all to take into account that the brain is not a single organ. On the contrary, it is a congeries of 'centres,' to use a familiar term, each centre composed of brain-cells, and these cells representing the governing units of our frame. Now, brain-cells, and necessarily the centres they serve to form, are not by any means of equal value or importance in the work of bodily regulation. We have higher and lower centres, some representing, for example, the instruments of thought and intellect, others

deputed to discharge inferior, if necessary, duties, such as the stimulation of muscles to action or the control of the bodily processes and actions—such as the beating of the heart and breathing—on the due continuance of which life itself depends. Intermediate between these groups of centres we have others whose mission it is to receive the messages which eyes and ears and other sensory organs convey to us from the outer world. The principle of the division of labour is thus perfectly represented in the brain and its working; certain groups of cells, in other words, being set apart for the performance of special duties. Beyond this general statement of the constitution of the brain, we may proceed somewhat further. When we come to consider the higher centres of the brain we note again a difference in the cells whereof these centres are composed. It is, at least, an inference warranted by all we know of brain-action that among the higher centres there are some cells of supreme importance and others to which an inferior position must be assigned in respect of the work they perform. We see this fact demonstrated in the case of many familiar actions. For example, automatic acts or those we perform in the absence of any distinct manifestation of the higher consciousness are common enough. Reading and writing, which involve close attention at the beginning of life when education commences, and which keep the child's attention closely engaged, become in time purely automatic acts. In early life we have to consider the shape of each letter, its sound, and also the significance and spelling of every syllable. The child asked to write a word will have to consider at first the formation of the letters and their sequence. To him this represents an intellectual labour; but later on, when he has learned to read and to write, there is no hesitation over any of the details which puzzled him at a previous stage of his studies. He writes or reads at will, without having to consider any of the points that gave him concern when his education began. Many other illustrations might be adduced of this conversion of intellectual operations into automatic or machine-like ones. The things we 'get off by heart,' to use the schoolboy's expression, are those which, repeated freely, and in most cases unconsciously, exemplify what is really a tremendous saving of intellectual power. If we had continually to be thinking of the simplest actions involved in our daily life, existence would become a trial and a bore to us. Just as we do not concern ourselves about keeping our heart beating or our lungs in action, or just as the digestion of our food is all carried on without any intellectual or conscious effort, so in the higher work of the brain itself automatism is thoroughly represented. So true it is that in reality much of our life is regulated not by us but for us. The natural, machine-like regulation we see illustrated in our bodily rule extends likewise to many actions in which the brain itself is intimately concerned.

Applying these considerations to the explanation of dreaming, we note, first of all, that when we lose consciousness and all sense of our individuality in sleep, there remain on night-duty, as it were, a considerable number of brain cells and centres whose action persists when the highest centres are thrown out of gear or switched off. Psychologists have given to the dim underfield of brain action which thus persists when otherwise we are in the hands of 'the ape of death' the name of 'subliminal consciousness.' This last is the result of the stirrage or work of brain-cells which, kept in control in the waking state by the higher centres, are left free to run riot in dreams. It is as if, contemplating the calm sea, we become aware of undercurrents that showed no sign of their existence on the face of the waters. It is not in dreaming alone that the action of this underlying consciousness manifests its existence and its power. If we think of the somnambulist or sleep-walker, we see how the unconscious body can be roused up to walk about and even to perform actions apparently of ordered kind under the guidance of these deputies of the higher and sleeping centres. So that, on the face of things, it is impossible to doubt either that we do possess a layer of half-consciousness, so to speak—or at least of secondary brain-action—or that it is in this mental region that we must look for the more or less relevant stories they tell us in dreams. The question whether there can be dreamless sleep at all has been warmly debated by physiologists. Some maintain that dreamless repose is possible; others hold that dreaming is always represented, and that dreamless sleep is to be explained on the theory that we forget many dreams, or rather that many visions have never succeeded in impressing themselves on the centres charged with the exercise of recollective powers. There can be no settlement of the point at issue here, so perforce we may be left to suppose that dreaming is a natural phase of existence, albeit it is one that is much more typically represented in some persons than in others.

The study of dreams has led to attempts to classify the visions of the night, a task this unattended with success. The character of one's dreams partakes as a rule of the nature of a person's daily work and avocation; at least, his most vital interests will occupy, as a rule, a prominent place in the stories his under-consciousness constructs during the night. This point can be proved, I think, by the fact that if we take the trouble to analyse our dreams we may often trace their origin to some incident of life and work not necessarily occurring the day before, but sometimes revived in and by our memory-cells, as, for example, when we dream of persons long dead and events which occurred years ago. Once upon a time I was responsible for the due appearance of a weekly journal. My editorial work has ceased for years, but now and then I experience a dream of which

the leading feature is the agonising certainty that the paper will not be ready in time, and that the fate of the journal has suffered in my hands. This dream is merely an echo of editorial anxiety long vanished away, but still existent as a dormant idea in some collection of the brain-cells which delight to construct fiction in the night-watches. The dream can very often be traced to some trivial incident of the waking life which forms the starting-point of the dream-story. A thoughtful review of what we have been doing or saying or reading will often supply the clue that leads us to the causation of a dream. But the main point to be borne in mind regarding dreams is that each dream is a story which the subliminal consciousness has constructed around some incident or even some thought of our waking period. True it is that some dreams are realistic and sensible enough; for the most part, however, they are unreal, and exhibit silly and foolish details overlying and often concealing the nucleus of the tale the brain has constructed. It is as if the secondary consciousness does not possess the power of making a really effective story true to life. It begins well, but more than often the dream-tale goes off at a tangent and ends in an inconceivably ludicrous and senseless fashion. I believe in this thought that the dream has to be built up and constructed, lies the true explanation of the essence of all dreaming. The centres that represent the night-shift of brain-workers have only a limited responsibility, and their constructive powers are similarly circumscribed. They try to ape the work of the higher centres which are asleep, and they miserably fail as a rule. With dreaming, as with mesmerism or hypnotism, we might compare the sleeping and also the hypnotised body to a ship the captain of which has gone below and left an untutored hand in charge on deck.

If dreams may thus be regarded as resulting from the action of lower brain-centres endeavouring to construct stories founded usually upon a basis of fact, and often failing miserably in the attempt, we see that the death-blow must be given through such considerations to all the popular superstitions which attach to dreams and dreaming. The old Latin who said that if men did in waking life what they were supposed to do in dreams the world would be mad indeed, expressed a highly rational view of our night-visions. We may meet at every turn with stories of dreams that have apparently forecasted events. But there is such a thing as coincidence in the world, and very frequently such dreams are to be explained—when they are not grossly exaggerated in details—on the ground that the events said to be foretold are precisely of a kind which were likely to engage the attention of the dreamer. A dream of a shipwreck not unnaturally forms a frequent type for the brain-play of an anxious mother with a son at sea. Wrecks do occur, and a coincidence merely in point of time is held to be one of actual prophetic nature. Thus we may relegate dreams to the category of brain-vagaries, natural perhaps, but eccentric enough in their free play when all control is removed from the centres responsible for them. And if there are those who ask why some dreams come true, one might retort with the pertinent question, 'What about all the dreams that don't come true?'

TONELLI'S GOLD.

CHAPTER IV.



N the dusk of the afternoon succeeding the morning on which Amata had said on awaking, 'Only three more days and Stefano will be here,' as she sat alone in the house—Neri's wife having her own domestic affairs to attend to—she was roused from a fit of musing by the tinkling of the bell as some one opened the shop-door and entered. At once Amata rose and passed from the living-room into the shop. By the faint light she could just make out the figure of a woman who was carrying a child in her arms.

'Can you tell me, please, whether Miss Tonelli lives here?' asked the woman, with a quaver in her voice.

'My name is Amata Tonelli.'

'May I ask whether you are acquainted with one Stefano Santi?'

'As a matter of course I am acquainted with the person named by you. He is my cousin.'

A long-drawn 'Oh!' of surprise broke from the woman. After a momentary pause she said, 'Then he does not come here to make love to you?'

The question was so unexpected that for some seconds Amata was too taken aback to reply. Then in a strained voice she said, 'Why do you ask that?'

'Because, miss, you and he have been seen about together at theatres and music-halls and such like. I put my brother Jack on to track Stefano, and that's what he reported to me.'

'You put your brother on to track him! But why—why? What concern of yours is it how Stefano Santi chooses to pass his time?'

'I thought he was maybe making love to you—I know what a scoundrel he is at heart—and that if such were the case it was only right you should be told he has a wife already.'

'A wife already!' It seemed to Amata that she echoed the fateful words aloud, but in reality no

sound passed her lips save a low, strangled cry. She felt as if a dagger had suddenly been thrust into her heart, and as if she were doomed slowly to bleed to death. In the dusky shop the woman's dimly outlined figure appeared to the girl's excited fancy to have no more bodily substance than a figure seen in a nightmare from which she should presently awake. Some seconds—seconds which seemed minutes—passed, and then a flash illumined her brain.

The child!

Still in silence, she put forth her hand, felt for, and found a box of matches. Having struck one, she lighted a gas-jet, and then the two were enabled to take stock of each other.

Amata saw before her a tall, thin, anæmic-looking woman, with some remains of a wax-doll kind of good looks. She had rather watery big blue eyes, a weak chin, and a mouth expressive of a peevish and querulous disposition. She was wearing a lot of cheap finery, and her cheeks were profusely powdered.

In her turn, the woman stared at the Italian girl as if fascinated. Rarely, if ever, had she set eyes on so beautiful a creature, although in the course of the last few minutes every vestige of colour had faded out of Amata's face, leaving it of a death-like pallor, which, however, merely served to intensify the sombre fire with which her eyes glowed as if lighted up from within. She was crowned with the heavy coils of her dead-gold hair, and was wearing a black gown of the simplest material and make.

'So *you* are the wife of Stefano Santi?' said Amata at length, with a calmness and a seeming indifference which surprised herself.

The woman bowed assent. 'I've brought my marriage-lines, miss, if you would care to see them.'

Amata seemed not to have heard her. 'And the child?' was all she said.

'Ah, my Luigi! You have only to look at his face, miss, and you won't need to ask his father's name,' replied the woman, as she set down the child, who, with averted eyes, had been gazing over her shoulder at the stuffed alligator.

As he now turned towards her Amata involuntarily recoiled a step, so startling was his likeness to Santi. Her right hand went up quickly to her bosom and stayed there for some moments.

'How old is he?' at length she contrived to ask. Her eyes seemed to devour him.

'Two years and six weeks, miss.'

'I suppose your husband thinks a great deal of him?'

'He regards him as the apple of his eye. Save Luigi, I don't believe there's a soul in the world for whom he cares a button. Were he to lose the boy it would go near to break his heart.'

'So!' whispered Amata to herself, with an indrawing of her breath. For a few moments there was silence; then she said, 'Has your husband never spoken to you about his cousin Amata Tonelli, or about his uncle, my father, who died less than a fortnight ago?'

'Never, miss, and that's the solemn truth.'

'He treats you with kindness?'

'Kindness!' exclaimed the woman with a harsh laugh. 'He was kindness itself while my little fortune of seven hundred pounds lasted. When that was gone—— But it will be enough to say that more than once he has knocked me down with a blow of his fist.' Again she laughed. 'Of course he married me for my bit of money, while I was gaby enough to believe it was for my looks. He just fascinated me, and that's a fact; and it was my fear lest he might be doing the same by you—for I know his carneying ways—that has brought me here this evening.'

'You need be under no fear whatever on that point. Although he and I have been out together several times, I give you my word that Stefano Santi is no more to me in the way meant by you than the merest stranger who ever sets foot inside this shop.' Her tone had in it a sort of icy, concentrated bitterness which carried conviction to her hearer's heart.

'I'm glad of that, miss—very glad indeed. You've set my mind at rest.'

'Do you still love your husband?' asked Amata abruptly. She scorned herself for putting the question, but was unable to refrain from doing so.

'I hate him,' replied the woman, and an evil light leapt into her eyes. 'What love I ever had for him was killed long since by his treatment of me. If he were to die to-morrow I should not shed a single tear. I should then be free to wed my first love, whom I jilted for Santi's sake, and who is still unmarried.' She finished with a complacent smirk.

Amata experienced for this powdered, tawdry being a mixture of repulsion and pity. It was impossible not to feel grateful to her for having unsealed her (Amata's) eyes, how cruel soever the awakening might be; but, now that her tale was told, the girl was possessed by a sudden longing to be rid of her presence. She wanted to be alone—alone to think over and strive to realise in all its bearings the tale that had just been told her.

'You must leave me your address,' she said, 'so that I may know where to find you in case I should want to do so.'

So the other mentioned an address at Upper Holloway, which the Italian girl's memory would not fail to retain.

All this time Amata's eyes had been more taken up with the child than with his mother; but the boy had now buried his face in his mother's skirts, as if something in the eyes of the white-faced woman who stared at him so persistently had begun to frighten him.

Two minutes later mother and child were gone.

Amata went back to the inner room, and stood for a long time as motionless as a statue, staring down into the fire but seeing nothing of it. Throughout the late interview she had been subconsciously aware of a certain creepy sensation which, as it now seemed to her, could only have been due to one cause: the presence of her father's spirit, which had been there, invisible to mortal eye, and had overheard all that was said. If only he were permitted to whisper one word into her ear, what would that word be? Why, of a surety, 'Revenge!'

In the composition of Amata Tonelli the elemental passions of love, hate, and revenge lay very close to the surface, and that Stefano Santi should be made to pay other than dearly for the deadly insult he had put upon her was a thought that never entered her mind. The possibility of simply dismissing him, of sending him ignominiously about his business, would have been regarded by her with incredulous scorn. Her soul would know no rest till she should have avenged herself on her traitorous cousin. She smote herself on the mouth for having let her lips be kissed by him and for having kissed his in return.

To see her moving about the house with white, set face no one would have suspected what volcanic fires were at work below that quiet exterior. Neri's wife, looking on with thoughtful eyes, said, 'It is not well that the young should mourn over much for the old. They have had their day, and that is enough.' Of Santi's existence she knew nothing.

Next morning's post brought a letter addressed to Tonelli, which Amata opened. It was from Santi, was written in Italian, and ran as under:

'My dear Uncle,—I intend leaving Berlin by the morning train on Wednesday, and shall reach London at eight A.M. on Thursday, where the business you know of will occupy me for several hours. Look to see me about ten o'clock on Friday morning.

'All has gone well. I send a hundred kisses for my darling Amata.—Your affectionate nephew,

'Stefano Santi.'

Amata tossed the note contemptuously into the fire. 'Ah, Stefano *mio*,' she muttered, 'you little dream of the knowledge that has come to me while you've been away, or of the vengeance awaiting your return!'

That evening a cab took her to the address at Upper Holloway, where she had a long interview with Santi's wife.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW RIVIERA.

THE LEVANTINE RIVIERA.

By Eustace Reynolds-Ball, Author of *Mediterranean Winter Resorts.*

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

REGULARLY with the approaching winter the tide of fashion sets steadily southward, the main current of winter colonisation flowing in a somewhat restricted channel, bounded on the west by Cannes and on the east by Mentone—the district popularly, if loosely, termed the Riviera.

There are, however, at least three Rivieras, which may be conveniently described as the French, the Italian, and the Levantine Riviera respectively. It is, however, with the comparatively new and undeveloped Levantine Riviera that I am now concerned.

No doubt with the ordinary winter migrant the French Riviera will long maintain its popularity. That it is hackneyed, commonplace, and overcrowded, and that the season at Cannes or Nice is little more than an aftermath of the London season, would not be disputed by its patrons. But what other region offers so wide a choice of pleasant winter quarters, with such a genial and sunny climate within a day's journey from London? Excellent communications, congenial society, the finest hotels in the south of Europe—all these things naturally attract the class of visitors who have made Nice and Monte Carlo the winter pleasure-cities of Europe. These towns appeal, in short, to those who do not care about potential or experimental winter resorts, however great their scenic attractions.

There are, however, a large number of visitors who would prefer less banal and conventional winter quarters than those of the south of France, and yet have not the means or leisure to cross over to Algeria or Egypt. The demands of this class are modest enough. They want a watering-place tolerably accessible, a sunny climate, hotels with a reasonable tariff, interesting scenery, and pleasant, but not necessarily fashionable, society. Given these conditions, they would willingly forgo the social attractions and urban resources of Cannes or Nice.

Formerly the Italian Riviera to a great extent fulfilled these requirements; but its principal winter stations, Bordighera and San Remo, are fast losing their individuality, and have become almost as conventional as the popular French resorts. Hence the vogue of the newest winter-land on this coast—the Levantine Riviera, extending from Genoa to

Viareggio—especially with the following classes: (1) artistic and literary people, who dislike the banality and frivolity of the typical foreign winter resort, that class the time-honoured *Murray* was wont to describe as 'intelligent travellers;' (2) families who want quiet and salubrious winter quarters; (3) those on economy bent, who want to spend a winter holiday as cheaply as is consistent with comfort and dignity.

Climate, of course, is a matter which closely concerns the comfort of visitors. To ordinary tourists, as distinct from those wintering abroad for their health, a good climate simply means a maximum of sunshine. Though in this respect it must be admitted the eastern Riviera is inferior to the western, yet some weeks of continuous sunny days can usually be reckoned upon. The chief characteristics of the climate are, briefly: a mild and equable temperature, plenty of sunshine, and absence of winds. If the meteorological records show a greater rainfall than in the French Riviera, the frequenters of the Levantine winter stations can plume themselves on escaping that combination of bright sunshine and cutting winds which makes Nice and Cannes so trying to delicate persons.

Though the topographical features of this coast seem on the map to be very similar to those of the western Riviera—a long strip of littoral backed by a range of high mountains—yet the character of this huge mountain-screen is different. Instead of a background of rocky precipices, which make the warmest stations of the south of France—Beaulieu and Monte Carlo, for instance—perfect sun-traps, the rocky face absorbing the heat and acting like a gigantic espalier wall to the towns it screens, the hills along the Levantine Riviera are for the most part thickly wooded and covered with luxuriant vegetation. Consequently there is sufficient protection from the *tramontana*—the counterpart of the *mistral* of the French Riviera—without the perpetual dazzling glare which many visitors to Monte Carlo or Nice find so irritating.

The winter resorts, actual or potential, of this eastern Riviera may be conveniently divided into: (1) the Genoese resorts—Pegli, Sestri Ponente, and Nervi; (2) the Spezian resorts—Rapallo, Santa Margherita, Portofino, Sestri Levante, Levanto, and Spezia; (3) the summer bathing-places near Leghorn—Viareggio, Leghorn, and Ardenza—whose great merit is their cheapness in the winter, the off-season.

The places in the first category can be dismissed in a few words. They are rather suburban in character, expensive, very much modernised, and German visitors largely predominate. Indeed, the Teutonic influence obtrudes itself unpleasantly even at the hotel *table-d'hôte*, sausages and an Italian variant of *Sauerkraut* being staple dishes.

Pegli is only six miles from Genoa, and there is constant communication by electric tram with the city of palaces. Indeed, it is to Genoa what Ramleh is to Alexandria—a popular holiday-place for its citizens. All travellers know the great sight of the place, the extraordinary landscape-gardening of the freak order of the Villa Pallavicini, regarded by the ordinary globe-trotter as a triumph of art over nature, while those of æsthetic proclivities are apt to scoff at the Pallavicini wonder as a kind of sublimated tea-garden.

Sestri Ponente is little more than a manufacturing suburb of Genoa, and is not well suited for a winter residence. East of Genoa we do not begin to shake off some of its all-embracing tentacles in the form of half-finished 'mean streets' of the progressive and expansive city till we reach the small retired villages of Quarto and Quinto, where we shall find comparatively rural and cheap winter quarters.

A mile or two farther is Nervi, which is in high repute with German doctors as an invalid resort. It is a very sheltered place, the climate resembling that of Mentone, and the walks and drives in the well-wooded hills are pleasant and varied. The hotels are among the best on the Riviera; but the town has never been really popular with English visitors, partly because it is as aggressively German as Pegli or Sestri. Delightful in many respects as German travellers are, it cannot be said that as fellow hotel-guests they are cordially welcomed by our compatriots.

We are now approaching the *clou* of the scenery of this beautiful coast. The landscape is full of charm, though perhaps less bold and 'romantic' than that of the well-known French Riviera. The hills are richer in vegetation and colour, but they lack the startling contrast of alpine and subtropical landscape, and the picturesque outline of the precipitous mountain wall which shuts off the hinterland of Nice and Monte Carlo, and helps to make that section of the famous Corniche Road the finest drive in Europe. The luxuriance of the vegetation must strike the least observant of tourists. In particular, the country round Sestri Levante and Rapallo is one series of gardens, orchards, olive and chestnut groves, while occasional spiky aloes and feathery palms give a tropical touch to the view.

But to appreciate the scenery it is necessary to forswear the railway, and to drive, ride, or walk. Only the briefest tantalising glimpses of the beautiful landscape are obtainable between the innumerable tunnels; there are some fifty between Genoa and Spezia, while between Sestri Levante and that port it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the train is more frequently under than above ground. Out of one tunnel, a rapid glance through a ravine skirted with olive groves apparently terminated by a picturesque old village; another tunnel, then a cinematograph view of the sea sparkling below in the sunlight; a shriek from the engine, and another plunge into darkness. This, in short, is the epitome of the railway journey along this coast; indeed, at

a certain wayside station the passengers can see the engine at the opening of a tunnel, with the guard's van scarcely clear of the one just left. 'We get a general impression of steep hills broken by gorges or mountain streams, craggy promontories and sheltered coves, villages (sometimes perched on an outlying peak, clear-cut against the blue sky, or hidden in a ravine, distinguishable only by a campanile); ruined towers mount guard on some of the precipices; then a streak of meadow or olive-decked slopes thickly clothed with myrtle, arbutus, tamarisk, and pine scrub.'

Santa Margherita, ten miles from Nervi, might be regarded as a satellite of its prosperous neighbour, Rapallo. It lies in a pretty situation on the shores of a sheltered bay at the foot of olive-clad hills. The hotel accommodation, formerly very deficient, is now satisfactory, two good hotels having recently been built. Some years ago the faulty sanitary condition of Santa Margherita excited some adverse criticism; but since then the drainage has been improved, some attention has been paid to the water-supply, and the town is considered tolerably healthy. The suspicions of defective drainage naturally checked the development of the town as a place of resort for visitors, and its rival, Rapallo, has gained thereby. Then the aspect of Santa Margherita is not so desirable, at all events for delicate people, as that of most of these Levantine watering-places, as it faces east.

Rapallo is little more than a mile from Santa Margherita. Its situation is extraordinarily beautiful even in this land of 'beauty spots,' and many will agree with the late Grant Allen, who considered the town the most beautiful along the whole of this littoral from Genoa to Viareggio. It boasts, too, of a very respectable history, holding in medieval times a position in Liguria that Amalfi did in south Italy. Indeed, the early history of Rapallo and Amalfi have much in common, each being in their prosperous days the mother-city of a republic on an equal footing with Genoa, Pisa, Venice, and other powerful Italian states. The great number of churches and convents, hospitals and palaces, in Rapallo—no town in north Italy, indeed, has so many churches in proportion to its population—is some indication of the historical importance of this famous port, which fills many pages in the medieval history of Italy. Many great names are associated with the town, from Pope Alexander III. to Victor Emmanuel I., while the noble families of Doria, Spinola, and Fieschi dominate the local records in as marked a degree as at Genoa.

But though Rapallo is the most 'historical'—if the word admits of a superlative—town of any of the winter resorts along this littoral, it has many claims to the attention of the ordinary holiday-maker as well as the sightseer. Indeed, its mundane resources and attractions are considered by some of its old patrons to be unduly obtruded. Rapallo, in fact, has been much exploited of late by capitalists, and has undergone an hotel-building 'boom.' Now it boasts of a miniature casino (with the usual accessories of concert-room, billiard-room, card-room, &c.), a weekly newspaper, several hotels on the approved Swiss model, and even English tea-rooms. The ambitious character of the hotels is indicated by their names—Royal, Kursaal, Savoy, Metropole, and even Imperial Palace. Fortunately, owing to the competition, the prices are not commensurate with their pretentious nomenclature.

There is one serious drawback to Rapallo as a winter station. Owing to its rapid development, the sanitation has not kept pace with the accommodation for visitors, and the primitive arrangements for drainage which sufficed for a small town are utterly inadequate for a popular resort with half-a-dozen large hotels crowded with foreign visitors. This is certainly a matter which should be seriously taken in hand by the local authorities.

Till within recent years it was the boast of the frequenters of this beautiful resort that it was one of the few residential places on this coast which had not been vulgarised by monstrous *hôtels de luxe* and glaring stucco villas. These severe critics can, however, find a comparatively unspoilt haven of refuge at Portofino. It is true that even here is now a large modern hotel; but the artistic traveller will still find at the little local inn, Albergo della Stella, plenty of local colour and atmosphere, if little else. Picturesque in the extreme is the situation of this little port, the houses apparently springing sheer from the quayside, pushed almost into the sea by the thickly wooded hills. The church, with its graceful campanile, composes well in the picture. Altogether there is a suggestion about Portofino of an Italian Clovelly or Lynmouth.

The Portofino peninsula, though of inconsiderable extent, offers great variety of seascape and landscape, its physical features presenting a kind of epitome of the typical scenery of Italy. It would well repay a week's exploration amongst its hills and valleys, precipices and ravines; while, in addition to its scenic attractions, there is much to interest those fond of historical topography. In this picturesque, self-contained region, which seems quite shut off from the rest of the Riviera, are scattered many historical relics in the shape of monasteries, churches, shrines, and castles.

The monastery of Cervara, now a Roman Catholic seminary, was once the prison of Francis I. of France, who was confined here after the disastrous battle of Pavia. On the wall is inscribed the famous saying, '*Tutto perduto fu salvo l'onore*' ('All is lost save honour'). This affords a striking example of the tendency of tradition to improve upon the original of historic sayings. What the captive Sovereign actually wrote was, '*Ne m'est demeure que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauve*,' and this has certainly not the epigrammatic vigour of the legendary aphorism.

A couple of miles west of the Cervara, reached by a mule-path over the hills, is the dismantled monastery of San Fruttuoso. This is the burying-place of the Doria family—a group of Gothic tombs in good preservation.

The famous pilgrimage-church of San Giorgio, built on a strikingly picturesque site opposite Portofino, offers a curious example of a deposed saint. The church was originally dedicated to San Giorgio, the lesser saint, a companion of San Fruttuoso; but when the church acquired, during the First Crusade, the ashes of the famous St George of Cappadocia, the inhabitants did not hesitate to transfer their allegiance to the more celebrated saint. We as Englishmen will perhaps excuse this invidious example of popular canonisation, as St George is, of course, our patron saint.

Striking features in the hills round Portofino are several medieval castles restored to form summer residences for rich Genoese. The most artistic and successful of these Gothic restorations is the Castello di Paraggi, boldly situated on the edge of the promontory. But the show-house of Portofino is the Villa Carnarvon, in which the late Emperor Frederick-William, when Crown Prince, spent a part of the autumn of 1886. Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria at one time contemplated spending one of her spring holidays here, somewhat to the dismay of her entourage, who naturally preferred the gayer and more conventional Nice.

The beautiful features of the coast between Rapallo and Sestri Levante have in great measure to be taken on trust by railway travellers, as the journey is one series of tunnels.

Sestri Levante is rather strikingly situated on a tiny cape jutting out half a mile or so into a well-sheltered bay. The little town occupies the greater part of this promontory. The leading hotel is the Grand Hotel, but English visitors prefer the less pretentious Hotel Europe. The great excursion is the drive over the Bracco Pass to Spezia, one of the finest carriage-drives in Europe.

The new resort on this coast, which is beginning to be affected by English people, is Levanto, a quiet little watering-place some fourteen miles west of Spezia. The fact that an English doctor has recently established himself here may be taken as a measure of its popularity with our compatriots, while there is now a good hotel, recently built, which supplements the somewhat primitive accommodation of the Albergo Stella, so well known to artists. For some reason, this retired little place is less frequented by Germans than any other Levantine resort, and it is possible that to this may be partly due its increasing vogue with English visitors.

Levanto is the chief town of the district called the Cinque Terre—compare our Cinque Ports—from a group of five villages: Monterosso, with its interesting old church and beautiful rose-window (recently restored); Vernazza, one of the quaintest of harbours; Corniglia, perched on a high rock far above the sea; and Manarola and Rio Maggiore, two villages straggling up the sides of ravines whose picturesqueness is scarcely surpassed by the much-sung Clovelly at home. A famous white wine is produced here, known as schiacchetra.

Hitherto the only means of communication that Levanto has had with the outside world has been by rail or by sea; but a new road is being constructed which will put it in communication with the main road to the south, thereby opening up two splendid drives from Levanto to Sestri Levante on the west and to Spezia on the east, the road to the latter passing over the Bracco Pass and through lovely scenery, culminating in a magnificent prospect of the Bay of Spezia.

THE THELLUSSON WILL.

By Hugh Childers.

'He heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.' This text would fittingly govern a sermon prompted by the story of Peter Thellusson; or so would this other from the same lyre, 'They think that their houses shall continue for ever, and that their dwelling-places shall endure from one generation to another, and call the lands after their own names.' The modern law of England, reflecting and perpetuating the rule of the family, allows every man to do as he pleases in the disposition of his property; there is no legitim, no *pars rationabilis;* and if a millionaire is disposed capriciously to disinherit his children he may do so. What he must not do is arbitrarily and unnecessarily to postpone the enjoyment of his fortune; he must not let it accumulate at compound interest for an unconscionable time. This was not decided for the first time in the case of Mr Thellusson, but the established rule received so remarkable an illustration in consequence of the amount of the property then at stake that the case is a beacon light for the guidance of those who still toil to gratify posthumous vanity by tying up estates for as long a time as is permitted.

The feeling against acquired instead of inherited wealth, once so strong in certain circles, has proved evanescent; the old blood and the old lands seem to be played out, and to require rejuvenation by an admixture of commerce. Lord Bareacres sponging on young Osborne for a dinner at Brussels is not a pleasant object; and since the Corn Laws were repealed the landowner, as such, has gone to

the wall, and his position now is buttressed by intermarriages with trade or City finance. An hereditary estate, where corn perhaps cannot be grown remuneratively, but game will increase and multiply, is a picturesque adjunct to an ironmaster or successful weaver, and a coronet sits less ungracefully on the brows of the parvenu who has been able to annex some abbey or frowning keep. Worse things could happen; the relics of the past are tended generously out of an overflowing purse, not on account of interest or affection entertained for antiques, as such, but because their possession gives that consideration which is so assiduously and snobbishly courted. In the limited exchequer of the old county family there is no margin for sentimental expenditure; in their case half the castle is shut up, three-quarters of the stalls are empty, the hangings of the banqueting-hall (so graceful a setting for modern hospitality) get rusty or moth-eaten, the staircase has hardly been repaired since 1846.

In the Thellusson case the family were not undistinguished or of unknown origin; they had taken refuge at Geneva after the massacre of St Bartholomew. In 1762 Peter Thellusson, being then about twenty-five years of age, came to London, naturalised himself as an Englishman, and established himself as a merchant in an office in Philpot Lane. Here he pursued a successful course of business, but did not live to a great age. However, before his death at sixty, he had by trading with the West Indies succeeded in amassing what for those days was a large fortune, though it was modest in comparison with several that paid death-duties in 1906. It was put at six hundred thousand pounds in money and lands worth four thousand five hundred pounds a year. In the year before his death (1796) he made his will; and if it was a long and costly one to draft—it occupied twenty-three sheets of paper—that expense was negligible in comparison with the cost of the litigation it gave rise to. Much of the will was sensible enough, and he cannot be accused of taking the bread out of his children's mouths. He bequeathed one hundred thousand pounds to his wife and children, so no one dependent on him was left destitute. He took much trouble in the disposition of his curios. To Peter, his eldest son, he gave (after his wife's death) the family pictures; to his son G. W. Thellusson his gold seal with the family arms, the gold snuff-box which Louis the Fifteenth gave to his father (containing a portrait of the Dauphin, father of Louis the Sixteenth), the silver medal (a copy of the gold one given to his father by the city of Geneva), also the large silver coffee-pot and salver given to him by the said city with the arms of Geneva thereon; to his son Charles a gold watch made by Mudge, with three seals mounted in gold. It was when the worthy trader came to deal with the bulk of his huge estate—some six hundred thousand or eight hundred thousand pounds, earned, as he paraded the fact in the will, by 'industry and honesty'—that he showed his 'vanity, illiberality, and folly,' for he decreed that none of his living descendants should ever be the richer for his money; it was to accumulate till they were all dead, and was then to be enjoyed by lineal representatives whose description was so obscurely worded that sixty years later it was a difficult and expensive matter to ascertain who was intended. 'No one,' wrote one of the newspapers years later, 'of the children or grandchildren who had ever looked Peter in the face, or trembled in his presence, or squalled at the sound of his harsh, hard voice, should ever be the richer for Peter's wealth. . . . The will was opened, and created sensations which vibrated through the land in widening circles. Our law-books picture the blank disappointment of the then living relatives, the gentle cachinnations of a past generation of lawyers, and the gaping wonder of the general public. There were three sons and six grandsons of this malignant old merchant then alive, all destined to live the life of Tantalus, to see this great pagoda-tree growing up before them, yet none to pluck one unit of its fruit. Persons of an arithmetical and statistical turn of mind occupied themselves with the matter, and with the aid of life insurance tables and Cocker they estimated that this fund, accumulating at compound interest, could not amount to less than nineteen millions at the moment of distribution, and would very probably reach the tremendous figure of thirty-two millions. But "nothing is so false as facts, except figures." The calculators had forgotten to take account of that unknown quantity which must in practical matters be represented not by the letter x but by the word "litigation."'

A suit was instituted in the Court of Chancery just before the close of the eighteenth century, and the validity of such a capricious arrangement of property vigorously attacked; an immense amount of ingenuity was expended upon it *pro* and *con.*; but the courts held that the will was not an unlawful one, nor so much opposed to public policy as to be set aside. But it has since been said that conditions far less objectionable have been overridden as opposed to general policy, as was especially the case when a clause directing the forfeiture of an estate if its owner within a certain period did not acquire a certain title was unlawful, as giving him an incentive to obtain it by improper methods. Old Thellusson further showed his vanity in forcing his shadowy and far-distant beneficiaries to assume his surname; for in default of doing so the estate was not to go to them but to pay off the National Debt; and he concluded with an abject appeal to Parliament not to interfere with the disposition he had made of the fortune amassed by his industry. Parliament did not do so retrospectively, but it made similar provisions impossible for the future; and the Lord Chancellor, on introducing the measure for the purpose—now known as the Thellusson Act—said he had been told in confidence by a conveyancer that the latter had received

instructions to draw a will directing accumulation to take place during the lives of all the peerage of England.

The newspaper of 1859 from which I have already quoted proceeded to describe the lawsuit, and continued: 'That suit is now sixty years old, and although children and grandchildren are dead the suit is as hale and lively as it was in their earliest youth. That suit was the true heir to Peter Thellusson, and it is still spending his money like a frolicsome young cornet. Peter Thellusson's clever scheme has turned out a foolish failure. No single Thellusson will stalk over the land overshadowing our dukes and crushing our barons by the magnitude of his territorial possessions. No thirty-two millions of money are expanded into broad acres, where men may travel and say, "Behold the conquests of the great Peter Thellusson."'

How like all this is to Dickens! Indeed, one may compare with it this passage in *Bleak House:* 'This scarecrow of a suit has, in course of time, become so complicated that no man alive knows what it means. . . . Innumerable children have been born into the cause, innumerable young people have married into it, innumerable old people have died out of it. Scores of persons have deliriously found themselves made parties in "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce" without knowing how or why; whole families have inherited legendary hatreds with the suit. The little plaintiff or defendant who was promised a new rocking-horse when "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce" would be settled has grown up, possessed himself of a real horse, and trotted away into the other world. Fair wards of court have faded into mothers and grandmothers; a long procession of Chancellors has come and gone out; the legion of bills in the suit has been transformed into mere bills of mortality. There are not three Jarndyces left upon earth, perhaps, since old Tom Jarndyce in despair blew his brains out at a coffee-house in Chancery Lane; but "Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce" still drags its weary length before the court, perennially hopeless.'

If Dickens did not immediately intend the Thellusson case to be the original of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce, he makes an obvious reference to it in the preface, written in 1853: 'At the present moment [August 1853] there is a suit before the court which was commenced nearly twenty years ago, in which from thirty to forty counsel have been known to appear at one time, in which costs have been incurred to the amount of seventy thousand pounds, which is a *friendly suit*, and which is (I am assured) no nearer to its termination now than when it was begun. There is another well-known suit in Chancery, not yet decided, which was commenced before the close of the last century, and in which more than double the amount of seventy thousand pounds has been swallowed up in costs. If I wanted other authorities for Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce I could rain them on these pages, to the shame of —a parsimonious public.'

The parsimony Dickens had in his mind was the reluctance of the general public of that day to recognise the necessity for creating any additional Chancery Judges, believing that the remedy for the admitted delays lay rather in the direction of modernising the procedure.

I need not dwell longer upon the actual Thellusson story. The final decision in 1859, when the period for enjoyment according to the tenor of the will had arrived, was required for the true interpretation of the ambiguous phrase 'eldest lineal male descendant;' though the real heirs of Thellusson, the legal profession, had only left a small amount for any other beneficiaries. The House of Lords received with all honours the time-honoured lawsuit, and decided that the above phrase was to be interpreted according to the rules which govern the descent of lands or titles, and did not indicate the 'lineal male descendant' who had been longest in the world; and the present Lord Rendlesham and a cousin were held to be the eldest lineal male descendants of Peter and Charles Thellusson, the only sons of the testator who had left issue. The last-named Peter has been made Lord Rendlesham; he was the first Irish Peer created since the Act of Union, which allows one such creation only upon the extinction of a certain number of older Irish peerages.

The death-duties of 1894 and 1907 will not lead to the multiplication of 'Thellusson testators,' as millionaires will, if anything, denude themselves in favour of their sons rather than their sons in favour of their great-grandsons; I say 'if anything' advisedly, for the normal tendency of a rational human being is neither to give away his capital in his life nor to refrain from handing it to his children at his death. The creation of life estates by will argues a suspicion of a testator's natural and nearest heirs. The case of the marriage settlement is quite different, and is generally the result of a bargain which in some cases has nothing mean or avaricious about it. But the Thellusson case was the *reductio ad absurdum* of a bequest for accumulation, and remains a monument of testamentary vanity.

LOVE AND DEATH.

Set not a bound to Love. It is as wide
As God is; its immeasurable deep
Laughs at the plummet; its full waters sweep
Throughout infinitude, taking their tide
From Him in whom eternities abide.
Yet plunge, and fear not. The strong waves shall leap
Joyous to bear thee; no soft child asleep
Can breathe more safe against its mother's side.

Nor needst thou fear when Love's wide waters take
Their other name. Oh! thou that passest through,
Call them no longer Death, since, for thy sake,
The floods stand back that thou mayst walk dry-shod,
Freed from thy House of Bondage, to that new,
That larger life where all is Love—is God.

Ada Bartrick Baker.

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THE NEW RIVIERA.

PART II.

SPEZIA, by virtue of its situation on the shores of the most beautiful bay in north Italy, might almost be included among Humboldt's three most beautiful towns in Europe. For some years it hung fire as a winter resort for foreigners; but since a new water-supply has been laid down, and the hideous naval coalyards and magazines have been transferred to the eastern harbour and replaced by a fine public garden, the town is growing in favour. A resident English chaplain and medical man afford a measure of its increasing popularity with English visitors.

The mention of Spezia calls up literary memories of Byron, the Shelleys, and Leigh Hunt. It is not, however, so generally known that it is closely associated with Charles Lever and Mary Somerville, who both made Spezia their summer headquarters for many years. Lever first came to Spezia in 1852, and used to live here intermittently till 1857, when Lord Derby appointed him to the post of vice-consul. The office was virtually a sinecure, as, though Spezia was even then designed by the Government as the site of the chief naval arsenal, the building of the docks and quays, which were to convert this smiling bay into the Portsmouth of Italy, was not then begun, and it was a small seaport of barely six thousand inhabitants. In fact, the cynical remark that Lord Derby made when offering in 1867 the consulship of Trieste to the novelist, 'Here is six hundred pounds a year for doing nothing, and you are just the man to do it,' would have applied with greater force to the Spezia vice-consulate. At Spezia Lever wrote some of his best work. *The Daltons*, *The Dodd Family*, *Davenport Dunn* (dealing cynically with the travelling English on the Continent), are thoroughly cosmopolitan in their scope, and show a remarkable advance, as well as a startling transition from the rollicking, slap-dash novels, *Charles O'Malley*, *Harry Lorrequer*, &c., by which Lever is best known.

In his sketches of travelling English on the Continent, Lever, like so many Englishmen compelled for various reasons to live abroad, is very intolerant of his compatriots travelling for pleasure, and he never loses an opportunity of showing up their ignorance of foreign manners and customs and ridiculing their hide-bound insularity. It was this supercilious attitude which brought him into collision with the great excursionist agencies whose enterprise as pioneers of popular travel was at that time little understood or appreciated. In one of his 'Cornelius O'Dowd' papers in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Lever went out of his way to ridicule and discredit his countrymen comprising Messrs Cook's parties. Taking 'Continental Excursionists' as a peg for his satirical strictures, he declared that he had seen 'the cities of Italy deluged with droves of these creatures, pouring along a street with their director now in front, now at the rear, circling round them like a sheep-dog; and really the process is as like herding as may be. I have already met three flocks, and anything so uncouth I never saw before: the men mostly elderly, dreary, sad-looking; the women somewhat younger, travel-tossed and crumpled, but intensely lively, wide awake, and facetious.'

These cheap witticisms at the expense of English excursionists seem nowadays forced and extravagant, but they had considerable effect then. Had he stopped there it would not have mattered much. But it was beyond a joke when he proceeded to tell his Italian friends that these tourists were convicts whom the Australian colonists had refused to receive, and that they were sent by the English Government by arrangement with Mr Cook, who was instructed to drop a few in each Italian city! Whether the Italians as a race are lacking in a sense of humour is a moot point, but at all events these absurd fictions were often taken seriously. Mr Thomas Cook, however, was equal to the occasion, and made a spirited protest to the Foreign Office, maintaining with some show of reason that Lever would not be disposed in his official capacity as consul to pay heed to any complaints by English tourists abroad; and asked the then Foreign

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Secretary, Lord Clarendon, if it was 'fitting on the part of Her Majesty's Consul at Spezia to take up an attitude of antagonism to his countrymen in foreign parts.' However, as these attacks had been made under the pseudonym of 'Cornelius O'Dowd,' it was not, of course, possible to connect Lever with them officially.

From tourists to tours is a natural transition. Spezia makes a capital centre for excursions, and indirectly the aggressive militarism of Italy has actually benefited tourists, as the hills around have been gridironed with a number of military roads with very easy gradients, providing an endless variety of walks and drives. But in these rambles it is advisable to keep at a respectful distance from any fort or military post. The official warning against approaching within three hundred yards of any fortification is by no means a *brutum fulmen*, as many tourists have found to their cost.

Lerici (with its memories of Shelley), Porto Venere (dear to all lovers of Byron), and the marble quarries of Carrara are among the many excursions that can be comfortably managed in one day. It must, however, be admitted, with regard to Porto Venere and the Byron tradition, that the popular legend of the country-side, which makes the Byron Grotto the spot where the poet composed *The Corsair*, has no historical basis. But the inscription over the cave is not altogether to blame for this tradition, as those responsible for it were careful to state that the grotto 'inspired Lord Byron to write *The Corsair*,' which at all events is less incredible.

To go a little farther afield, there is much to interest the enterprising tourist in the hinterland of the Bay of Spezia—an undiscovered country as far as modern travellers are concerned. The valleys are strewn with ruins of ancient Etruscan cities which would probably repay systematic excavation; and the whole of this beautiful coast is reminiscent of literary and historical lore, to say nothing of classical and mythological tradition. Ligurian historians assert that Virgil borrowed the topography of the Gulf of Spezia in his description of the bay in which Æneas took refuge after the storm. This claim, however, modern commentators are given to ridiculing, as it is evident that Virgil, who in his way was as great a plagiarist as Shakespeare, 'lifted' the description with but little alteration from the well-known scene in the *Odyssey*.

But no visit to Spezia could be considered complete which did not include a pilgrimage to Shelley's villa, the historic Casa Magni, a favourite shrine of tourist culture. The drive is not, however, beautiful, except for the sea-views which the ugly eastern suburbs of Spezia cannot spoil; and one consolation is that there is no risk of an anticlimax when the painfully commonplace surroundings of the villa are reached. In the poet's time Casa Magni, once a Jesuit convent, was situated in one of the most romantic and secluded nooks of the whole coast; now the dirty, overgrown fishing-villages of San Terenzo and Lerici have encroached on the beautiful landscape, and the immediate surroundings of Casa Magni are the despair of the painter.

Besides the more modern memories of Shelley, this region is associated with a greater name—Dante. Here the poet, driven from Florence by his enemies, wandered on his way to France, journeying, according to Mr Gladstone, by way of the Corniche (then a mere mule-path), the Esterelles, and Draguignan to Paris. Some of the scenery in the *Purgatorio* is borrowed from the Riviera, and the cantos are full of local colour which may be traced to the landscape of these shores. Travellers of to-day following in the traces of the poet will recognise in the 'fair river' the Entella that flows into the sea near Sestri Levante, and can understand the reference to 'the rough and desert ways between Lerici and Turbia,' for the modern Corniche Road follows for the most part of the route the wild mule-path along which Dante wended his lonely and melancholy way. The more attractive aspects of the scenery are occasionally noted in the *Purgatorio;* and artists, at all events, will recognise the *tremola della marina* just before dawn.

In this cursory bird's-eye view of the winter stations of the Eastern Riviera I have confined myself to those which are in some measure developed and adapted for winter colonisation by foreigners. Those, however, with a genius for roughing it can still find beautifully situated little towns and fishing-villages where local characteristics have not been swamped by attempts at modern improvements, and where the artist and lover of nature may still find the picturesque, historic, and old-world atmosphere of Provence and Liguria of some fifty years ago.

Still, though we may regret this æsthetic deterioration of the Riviera, *il faut vivre*, and it is obvious that the undeniably picturesque and unspoilt towns and villages, however satisfying to the artistic soul, are quite unsuitable as winter quarters for English people. A painter may admire the irregular, winding, narrow alleys, and the picturesque grouping of the houses, the arcades and *portici*, the *loggie* and shrines, the churches and ancient watch-towers, &c.; but one's olfactory sense cannot long ignore the fact that sanitation is as non-existent as in Jerusalem or the native quarters of Cairo. In short, only those who can put up with native fare and ways of living, and understand Italian life and character, could tolerate an absolutely untried and unexploited wintering-place on this coast. To say nothing of the lack of tolerable hotel accommodation and deficient communications, there are practically no shops. Butcher's meat is obtainable only at rare intervals, while butter and milk are scarce.

In fact, this region, especially that part known as the French Riviera, can barely support its own inhabitants. Almost the only natural products yielded in large quantities are olive-oil, wine, Indian corn, lemons, and oranges. To feed its alien population of winter visitors it imports beef from Turin and Piedmont; butter, cheese, and eggs

from Milan; poultry from Toulouse; and mutton from the Rhone valley. Milk is easily procurable in the large towns only, and even there it is produced under unnatural conditions, the cows being kept in stables during the winter, as there is no pasture.

Then, even in this land of sunshine, it must be remembered that the sun sets, and the evenings are cold, and Sahara becomes a Siberia. At the inns in the smaller primitive places the only substitute for a fireplace is a curious apparatus resembling a miniature pillar-box, which is filled with wood-ashes. Still, we are not reduced, as in Piedmont, to carry our fire-boxes (*scaldini*) about with us.

These are a few of the drawbacks of the unexploited 'beauty-spots' appealing to the artistic traveller which must be considered by those contemplating a winter holiday off the beaten track. But a stay in one of these unsophisticated coast towns or fishing-villages affords excellent opportunity for getting in touch with the inhabitants and learning their habits and mode of life.

A visitor who is *simpatico* and companionable will find no difficulty in getting to know the peasantry and fisherfolk. The inhabitants of this coast resemble in many respects the Piedmontese. Though frugal, hard-working, honest, devout, hospitable, and pleasant in their dealings with strangers, they are not the unsophisticated folk as depicted in the impressionist sketches of certain lady-writers. It is sometimes complained that they are apt to be grasping and overreaching with *forestieri*. But very often this is but a kind of 'try on,' and as soon as they appreciate the fact that the foreigner will not be imposed upon they will give up attempting to get the better of him. Generalisations are proverbially dangerous; but, making due allowance for this, the description of an inhabitant of the Levantine Riviera as one-half Irishman (with his amiability, adaptability, and desire to please) and one-half Boer (with his proverbial cupidity and slimness) might pass. At all events, the Ligurian peasantry and fisherfolk are far pleasanter to deal with than the inhabitants of the Riviera farther west. Indeed, the contrast is very striking between the sturdy and self-respecting natives of the Riviera di Levante and the hybrid, parasitic inhabitants of the French Riviera, who for the most part live on the hordes of rich foreigners who have converted their country into the winter playground of Europe.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XV.—A DISTRACTED CITY.

PARIS at that moment was a stage on which a thousand passions — some noble, but many base; some heroic, but not a few devilish—were set all in wildest activity. Tragedy and comedy jostled each other in every street, and Jean saw with wondering eyes a thousand strange sights.

An official with a brilliant red scarf round his waist was strutting majestically down the street one morning, with a little squad of newly enlisted soldiers behind him. A carriage splashed by too near, and threw some mud on his coat. He stopped, drew himself up majestically, and signalled the coachman with a gesture to stop.

'France,' he announced in pompous tones, 'needs horses to draw her cannon.'

At his bidding the traces were unloosed and the horses led off, leaving the carriage stranded, with a stout lady leaning from the window screaming vain appeals, and the astonished coachman still on the box. But the splash of mud was avenged!

A little farther on a crowd was pulling down the iron railing in front of the Luxembourg, and carrying the rails to some improvised forges near, where they were being beaten with furious haste into pikes, all with loud clamour of voices and much useless running to and fro on the part of everybody.

On the slopes of Montmartre, Jean found a huge crowd plying spade and pick with frantic industry, a number of members of the National Assembly, with tri-coloured scarfs round their waists, amongst the number. Paris was to be girdled with trenches against the approaching Prussians. But there was no method in the industry of the crowd, and no continuity. The next day, when Jean visited the spot, the crowd, including the members of the Assembly with their scarfs, had vanished like a flock of alarmed birds, and the abandoned shovels lay in the half-dug trenches.

Paris was a city of impulses, a reed shaken by many winds, and winds which blew sometimes in wildly opposite directions. And meanwhile the hungry queues, as the autumn evenings fell, gathered at the doors of the bakers' shops to wait till morning for the daily distribution of bread.

The great room in the Hôtel de Ville, where a committee of the Commune was in permanent session, was the one centre of governing energy, and here the stage for the human drama transacting itself was always set, and always crowded with gesticulating figures. Jean stood in the hall one afternoon and watched with amazed eyes the whole scene.

Round a table in the centre sat ten or eleven men. Some had sabres at their side; all had red caps on their heads. A constant restlessness shook them. Two or three would speak at once, and they addressed the spectators as often as they addressed each other. One or another was continually leaving the table to confer with somebody in the crowd, and then running back to the table. A fever seemed to burn in their very blood and to forbid them to be quiet.

But the figure in the centre was darkly formidable. He was little more than a dwarf in height, but with broad shoulders, short neck, and huge head. His body was thin, and as he moved from the table it could be seen that his legs were twisted. His face was strong-featured, with flattened nose and twitching lips. The eyes, beneath the black, slanting eyebrows, had a curious gleam of yellow; the inflamed eyelids had a perpetually restless and snapping movement. The skin was blotched as though with disease, the hair uncombed, the chin bristly. Jean somehow felt a chill run through his blood as he watched this figure.

'Who is he?' he asked of one standing by.

'It is Jean Paul Marat,' was the answer in tones of surprise, 'the friend of the people, the keeper of the people's conscience,' he added, using a phrase which had just become popular.

Deputations, composed of the oddest materials and on the oddest errands, thrust themselves continually on the attention of the committee. An official in a soiled red cap, a blouse, and ragged striped trousers had it as his business to introduce each deputation in turn, but in most cases the deputation insisted on introducing itself, and did it with many independent voices. Jean watched the whole spectacle as if it were a procession of comedies; but always there was the sense that behind the comedy, so unconscious of its own ridiculous aspect, were the dark forces of a hurrying tragedy.

One deputation came in to the sound of music. Its members wore the robes of priests, and carried crosses and a banner. But the little band at the head of the procession was playing one of the wild tunes of the street, and in front of the table, behind which sat the committee, the priests threw down stole and chasuble and dalmatic, while others put down their certificates of ordination on the table itself. They came to renounce their priesthood. The crowd broke into a frenzy of approving cries, and the priests and the members of the committee embraced each other across the table.

Another deputation was of a more practical character. It consisted of a gang of workmen equipped with spades, saucepans, and pickaxes. The craze of the moment was to extract saltpetre for gunpowder from the floors of cellars and stables. This particular group was on its way to this task, and dropped into the Hôtel de Ville, on the road, to proclaim their patriotic intentions with *vivats* and embraces.

Another group, which Jean somehow found pathetic, was a little rustic company from a village called Rex. They carried a rusty iron cross, and explained that it represented the overthrown shrine of the patron saint of the village, who had been deposed and replaced by a statue of Brutus. The name of the village, the deputation complained indignantly, was aristocratic, and they asked that it might be changed to 'Brutus'—a request that was granted with enthusiasm.

A deputation of women appeared, bringing various gifts of a feminine sort for the service of the commonwealth. Some of them put ornaments on the table, others scissors and thimbles. One matron placed on the table a little girl, aged seven or eight, who solemnly produced her savings and laid them on the altar of her country in the shape of the rough hand of Marat. The mother explained that her daughter could both sing and recite, and the committee was offered the choice of hearing the Rights of Man recited or a popular song on the martyrs of liberty sung. For once, however, the members of the committee were impatient, and the red-sashed little girl had to be consoled by a paternal kiss from the chairman.

Jean watched the two faces as they touched—the bristly chin of Marat, the tender lips of the child. What strange opposites, symbolic of still wilder extremes, had met in the world-tragedy of the Revolution!

The last deputation that arrived while Jean watched was perhaps on the strangest errand of all. A citizen, who groaned under the name of St Chamant, appeared with his wife and children, asking that the whole family might be *unbaptised*, so that the last stain of superstition should be purged from them, and that he and his wife might be temporarily divorced and immediately remarried by civic rite under new names.

This astonishing ceremony was duly performed. In the name of the nation each member of the little group was declared to be purged of baptism. The proud father was named Aristides, the wife Atride, the eldest son Regulus; the daughter—a little girl of four—was labelled with the alarming title of Révolutionnaire.

The eruptions of oratory which attended all these performances were numerous and fiery, but when Marat spoke the effect was startling. His voice was thin, but it had a curious ringing quality. Some defect of the twisted mouth made his pronunciation faulty, but his voice had the edge and hardness of a sword-blade, and his sentences hissed with anger as he talked of poor Louis XVI.—'this brigand, perjurer, conspirator, without honour and without soul.'

Night was darkening over the great building, the long passages were black with shadows, the gloomy hall was lit with a few candles, but still the tragi-comedy of the Revolution was in progress, the passions and follies of the crowd were eddying round the table where the committee sat, as Jean forced his way through the crowd into the street and drew a deep breath of the keen September air.

Above the huddled roofs and the foul lanes of the city, black with coming night, rose the pure evening sky, a concave of darkest purple, pricked with a few pin-points of white, the white of the kindling stars. In the west the last glow of a splendid sunset was dying in hues of amethyst and primrose. How could the heavens be so clean and calm above while the earth beneath was so stormy and dark?

(To be continued.)

GOLFING LITERATURE.

By F. KINLOCH.

IT is a rather curious and significant fact that in these latter days there is more written about golf than about any other game—the term game is used advisedly in contradistinction to sport. Yet this literature of golf is almost in its infancy; for the first really important book on the subject, Mr Robert Clark's historic work, *Golf: a Royal and Ancient Game*, was published as late as 1875. Nowadays books dealing with various branches of this great game appear with clock-like regularity, and there is no end to the ordinary golfing article; though, indeed, we see a marked family likeness to each other in many of them.

Why is it that this new field has only of late been discovered by the littérateur and the journalist, and in what lie its capacities? Golf is an old game—how old no one may authoritatively assert. In the opening chapter of one of the books which it is our pleasant duty to notice, Mr Everard's *History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews*, Mr James Cunningham, who contributes this chapter by special request, seems to prove fairly conclusively that we may look to Holland for its origin; and yet the editor of a well-known golfing journal gives this theory but scant approval. Here, therefore, we have all the bones of a fine controversy. Perhaps it is the capacity which golf lends itself to for intricate controversial arguments, such as the abolition of the stimy, the merits and demerits of links or clubs or balls, which appeals to the scribbler. Perhaps it is because golf is more than a mere pastime; it is a game which pre-eminently brings out character. And be it said that it does not always bring out the best traits; often, indeed, does the veneer of civilisation disappear, and the worst traits of a man's inner soul are brought to light. Men who have gone through life with a well-earned reputation for strict integrity have been known to yield to the temptation—if no one is looking—of removing an offending obstacle in a hazard; men whose language in ordinary life is always refined and temperate have been heard hurling the most horrible curses at the unoffending ball; men who have faced death cheerfully will tremble over a simple putt. But, on the other hand, it brings out sterling qualities, such as pluck, endurance, self-restraint, moderation in all things, good-fellowship. Herein lie some of the many charms of the game; and writers thereof have made, and continue to make, the most of a game which so bares the human soul to view.

It is the custom to say that the undoubted improvement in golf-playing is due principally to the introduction of the rubber-cored ball. The writer is firmly of opinion that this improvement began much earlier, being, indeed, contemporaneous with the influx of golf over the border into England. Men, especially those to whom the game was new, thought deeply about it, and did not accept as true the theory that because our ancestors played with a certain kind of club, it was, therefore, the right one. The dim idea that we were playing with the wrong kind of club was crystallised by the late Mr Henry Lamb's invention—or call it what you will—of the 'bulger.' Now *quâ* 'bulge' there was nothing in the club. Some clever verses which appeared in the now defunct *Scots Observer* aptly define its merits:

From him that heeleth from the heel,
Or toeth from the toe,
The bulger doth his vice conceal,
His drive straight on doth go.

To him who from the toe doth heel,
Or from the heel doth toe,
The bulger doth his faults reveal,
And bringeth grief and woe.

And the poor slicer's awful fate,
Who doth a-bulging go,
Is sad indeed to contemplate—
The bulger is his foe.

But whoso plays the proper game,
His ball who striketh true,
He findeth all clubs much the same—
A goodly thing to do.

Bulgers and mashies, presidents,
Are for weak players made,
As spectacles and crutches be
For eyes and limbs decayed.

This last verse has a special interest irrespective of the truth which underlies it, in the reference to the 'president.' This was a niblick with a hole in the blade, which was supposed to have special virtues in a bad lie. It was dedicated *nomine* to the Right Hon. John Inglis, Lord President of the Senate and Court of Justice in Scotland, perhaps the most learned judge that has ever occupied that exalted position. He was one of the keenest golfers imaginable, and very well known in old days at St Andrews and Musselburgh. Pity is it that the club named after him should have had so short a life, for one never sees them now.

The shape of the bulger club-head, which was convex, necessitated a much shorter, fatter head than the old-fashioned one. Then it was evolved that supple shafts did not suit the new shape. Shafts became more 'steely,' and men began to discover that they could hit much harder. Thus insensibly the methods and style of play changed; the game became more forceful because the clubs could stand a greater strain. It is from this time (about seventeen years ago) that extraordinary clubs and balls began to be patented, and the date coincides more or

less with the coming of golfing literature. All this, however, is a digression from the work on hand, which is to notice briefly four books recently published, which form a notable addition to a golfing library. These are *The History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews*, by H. S. C. Everard (Wm. Blackwood & Son); *The Life of Tom Morris*, by W. Tulloch, D.D. (T. Werner Lawrie, London); *The History of the Glasgow Golf Club*, by James Colville (John Smith & Son, Glasgow); and *The Spirit of the Links*, by Henry Leach (Methuen and Co., London).

The first two deal almost exclusively with St Andrews, indeed act in some degree as complements to each other, Dr Tulloch's book filling in gaps in the golfing life of the early and mid Victorian eras which Mr Everard, who has relied solely on the minutes of the club, has left more or less untouched. Mr Everard's book is of more than merely local interest, especially appearing as it does contemporaneously with one of those periodic movements when the eyes of golfers not only in England but in the United States are directed towards the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in her capacity of golf-law making. Critical eyes some of them are; for it is said, and with a modicum of truth, that the rules of golf as they stand at present, are in places somewhat cumbersome and involved, while at the same time they do not cover points which are continually cropping up. It is well in this connection to note that the club has recently extended the right hand of fellowship to golfers on the other side of the water by inviting a representative and former president of the United States Golfing Association, who is also a member of the 'R. and A.,' to a seat on the Rules of Golf Committee—that committee which decides knotty points for golfers all the world over, and which at this very time is engaged in the simplification of the code. The invitation has been accepted. The 'Royal and Ancient,' as one may gather from its history, has always been very jealous for the game of golf and for the grand links of St Andrews, and we may safely trust her present representatives to maintain the traditions of their forebears.

Mr Everard's book is no mere dry-as-dust chronicle of the club's history; it is as well the story of golf as played at St Andrews from time immemorial. He tells how the right to play at golf is reserved to the community in a deed dated 1552, wherein the city of St Andrews gives license to one John, Archbishop of St Andrews, 'to plant and plenish cuningis (rabbits) at the north end of the links.' From this extract he draws the deduction that golf had evidently been played for years before. Then through the centuries he traces the existence of the game by extracts from old diaries (some of them most quaint and amusing reading) and from kirk-session records, and by these we may gather that the question of Sunday golf was vexing the souls of the 'unco guid' as early as the seventeenth century. Finally we come to the origin of the 'Royal and Ancient' in 1754: 'On the 14th May 1754 twenty-two noblemen and gentlemen, being admirers of the ancient and healthful exercise of the Golf, met together and drafted certain Articles and Laws in playing the same.' In these words is the genesis of the premier club recorded, and the names of the subscribers have a familiar sound down to the present day. Having settled their laws, they proceeded to subscribe for a silver club, which was to be open to all and sundry in Great Britain and Ireland. This was, in fact, the first open championship. But the method of deciding it was for the first five years so complicated that it passes even Mr Everard's ingenuity to understand how the system was carried into operation. At any rate it was found to be unsatisfactory, for the present method of scoring by strokes was instituted five years later, in 1759. It should be said that at first the winning of the silver club carried with it the captaincy of the club, and it may be that some undesirable individual gained that honour, for in 1773 the competition was limited to members of the St Andrews Golfing Society and those of the Leith Golfing Society (the present Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers). This is a delightful proof of the early intimate relations which existed and still exist between the two great Scottish clubs.

In those early days there were twenty-two holes at St Andrews—eleven holes out and eleven in, the same holes of course being played both ways. The last hole was called the Hole o' Hill, and the name suggests that the last green was situated farther up the hill than the present one—nearer, indeed, the site of the Martyrs' Monument. If so, there would be plenty of space for a hole midway between the Swilcan Burn and the Home Hole; but this is mere conjecture. It should be said that an eighteen hole course was made in 1764.

There were giants in the golfing world in those days, even as in ours, and chief among them was Mr James Durham of Largo. It was in 1767 that he won the silver club with a score of ninety-four. 'A truly remarkable score,' says Mr Everard, 'when we consider that it was made in a sort of palæolithic age of golf, when the clubs, to judge by the specimens extant, bore about the same relation to those of to-day as flint and steel to a wax match.' Moreover, the links were practically an untrodden waste, so that the more we think of it the more does this performance appeal to us as being almost superhuman. The best comment that can be made on it is the fact that it remained a record for eighty-eight years.

Mr James Durham has other claims to fame. Every one knows that Edinburgh is nicknamed 'Auld Reekie,' but few know the origin of the term. Quoting from Robert Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*, Mr Everard tells that 'Mr James Durham was in the habit of regulating evening worship by the appearance of the smoke in Edinburgh—from Largo Law he had a fine view up the Firth of Forth. When it was increasing in

density in consequence of the good folk preparing supper, he would say, "It is time noo, bairns, to tak' the buiks, and gang to oor beds, for yonder's Auld Reekie putting on her night-cap."'

As we have said, this score of ninety-four remained easily a record till 1853, when Captain J. C. Stewart went round in ninety. This score was beaten two years later by Mr George Glennie's eighty-eight, by which he won the autumn medal of the club. To go round St Andrews under ninety was then almost, if not quite, unknown, and Mr Glennie's round was talked of for years with bated breath. It survived as a record till 1879, when Mr W. J. Mure won the spring medal with eighty-six; but so far as the chief award of merit (the King William the Fourth Medal) was concerned was not beaten till 1884, when Mr Horace Hutchinson did an eighty-seven. Nowadays records do not last so long.

We now reach that stage in which the book has, as we said before, its complement in *The Life of Tom Morris;* so we take our leave of an interesting and well-written contribution to golfing literature. It should, however, be said that the volume is beautifully got up and printed, and abounds in old photographs and illustrations, the most interesting of which perhaps is one of the Home Hole in the days before there were any houses abutting the links at all, except the corner one at the far east end, the site of the present Golf Hotel. Unless we are mistaken, that used to be Allan Robertson's shop.

We may frankly confess that the first impression of Dr Tulloch's life of 'Old Tom' was rather that of disappointment. Not that the book is uninteresting or badly written—far from it. It is a most valuable record of old matches both professional and amateur; there is plenty of gossip about the golfing society in Tom's early days—a most interesting period; there is a great deal about Young Tom and his triumphs; but of Old Tom as a man, of how he rose to be universally regarded all the world over as the head of his profession, as the Grand Old Man of golf, and of the qualities which enabled him so to rise, we learn but little. But on second thoughts we began to realise what a difficult task the biographer had on hand. Undoubtedly in his day Tom Morris the Elder was a great golfer; he and Allan Robertson were individually better than any others of their time. But Old Tom as a great golfer was completely overshadowed by his son Young Tom, who was not only a great golfer but a golfing genius, of whose prowess men talk even now. It will not, therefore, be by his pre-eminence on the links or the deeds that he did there that his memory shall live green in time to come. Rather will it so live because by his character as a staunch, true-hearted, lovable, upright, God-fearing man, resisting the many temptations which in his early life beset his profession, one of nature's finest gentlemen, he won, and has retained, the affection and respect of all who have come into contact with him. But the kind of life that a man such as Old Tom has led has few milestones to mark the road. The years slip quietly by, and gradually, insensibly, Tom Morris gets better and better known, more and more respected. Golfers rise, flit across the stage of golf; for a time their deeds are in all men's mouths; they disappear and are forgotten. It will not be so with Old Tom, even as it will not be so with Freddie Tait.

We have endeavoured by this train of thought to bring out the fact that the material the biographer had to work on was scant, and had therefore to be eked out by what he calls 'Glimpses of St Andrews.' It is these glimpses which enable us to fill in some of the gaps left by Mr Everard, and reconstruct the dawning of the present day of golf. Probably in the early days of the nineteenth century the pulse of golf beat but feebly. Did not the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers fall into a catalepsy for three or four years in the thirties? It was the darkness before the dawn, for about this time a small band of enthusiastic golfers found themselves at St Andrews, bound together by the mysterious attraction of the game, and among them was a gentleman with poetic tendencies, Carnegie by name. He put into verse for the edification of golfers past and present the doings, matches, and peculiarities of that coterie, keen sportsmen and golfers all of them, who pulled the ancient game out of the mire. From these poetic effusions Dr Tulloch has quoted freely and with judgment.

Tom Morris was born in 1821, and found himself feather-ball making for Allan Robertson at a time when the glory of these worthies was at its height. Pity it is that, as he says, he 'doesna mind muckle aboot them.' So the early part of the book deals almost entirely with general golf at St Andrews, especially with Allan Robertson and his feats on the links. Tom left to take charge of Prestwick Links in 1851, by which time he had already played that historic foursome in partnership with Allan Robertson against the Dunns of Musselburgh. In the final stage of that match (which was for four hundred pounds) at North Berwick the Dunns were four up and eight to play, and odds of twenty to one were laid on them (men used to bet high in those days). By one of those extraordinary changes of fortune which so often occur at golf, Tom and Allan won four out of the next six holes, so the match was all square, with two to play. The next hole was one of the most extraordinary ever recorded in the annals of big matches. Nerves were in evidence, for the St Andrews men had played three more and were bunkered. But the Dunns found their ball in a terrible place under a large stone. It was solemnly proposed to send for a pickaxe to remove the obstacle; but the referee firmly put his foot down on that proposal. Then apparently the brothers lost their heads. Four times did they hash at the ball before they thought of jobbing it out with the point of the club. By this time it was too late; the hole was lost, and with it the match and the

money. It is said that Tom Morris played the best of the lot, and that the credit of winning was mostly due to him.

While he was at Prestwick he used frequently to visit his native home to play matches, and he challenged Allan Robertson to play him for one hundred pounds, but the challenge was not taken up. Little is mentioned of his life at Prestwick or of the matches he played in the West, except that he flourished as a club and ball maker.

It was in 1863 that he returned to St Andrews to take charge of the green, which post he retained till advancing years made it impossible for him to do his duties, which were becoming more exacting every year. From this time onwards Dr Tulloch's book is a mere chronicle of the matches and tournaments in which the subject of his biography happened to play. In the sixties, before the rise of Young Tom, Old Tom had his run of success. Four times in that decade did he win the championship belt—that belt which was eventually won outright by his son; but with the latter's advent the father's play seemed to deteriorate, until the Indian summer of his golf arrived, and at the age of seventy he suddenly had a new lease of golfing life, and for the next few seasons played better than he had done for many a year. One would naturally have imagined that father and son would have made an invincible combination, but they did not. The elder man contracted a bad habit of missing short putts. Dr Tulloch tells a story that a letter addressed 'To the Misser of Short Putts, Prestwick,' reached its destination; while Young Tom, in genial sarcasm, used to chaff his father, 'Gin the hole would come to ye, ye'd be a fine putter, faither.' Of late years he got over that failing. 'I never miss thae noo,' he said, after an old crony had expressed surprise at seeing him hole a yard putt. Tom has been through many trials. Three sons and a daughter has he buried, and now he is left a solitary figure, with his years heavy upon him, a pathetic sight indeed.

It should be said that, in addition to the story of Old Tom's golf, the book practically includes almost the whole of Young Tom's matches and triumphs. What a grand golfer he was those who read may learn. There are many who even now say he was the greatest of all, living or dead. As to that no one should even venture a guess. Conditions have so enormously changed that comparisons are to our mind impossible. All that we know for certain is that he had that vital spark of golfing genius which is vouchsafed to but few, and which puts them in a class by themselves. Like Mr Everard's book, the *Life of Tom Morris* is profusely illustrated and very well got up.

In the *History of the Glasgow Golf Club*, by Mr Colville, we are transplanted from the East to the West of Scotland. He has not, indeed, the advantages of Mr Everard, but he makes the very best of the material to his hand.

Apparently in the period when Glasgow was beginning to prosper—about the end of the eighteenth century—some of its more sport-loving citizens used to play golf by the banks of the Clyde on Glasgow Green. From what we gather golf was somewhat subordinate to good cheer and quaint bets, and was played under considerable difficulties. Still, the records give us an insight into the merchant life and joviality of a city since become the second in the Empire which cannot fail to be of interest to the reader. Business cares, however, choked the struggling game, and it died a natural death, not to be resurrected till 1870, when the Glasgow Golf Club was revived. It has gone from strength to strength, and now boasts of a home green—Killermont—easily accessible from the city, and a seaside course in Ayrshire—Gailes.

Of considerable interest, as showing how far men could drive with the feather ball, is the following extract from the minutes of the club:

'*11th April* 1786—We, John Dunlop and C. Corbett, at the request of Matthew Orr, Esq., attend this day at the Golf House to witness John Gibson strike five teed balls towards the first hole in the green, which done, the day being mild, with little or no wind, we measured the distance as follows: 1st ball, 182 yards; 2nd, 194; 3rd, 186; 4th, 201; 5th, 201. A rise towards the hole about 140 yards off prevented running. J. G., asked to strike off from the 1st to the 2nd hole, on nearly a level for 200 yards, when there is a slight declivity, drove a distance of 222 yards.'

As Mr Colville says, 'with the feather ball and on an absolutely unsophisticated course, this would compare well with the modern mighty things.' We should be induced to put it higher. How many men even now can average one hundred and ninety yards when conditions are not too favourable?

Mr Colville 'finishes his round' with a few well-chosen anecdotes. Fresh golfing stories are now ill to come by; but the following is, we fancy, original, and has plenty of Scots pawky humour:

Greenkeeper to irate party who was endeavouring to loft over a dike which crosses the course at Leven—'Wuz ye gaun the hale roond?'

Irate Party—'Of course.'

Greenkeeper—'We'll be needin' the links the morn.'

It is the spirit of modern golf which Mr Leach has captured and embodied in the clever series of golfing essays which he has aptly entitled *The Spirit of the Links*. Sometimes, indeed, he harks back to olden times, but he is more successful in his interpretation of the more modern golfing philosophy and science. In his opening chapters he strikes a melodious note. '*Spero meliora*' is the golfer's fine motto. Hope is the will o' the wisp which leads him floundering cheerfully through the bogs, bunkers, and pitfalls which beset him in every round, ever hoping to reach the Elysian fields, where the turf is soft and velvety, where every drive and every iron-shot is played to perfection, where no short putts are ever missed.

The missing of short putts gives the author ample opportunity to moralise: 'The history of every man's golf is covered with metaphorical gravestones as the result of all the short putts he has missed.' How true that sentiment is every golfer knows but too well. The man who never misses his short putts, those putts that our children find so easy, has never yet been found. Perhaps the cleverest thing in the book is the mental *recitatif* of the man who has to hole an eighteen-inch putt to win him the match. It is too long to quote here, but will bear careful perusal. It begins thus: 'This is a very simple job, and when I have holed the ball I shall be certain of my half-crown. Still, I must be careful. It is very easy to miss these putts.' It is a very human document, which must appeal to many of us.

We gather that *quoad* the 'Royal and Ancient' Mr Leach is somewhat of a revolutionary. He seems almost to hanker after a Golf Union. He foresees the possible day 'when combined associations, old established, firm, and powerful, may find that they are doing everything and St Andrews nothing. Will it not be an easy thing, and one which will suggest itself, to cut the knot that ties them to the old and respected guardian of our golf, and go forth with a new and revolutionary programme of government which shall include the very championships and the rules themselves?' Such speculations, we say advisedly, are useless and perhaps harmful. If such a movement as Mr Leach pictures should ever be inaugurated, it would mean a downright schism in the world of golf. We have not a vestige of a doubt that every club of note in Scotland, and probably the greater English clubs, would give their whole heartfelt support to the premier club; and the mischief which would eventuate to the game might prove irreparable.

We could go on giving extracts of golfing philosophy, statistics, and stories *ad infinitum;* but already this article is too long, and we feel we have trespassed on the patience of our readers. The advice we give is that they should read the books themselves.

TONELLI'S GOLD.

CHAPTER V.

FRIDAY morning came in due course. At five minutes past ten o'clock Amata, who was on the lookout for Santi's coming, saw him pass the shop window. Next moment the bell tinkled, the door was brusquely opened, and the Italian, looking as smiling, handsome, and self-complacent as ever, came in with his usual swagger. But at the sight of Amata, robed in black, with her colourless face and with an expression in her eyes such as he had never seen in them before, standing rigid as a statue on the threshold of the inner room, he came to an abrupt halt, caught his breath quickly, and said in a voice hardly raised above a whisper, 'Amata, what is the matter? What has happened?'

'My father is dead and was buried a week ago,' was the reply in a dry, strained voice.

He fell back a little way, the sudden shock of surprise finding expression in his mobile features. But as Amata, who was watching him keenly, told herself, it was surprise unmingled with any note of deeper feeling.

He stared at her in silence for a few moments as if hardly knowing in what terms to greet her tidings. Then, first taking off his hat and placing it on the counter, he went forward, holding out both hands. '*Carissima*,' he began, 'I can't express to you how shocked I am by what you have just told me, for I had learned to look upon my dear uncle as if he were a second father. And to think that I shall never see him again! Now that he's no longer with us, you and I must try to love each other even more than we have yet done. Say, sweet one, is it not so?'

She had seemed not to notice his extended hands, and he now advanced a couple of steps; but as he did so she recoiled an equal space.

'Do not touch me. I cannot bear it just now,' she said, with a note of restrained passion in her voice. 'My heart is racked, and if you begin to talk to me about love I shall hate you. Let a week go by, and then perhaps'—— She left her sentence unfinished. How strangely she was regarding him! It was indicative of their changed relations that she no longer addressed him as 'thou,' but as 'you.'

'Oh, well, just as you please,' he said a little sullenly, and with a shrug of seeming indifference.

'Your business abroad has gone well? You stated so in your note to my father, which I opened.'

'Yes, very well.'

'And the notes?'

Santi started. He had not given Amata credit for knowing as much about certain matters as it was now evident she did know. 'I have brought them with me, of course,' he replied.

'Yes,' said Amata. From her tone it was clear that she expected them to be given up to her.

'Here they are,' said Santi, as he extracted a small packet tied up in brown paper from an inner pocket of his overcoat. 'Would it not be as well to count them?' he added with a half-veiled sneer as he handed the packet to Amata.

She took the notes without a word and laid them on the table. Santi made as though he were about

to take off his overcoat, but she stopped him with a gesture. 'You had better go now,' she said. 'I have not time to talk to you at present. Come back at seven this evening, when I shall have something of importance to say to you.'

'Always yours to command,' replied Santi with another shrug. Then, when he had buttoned his overcoat, he held out his right hand as if to grasp one of hers. But Amata shook her head and put both hands behind her. 'I know you too well, Stefano,' she said, implying thereby that if she let him take her hand he would pull her to him and kiss her, by main force if needful.

Santi had not been gone more than two minutes before Neri made his appearance. He had been watching for the other's departure. At once the girl opened the packet given her by her cousin and handed the contents to Neri. At the end of five minutes he gave her the notes back.

'Signorina, they are forgeries, even as were those I examined for the *padrone* a fortnight since.'

'Thank you, Giuseppe,' replied Amata, without any visible sign of emotion. 'You have told me no more than I expected to hear. Margarita knows that I shall not need her to-day, but you yourself will come to me soon after seven this evening.'

Benedetto Capponi was the next to appear. He had found a customer for Tonelli's poor stock-in-trade, as well as for the homely furniture and other contents of the house, and presently a removal-van drew up in front of the shop. To watch the despoilment of the place which had been her home for so many years was more than Amata could bear to do; so she put on her hat and jacket and went out into the streets. When she returned after two hours she found the premises denuded of everything save a small table and a couple of chairs in the living-room, together with some crockery and a few kitchen utensils.

After making tea for herself, Amata sat down to the composition of a letter which, although of no great length, occupied her for the greater part of the afternoon before it was finished to her satisfaction. After that there was little for her to do save wait for the coming of Santi, who made his appearance on the stroke of seven.

'Oh, this vile English climate!' were his first words. A deluge of rain was coming down, and the wind was blowing half a gale. His eyebrows went up at sight of the empty shop, and he looked the surprise he felt on going forward into the living-room.

'What is the meaning of this?' he asked.

'It means that, as I am on the point of leaving England, I have disposed of the furniture and other things through an old friend of my father's.'

She had risen at his entry and was standing on the far side of the table. Santi had never seen her face of such a death-like pallor, but for some reason she kept her eyes half-veiled under their lids.

'On the point of leaving England! Do you mean that you are about to live for the future in Italy?'

'Yes, at Sorrento, where I have uncles and cousins.'

'But it was your father's wish that you and I should be married before'——

Amata held up her hand. 'But my father is dead, and that arrangement is now at an end. Besides, you no longer care for me as much as you did a couple of months ago.'

'Amata, I swear to you by all the saints in paradise that I love you as devotedly, as madly, as ever I did! I swear to you'——

'Enough!' said the girl in a tone that compelled obedience. 'I cannot listen to a word more just now. I am wanted below-stairs.'

'You are wanted below-stairs!' echoed Santi, looking as stupefied as he felt.

'You may come with me if you care to do so.'

After lighting a candle she passed through into the kitchen, in which were two doors, one of them leading to the yard, while the other opened on a flight of steps leading to the underground portion of the premises. Down the steps went Amata, holding her candle aloft and followed closely by Santi, who had taken off his wet overcoat and hat, and who was wondering more and more.

At the bottom of the steps was a door, which Amata pushed open, and a moment later Santi found himself in a spacious cellar, of the existence of which he had had no previous knowledge. Amata turned up a gas-jet, and he stared about him with growing amazement. It seemed clear that at one time the place had been used as a bakehouse, for there at one end was the yawning mouth of an oven minus the door. If the daylight had ever had any access to the place, it had none now. On a shelf fixed against the wall were ranged an assortment of glass jars and bottles of various shapes and sizes, the greater number of them containing differently coloured chemicals of a liquid kind, while others seemed as if they might hold powdered or calcined materials, the specific uses and values of which were probably known only to Tonelli, and, it might be, in some measure to his daughter.

But the object which attracted Santi's more particular attention was a gas-stove of an unusual shape planted in the middle of the floor, on which, supported by three squat legs, stood a circular iron pot or crucible, having a block-tin cover suspended about a couple of feet above it, connected with a horizontal chimney of the same metal, the farther end of which was carried through an opening of the brickwork into the original chimney of the bakery. The gas under the stove was alight, and the liquid in the crucible, whatever it might consist of, was apparently near boiling-point.

A few seconds sufficed for Santi to take in these particulars. He looked the mystification he felt.

'The liquid in this vessel,' said Amata, 'is the chemical compound in which my father used to

immerse his coins for a certain number of hours. What I want you to do is to keep on stirring it with this ladle while I fetch from upstairs the last packet of coins my father had in his possession.'

There was a tremor in her voice, which, however, he failed to notice. She gave him the ladle, and he at once began to stir the liquid, the bluish fumes from which mounted into the lid, and, passing thence through the chimney, found their way into the open air.

At the foot of the steps Amata halted for a moment and glanced over her shoulder. As she did so a peculiar convulsion passed over her features, leaving them livid. '*Addio*, Stefano!' she murmured. Then she passed out and shut the door softly behind her.

Santi, busy with his ladle, had his back to the door. This surely was the 'magic bath' about which his uncle had spoken to him!

The wind was increasing in fury. The crazy old tenement trembled under the impact of its blows. Suddenly there was a crash of falling slates and débris close at hand.

Not more than two or three minutes had gone by before a slight noise behind Santi caused him to turn his head, and then, to his amazement, he saw that what looked like a folded paper had been thrust under the door. At once he hastened to pick it up; and, putting down the ladle, he crossed to the gas-jet. There, written in Italian, he read as under:

'Stefano, all is known to me. The notes you brought after your Amsterdam journey and those after your last journey are forgeries. Your intention was to enrich yourself at my father's expense. But for you he would have been alive now. It was the discovery of your villainy that killed him.

'To me you swore—what? You cannot have forgotten what! You poured hot words of love into my ear, and I—weak fool that I was!—believed you. You tainted my lips with your false kisses, when, had I but known the truth, I would sooner have thrust a knife into your heart; for since then I have seen and talked with your wife—when and where matters not.

'The wrong you have done me is beyond forgiveness, but that I have known how to avenge myself you will find when you see once more the light of day. AMATA TONELLI.'

The paper dropped from Santi's fingers and he stood for some moments like a man transfixed. All was known to her! That he would have to pay the penalty of his wrong-doing he did not doubt. Like himself, Amata was an Italian, and, as such, revenge with her had all the force of a sacred obligation. The question was, what form would her vengeance take?

He sprang to the door, only to find it proof against all his efforts to open it. He called Amata by name again and again, only to have his voice choke in his throat the third time he did so. Why should it do that? Turning from the door, he saw, to his horror, that the smoky fumes from the boiling liquid in the crucible, instead of ascending and being carried off through the chimney, no longer found an escape that way, but were spreading and filling the underground room. Already Santi was conscious of a peculiar constriction of the throat. He sprang to the stove with the intention of turning off the gas, but his frantic efforts to find the tap were unavailing. Choking and gasping for breath, he staggered aimlessly about the cellar. There was a whirling in his brain and a roaring as of many waters in his ears which momentarily grew louder. He beat the air wildly with his hands and tore madly at his throat. His brain was becoming clouded and he was conscious that his senses were deserting him. Minute by minute the poisonous acrid fumes from the crucible grew in density.

The end was at hand. The unhappy man, no longer able to stand upright, sank to the ground, and with a last effort crawled towards the door. Suddenly he rose to his knees, and on the instant his body became rigid. For the space of half-a-minute he swayed to and fro; then, with a low, gurgling cry, he rolled over, after which he stirred no more.

Meanwhile in the room upstairs Amata and Neri sat and conversed in low tones. As the crash of the falling slates smote their ears they gazed at each other in silence for some seconds, and then resumed their talk.

Five minutes might have passed, and then Amata sprang to her feet with an inarticulate cry.

'*Che posso fare?*' queried Neri, as he rose and pushed back his chair.

She did not answer, but with hands that visibly shook she lighted the bedroom lamp, and then turned off the gas at the meter, and flung open the door into the yard and the kitchen window. Then going back to Neri, she said, 'Do you not smell something?'

'*Si, signorina.* What is it?' He looked not merely surprised, but somewhat alarmed.

Again she did not answer, but crossing to the chimneypiece, she leaned her crossed arms upon it and let her head droop upon them.

Neri respected her silence and resumed his seat. By this time the air of the room had become disagreeably impregnated with the nauseous fumes from below, which had made their way under the door and so up the staircase. But at the end of ten minutes the atmosphere had comparatively cleared.

Then Amata left the room, only to return a minute later. In that time she had been down the stairs, had pushed back the bolt and opened wide the door, then hurried back to escape the rush of poisonous gas which otherwise would have overcome her.

After another space of silence she said to Neri,

'Follow me;' and with that she took the lamp and went down once more to the underground room. She went in slowly, with Neri close behind her.

Santi lay on his back, with extended arms and wide-open eyes. By the flickering lamplight his features seemed distorted into a sardonic grin. Amata cast one shuddering glance at him. She wanted the note she had thrust under the door. It was there, within a yard of the dead man. She picked it up, and without another glance behind her hurried from the spot.

When she and Neri were once more in the living-room she said, 'As you know, I never intended this to happen. On the shelf there was food and a bottle of wine, and at the end of twenty-four hours, by which time I should be far away, you were to give him his liberty. The chimney must have become choked by some means, so that the fumes from the crucible had no way of escape.'

And such proved to be the case. Each opening of the chimney-stack was crowned with four heavy slates set upright in mortar. These the force of the gale had uprooted, hurling most of them to the ground, but leaving one lying flat on the opening from the old bakery.

That night Amata slept under Neri's roof.

By ten o'clock next morning she was again at Santi's lodgings in Upper Holloway. She was before the time that had been previously arranged for, and Santi's wife could not help showing her annoyance at being surprised in an old dressing-gown and with her hair in curling-pins; but her manner changed when Amata, without preface, said to her, 'I have come earlier than the hour fixed upon in order to tell you that your husband is dead.'

Although the woman's cheeks blanched, it seemed as if in the course of the next few minutes she became five or six years younger.

'Oh miss, are you really and truly telling me the truth?' she gasped.

'I swear to you by all I hold sacred that Stefano Santi is dead. His death was the result of an accident. But you must ask me for no particulars, because I can tell you none. You will now be free to marry the man you jilted, but whom you say that you still love and who still loves you.'

'Ah!' breathed the woman softly, and the light as it might be of a new-found joy shone suddenly in her eyes.

'There will be no occasion now for you to go out and join your brother in Australia?'

'No, I suppose not. In fact, I'm sure not.'

'And our bargain about the child still holds good?'

'Of course, miss. It's a sure thing that when we're married Phil won't want to be bothered with him.'

'How soon can I have him?'

'I'll have him bathed and got ready at once, if you care to wait.'

Amata's previous visit to Holloway had resulted in a bargain between her and Santi's wife. The latter was desperately desirous of absconding from her husband and of going out to a brother in Australia. All she lacked was her passage-money and a few pounds for her outfit. Thereupon Amata had offered to give her a hundred pounds in exchange for the child, for it was already clear to her that Luigi's mother had little love for him. The offer was accepted with ill-dissembled joy.

An hour later a hansom set down Amata and the child at the Holborn terminus, where Neri was waiting with a trunk containing the girl's few belongings. She looked a different Amata from the listless and heavy-eyed being he had seen sitting at the breakfast-table two hours earlier. By what magic had the change been brought about?

She would not part for a moment from the child, whom she seemed to regard as a priceless possession. Carrying him in her arms, she booked herself by the Calais boat-train through to Naples. Some minutes later she was waving a farewell to Neri as the train drew out of the station.

As the coiner turned away he saw everything as through a mist.

THE END.

HOW FRANKLIN TRIED TO ANNEX CANADA.

IN these days of Imperial or Colonial Conferences, it is curious to recall Benjamin Franklin's attempt to annex Canada to the United States as a kind of solatium for all the trouble and distress brought upon his countrymen by the errors of George III., Lord North, and the 'tea-destroying Indians of Boston.'

To-day we have Sir Wilfred Laurier in London telling the British public of the ardent desire of his countrymen to uphold and support the prestige of the Empire; a century and a quarter ago we had the erstwhile printer and Deputy Postmaster-General of the United States calmly pressing on Richard Oswald, the British Commissioner, who arranged the terms of peace after the American war, 'that as he had already expressed an opinion that the French did well to cede Canada to us in the previous war, it would be a "sweet" thing, a "reconciliation," if the British Government should voluntarily offer to give up the province of Canada on condition that Britain shall have and enjoy at all times the right of *free trade* thither, unen-

cumbered with any duties whatsoever; that so much of the vacant lands shall be sold as shall raise a sum sufficient to pay for the houses burnt by the English troops and their Indian allies, and also to indemnify the Royalists for the confiscation of their estates.'

This maker of terse but true sayings, who had been laughed out of the Privy Council Chamber a few years previously, when he appeared with a petition for the removal of the Governor of Massachusetts, had now the effrontery to suggest further that if Canada were given up it would prevent occasions of quarrel by England continuing to hold it, hinting at the same time, but not expressing too plainly, 'that such a situation, to us so dangerous, would necessarily oblige us to cultivate and strengthen our union with France.' Truly, 'Poor Richard' was having his revenge for the years of contumely which he had suffered in London.

Luckily for the British Empire, perhaps even for the United States, the French Ministers of State had hopes that their old colonies around Quebec might in time, with their other colony of Louisiana, form the nucleus of a successful colony under the French flag; and, although they were willing to lend six million francs to Franklin's fellow-colonists, they were not going to help in what Franklin so quaintly called 'a *sweet* thing.'

Again and again Franklin returned to the charge. He had a favourite maxim 'that a man should not *seek* office, but having taken it, should not *resign* easily.' Evidently he carried this maxim into practice in diplomacy, never to resign an advantage; for he so pressed Mr Oswald for a settlement of the question of Canada that he had to go to England to consult Lord Shelburne. On his return he asked Franklin 'not to press the matter, but that it was probable he might get satisfaction at the end of the treaty'—that is, Paris, 1782. In this way, with the help of the French, 'Our Lady of the Snows' was saved for England.

The world owes much to Franklin besides his 'lightning-rod;' but the United States have not had a more astute ambassador in Europe since his day. An ambassador was commonly said to be a gentleman 'who *lies* abroad for his country's good;' but Franklin seems to have been one who spoke the truth vigorously and to the point, and had no small opinion of himself or of the 'solatium' for damage done to his countrymen.

THE PARSON'S KNOT.

By Owen Oliver.

THERE was a space of still water round the *Uralian*. One reef sheltered her as she lay upon another, straining and groaning like a beast in pain. Her bows had climbed over the hidden rock, pointing scornfully upwards till they had bent with their own weight and sagged downwards again. Now the forecastle was half-submerged, and the water poured in and out through great rents. The ship was twisted amidships, the deck-planking had opened in places, and part of the music-saloon had fallen in, but the stern was uninjured and lay in deep water. They carried the boats aft that were available and launched them there.

Beyond the oasis of calm, a heavy sea swept shorewards in towering green waves until it reached a comb of jagged rocks, and poured through the openings in sheets of foam to a long sandy beach. Three tossing boats were approaching the rocks as slowly as the current would suffer, looking for a passage through; the fourth, the last remaining, was just leaving the ship. The men, who had lowered it with no appliances but bare ropes, rubbed their chafed hands on their trousers and mopped their foreheads, and gathered together silently, except a tall gentleman of about forty. He left the others and went towards a lady who stood back a little, watching them. The rest of the women and all the children were in the boats. She turned when he reached her, and they walked forward together. He patted her shoulder approvingly, and she smiled faintly at him. She was about five-and-thirty, scarcely good-looking, but very likeable when she smiled.

'*That's* why she wouldn't go in the boat!' one of the gathering observed.

'Ay,' said an old sailor, 'she's the right sort.'

Then they were silent again.

The man and the woman were silent too. When they reached the end of the saloon promenade, beside the wrecked music-saloon, they stopped and rested their arms on the rail and gazed at the shore a mile away—not as if they wished to look at the shore, but as if they feared to look at each other. The chief officer came swiftly down the narrow ladder from the navigation-deck with two life-belts on his arm.

'Best put them on,' he advised; 'but I don't think they'll be much use.' He nodded towards the breakers. 'She'll go in ten minutes.'

The man laid one belt on the deck while he put the other round the woman. She held up her arms and smiled at him all the time. When he was finished with her, and picked up the other belt, she took it from him.

'Let me do it for you,' she offered. 'I should like to.'

His grave face lit up for a moment. 'I shall like you to,' he told her. 'You are a brave woman.'

'Braver than I thought,' she assented. 'I used

to think that I was just ordinary—that we all were. Now I think it was life that was ordinary, not we. What shall we do with the rest of it—the ten minutes?'

'Let us open our hearts,' the man proposed. 'We may venture now. Dear lady, I have admired you and liked you all the voyage. We shall go as friends together, I think.'

'I wish no better company,' she told him.

'Is there no one who has a better right?' he asked.

'No one. And you?'

'No one.'

'And that,' she said, 'is why we thought life ordinary, I suppose.'

He nodded, and they rested their arms on the rail again and gazed at the boats approaching the shore. There were only two of them now—no, three. One lay upturned on the beach. Specks of humanity crawled out of the foam. Some rushed back at the risk of their lives and pulled out others.

'Yes,' he said, 'we are braver than we thought. Do you see the bounder-man, as we call him?' He pointed to the group at the stern. 'One might have expected him to fight for a place in the boats. When I saw him carry the first child down I thought it was an excuse to get a place for himself; but he carried half-a-dozen more down and came back cheerfully every time. He managed to cheer them too, wiped their eyes and joked at their fears in his own way, got some packets of sweets from the bar and threw them down to the boat, and kissed his hand to them. Now he's lighting a cigarette. Yes, we're braver than we thought. *You*, dear lady, are the bravest and the best. You gave up your life when you gave up your place in the boat. Why?'

'The children have no mother,' she explained; 'and he is such a good father to them. They need him, and I have no one.'

He took her hand. 'You have a friend,' he assured her.

'Yes,' she said simply. 'That was the other reason why I remained.'

'Me?' He looked at her quickly.

'You. I wonder—it doesn't matter what we say now, does it?—I wonder if we really cared for each other.'

'Ah!' said the man, 'I wondered too; but I thought women always knew.'

She shook her head. 'I liked you, certainly; but I have liked other men. I never liked any of them enough. You see, I am not a marrying woman. I have—I *had*—aims in life. Marriage meant sacrificing so much. It *is* a sacrifice for an independent woman to give up her individuality, to be Mrs Something-Else—not even her own name left! And for what? To be a toy and a plaything for a year. Perhaps not a year. Don't call it selfishness. I'd have given up everything if I had thought that love would last. My dear friend, it doesn't last. You and I are not children. We have seen life. We know! But the woman's lasts longest. I was afraid of *that*.'

'I know.' The man nodded. 'I liked you too—liked you more than was comfortable. I thought it out many a time. It was more than liking or esteem, Marian. I quickened at your coming, warmed at your beautiful smile.'

'Dear friend,' she protested, 'we can be candid now. You know that I am not beautiful.'

'Indeed!' he declared. 'I thought you were. It was yourself that I liked, but I liked your woman's graces too. You are smiling very beautifully now.'

'If it pleases you,' she said, 'I will smile to the end. I am glad that my looks please you. Will it make this—this moment of your life happier to know that I admire you? I do.'

He nodded. 'Thank you, dear woman. I was very tempted sometimes to ask you to give me yourself; but—— You see, I was a successful man, and a clever man—I may say that now—and I had a career before me; and a man may find marriage a sacrifice too. I also have liked others, and not enough. I, too, was not sure if I liked *you* enough; but I liked you more than any of the rest—much more. Sometimes I pictured you at my breakfast-table, in a cool morning-gown, your white fingers busy with the cups. But I was forty and more, and you were forty and less. The married breakfast-table is not always harmonious, and we were a little old to adjust ourselves to double harness; and so—— Well, I didn't think so much of the risk of quarrels. We might have had a few hot words now and then, but *they* don't matter. It was the *cold* words that I feared. To love you—and I knew that I should love you very much—and then to slip back! To be loved by you—if you *could*—and then to be loved by you no longer! To turn into the ordinary married pair, to live our separate lives—and a chain between!'

They gazed out over the water again. Another boat dashed safely ashore. They fancied that they heard a shout from the beach.

'He and his children are in that,' the man said. 'You would have been saved. Oh, you brave, good woman! You were worth taking the risk for.'

'But you did not mean to take it.' She brushed her eyes.

'I told myself so; but I used to fancy that some night when the moon shone, some night when the end of the voyage and the parting from you were nearer than I could bear, and you looked at me with your beautiful smile—— I could never reason with that smile of yours, Marian.'

She turned to him and smiled, and he took both her hands and kissed them.

'I did not mean to either,' she confessed; 'but I too thought that perhaps, near the end of the voyage, as you say, if you took my hand—— I could never reason with the touch of your hand.

I—oh yes! I should have taken the risk, I think, if you had asked me.'

He drew her gently to him. She laid her face on his shoulder for a moment, then lifted it to his.

'Oh, my dear!' she cried, 'the risk was not that we should not love, only that we should lose sight of it in the commonplace of life. Now, if we are spared, we shall know'——

'We shall know, darling. There is no hope, I think. May we both be saved, or neither.'

'Yes, yes! Hold me very tightly when—then! Oh, I love you so!'

He took up a piece of cord that lay upon the deck and made a fastening between the life-belts.

'If my arms can no longer hold you,' he said, 'we shall still be together. It shall be both or neither. I think it will be neither. I love you very much, Marian.'

He kissed her many times, and she smiled the beautiful smile.

'Close your eyes then,' she told him. 'Think of me like this, as you like to see me. Think that *afterwards* you will find me so. Dear, I was not always sure that I believed in afterwards; but now that you love me I am sure. "Love holds the key of heaven." I wrote that once in a book—a book—now you have written it on my life. This is the time that I have *lived*, these few minutes!'

'My dear! my dear! it is so hard.'

'No, no! We have found each other, and perhaps if we had lived the ordinary life we never should have. This is best.'

They clung to each other tightly. They did not stir even when the ship gave a long shiver, and another.

Then the chief officer hurried forward. 'Get aft,' he cried; 'get aft! There's a lot of powder in the hold. The captain's going to fire it and try to blow her up. It will break her in two; but he thinks that the stern will float off, and if the water-tight compartments hold we shall reach the breakers before we ground. She'll break up then, and we shall have to swim or float; but we sha'n't have so far to go, and the boats got through the rocks, and why shouldn't we?' He laughed in the careless way of sailor-men. 'I'll come to your wedding yet,' he said. 'God bless you!'

'God bless you, old chap!' said the man.

'God bless you,' said she—'*all* of you!'

'Now, hurry astern,' the chief officer advised, and turned away.

The man caught him by the arm. 'Where are *you* going?' he asked.

'I'm going to fetch the old man. If I don't I believe he'd blow up with the ship. Look sharp! I expect he's fired the train by now.'

'Then *you*'——

'Mustn't wait any longer,' said the chief officer with another laugh; and he broke away and ran, and they turned and walked astern. She clasped her hands over his arm.

'Oh,' she cried, 'if this is the end it was worth living for! Life is better than I thought, and braver. They have *all* been so brave. I will never despise any one again—not even a bounder-man!'

The bounder-man held out his hand to them when they reached him. 'Good sports!' he said, smiling at their locked fingers.

An hour ago they would have thought him a vulgar intruder. Now they shook his hand warmly.

Presently the chief officer appeared, almost dragging the old captain with him. The latter seemed to have no eyes for anything but the doomed ship. It was like a child to him, and he had no other. Ah, we all have dear ships that go down!

The vessel shivered again, and heeled over slightly. They looked anxiously at one another, thinking that she would sink before the powder exploded; and then, suddenly, there was a great crash. Boards, bales, and the whole music-saloon flew into the air. The bows seemed to dissolve, and the stern took a great lurch into the water. The waves swept over it for a few moments; but when they passed it floated upright, and its human freight was left clinging to the rails—except the captain.

The chief officer rubbed his drenched sleeve across his wet face. 'He'd have wished to go with her,' he said huskily.

'Yes,' said the bounder-man. 'Yes, I can understand that.'

And they did not think it strange that he should understand.

The fragment of ship swept unsteadily towards the shore, rocking and rolling so violently that those on it could scarcely cling on to the rails. First they hung over the water, then they faced the sky—a clear, blue sky, with a white cloud here and there. At every roll they sank lower in the water.

'The compartments have broken in,' the chief officer pronounced. 'She's filling.'

'Still, we get a run for our money,' the bounder-man consoled him.

As the stump of ship filled and sank farther it rolled less; and they came into a current which carried them straight towards the shore, nearer and nearer till they could distinguish each of the jagged teeth of rock sticking up through the seething foam and see others just underneath it. They inferred that between these there were more that they could not see, though no one said so.

'We shall reach ground,' the chief officer prophesied—'just reach ground.'

They looked doubtfully at the water coming nearer and nearer to their feet, and held their breath.

At last the water reached the deck and began to wet their feet. Then there was a harsh, grating sound, and a jerk that threw several on the deck, and the stump of ship rose two or three feet out of the water. They were fifty yards from the rocks where the sea broke, and perhaps a hundred and fifty from the shore.

'I suppose we may as well jump over and take our luck,' the bounder-man suggested; 'but it's ten to one on those rocks. Hanged if it isn't!'

They stared at the black masses jutting up between the green sea and the seething foam that raced to the shore.

'They're awkward,' the mate admitted—'*confoundedly* awkward! If we could get through *them* I'd bet ten to one on the lot of us reaching the shore alive. You *can't* drown in half-a-minute. Well, *some* of us will get through. It's the only chance. Take a long breath before you start.'

'Can't you get a rope ashore,' some one asked, 'as they do at wrecks, so that we could go down it?'

'Ye-es,' said the chief officer, 'I might get a rope ashore; but you couldn't hold on. I've no cradle to run up and down it. No, you'll have to jump. Who'll go first?'

The man and the woman looked at each other.

'We will,' he said.

'You'd better go singly,' an old sailor advised. 'There'll be more chance of slipping between the snags, you see. If you're tied together and one gets caught you'll both be done for.'

The bounder-man slapped him on the shoulder.

'And suppose that's what they wish?' he said. 'Eh, my old sport?'

'Ah, ha!' said the old sailor—'ah, ha! that makes it all the more pity.' He looked at the cord which fastened them together, and suddenly he laughed excitedly and turned to the chief officer. 'The very idea, sir!' he said. 'If you got a cable ashore we'd sling 'em over it in pairs—let the rope between 'em slide down it, don't you see, and they could hold on to each other and keep it from slipping off.'

The chief officer and several of the men rushed away, and came back with twine and ropes. They fastened some balls of twine together and bound one end round a plank. Then they threw the plank overboard, and the current carried it swiftly towards the rocks. It struck one of the snags and leapt violently into the air; then it went on to the beach, and one of the sailors secured it and waved his arm.

'Ah,' said the old sailor, 'that's Bill! *He* understands. He was a lifeboatman once, Bill was. Look, he's telling the rest!'

He waved his arm in reply, and fastened on a thin rope, and the men dragged it ashore by the twine; and then by the line they pulled in a stout hawser—several hawsers joined, really. All ashore, even the women and children, assisted to haul, standing in a long row. Then the men held the end, and the women and children held the line attached to it. Those aboard secured their end firmly to the ship, carrying it up to the stanchions of the platform round the captain's cabin to give it as much elevation as possible; and then their comrades ashore pulled it as taut as they could, tugging so hard that the poop of the ship moved yards nearer the breakers. The sailors substituted a stouter rope for the cord between the man and the woman, and greased it in the middle to make it run more easily. They put it over the hawser first, so that one would hang at each side, and told them to hold each other firmly. Then two or three men held them over the side ready to start.

'Now,' asked the chief officer, 'are you ready? Go!' he cried, giving them a mighty push; and they slid swiftly down the sagging hawser through the drenching foam that sprang up from the rocks and nearly took their breath away, holding each other more and more tightly and rocking swiftly from side to side.

At first they went very fast, but as the rope sagged their motion was slower and slower; and though the rope between them passed over the joins in the hawsers, the obstacles checked their speed. Then their feet dragged in the foam, and they moved very, very slowly, till at last they stopped. Then the men ashore gave little jerks to the hawser, and they moved on a few inches at a time; and then the current began dragging at their feet, and the oldest sailor ashore yelled out sharply, 'Lower 'em! lower 'em! The current'll fetch 'em!' And suddenly they splashed in the water, and the foam flew all over them; and a sailor waist-deep in the water, and holding to others in a chain, seized them and dragged them on to the beach. And without waiting to be untied they joined the rest in hauling at the rope for the passage of the next pair, who were already at the ship's side; but as they pulled they kept smiling at each other.

'Oh,' she whispered once, 'and we thought life ordinary!'

All their friends were ashore at last. The chief officer and the bounder-man were the final pair, and arrived a couple of minutes before the remains of the old ship broke up and disappeared. They were heavy men, and swung their legs and landed unaided with a run; and then a sailor cut the couples adrift. When he severed the only lady from her companion he grinned.

'The next time you're tied up,' he prophesied, 'it'll be a knot that can't be cut—a parson's knot.'

And the bounder-man beamed on them benevolently. He felt as though he would like to lend some one a dollar, he said. 'I'll go and see it done,' he asserted, 'whether I'm asked or not.'

Three weeks later, when a passing steamer had carried them off to England, he was asked, and went. He gave the bride a wonderful gold ornament fashioned like a fragment of rope tied in a sailor-like way. 'The parson's knot,' he informed them.

And the chief officer, who was asked too, took it up and smiled. 'We don't call it that,' he said. 'We call it "a true-lovers' knot."'

'That,' said the bounder-man, 'is what I want it to be!'

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Feb. 20th.*

THE conversation among a group of political persons turned the other evening, naturally enough, upon the hard life that is inflicted in these days upon the Prime Minister of the country, and it was held with positiveness that the present system is such that it is impossible for the nation to derive the best benefit from its chief statesman, or even, in the ordinary course of events, to get any benefit at all from him for any adequate length of time. By this it was meant to say that no man fairly advanced in life can stand the physical strain of premiership for more than a very few years, with the result that he has no sooner become well experienced in his office and best fitted for the good service of the State in the most responsible of all positions than his strength deserts him, his capacity fails, he must seek rest at home or abroad, and there has even to be resort to some desperate expedient in order that the State may continue to get any more work at all out of him. In the course of some fifty or sixty years the country develops a capable Prime Minister, and then, as it were, kills him off in five. The evolution of our governmental system has constantly had the tendency of throwing more work and more responsibility upon him, until at the present time the office is almost an impossible one. It is necessary for him to decentralise himself, so to say, as much as possible, and delegate to subordinates duties of the first importance which he would prefer to undertake himself, and should do, but simply cannot. Thus to his general worries are added those of a constantly uneasy conscience, dissatisfaction with duty done, and fear for what may happen. What is needed is that the Premier in these days should be expected to be less a Manager of Parliament, less of an acting Chief Public Orator, called upon to make speeches at innumerable and most diversified functions, and less of a Principal Politician. He should be simply and almost solely the Acting Manager of State in a position corresponding somewhat to that of the President of the French Republic. Below him he should have a Manager of Parliament. We approach a little way towards this ideal when our Prime Minister is in the House of Lords; but there is the anomaly and difficulty at present that by the existing system the premiership is most effective when it is exercised from the Commons, and that the chief statesman generally only seeks the Upper House when he feels that his strength has become impaired with age and overwork, and that the best has gone out of him. Clearly this is not a good arrangement. In the old days our forefathers used to have younger Prime Ministers, who could stand more hard work and strain, but from whom, nevertheless, there was comparatively little expected. The younger Pitt, when he was Prime Minister, might drink his two bottles of port at night and not rise from his bed until eleven o'clock in the morning, for his parliamentary duties made quite a light tax upon his time (though even he 'died of old age' at forty-six); and as for other duties, it is on record that he only delivered two public speeches outside the walls of Parliament during the whole of his political life, and these were of such extreme brevity that they would have made but insignificant paragraphs in our morning newspapers even when reported to the full. Never afterwards did the chief Minister have such an easy time as that. The duties increased and multiplied surely and steadily until by the latter days of the nineteenth century they had become well-nigh overwhelming; so that when John Bright once went to Mr Gladstone and expressed some qualms of conscience that he had in taking a salary for a ministerial office to which he had been appointed, the Prime Minister answered with a shake of the head, 'There, Bright, I don't agree with you a bit; and for my part I had rather take my official money than anything I receive from land, for I know I have earned every penny of it!' Yet, it may be said in passing, it is a little curious that there is no salary whatever for the Prime Minister as such, and he would be without pecu-

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niary reward were it not for the fact that he takes to himself another office where the work is paid for, generally that of the First Lord of the Treasury, with its salary of five thousand pounds; but so chary are we of overloading our Premiers with riches that long since it was enacted that if any of them should play the treble part of Premier, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and First Lord, as has many times been done, they must do so at a specified reduction. Little wonder, then, it is declared that no Prime Minister has ever become a rich man while in office, that one of them—this being Lord John Russell—said himself that he never had a debt in his life until he became First Lord of the Treasury, and that when Spencer Perceval was murdered the estate he left behind him was so extremely meagre that Parliament had to come to the rescue of his bereaved family.

* * *

If the duties of premiership were heavy in the days of Mr Gladstone, they were nearly as arduous for a long time before that, and they have certainly become more so since. More than sixty years ago, Peel, then a recently fallen Minister, remarked to Gladstone, when the latter called upon him, that he had been twice Prime Minister, and nothing would induce him again to take part in the formation of a Government, the labour and anxiety being too great; and then he went on to say, 'No one in the least degree knows what it is. I have told the Queen that I part from her with the deepest sentiments of gratitude and attachment; but that there is one thing she must not ask of me, and that is to place myself again in the same position. There is the whole correspondence with the Queen several times a day, and all requiring to be in my own hand, and to be carefully done; the whole correspondence with Peers and members of Parliament, as well as other persons of consequence; the sitting seven or eight hours a day listening in the House of Commons. Then I must, of course, have my mind in the principal subjects connected with the various departments.' And so forth. After the interview which Peel had with the Queen on the occasion mentioned, Prince Albert made a memorandum that 'he is evidently much relieved in quitting a post the labours and anxieties of which seem almost too much for anybody to bear.' Doubtless, the scope of the private secretary has expanded since those days, and different Premiers have found special means of lightening the demands of correspondence which Sir Robert took so conscientiously. Mr Gladstone used to say that the invention of post-cards had prolonged his life. But, considering all its points, it is still the hardest task in the State, and we must come to the conclusion that we use up our Prime Ministers too quickly.

* * *

Every now and then there is a crisis or an upheaval of a kind in the inky world of Fleet Street, where all the news of the world gets concentrated hourly, and whence it is radiated again to all whom it may or may not concern. We had one of them lately, and it was of much moment. Not that, to be strict, the headquarters of the *Times* is in Fleet Street, but that which we continue to regard as the chief newspaper is of Fleet Street, as one might say. Hitherto it has largely, though not entirely, held itself independent of modern tendencies and revolutions in journalism. There are other newspapers in London that have traditions almost as rich and lofty as those of the *Times;* but it is as if the extra traditions of its own locality in Printing-House Square had hung round it, holding it staunch, conservative, and immune from too much modernism; for where the paper is printed there was once the old Friars' Chapterhouse, and a century and a half back the King's Printer had his office in one of the buildings. One of the offices stands where stood long ago the London house of the most ancient family of Manners. Step back from the busy thoroughfares of the City—and but a hundred yards away there is said to be the most dangerous crossing in the whole of London town—into the court which is in the middle of the buildings, and even now you seem to go back a century of time. Through many vicissitudes the old Walter family management has stood fast by the great journal, and it is largely for this reason that the feeling has been encouraged in the public mind that the *Times* had a great soul that was superior to all considerations of monetary profit, that it would go on and on in the exercise of pure conscience as it had done, and thus its position as the great national newspaper was firmly fixed. For many decades past the *Times* has been not merely a London newspaper, but the national recorder and the world critic and censor, and respected the whole world over as such. A new and revolutionary era in the history of the newspaper now arrives in the introduction of an outside and extremely modern personal element to its management; but it is far from being allowable or proper to imagine that this is not good for it in all respects. Had the *Times* languished it would have been bad all round, and the modern time is, after all, not so poor in conscience and the modern journalism not so short of principle that there need be fear for the future of this great national instrument of thought. It and its new leaders have well-wishers everywhere.

* * *

It is an odd fancy that as the *Times* is virtually the last to yield to the modern spirit and method of journalistic enterprise, it was the first to do so in another far-back era of newspaper production; for in all the world it was the first newspaper to be printed by the aid of steam, and this innovation was not then performed without some desperate courage and risk on the part of John Walter the Second, who was then in command. About the beginning of last century the paper had a circulation of only about three or four thousand

copies a day, and by the laborious hand process it took many hours to print even so few. Mr Walter was so eager to gain a new and quicker method of printing that he kept a very intelligent inventor of the name of Martyn on his premises with the single but sufficient commission to invent an improved and quicker printing-machine, and the man seemed almost to have succeeded when the pressmen conceived him to be their deadly enemy, and threatened him so much that he had to retire. But some time later another man of the name of König came along with a new patent printing-machine, and Mr Walter secretly housed it and him and an assistant named Bauer in some adjoining premises where during many months the invention was slowly perfected. At last it was determined that the great epoch-making experiment of printing the paper by steam should be made in the early morning of 29th November 1814. It was written by Mr Walter's biographer that the night on which this curious machine was first brought into use in its new abode was one of great anxiety and even alarm. Destruction to any one whose inventions might suspend their employment—'destruction to him and his traps'—had been threatened by the suspicious pressmen. That night they were told to hold their services back awhile for expected news from the Continent; but at six o'clock in the morning Mr Walter himself made a dramatic entry into the pressroom with a paper in his hands, and astonished the men by remarking to them quietly that they would not be wanted any more that day, the *Times* being already printed by steam; that they would be unwise to attempt any violence, as precautions had already been taken for its immediate suppression; but that if they were peaceable each man's wages should be continued until he could get other suitable employment. Thereupon Mr Walter distributed among them several copies of the newly printed paper, containing a leading article in which was given an explanation of the process by which this remarkable departure in the method of printing had been accomplished, and wherein the editor animadverted also on all that it meant to the Press and civilisation in general.

* * *

Like all others that are of any age, the journal has had many stirring periods in its history since those far-off days, and there will be many more to come, for never were the times so interesting, even exciting, in the newspaper world as they are to-day. And a thing that is impressed upon one in the present era is that those sour old pessimists who constantly talk with such glibness about the decadence of the Press, in which they can see nothing but unhealthiness, must often be blind to the magnificent good that it is constantly doing—good for the honour and the welfare of the nation, and often enough good that should have been done by Government officially if it had not been too neglectful of important matters involved. In this respect we have lately had a striking object-lesson furnished to us by another great journal in the *Daily Telegraph*, which by its own efforts collected together the old soldiers who saved the honour of the country in the dark days of the Indian Mutiny, and on a great anniversary fed them and made them happy as they had not been for many a weary day. And having done so, it exposed to the nation the scandal that in many cases these old warriors, to whom England owes so much, had to leave the banqueting-hall to go back, not to happy homes where their wants were provided for and their comfort in declining days properly attended to, but to the workhouse! It is a melancholy state of things, and there is something greatly humiliating to the nation in the revelation that has been made. The only grain of comfort to be derived from it is in contemplation of the circumstance that we still have a Press that can play the unforgetting part.

* * *

During the last year or two there has been a considerable and commendable vogue for volumes of reminiscences of the early and middle Victorian period, and the result has been the publication of some most entertaining literature calculated to attract the attention of readers who seldom display taste in the direction of works of biography or of a semi-historical character. What one might call the advantage of memoirs of the period referred to is that they concern the lives of people and events of which our own senior relatives have first-hand knowledge, and which for this and other reasons of a like character seem to be just on the fringe of our own experience. The footprints of the heroes and heroines are still on the paths, and in reading of their doings there is no feeling that the work in hand is historical study, which, to some minds at all events, is a considerable relief. But though this time is so near to us that we can sometimes reach it with our living families, how much changed have life and manners become in the interval, so that these accounts of Victorian sayings and doings have a charm and a piquancy which is delightful! It may be that it is only because we follow in the custom of generations by underestimating the richness of the present time; but it does occasionally seem from such reminders as have been afforded us that there was somewhat more colour and more body in life in those days than we get in it now. Of all such works that we have encountered none have been more fascinating than the volumes of reminiscence that have been furnished by that most cultivated and talented gentlewoman Lady Dorothy Nevill, who was a social magnet in that period of which we have been speaking, and who had intimate association with all the notabilities of the time, from which her keen intellect enabled her to derive the utmost advantage and pleasure. The most recent of these volumes (*Leaves from the Note-Books of Lady Dorothy Nevill*, published by Macmillan) is full of the most delightful recollections and

original anecdote, varied by pointed reflection. Especially is Lady Dorothy interesting when, as frequently, she is writing upon matters of art and the treasures and collections thereof. One story about the first Sir Robert Peel will be new to many readers, and is excellent, whether it is true or not. It has connection with the famous picture by Holbein of Henry VIII. delivering a charter to the barbers and surgeons on the occasion of their amalgamation into one body, John Penn standing out as a prominent figure on the canvas. Lady Dorothy's reminder, prefaced by an expression of her fancy that the story rests upon no solid foundation, is that Peel always expressed the greatest admiration for this painting on account of the fine portrait of the royal barber, and once actually offered the Barbers' Corporation two thousand pounds to allow him to have it cut out after a copy had been made to put in its place; and then it is added: 'An even more fantastic legend used to declare that Sir Robert had often expressed an intense desire to be allowed to have a bed made up upon the dining-table of the Barbers' Company, in order that on awakening in the morning his eyes might rest upon his favourite Penn. The table in question, as a matter of fact, is an ancient dissecting-table, on which, previous to 1745, the bodies of criminals and malefactors were laid, the executions at Tyburn furnishing the Barber Surgeons' Company with a constant supply of anatomical specimens.'

* * *

Various possible clues to missing art treasures are suggested casually in these pages written by Lady Dorothy Nevill. Sometimes great collectors forget what they have collected, and go out in anxious search of their own possessions. We are told that the Marquis of Hertford, the same who did so much to make the Wallace collection what it now is, had this tendency strongly developed, and was in the habit of keeping some of his finest and most valuable pictures piled up in heaps against the wall, not troubling to have them hung, or indeed paying any attention to them at all. Such is the result of the mere collecting mania! Now, his lordship was in the habit of employing certain agents to buy for him; and on one occasion, it is said, sending for one of the most able of these men, he bade him spare no expense or trouble in the effort to secure a certain picture, the details of which he minutely described. The collector accordingly set out, telling his lordship that his wishes should certainly be fulfilled; but in spite of the most strenuous exertions the much-sought-for picture could not be discovered, and Lord Hertford eventually received a letter from the man saying that, much to his regret, he was abandoning the search, feeling convinced that it was useless. A year or two later this very collector, whilst travelling on the Continent, chanced to come across a shrewd dealer whom he had not yet questioned about this picture. He accordingly asked the man whether he knew anything about it, to which the latter replied, 'Know anything about it! Of course I do; but you need not trouble any further about it, for it has gone into a collection from which no money will cause it to emerge. Lord Hertford bought it of me three or four years ago, and, as you know, he never parts with anything.' The collector at once informed his patron of what he had been told, and when a search was made the picture was duly discovered propped up behind several others, with its face to the wall. We are reminded that there are still in Coutts's Bank a large number of cases deposited there by French *emigrés*, who, having returned to France in order to forward the Royalist cause, met their death without having left any instructions as to the disposal of their property lodged in England. It has also been said that a great portion of the splendid jewellery of Madame du Barry, never properly accounted for, remains intact and untouched in an unopened case in the strong-room of the bank. According to the present system of things, all such treasures and belongings of the dead have to remain there, just as they were placed, until their legal owners come for them, which in the nature of things will never happen. The rule is for the bank to allow the boxes literally to moulder to pieces, carefully wrapping up in paper any objects which may fall out, and replacing them in a heap on the top of what is left. Lady Dorothy Nevill properly remarks that it seems a pity that no Act of Parliament should ever have been passed to deal with such cases, for there are probably many priceless works of art slowly drifting to utter decay in these old brass-bound chests fast mouldering into dust. By the way, she has some odd reminiscences concerning the very moderate use of tobacco in those times. 'Smoking-rooms in country houses,' she says, 'were absolutely unknown, and such gentlemen as wished to smoke after the ladies had gone to bed used, as a matter of course, to go either to the servants' hall or to the harness-room in the stables, where at night some sort of rough preparation was generally made for their accommodation. To smoke in Hyde Park, even up to comparatively recent years, was looked upon as absolutely unpardonable, while smoking anywhere with a lady would have been classed as an almost disgraceful social crime. The first gentleman of whom I heard as having been seen smoking a cigar in the Park was the late Duke of Sutherland, and the lady who told me of it spoke as if she had been present at an earthquake!' Again, a most delightful book.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XVI.—RED SUNDAY.

IT was Sunday. But no tread of hastening feet in the streets of Paris told of gathering congregations; no harmonies of chanted psalms, no wail of lamenting litany, rose in the churches. It was to be a devil's Sabbath, a day of evil memory for all time. It was September 2, the blackest day in the calendar of the Revolution — an almanac so full of mingled light and darkness.

Jean wandered restlessly through the streets that day, conscious of a strange disquiet lying upon him which he could not explain. He had so far failed completely in the business which brought him to Paris. A dim feeling that events were moving swiftly to some dreadful crisis possessed him, yet the sense of helplessness lay upon him like a paralysis.

Early in the morning he betook himself to the Hôtel de Ville, hoping to meet Toulan; but the great building wore a darkly silent aspect. The committee sat with shut doors. There were no deputations, no crowds of garrulous spectators. Jean caught a glimpse of Marat's crooked legs climbing the steps to the great door, which opened to receive him and was shut again instantly; and the sight of his broad, evil face, with its projecting chin, its blotched cheeks, and its dishevelled hair, disquieted him. The fierce yellow eyes beneath the slanting eyebrows had a fixed and preoccupied stare. It was as though they were held by some dark picture drawn on the very air.

Little groups came up to the door from time to time and were admitted; but they were strangers to Jean, and quite unlike the ordinary spectators. They represented a new and evil type. In face and dress they recalled to Jean the half-savage inhabitants of the cellars along the banks of the Seine—a race as dangerous and fierce as the wild beasts of an African forest. What dark errand brought them to the Hôtel de Ville? Was some secret and bloody plot on foot, and were they its instruments?

Jean hurried to the Abbaye; but there, again, the great gates were jealously shut and silent. At noon the sullen boom of a gun sent a wave of sound across the streets of Paris. It was an alarm-gun; but of what it was the signal Jean could not guess. Presently, as if in answer, there rose in the air, and from every point of the compass in turn, the sound of the tocsin shaking the atmosphere with its harsh call. Still the city seemed motionless. The streets were empty. Jean felt as if some nightmare lay upon them.

Late in the afternoon he betook himself again to the Abbaye. As he came near it he was disquieted to find all the approaches blocked by a silent and staring multitude. A French crowd usually wraps itself in noise as in a garment, but this was strangely hushed. All faces were turned towards the gate of the great prison; many were white and rigid as if with horror. Each man seemed to be unconscious of his neighbour's presence. They were spectators of some dreadful scene which held them spell-bound.

Jean forced his way through the crowd, and at the spectacle before him its mood of silent horror fell upon him. The whole space in front of the Abbaye gate was strewn with dead bodies lying in a hundred attitudes of flight and terror, as if death had come upon them suddenly and in some pursuing and dreadful shape. The dead, as their dress showed, were chiefly priests. At the entrance of the prison was an armed guard in civilian dress and red caps. The gates themselves were open, so that the great court within could be seen. In it was a crowd of some two hundred men, with pikes and swords, grouped in a ragged curve in front of the main door opening from the building. Jean saw, with a shudder, that the pikes above the red caps were crimson with blood. What explained that red stain on so many steel points?

As he stared with uncomprehending eyes the door opened, a hoarse voice cried, '*À la Force!*' and a struggling figure was thrust out. The red pikes fell to the level of a charge, the guard in the court closed fiercely to the centre, there was a forest of brandished and thrusting arms; a wild, broken, long-drawn shriek rent the shuddering air, while a wave of emotion swept through the watching crowd around Jean. Then he suddenly understood. The darker forces of the Revolution had thrust aside the existing tribunals, and were setting up a fierce, swift, unpitying judgment-bench of their own. They were 'purging the prisons.' It all grew intelligible to Jean as, with blood half-frozen with horror, he stared at the dreadful sight. All the passions of the Revolution were here brought to an evil climax.

Always the forces in it making for violence had conquered the forces resisting violence. The Tiers État had captured the States-General; the Girondists had been overthrown by the Mountain; the Jacobins outraved the Cordeliers and crushed them; and now the Commune had thrust aside the municipality, the National Assembly was in the fierce clutch of the Convention.

All the conditions of the moment were on the side of the extremists. The terror on the frontier reacted on the terror at the heart of France and made it pitiless. It was true that Danton was Minister of Justice—a sufficiently grim and ruthless guardian of the law, it might have been supposed; but even under Danton 'justice' was too slow for terror-shaken Paris. The blade of the guillotine

was not plied fast enough. What Jean looked at was the work of a rude, fierce, half-lunatic tribunal called into existence by the group round Marat and reflecting their madness. Paris was obeying the law of all revolutions.

Jean stood long, looking with white face and troubled eyes at the bodies of the dead, at the gate with its fierce guards, at the wild scene beyond. The crisis he feared had come suddenly and in a shape more terrific than anything he had imagined. The fate of Denise — he hardly thought of her mother — would be determined within the next hour. She might be submerged beneath this wave of murder, and he was helpless.

Presently he turned, forced his way through the crowd, and ran at speed along the empty streets. He passed long lines of houses with shut doors and drawn blinds, as though those within knew that a tragedy was on foot and refused to look on it.

Jean must find Toulan. He alone could open a way through the gates of the Abbaye, where murder and terror kept watch. But even while Jean ran his feet seemed heavy as lead. What might not happen in that dark prison before he returned? Just as, breathless with haste, he reached Toulan's house, the door opened and Toulan himself came out. He had on his official scarf; a strange gravity lay on his usually reckless features.

Jean, in hurried accents, began to explain what was happening, but with a gesture Toulan stopped him; he seemed to know, and Jean felt, as he realised this, a chill run through his blood. The crime on foot was no casual thing; it had been deliberately planned. It even had official sanction. Was Toulan a party to it?

But he was quickly reassured.

'Come,' said the Frenchman, 'we must save *la petite;*' and he began to walk swiftly in the direction of the Abbaye.

It was no time for words, and without another syllable both hurried on their errand. They reached the crowd, which still stood in the same fixed and horrified silence opposite the gates of the prison, and in a masterful fashion Toulan broke his way through it. He was recognised by the guard, and, closely followed by Jean, passed into the court. His official scarf — and his abrupt, commanding speech almost more than his scarf — won them entrance. It was growing dark by this time, but a dozen flaring torches lit up the court with an uncertain light. The massacre, disguised in the forms of law, was in full process. The heap of bodies on the reddened pavement was higher than when Jean saw it before.

Just as they entered the court the prison-door was opened, and the cry, '*À la Force!*'—the death-sentence—was heard again. The doomed figure this time was that of a Swiss—an officer in a blue coat with epaulettes. A torch was thrust so near his face as almost to scorch it, and in the light the features were for a moment vividly seen. Jean never forgot that face — the bristling moustache, the retracted lips that showed the white teeth, the narrowed eyes that fluttered to and fro like those of an animal. The face was that of a brave man, but of a brave man looking suddenly on death, and on death wearing a mask of murder. A score of darting steel points smote him; with a gesture of up-flung arms the Swiss took the thrusts, a few staggering steps, and he fell.

Jean would have stopped, held with horror at the sight, but Toulan caught him by the arm and pulled him to a side-door, by which they entered. 'We have no time to waste,' he whispered.

They stumbled along a dark passage, and reached the hall where the self-appointed tribunal sat. Some dozen men were round a table, on which were papers, a couple of inkstands, half-a-dozen pipes, and as many bottles. Some of the judges had jackets and aprons on; some were standing, some sitting; all wore red caps. Behind, half-hidden in the gloom, were sleeping figures lying on the benches.

The president of this strange tribunal—an extraordinarily tall man in a gray coat, with a sabre by his side—was half-sitting on the table. He nodded carelessly to Toulan, who addressed him as 'Citizen Maillard.' A man at either end of the great table held a torch in his hand. At the door opposite the table stood a turnkey with his hand on the bolts; two others, in shirt-sleeves stained with blood, guarded the great door opening on the court with drawn sabres.

A prisoner had just been brought in, a guard holding each arm and one behind grasping the collar of his coat.

'Your name; your profession,' said the president sternly. 'The least falsehood will destroy you.'

Then he took up a sheet on which was written the name of each prisoner and the charge against him, and listened while, with a catch in his breath at almost every syllable, the poor wretch before him tried to answer his questions.

Messengers came and went while the trial was going on. Some of the judges left the table, chatted with the onlookers, and then came back again. The trial was stopped more than once to settle some foreign matter in debate. Presently the judge impatiently plucked off his cap.

'Citizens, we have heard enough. What is your sentence?'

'*À la Force!*' shouted one of the judges.

The rest were silent; the president nodded; the guards holding the unfortunate prisoner hurried him to the door, and Jean heard the fatal words shouted hoarsely to the crowd of executioners outside. So the terrific drama went on. Here was justice reduced to its elements.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN, M.P.

PART X.

MANY of the letters which I have already published refer to my mother's stay in the south of France in 1866 and 1867. She had gone to Biarritz in the late summer of the former year, accompanied by my father. Later on he had established her in Pau, and had then returned home. The following letters from her to my father describe an excursion which she made in February 1867 to Biarritz and St Jean de Luz. Her companion was her maid, Martha Jones, a gaunt, big-boned spinster with a shambling gait and a face severely marked with smallpox. The Chorley who is referred to was H. F. Chorley, the musical critic of the *Athenæum*, whose journalistic campaign against Madame Schumann and the music of her husband had created a certain amount of sensation. I shall have more to say about him in a later part of this series.

'BIARRITZ, *Wednesday Evening, 13th February.*

'Here I am safe and sound and miles and miles better, if you know what that is. I came here on Monday in time for dinner, of which I partook in company with some depressed compatriots and one gaunt elderly French couple. Not a word uttered. I couldn't stand the depressed compatriots, so at yesterday's dinner I took my place beside the French couple, and boldly plunged into a conversation, to their great surprise, in their own tongue, which was listened to with a melancholy respect by the D. C.'s. Gaunt French couple were delighted to find at last a sort of tame and acclimatised animal in the great British travelling menagerie of wild ones. Yesterday was a glorious day—blue, crisp, sparkling, the sea thundering up in its own particular grand Biarritz way on the lovely golden sands. I was out sniffing, imbibing, revelling all day nearly. The depressed ones do not go on the shore. I see them wandering listlessly up and down the deserted *magasin-fermé* street, though, with Murrays and silk umbrellas. I had the shore all, *literally* all to myself, and I felt my heart swell, as I went along, with the sort of bounding elasticity one feels on again returning to the great, glorious, life-giving, life-taking monster. I am a new being already. I feel I have had no air in Pau. What is the use of having one's lungs mended and fitted for the proper reception and circulation of God's air if there is none to circulate? Oh, how I breathe in this healthy, strong, capital sea-breeze and bless Heaven for it! I have got so enterprising, and am driving into nooks and corners of Biarritz I never penetrated before. It is a *glorious* place at this season. I do it full justice now. Although we stayed such a short time at the hotel here, the servants welcomed me like an old friend, and shook hands with the chastest of her sex (Martha). They have given me a dear, sweet little room on the *rez de chaussé* as you enter at the front, with a window looking over the sea towards, of course, the Villa Eugénie. This and Martha's modest chamber cost six francs a day. I have breakfast *dans ma chambre* and dinner at the table-d'hôte, which is now in the Maison Rouge, the Hôtel de France being shut up in winter. I am able to eat once more, *and to sleep*, which is a faculty that had singularly decayed in Pau. As I have Martha for my sole companion (not companion of my soul, though) here, I am at present engaged in trying to elevate her mind by instilling little historical and scientific facts (all as nearly in one syllable as possible, not to alarm her unnecessarily), but she is disappointing—very disappointing. She has one answer, and one alone, to everything I tell her. She brings it out alike when I mildly try to prepare her for the beautiful annular eclipse there will be next month, or when I simply call upon her to observe that the nearer we approach Spain or Italy the flatter become the roofs. "Oh my, good gracious me, yes, 'm." To-day I hired a *petite voiture* for a drive to St Jean de Luz, and to give her a little pleasure I took her with me. I instilled a little on the road at first, but the idiotic "Oh my's" reduced me to silence at last. I felt they were intended at once as an admission of her own ignorance and an implied complimentary surprise at my astonishing amount of information. One thing was delicious, and I take great credit to myself for not exploding on the spot. I saw her gazing reflectively at the side of the road several times. At last she awoke me from dreams of past and future to present by saying timidly, "If you please, 'm, is this the road to Canton, and is it far, 'm?" "Not the direct road, Martha," I said with a perfect and highly-bred gravity upon which I congratulate myself, "and I'm afraid it's rather far." "I think, 'm, it can't be so very far off, as I see it on the mileposts all along the road, 'm." Oh, Doochen, you see it, don't you? I didn't even smile as I explained what this deceptive and misleading post meant, and I am proud of my manners. I enjoyed my drive and little excursion to St Jean de Luz immensely. I fell in love again with the quiet, quaint, deserted old place. I looked over great barracks, *maisons à louer*, for the fun of the thing; went through Moorish-looking courts and halls, and up staircases with old carved wood balustrades, up which Noah's immediate relatives must have walked when the Ark anchored at St Jean de Luz, as I am positively prepared to assert it did. One lodging struck me from the outside.

Above a pottery-shop, where an old, gray-headed, spotlessly-linened man was sitting with his cat beside him (both lineal descendants from the patriarch just mentioned, and the pair of cats he had on board at the time), I saw two open windows with snowy-white curtains waving in the breeze. "Martha, I want to live there. Let's go in directly and see about it." The polite old man took us up into the cleanest of rooms, with a large alcove with a bed in it. "Martha, I see myself at that window with my worsted work on that table—don't you?" "Oh my, good gracious me, yes, 'm." At the other end of the clean little passage was the cleanest, the most old-fashioned kitchen in the world; a large, old-fashioned casement-window, deep in, with a seat looking on to a little garden; an alcove with a bed at one side. "Martha, do you see yourself under that flowered coverlet?" "Oh my, &c., me, 'm, I think I do." I very nearly settled with the old man on the spot, but I didn't, and just took his name in writing. It was the most deliciously antique-looking place, just after my heart, with a squint of the sea if taken with the left eye, and not a soul to be seen in the street. Martha says she would cook for me and for herself, and she thinks "it do look so like you, mum," and she likes it immensely herself. And there's a market twice a week and fresh air at a moderate expense, and I'll make up my mind and let you know. In the meantime, good-night, dear love.—Your own N. L.'

'BIARRITZ, *Friday, 15th February.*

'I told you how I entered into conversation with the French couple at the table-d'hôte here. Yesterday I thought I would try a terribly silent, oppressed-looking compatriot who sat next to me—a pink man with a bald head and spectacles, and beard in the first stage of sprouting bristle. So I said in my sweetest voice, "Isn't the sea magnificent at Biarritz, sir?" I was startled by the surly abruptness of the answer, "Nothing to Cornwall. Ever been in Cornwall?" "No, never," said I timidly. "Thought not. You'd think nothing of this if you had. *I'm* a Cornish man." "Oh, of course," I said, and not another word passed. *Of course* he didn't bow when I rose from table. Rude brutes these middle-class British are. On the other hand, I get on charmingly with my French friends. However, to-day is my last dinner in this bear-garden, and to-morrow hey for St Jean and solitude. I hug the idea of my ark to my heart. I like the notion of living, moving, and having my being in the midst of Noah's relations. A fortnight with the Old Testament! What a novel thing! I'll write you at once from there, and describe it all to you.'

'29 RUE NEUVE, ST JEAN DE LUZ,
Saturday Evening.

'Well, dearest, here we are, Martha and I. In *such* an ark. Oh, if you could see us! If you could see my old spotless landlord, who lives alone here with his servant. His servant, did I say? She is no other than Noah's grandmother, whom he must have left behind when he sailed from this port. She is much too old, much too withered, much too bony, much too brown, much, much too tough *ever* to die. Consequence is that, of course, she never has died, and is here still in the—well, no, I can't say in the flesh, for she has none, but in the bone. It is impossible to convey to you any idea at all of this old, old wifie, and the old, old mannie, and the queer, queer kitchen, where just now I went inside the great chimney, and looking up it, saw *a star* quivering in the sky! I take my meals in that chimney, Martha cooking them before my eyes. I am revelling in bacon, sausages, eggs, and tea—purchases I made myself, getting a dozen splendid eggs, a pound of "lovely bacon as ever I saw, 'm," half-a-dozen enormous oranges, and a great thick sausage for two francs and a half. I do all my writing and embroidery in the salon at one end of the passage, all my eating and my knitting in the kitchen at the other. Out of the salon—no, in the salon is a large alcove with my bed in it. In the kitchen are two alcoves—one that of the chaste Martha, the other to be slept in by the revered ancestress of our first authenticated mariner. To complete the queerness, this ancient person is a Castilian, and can't speak French, but understands a little Italian, and I positively have to stutter away to her in a mixture of Italian and broken French, with a dash of Béarnais, which I am in hopes she takes for Basque, a language she is at home in. It is all too funny, and I am in a dream. It's like Washington Irving's hero reversed—I have fallen asleep and awoke, not years, but centuries *back!*

'*Monday Morning.*—You see I have missed a day. I wasn't in a writing mood yesterday, that's the fact. I took too long a walk for that, but it did me good in other ways, and I slept like a top. I have "taken up" St Jean de Luz, and mean to swear by it for the future, and pity people who haven't seen it, as Chorley did about Palermo. The situation is much more beautiful and picturesque than Biarritz, being so near these mountains, which seem to protect the poor old place. The bay itself is lovely, finished off at one point by a ruin on the cliff, and at the other, which darts far out into the sea, by the round fort of Socoa. Wherever you go the grand peak of Haya goes—before you, beside you, behind you. You never lose sight of its triple-crowned head. Yesterday Martha and I walked to this fort along the shore—a goodish walk. In fact, I was out for four hours. It is impossible to converse with Martha, she is so soon surprised (always out of compliment to me, as it were), and she asks such idiotic questions. How can a woman exist on so little brain? I believe she is of the frog species, and would live quite as well without her head as with it. There's not an English soul in the place but ourselves, and we are the first of that great nation that the old man has ever had in his house.

This perhaps accounts for the fact that, the first day I was here, he came softly up the stairs in his white canvas shoes every quarter of an hour or so to gaze at me—never speaking—and when I looked round inquiringly he only said, "*Bon zour, Madame; ce n'est rieng*," and went down again. The old wife did the same to Martha in the kitchen, only she wasn't silent, but poured out a volley of mixed Basque and Castilian, which Martha declares she understood; but, of course, to the frog-brain one language is the same as another. Whenever I stopped yesterday on my way, to ask the peasants where I was, &c., they only shook their brown heads and showed their white teeth (if they were young, otherwise they had none to show). Not a word of French can they speak. One girl, very well dressed, though, and evidently the higher class of peasant, said, "*Ah, non comprend français*," for all the world just the answer Martha would have given. Martha insists upon it they all understand English. She says it in a mysterious way, as if they had some diabolical motive in concealing the fact.'

'St Jean de Luz, *Friday*.

'I went to Spain to-day. I hired a sarcophagus and was driven there, namely, to Irun, in company with Martha. I seized the opportunity of enlarging her mind "by travel;" but to everything that was grand, she said it was lovely; and what I found majestic and stern she thought 'eavenly. I solaced myself by saying at times, "Idiotic," of course not aloud, and could still, to her, bear aloft a smiling countenance.

'I liked Irun, the queer, high-climbing, narrow street, where I priced in my sweetest Italian-Spanish a baby's cloak (so like me, eh?), and sighed because I had no baby to put it on!

'Up the street we walked into the country, where we diverged to have a more extensive view of the dear mountains. The lane would have been yellow with primroses, had it not been purple with violets and scarlet with berries! I gathered what Miss Jones called "an 'eavenly bookie," which I bore home with me. We walked about for two hours. To the left, Fuentarabia sat quaintly on a peak that went sharp into the sea. I got an old man with a big bunch of keys to let us into the old church, and he drew all the curtains aside from the altars, and showed us the horrid distorted figures of the Madonna and Jesus, and doves, and hearts with things through them, for the modest sum of fivepence. Everybody stared at us. Every balcony had a face—two faces—many faces—staring kindly at the strangers—the mistress with her dress short, the maid with hers trailing in the dust. We left St Jean de Luz at twelve, and were home about five. I had heard from a shop-woman that she had two English ladies lodging with her, and so, after I read my papers, I handed them in for these ladies, thinking they would be *très contentes* to see the *journaux anglais*. So as I came back there was Mrs L'Estrange, the English lady, come to thank me and we had a long chat. She is here for the winter. One other English family is here also. She loves the place as I do, and can't think why it has never been found out as a winter residence! . . . At Irun we saw all the women come from the sea with baskets of fresh anchovies on their heads, of which fact they were good enough to inform us in that fearfully shrill cry you know of as connected with "*sardines fraiches*" at Biarritz. I bought a great lot of them, almost leaping with life, and brought them home, and M. and I have just had them for supper, done like whitebait, and excellent.'

'St Jean de Luz, *Monday*.

'It was very good of you and R. to find so much to be amused at in my letter to her, but I can't remember having said anything especially funny. The awful difficulty to me is to write different things to all my friends, and I don't always succeed. I have about a dozen to twenty letters to write, all in pretty much the same set. It harrows my very soul to think of it sometimes. I wish people would consider one letter from me an equivalent for three from them; but you can't get people to do that. I have written again to Tuck, with the purpose of prevailing on her to bring the Chief [Justice] to her feet by singing at his house the day after to-morrow. She can't refuse, as I have asked her to do it *for my sake*. And even if she is nervous, she must be encouraged into going on till she grows inspired. Good Lord! when I remember one day Mrs —— shouting and howling at Miss Gabriel's like a whole family in the middle of a street, the father with one leg and the baby in his arms, the mother with the other three clinging to her petticoats, and *all singing*—when I remember this scene, and poor Mrs —— growing crimson, scarlet, and magenta in the face with the exertion, and people thinking they thought it "grand," and when I compare our Tuck!!!

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'My dear, you should see the touching passion the poor old Spanish woman, the hard-worked servant sixty years of age, has taken for me. It is funny, and quite affects me. She flies to do what I want—is never happy but when she is doing something for me—is so careful to have my fire good when I come home after walking, and is so grateful if I am pleased with what she does. I don't understand above two words an hour of what she pours out to me in her affection. *Buenos—hermosa*—such words I catch as a drowning man does a straw, and then I say "*Si, si*," and she is quite satisfied. At the market I bought her two dreadful coloured prints in frames for a franc each, on the Virginian System as to subject, of course, and I think if I had given her an entire outfit of clothes or an annuity payable quarterly, she wouldn't have been so grateful as for these wretched daubs. To be sure, I bought them on purpose for her, and carried them home myself (like Mama, eh?), and presented them. Yester-

day being Sunday, and the news of these wonderful acquisitions to poor old Maria's little picture-gallery having got abroad, the house was crowded with her friends, who had come to see them, and *me* if possible! She never saw an Englishwoman to her knowledge before, certainly never spoke to one. She has been twenty-two years with the old man. I gave her five francs this morning, for she has done so much for me and Martha, but she was almost indignant. However, I said she must buy something with it to wear for my sake, which soothed her. She has just knocked at my door and entered to show me a beautiful *mouchoir* for the head and a pair of black cotton gloves that she has bought for the money. She went to the funeral of a Spanish friend of eighty-five the other day, and everything she had on was forty years old: the black dress, the black woollen mantilla she wore on her head—all, all had been worn by the poor soul before I was born, and were her *best yet*. How refreshing it is to find still such innocent, unspoilt peasant natures! She told Martha she prayed for me night and day, and would do so all her life.'

'*Still* St Jean, *Wednesday Evening.*

'I'm disappointed at getting no letter from you for two days. Perhaps I shall not get any more from you directed here. Well, that will be made up to me when I return to my sheepfold, which I do *really* on Saturday. We thought it a pity not to stay the two weeks out, and the sea smelt so delicious, and looked so glorious after I had arranged to leave it, that I couldn't resist it and gave way. I never saw such waves as there are here. They come rolling in slowly and majestically, and when near the beach grow an immense height; then they curl over, and you seem to look into a great, deep, clear, green cavern, when over they go, tumbling in a magnificent mass of white spray. Oh, how I long to have you here sometimes; how you would enjoy it!—but most of all you would enjoy the downs, away at the end of the beach, high up on the rocks that suddenly pile themselves up. Oh, what a walk that is!—miles and miles—all along the cliff—undulating, beautiful downs covered with primroses and (scentless) violets, looking so simple and innocent, as if they were not a bit afraid of the monster that was roaring and dashing amongst the rocks below, and whose spray positively wets them at times, I dare say. When I go there I never see a soul but myself, and I go wandering along till I find some smooth, secluded spot with a rock or two to shelter and seat me, and there I sit with a book for pretence, but my thoughts and dreams for reality—and they go far, far away northwards, and I forget where I am. Sometimes I take my knitting with me (such a pretty sock for you), and, ah me! thoughts of the future wearer of that sock are knit into every stitch I do, with a stitch here and there for the children, and sometimes a whole row for Woodlands. There is a whole history of future love and hope, and all the sunshine of *home* knitted into these socks; so wear them advisedly! I had a letter to-day from Chorley. I enclose it for your strictly private inspection; then burn it. Poor fellow! you must only smile at his morbid vanity, and not be angry at it. I have answered it, and will quote bits to you that are answers to some of his statements. Of Madame Schumann, and of her admirers dropping him, I say I don't believe for a minute that people who like Madame S. would give him up or like him less—why should they? There is myself—"to me there is something grand in that woman, something grand in her playing," but that would not influence my opinion of him. Then I say I rather think Amelia is hurt with him for never calling since she came to town. She has never said so to me, but I imagine it. As to Mrs ——, I say, "Oh dear, how ill it would make me to have Mrs —— singing to me through an open door! I wouldn't even like it through a shut one."

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'I am sorry poor Chorley demeans himself to so much unmanly spite sometimes; but such is my pity for him, and my old-standing feeling of affection and tolerance, that I never for a moment bear him a grudge; and for my sake be good, be lenient, to the lonely, much-forsaken, affection-seeking (and so seldom-finding) old man. Think, he is going on for sixty now, and only by his dinners can he gain or hold for an instant the least regard. To me all his vanity is most pathetic. So, for my sake, I say it again, be good to him, and pay him some little attention, which will make him think you care a bit for him. Will you?'

'St Jean de Luz, *28th February.*
(Oh, I wonder is it leap year?)

'I should have been heart-broken if I had not heard from you to-day, because after to-day all my letters go to Pau, I think—*Pave*, as my old Spanish woman calls it, where "Los Niños" are. I positively begin to understand a bit of Spanish, for I found out very soon that *Castilianos* means the Spanish language, not that the person comes from Castile. Well, to-morrow is my last day in this charming solitude. Dear me! if I were an old-fashioned German lady, I should be writing such wonderful sentiments spun out of my inner consciousness assisted by my outer surroundings. I might then have become classic, like Zimmermann & Co. The fact is, I have had a try at an article, as I think the place ought to be known as a winter residence, but the letters I have to write and do write take it all out of me. I wager George Eliot and all those great writers don't write letters to their fifty friends as I do. My brain and my will and my patience get exhausted, and I can no more. I am a mute, inglorious authoress. Amen!

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'It has been pouring steadily since two o'clock. I shall pay my farewell visit to Mrs L'Estrange to-morrow. She will miss me, as she does love to talk about mineralogy and geology in a tottery sort

of way. She never ceases when she once begins, and is one of those old women who call a walk "a ramble" and a little boy "an urchin." I allowed Martha to sit in my room and read last night while I wrote, and I made the discovery that she is one of those people a century behind their time, who blow their leaves open instead of turning them over. She blew for half-an-hour at one page, and sat on the edge of her chair the whole time, and didn't like having the candle too near her—it looked too familiar. You know the species. I am getting morbid in noticing the small peculiarities of race and character. Adieu.—Your own N.

'*P.S.*—She also held her book a good distance from her; it looked more respectful.'

CUSTOM-HOUSE RED TAPE.

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we have manned,
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But leaves our dead on the sand.

KIPLING.

BRITISH ships sail on every sea, and all the earth is under tribute for their lading. It stirs the heart to stroll round some great dock and see the contents of ships' holds piled in rich profusion; but to those behind the scenes there is little of romance or sentiment in these evidences of activity on the part of tramp steamers and ocean liners. They see only the prosaic side of a romantic subject. The shipping trade of Great Britain is one of the wonders of the world—rather more than half the tonnage afloat is British owned—and the subsidiary businesses it directly nourishes are too numerous to mention. They all mean employment, skilled and unskilled, and in their different ways bring grist to the national mill.

Not the least interesting branch of work connected with the matter of oversea carriage is the attending to Customs formalities. The authorities are extremely punctilious in exacting full compliance with the regulations, and those whose duty it is to carry out all the conditions have no easy task. To the general public this everyday process is probably a sealed book, and the following brief outline may serve to remedy that defect, showing how goods from foreign parts run the gauntlet of His Majesty's Customs.

The procedure in dealing with a cargo from abroad may best be explained by taking as an example the arrival of a weekly trader from the Continent in some British port. Notice is given the day before the vessel is due (or as soon as her departure from the other side is notified by telegraph) as to the hour when the ship is expected to enter the river or harbour; also, at what time it is desired to begin discharging cargo. Should the hour be fixed earlier or later than the regulation day for Customs outdoor officers, the *shipowner pays* overtime charges. The clerical work begins as a rule at the same moment as the breaking out of cargo. A full list of the vessel's load is prepared—called a report—signed by the captain, and handed to the Customs officer in charge. Usually this is written out abroad, on proper forms provided for the purpose, so that there is no delay on the ship's arrival, as would be the case had it to be made out after her coming into dock. A copy of this report is also sent for the shipping clerk's guidance, whose work it is to furnish all documents necessary to satisfy Customs requirements. From this copy and from the details contained in other of the ship's papers—bills of lading and manifest—there must as speedily as possible be made out entries which give marks, quantities, descriptions, and values. This is in duplicate for 'free' goods—that is to say, there are two papers, one being called long, the other short. The former mentions the number of packages in words, the latter in figures. When it is remembered that a general cargo from Germany, Belgium, France, or Holland consists of scores of different kinds of produce and articles of manufacture, the labour involved in getting ready the *entry*, and that without loss of time, will be understood. Perishables such as fruit, vegetables, and yeast, being on deck or near to hatchways, come ashore first, and an *entry* for all such produce is made out separately, so that the Customs may get on with their examination. Nothing can leave the quay or shed until the Customs give sanction. The officers have thus enough to do for a time, long enough to allow the other portion of the cargo to be entered.

If the routine of dealing with 'free' goods is tedious, the formalities attending 'duty' goods are still more so. To begin with, such articles as tea, coffee, cocoa, wines, spirits, beer, tobacco, and cigars must be entered on special forms varying in character; and not only do the papers for the different articles vary, but they assume manifold changes dependent on what it is proposed to do with the merchandise. It may be entered for duty, warehouse (Customs or Excise), transit under bond to another town, or simply by *bill of sight*. This last alternative is always resorted to when no instructions are to hand to indicate the wishes of the importer. It simplifies matters often when in doubt, too, as to whether a certain package is liable to duty or not, to enter by *bill of sight*, because it can be adapted—or 'perfected,' as the term is—at a later period. A temporary lock-up bond is usually provided near a discharging-berth for the safe keeping of dutiable goods pending examination, the

keys being kept by the Customs. The limit of three days' grace is allowed, when, if no action has been taken, the Customs insist on the goods being sent to a proper Customs warehouse or in some manner disposed of.

The *Official Handbook and Import List* contains the law as to the Customs; and it is a book which puts *Bradshaw* to shame for complexity. Probably no person could master it and equip himself for tackling the multifarious problems connected with foreign traffic. What actually happens is that junior clerks learn from seniors by dint of copying the various documents what the procedure is and what official terms must be used. For a description must be given of each kind of import, in the language laid down in the official book. There are exceptions to this demand, for in some instances no description is required, and it is these exceptions to rules that prove so confusing. Amendments to the tariff are frequently issued—there is no finality to the orders of the Board of Customs. No sooner has a clerk got accustomed to describing an article in certain phraseology than all description is abolished or an entirely new one enacted. For instance, apples and pears used to be entered as 'fruit raw unenumerated;' but this was altered as to pears, it being sufficient to say 'fruit raw.' Amongst absurdities of this nature may be mentioned the following: 'oysters, fish fresh not of British taking.' As if it were possible for, say, Dutch natives to be guilty of English origin. Then another specimen of official definition, and a truly Gilbertian one, refers to sewing-machines, which it is gravely laid down must be entered as 'machinery, other descriptions, not steam-engines'! Whenever it seems impossible to tack on a more prolix description for some article the formula goods 'unmanufactured unenumerated' is given. As to the regulations for describing dutiable goods, their number is legion and unintelligible to all except experts. Before wines or spirits can be moved there is a great to-do: gauging, sampling, and testing till further orders. An anomaly not easily explained lies in the rule requiring a document called a *permit* to be fastened to cases or casks of spirits, but not to similar vessels containing wines. It can only be dubbed 'red tape,' probably a survival of some old condition the origin of which has been forgotten.

Although grain is now admitted free of duty to these shores, the Customs insist on all such produce being entered on separate forms. The term 'grain' covers a long list of things like corn, peas, beans (not fresh), rice, barley, oats, and rye. The imposition of a tax on grain a few years ago (since removed) caused no end of trouble and loss by reason of increased charges and delay apart from the incidence of the impost itself. It was surprising what a host of people got their eyes opened to the full meaning of a new tax (or at least a revived one) when it was applied to such a commodity as grain. And the same may be said of the present tax on sugar. The scent for sweetstuffs is very strongly developed in the Customs officer, and he has found sugar in such an unlikely article as blacking, to the surprise of innocent importers, mulcting them in payment of duty on the sugar found on analysis to be contained in the blacking.

Entry forms have not only to give a proper description of the goods imported, but must also state weight, quantity, measure, or number, according as the tariff lays down. Some of the rules in this regard are not a little curious. Eggs, boots, shoes, and cucumbers have to be numbered; onions and fruit of all kinds are declared in bushels; grain is expressed in hundredweights; wines, spirits, and vinegar in gallons; manufactured iron, steel, and such-like heavy articles have their weight declared in tons; cigars, tobacco, and beads in pounds; casks of beer are gauged, and the measure expressed in barrels, firkins, and kilderkins.

With regard to 'entering' outwards, there is nothing in this like the trouble in the already described process inwards. The exporter must, under penalty, hand to the Customs within six days of the ship's clearance a specification of the goods exported by him, giving quantity, final destination, and value. This information is required for Board of Trade statistical purposes, and much of the data demanded in regard to imports is for the same Governmental department.

It is from these returns that the trade pulse of the nation is felt. The periodical issue of the value and bulk of the country's imports and exports is compiled from the entries and specifications sent in from all the ports of the kingdom. The mention of the word value recalls an impression held by those who are in a position to know—namely, that the figures given for exports are much more accurate than those for imports. In the one case the exporter knows from his own books the price obtained for his exports. In the other case the declaration of value is frequently an estimate made by the shipping company's clerk. The authorities in London sometimes query values, and have notions of their own on the subject which they think nearer the truth than the opinion of the man on the spot. For instance, because strawberries may be entered at Goole as worth eight shillings a bushel, they think the fruit should be of the same value at Leith. But local circumstances affect prices, and to fix values arbitrarily can only be the result of red tape again.

A more lengthy account of the methods of the Customs could be given, but enough has been said to convey an idea of the routine demanded by the present system. The Civil servants engaged in Customs work are as a rule obliging, and try to make the drawback of governmental interference as little irksome as possible. Some of the surveyors interpret the regulations in a very narrow, strict way, and cause the maximum of trouble; but, generally speaking, the outdoor staff do their best to minimise the faults attending a cast-iron system. There is room for reform, especially of documentary amplifi-

cations and the regulations as to inspection at place of discharge; and the abolition of burdens such as overtime charges and paltry fines is a crying necessity. The work of the Customs should be as smoothly done as is the handling of traffic on a great railway. In short, the service should exist for the country, not the country for the service, as the swaddled-in-tape system of to-day would suggest. A diminution of officialism and an access of up-to-date business method would be a welcome innovation, and make less rigorous the running of the Customs gauntlet. At present the Custom-House, in common with the Post-Office, the War Office, and to a lesser extent the Admiralty, must be charged with a partiality for red tape. It would seem that from such thraldom no department of the State can claim exemption. Owing to outside pressure there has in some of the services taken place a curtailment of this 'thin red line.' To all whom it may concern, it is to be hoped that some day reform may extend to that great but little understood institution known as His Majesty's Customs.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TRACING THE LOST UMBRELLA.

PROBABLY there is no more elusive article than the umbrella, the loss of which at some time or another every reader has no doubt experienced. The most common form of loss is inadvertently to leave it in a vehicle, a shop, and so forth; and it is estimated that some three hundred thousand umbrellas are lost annually in the United Kingdom. An ingenious and useful invention, however, has recently been devised which will practically render such misplacement an absolute impossibility; while at the same time, when it is found, no confusion or difficulty on the part of the owner in identifying his property will arise. The device consists of a small and neat tablet let into the handle of the article, bearing the owner's name and address, and hidden from view by a slide. The boon will be especially appreciated by the clerks in the lost luggage departments of our railways and the officials of the police departments, since upon an umbrella being found it will be possible for the owner to be communicated with at once. While, of course, the contrivance will not be proof against dishonest practices, it should serve to diminish the heavy loss, which in the aggregate must represent hundreds of pounds every year, arising from forgotten or misplaced umbrellas.

PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT MILK-SUPPLY.

A step in the right direction towards ensuring a pure and uncontaminated milk-supply, direct from the cow to the consumer, has recently been effected by the evolution of an automatic delivery machine upon the penny-in-the-slot principle, some of which are already in use in London and other large centres. The apparatus is small and compact, occupying but little space, and perfectly simple both in design and operation. It, moreover, reduces the labour of the dairyman at the retail shop, and, in fact, enables him to close his premises without any apprehensions concerning loss of trade by so doing, especially on Sundays. The machine is adaptable of attachment to the door of the shop. There is a large reservoir containing some twenty quarts of the liquid, which falls into a lower receptacle, the delivery into the customer's jug being controlled by the admission of the coin. Upon the outside of the shop-door is a small handle similar to that of a beer-engine, with a spout beneath, together with a slot for the coin. The milk is sold in pennyworths, which practically buys half-a-pint of milk, so that the customer pays no more for the beverage than if he bought it over the counter in the usual manner. All that it is necessary to do is to insert the penny, pull over the handle, and the requisite quantity of milk is discharged into the jug. If the customer requires a pint or quart, he simply inserts successively the number of pennies equivalent to the number of half-pints contained in the quantity he desires. To ensure the milk throughout the reservoir containing its full percentage of cream as received from the farmer, a clockwork-driven stirrer is provided, by means of which the milk is agitated, though not sufficiently to churn it into butter; while in order to preserve the milk cool and fresh in summer a refrigerator is attached. These machines have proved highly successful both from a financial and supply point of view, since the customer can fulfil his requirements at any time of the day or night without troubling the dairyman. The machine is so constructed that it can be taken to pieces easily by the release of a few nuts, and every part withdrawn for scalding. The appliance is especially suitable for the poor districts of our large centres and towns, the inhabitants of which procure their supplies of milk in small quantities.

CONSTANT PURIFICATION OF WATER FOR PUBLIC BATHS.

There is probably no more acute question troubling those municipalities possessing public baths than the economical maintenance of the purity of the water therein. A constant supply of fresh water, though eminently desirable in the interests of those availing themselves of the facilities offered them, especially in the industrial quarters of a large town, is too expensive, with the result that the water is only changed twice or thrice a week. This difficulty, however, has now been successfully sur-

mounted by the engineer to a London borough council, and the baths in question have a constant and daily supply of fresh running water absolutely free from bacteria and other impurities. Nevertheless the same water is used over and over again. The idea itself is very simple. The water leaves the bath at the bottom at the deep end and passes over a screen, by which all impurities suspended in the water are arrested. It is then lifted by means of a double-acting pump to the top of the building, a height of some twenty-five feet, to a water-tower. Here it percolates through a series of three superimposed perforated large zinc trays, where it is submitted to the beneficial influence of sun, wind, and air, which thoroughly oxidises the water and kills all bacteria contamination. This operation completed, it gravitates into a large filter-tank, where the water is thoroughly purified, finally being heated to a temperature of seventy-four degrees Fahrenheit before entering the bath at the shallow end, opposite to that from which it was withdrawn. This process is continued throughout the day, and a constant stream of fresh water flows into the bath, so that this particular municipal authority in London has satisfactorily solved the problem concerning the maintenance of a pure supply of water in the bath. As this filtration and aeration plant is designed upon the most economical lines, the purification process is effected very cheaply.

INSANITARY COWSHEDS AND DAIRIES.

Strenuous efforts are being made to ensure the unimpeachable purity of our milk-supply, and heavy penalties are inflicted upon the salesman found guilty of selling doubtful milk. Yet so long as such conditions prevail in the cowsheds and dairies—the fountain-head of the liquid—as are described by the medical officer of health to the Wrexham Rural Council, the impurity of the beverage must continue and the propagation of disease flourish unchecked. This officer, after a prolonged study and visitation of the dairies and cowsheds, gives a grave word of warning. He states that many of the cowsheds are mere hovels, unlighted, unventilated, undrained—in fact, void of even the elementary principles of hygiene. He complains of the great accumulation of manure in the milking-sheds and the presence of large heaps of such offal outside the buildings. The udders and flanks of the cattle are in a most filthy condition, while even the milkers make no attempts to remove the encrusted dirt from their hands preparatory to milking. The medical officer calls for the ensurance of more sanitary conditions; though it would appear that such a development requires legislative stringency, since it is imperative that our milk-supply should above all things be far removed from suspicion. That private enterprise can achieve what ultimately the law will no doubt insist on is shown by the efforts of a company in the Thames Valley whose farm is an excellent model of what a dairy-farm should be. Here the animals themselves are groomed daily and nurtured like valuable horses; the dwellings are large, airy, well lighted, and built of materials which admit of daily scouring throughout, including walls, ceiling, and floor, with a hose; the milkers' hands and special garments worn while milking are sterilised, and the milk itself kept free from all exposure to contaminating influences or handling. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the demand from such a farm exceeds the supply, yet it is only a pattern of what a modern establishment engaged in the production of such an indispensable article of diet should be.

REFRIGERATION *v.* LIME PRESERVATION OF EGGS.

Some interesting experiments have been carried out by a French scientist to determine the comparative effects of eggs preserved by freezing and lime respectively, the results of which have been communicated to one of the learned societies. He states that the former is much superior to the ordinary lime-system from the hygienic point of view, since under the influence of low temperature, even when maintained for several months, no perceptible change in appearance or taste of the egg results, and the article is suitable for any culinary purpose. One great advantage of cold-storage preservation is that the yolk of the egg retains its position in the white envelope and does not gravitate to the lower end, as in lime preservation. Nor does it spread out when the shell is broken. The albumen, however, becomes a little more watery, but there is no perceptible change in colour. It is essential that the temperature should be maintained at a constant point, and as near minus one degree centigrade, with a hygrometric degree as near seventy-eight, as practicable. In the United States refrigeration is the most generally practised form of preserving eggs, a practice that is, however, gradually becoming popular in Europe.

AN ADJUSTABLE STEAMSHIP GANGWAY.

Steamship travellers are aware of the inconveniences attending the boarding of vessels, especially the mammoth ships now engaged in the transoceanic traffic, by means of the ordinary gangway. If it is high-tide there is a steep climb from the jetty; while similarly at low-tide there is an abrupt descent to the deck-level, or possibly embarkation and landing are effected from a lower deck, leaving the passenger to wend his way from and to the higher decks through the crowded companion-ways. An ingenious adjustable gangway whereby these difficulties are overcome has been evolved, and is now in operation at a south of England port. The apparatus comprises a telescopic steel tower running on wheels, the platform of which can be raised and lowered. From the quay a long gangway leads to the platform of the tower, which is accommodated to the height of the steamer's deck, and from this another horizontal gangway leads on to the vessel. The result is that, no matter how high the

ship may be out of the water, the disposition of the quay-gangway is such that a very gradual gradient is produced, which is much appreciated by elderly and infirm passengers, while, furthermore, the latter are led direct on to the deck corresponding with the class of their tickets. The gangway, also, is of great value for the loading and unloading of live-stock, since it provides an excellent runway. Being built of steel, it is a substantial structure. Owing to the success of the apparatus at the English port, one of the German transatlantic steamship lines has installed a similar gangway at their terminal port at Cuxhaven, where its facilities are much appreciated.

SELF-LOCKING RAILWAY-CARRIAGE DOORS.

The number of fatal accidents that have resulted from the sudden opening of railway-carriage doors and precipitating the passenger on to the line has called attention to the expediency of devising a lock which would be incapable of opening until required. One of the latest of these is distinctly novel in design, the rush of air occasioned by the travelling train itself causing the door to be held firmly in the locked position. Along the footboard are disposed a number of small wind-hoods resembling an inverted cone open at the top. Above this latter opening is another small half-round hollow hood attached to the end of a rocking lever fixed to the lock itself. To the opposite end of this arm is pivoted another small arm, the free end of which in turn is connected to the catch or bolt. When the train is travelling the air is forced into the hood fixed to the footboard and rushes through the opening in the top thereof, thereby lifting the small hood on the end of the lever, so that the latter in turn forces home the bolt or catch of the door, holding it firmly in that position until the train stops, when the hood attached to the locking arm drops to a horizontal position, withdrawing the bolt. The apparatus is perfectly automatical, and can be adjusted so that it will act when the train is travelling at three or sixty miles per hour with equal facility. As there are no springs or other mechanism liable to derangement, there is no possibility of the apparatus failing to act. Tests with the appliance have demonstrated its reliability and automatic action, especially the automatic release of the door immediately the train comes to a standstill. The apparatus, owing to its simplicity, costs but a few shillings to attach to the door.

A NEW FREEZING-APPARATUS.

There was recently on view at an exhibition in Germany a new type of refrigerator, the feature of which is its simplicity and inexpensiveness, a sovereign or so completely covering the whole outlay. The appliance comprises a double-walled tin vessel with an annular space all round, about an inch wide, and completely surrounding the inner chamber. Carbonic acid gas is slowly admitted into this annular space at the bottom, and this, filling the whole of the space, finally issues into the chamber itself through a cross-armed tube placed at the top, quickly and completely freezing any article stored within. In fact, so efficient is the apparatus that water is frozen in less than a minute. The refrigerative effect is produced by the rapid expansion of the carbonic acid gas. The apparatus is stated to be highly suited to the requirements of the household, and is very inexpensive to work, the carbonic acid gas being stored in the ordinary type of reservoir used for that purpose.

THE EXTERMINATION OF RATS.

A short time ago we drew attention to the new means that had been devised, known as 'ratin,' for the extermination of rats by inoculative agency, this effect being produced by the consumption by the animals of a nutritive medium containing a virulent destructive bacillus. Various Governments on the Continent have submitted the system to searching experiment, and owing to its high efficiency are urging its utilisation by agriculturists, who suffer so heavily from this pest. Interesting demonstrations have also taken place in this country, and now the island of Cumbrae, which is overrun with the rodents, is to be systematically cleared by this virus. The action of the exterminator, upon ingestion, sets up a malignant stomachic inflammation closely similar to virulent typhus-fever, and the afflicted animal generally succumbs within forty-eight hours of partaking of the bait, which, owing to its delectable appeal to the rodent-palate, is greedily eaten. Practical and laboratory investigations over a prolonged period have shown that the substance, though highly destructive to the rats, exercises no ill effects upon human beings or farm-stock, such as poultry, cows, horses, pigs, or domesticated animals, with the exception of sucking pigs and young calves, which, being unusually tender, are susceptible to the organisms, which induce a form of inflammation of the bowels. The disease, after being contracted by one or more rats, spreads with lightning rapidity throughout the whole colony, few of which will be found to survive the attack. In Germany the farmers have had special facilities placed at their disposal by the Government whereby they can procure the virus, and it is hoped that by the co-operation of the agricultural community the numbers of rats overrunning the country may be appreciably reduced and kept in check, if not entirely eradicated.

SUBMARINE SIGNALLING.

Slowly but surely the means of extending warning to vessels of their close proximity to one another or to treacherous coasts during thick weather by the transmission of submarine signals is extending in this country. The unreliability of the ordinary bell or fog-detonator signals in fog has long been emphasised, and the strange caprices resulting from the transmission of sound-signals through the stagnant atmosphere are well known to every navigator.

The submarine system is very simple. In the fore-peak of the ship are carried two small tanks attached to the inner surface of the skin of the boat, one on either side. These tanks are charged with a special dense liquid, which, while eliminating the 'ship's noises'—that is, sounds set up in the ship itself—faithfully receives the sounds of a bell rung beneath the waves. Each tank is equipped with a very sensitive microphone, from which communicating wires extend to the navigating-bridge or chart-house, where they are connected to telephone receivers. By this means the officer can detect whether the warning is being extended to him from either the port or starboard side, or direct ahead, and from the intensity of the sound-waves can learn whether he is in close proximity to the warning-bell or not. Efforts are now being made to turn the invention to further use in connection with signalling between the units of a warship squadron and also for controlling the movements of submarines, which craft at present are without any means of communicating with their consorts while submerged. The invention should be full of great possibilities in this connection, since the tones of a bell can be distinguished at present over a distance of ten miles.

TO PREVENT TRAM-CARS SKIDDING.

The frequency of accidents caused by tram-cars running beyond control down declivities has directed attention to the necessity of devising some means of preventing the wheels skidding the track when the brakes are applied and the wheels are locked. It is obvious that this end could be assured if it were possible to apply any gritty substance in sufficient quantities to the bright, slippery surface of the rails, in which event any tobogganing on the part of the car would be impossible. The manager of one of our largest provincial tramway systems has evolved an apparatus based upon this principle, and the experience therewith over several weeks has demonstrated conclusively its efficiency, it being found possible to stop a fully laden car upon the steepest gradients within a few feet upon the application of the brakes, no matter how greasy the rails may be. The invention is fundamentally an improvement upon the ordinary sand-hopper and its operation. There are two hoppers placed beneath the vehicle—the main and the auxiliary—the discharge of sand and gravel from which is directed upon the track in front of the leading wheels. On the driver's platform is a pedal which, upon being depressed, causes a spray of sand to be thrown on the track. Should this, however, prove abortive in an emergency, the driver simply kicks away a stop which regulates the extent of the depression of the pedal, with the result that the latter can be forced down still more, and this action brings the auxiliary hopper into play, and a flood of sand is precipitated upon the lines, rendering it impossible for the wheels to continue skidding, so that the vehicle is pulled up quickly. In order to meet those conditions that occasionally arise by a tram running backward on an ascending incline, say through the current failing, the pedal is so arranged as to enable the hoppers to throw their contents upon the track in front of the reversed rear-wheels, so that the driver has no occasion to leave his platform or brakes. With such an apparatus it is impossible for a driver to lose control of his car so long as he keeps his head, while, moreover, no undue waste of sand is produced.

RURAL NOOKS ROUND LONDON.

Mr Charles G. Harper, who has a score of volumes already to his credit on various roads and counties of England, has turned his attention to Middlesex and Surrey, and published *Rural Nooks Round London* (Chapman & Hall), well illustrated and having a useful map. Mr Harper gives reasons why he has left London for the country around Petersham: the Metropolis has become more and more a place in which only the very wealthy can live with any degree of comfort. House-rents and rates have risen, and there is more elbow-room in the suburbs. Besides, he has found birds, squirrels, and sunshine; the nightingale sings continually on summer nights in Petersham woods; and the trunks of the trees, if you touch them, do not suggest that you have been groping up a chimney. Mr Harper chats pleasantly of Hampstead, Highgate, Golder's Hill, Ealing, Brentford, Hayes, Kingston-upon-Thames, and Hampton Court Palace. This is the kind of book which needs no apology for its existence, although the writer tells us that in making it he has discovered that the world is a much more serious place than it used to be. Amongst those buried at Petersham are Vancouver the pioneer traveller, the Berrys (who corresponded with Walpole), and the novelists Mortimer and Frances Collins. Samuel Warren rests at Esher; but why did Mr Harper not tell us something of the residence and tomb of Coleridge at Highgate? It would not take one but many books, of course, to hold the historical and literary associations of London suburbs.

PRISONERS.

Captives and prisoners of petty wars
To bitter tasks Day drives his weary thralls.
In vain to us the magic trumpet calls,
The unsparing sun its music mocks and mars:
Comes Night the Enchantress, crowned with dreams and stars,
And as the shadow of her coming falls,
Lo, how have crumbled into dust the walls,
How melted at her touch the prison bars!

Swift-winged even as the Seraphim,
Of night and sleep's great mystery made free,
Our flight is on the mountains vast and dim,
Our path is wide upon the trackless sea;
Youth, youth is ours, its glory and its pride,
Young hearts, young hopes, old comrades side by side.

D. J. Robertson.

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SIXTH SERIES.

A CHANGE OF FEELING.

By Frank H. Shaw, F.R.A.S.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

HAZLITT lighted his cigar with a deliberation that was in itself suspicious. The cigar was one of those long spidery atrocities which a country well provided by nature for the growing of exquisite tobacco prefers to import from Italy, and the smell of the burning weed was indescribable. It reminded the young Englishman of a fire he had once been present at in his own rooms—something like burning rags, but worse. Courtesy, however, compelled him to do his duty, for the President of Fromania was a man with a temper, as the members of his Chamber of Deputies admitted with much spleen. But the sultry tropical atmosphere, combined with the reek of ferocious tobacco, made Hazlitt's head swim, and he waved his cigar tentatively towards the open window.

'Might as well try the open air,' he suggested; 'it would be cooler on the balcony.'

The President drew attention by a silent gesture to his entire person, which was scrupulously garbed in evening-dress. The unassuming black suited his Spanish cast of face remarkably well.

'Against the white of the house, señor?' he asked. 'It would be too conspicuous. Also, the moon is full.'

'But'—— began the visitor.

The President looked sharply out of the window, through which came the sleepy murmur of a Fromanian city street. Occasionally a mule-bell tinkled merrily, again a torrent of wild blasphemy would ascend through the palpitating air, then the scuffling of shod hoofs, afterwards silence. Then, with a clearness and vividness that was astounding, the steady staccato beat of human footsteps rang on the pavement below. The pupils of the President's eyes narrowed to pin-points, but he made no alteration in his position. He was the personification of watchful concentration. Hazlitt stared, understanding nothing.

Suddenly, with a rapid, tiger-like motion, the President caught the corner of the heavy shutter in his hand and slammed the whole structure to. Simultaneously with the action, a sharp crack echoed in the street, something struck the stucco wall with a queer splash, the footsteps rang loudly and hastily for one minute or less, followed by the deep boom of a carbine; and the President shrugged his shoulders expressively.

'No,' he said, relighting his cigar. Hazlitt noticed that the hand holding the match never trembled. 'No, my friend, we will remain indoors to-night. The evening air is unhealthy—is it not?'

'But it looked like assassination!' said the Englishman with heat. He had learned to like the imperturbable Spanish-American during the few hours he had known him, and resented the dastardly attempt on his life. It was the unconscious affection of one brave man for another.

'He will assassinate no more.—Ha! Enter, José.'

A knock had come at the door, and a smart-looking orderly stood waiting.

'A shot was fired, José?'

'Two, your Excellency. The second did not miss—between the shoulder-blades.'

'*Bueno! Vamos.*'

'*Si, Excellenzia;*' and the soldier saluted and was gone.

'You treat it coolly, President,' said Hazlitt. 'One would think it was an everyday occurrence.'

'It is frequent. There is much trouble in the country at present. Marconeza is desirous of being president; he has sown much sedition of late. Poof! it is nothing. It is what your London papers would call "a gingerbread revolution in a gingerbread country." But it is remarkably like a large war as regards the possibility of bloodshed.'

Hazlitt remembered then the air of expectancy that seemed to surround Porto del Fuegos when

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he landed that same morning from the Royal Mail boat. The custom-house officers who examined his baggage had shrugged expressive shoulders as he mentioned that his destination was *la casa del Señor el Presidente;* and, too, he remembered that the soldiers on guard at the gate of the residence looked more like men of war than the ordinary guards about a South American palace.

'In a word, then, you are on the verge of hostilities?'

'Exactly. There is still time, my friend, for you to reconsider your intention of staying as my guest for some time—as my honoured guest, Señor Hazlitt.'

The man addressed bowed his acknowledgment of the courteous suggestion, but smiled reflectively as he examined the gray, powdery ash on the *cigarro.*

'It would seem that I have come at a very fortunate time,' he said coolly; but his eyes were glowing with something that was not rage now—it was the light of the rising blood-lust. 'That is, if I can be of any service. I am here to help, señor, not for the look of the thing.'

Señor Castries made no answer to this remark at the moment, but he rose from his seat and strolled over to his companion. His long, slender fingers strayed over Hazlitt's sleeve, and he smiled with a keen appreciation as he felt the swell of the muscles under the cloth.

'I wish I had a hundred like you, señor; we should stand firmly in Fromania. But, alas! I fear that my rival has captured the best of our men for his own side. We shall see, however. Hush, my friend! not a word about that disturbance in the street. Here comes Jacinta and the coffee. Both are welcome, on my soul!'

The girl that came into the faintly lit saloon was a revelation to Hazlitt. He had been prepared for some extraordinary beauty, for he had seen her photograph in the illustrated papers many times; but these pictured presentations had not caught the wonderful expression of her face. It was like the play of sunshine over a summer lake; it was like the golden glory of a summer's dawn. Hazlitt's metaphors failed him at this juncture, for he was standing before her.

'Señor Hazlitt—my daughter Jacinta.' The President completed the introduction with a wave of the hand which indicated the fact that he had performed his share of the contract; the rest remained with the two younger people.

Jacinta came forward with an ease of manner that spoke of an English training.

'I am so sorry I was out when you called first, señor. It was a necessity. Besides, I did not know you were coming.' This was delivered in English as pure as Hazlitt's own, though there was a twang, it could scarcely have been called an accent, that made perfection still more perfect—at any rate, in the Englishman's ears.

'It was but prolonging the uncertainty, señorita; and the result was well worth the waiting.'

'That is very pretty—to a Fromanian girl, that is. But I am as much English as Fromanian, Señor Hazlitt, so its sweetness is wasted. Suppose we ignore the fashion of the country, and remember only the British portion of my upbringing.'

Five minutes later Hazlitt, sipping his coffee with a thoughtful air, had forgotten that Jacinta was anything but an exceedingly well-read fellow-countrywoman. There was a freshness and a naïveté in her attitude, an indescribable charm, that appealed to the man's inner consciousness. Unlike the majority of her fellows, Jacinta was brilliant without being overpowering; she charmed while she commanded admiration. The conclusion borne in upon Hazlitt was that the outward form of the girl was a fit casket for her mind. This was high praise, for he had previously considered women as a harmless—or harmful—necessity to the progress of the world.

The President rose presently and stretched himself. 'There are duties,' he said, and with a bow left Hazlitt and his young hostess together. The former moved quietly to the half-shuttered window and slammed it to.

'The next shot might not be a miss,' he explained; and then he could have bitten out his tongue for forgetting the President's warning.

'Then it was a shot? I thought so. Tell me, did the man escape?' The large eyes were filled with an inward fire; and, looking deeply, Hazlitt decided that this slender girl was a woman in spirit and courage. This is saying a good deal, for a courageous woman can give points to a Victoria Cross hero.

'Yes,' he replied, 'it was a shot. No, the man did not escape. Between the shoulders, José said.'

'Good! Oh, Señor Hazlitt, these are terrible times for Fromania! Everywhere there is talk of blood and murder. This evening, as I was driving to the palace, some ladrone threw mud at me. There were stones too; they rattled on the carriage. No, I did not tell my father; he is worried enough. Can you think what it is to him? He loves his people, señor; but General Marconeza has poisoned their minds. He tells them that papa desires to make the republic into an empire; that he will become emperor himself; that he will wed again—a woman of royal blood—and will reinstate the old order of things. It is awful! And the lies! Oh, fancy papa marrying again! He wears mamma's miniature round his neck day and night. I tremble every time he leaves the palace; for I know what he is—so impetuous when roused, though so cool, so icy, when in repose. He buried his warmth in my mother's grave.'

Jacinta was English enough to dispense with the usual Fromanian protection of a duenna. The ultra-conservative residents in the capital lifted their shocked hands to heaven when the subject was mentioned, unable to see how a woman could preserve her reputation without the watchful *gouver-*

nante to keep a constant eye on her life. But the girl gave no heed to them; she was wrapped round in a cloak of girlish purity. The most notorious of lady-killers felt himself abashed by the steady, level glance of her dark eyes. Hazlitt himself was possessed of a strange feeling as he watched her face. She was full of her subject; she had the love of her country at heart; but she palpitated with anger at the sense of injustice that was being bred amongst her people.

But the absence of the duenna was a good thing in this instance. It gave Hazlitt an opportunity to speak freely. He bent forward a little and gazed steadily into the girl's eyes.

'If anything I can do will help your father, Miss Jacinta—you see, I use the English form—you have only to command. I have grown to admire him.'

'Then you will stay? That is good of you! My doubts are removed. Tell me, Señor Hazlitt, does an Englishman always inspire confidence? My spirits have risen up there'—she indicated the superb roof of the apartment with a foreign gesture—'and I shall sleep to-night without listening for the sound of firearms.'

As the hours passed away Hazlitt found himself taking an unwonted interest in his hostess. She was full of a wonderful charm, she was utterly lacking in self-consciousness, and she soon forgot her anxieties in a flood of recollections of the England which she held only second to Fromania in her regard. Hazlitt retired that night a prey to sundry misgivings. He told himself that he, an old campaigner, should have been armed against the shafts of a girl of some twenty years only. He forgot that it was just because Jacinta levelled no shafts that he was compelled to admire her more than any woman he had ever met. When he fell asleep it was only to be haunted by dreams in which a midnight assassin crouched behind an open shutter and took pot-shots at the fascinating girl, who seemed entirely unconscious of all danger; and he awoke fighting with a sleepful agony.

Two days passed by without any manifestation from the revolutionary party. But each morning saw the lines on the President's forehead deepen, saw the watchful glitter of his eyes become still more watchful. Hazlitt, knowing what was at stake, admired the man more than ever. He had given up the useless fight against admiring the President's daughter—he knew now that she was the only woman in his world; and he sighed, for, after all, a half-pay captain in the British army may be a desirable person, but he is not an eligible *parti* for a President's daughter. For Jacinta herself he could not say. She gave no hint that her affections were stirred; meeting him as she did, with the open frankness of a girl, he could only wonder and despair.

'It will be to-night, I think,' said the President coolly, as he and his guest smoked their cigars after dinner. 'I wished Jacinta to go up the hills to the bungalow, but she would not. She is hard to persuade, that Jacinta. So was her mother. She will stay here and see the thing through, she says.

'It is a pity,' said Hazlitt. 'Women are in the way in these affairs.'

'If she is like her mother in one respect she will not be in the way—or, rather, she will be very much in the way. But Jacinta has not yet been in a revolution. We shall see.'

The two men talked on, avoiding, as brave men will, the possibilities of danger. The President discussed the measures he had taken to guard against surprise, and the Englishman approved of the steps taken.

'The National Guard will hold fast,' said Castries. 'There are a thousand of them; but the irregular troops have gone over in a body to Marconeza. There are five thousand of them; so we are overmatched, but not beaten, my friend—oh no, not beaten! We shall put up a good fight, as you say in England. But I would rather have Jacinta safe.'

A sudden earnestness came into his voice as he laid his hand on Hazlitt's knee. 'You will see that nothing happens to her—excepting death, of course? The irregulars are rather savage at heart; there is much that is bad of the Spaniard in them, and more that is bad of the Indian. Not a pretty combination. They are devils from Hades, señor—I know, for I have seen them. Ugh!'

Hazlitt took out a little revolver from his hip-pocket. It was a dainty little toy, not of much use perhaps, but still sufficient to kill at short range. He snapped open the breech and extracted the five little shells.

'I ask your permission to make the señorita a small present,' he said smilingly. His eyes were very grave though his lips were creased.

'She prefers a stiletto. She knows; but it may be impossible for her to take that measure. You will do as I ask?'

'Certainly. But it will not be necessary.'

The President shrugged his shoulders, and, rising, went to the window.

'There is much commotion in the town,' he said; and Hazlitt was able to distinguish an uneasy murmur that seemed to fill the air. It was the seething mutter of the breaking storm.

'They will attack the palace first,' said Castries; 'they always do. My men are picketing the streets, so we shall see some fun presently. Ah, that is the beginning!'

A single shot rang out like a whip-crack. The rush of hurrying feet rang loudly for a moment, and then a sentry doubled across the open *plaza*. He turned as he ran, lifted his carbine to his shoulder, and took a hurried snapshot at the darkness. The crack of his weapon was answered by an appalling scream; then a loud torrent of oaths and cries volleyed towards the listeners.

The President had changed into evening-dress

with the same nonchalance that the French *noblesse* displayed on the eve of a greater revolution than this; but he now left the apartment, and reappeared in a few moments dressed in the full uniform of a general of the Fromanian army. Hazlitt raked out an old campaigning suit that was full of slits and patches; the native hues of it were faded out of all recognition, but the lack of general colour was made up for by some sinister smears of a dirty brown.

'My old South African gear,' he explained in apology. 'I shall feel more comfortable thus.'

Jacinta entered the room at this moment, and her eyes dwelt for a moment admiringly on the broad back of her father's guest. Hazlitt looked well in khaki; the closely fitting tunic seemed to bring out the full splendour of his figure. But he was watching the scene in the *plaza*, and so did not notice the girl's entrance.

'You have understood my orders?' asked the President a little later, as he noticed his daughter's presence. Hazlitt turned in surprise. The girl saw then that the man she had known so far and this cool, alert soldier were two very different people. For the Englishman's jaw was set like a rock; also, the level glance of his eyes had taken on an added sternness. He had just seen the revolutionists drag a wounded aide-de-camp from his horse and hack him to pieces with their knives and swords.

'We'd better go down now, I think,' he said sharply. 'We shall be needed in another minute or two.'

Two or three glittering officers stood outside the great gate of the *patio* as the President and Hazlitt descended. A brisk, animated conversation passed in Spanish between the leaders; and Hazlitt, although not fluent in the tongue, gathered enough to make him still further admire his host. Yes, the chief of the officers—he wore the badge of a colonel—informed the President, the houses were all full of loyal troops. They would keep up a cross-fire on the *plaza* until the numbers of the revolutionaries were sufficiently thinned to permit of a charge. Then they would get the cavalry to bear on the subject, and after that there would be much slaughter.

'It is good!' said Castries. 'Form up two companies of your men under the walls of the palace. They will prevent the insurgents from entering. My daughter is within,' he added simply.

The colonel bowed. 'She shall be our constant care, *Excellenzia*. But it would have been better had she gone to San Juan. They are out of place at times, these women.'

'You knew her mother!' replied the President, as if that were all the answer required.

The moon had risen and was flooding the great *plaza* with her still, pale light. The heavy trees were unmoved, for there was not the slightest rustle of breeze, and a fountain in the centre still played on, giving a weird air of peace to the place that was soon to run red with the blood of fellow-countrymen sacrificed to please an upstart's ambition. The advancing revolutionists had retired momentarily; but hoarse, exultant cries came up from the shadows of the radiating streets. Hazlitt had fought through more than one town, and he knew the work would be hot and fierce in the narrow ways—while it lasted.

'Here they come!' cried Castries, loosening his sword.

Hazlitt unbuckled his holster and drew out his revolver. It was the sort of work he loved, and he had eyes for nothing else, save that at the back of his mind the President's request still hung. He would keep one shot, whatever happened; but he prayed that he might be spared that awful deed.

Suddenly the rising clamour rose to a steady yell. Then, like a transformation-scene at a pantomime, the opposite faces of the houses broke into a sheet of flame. The rattle of musketry, unintermittent, harsh, menacing, filled the *plaza;* and out of the darkness of the corners men rushed wildly. Some carried torches; but they were not needed, for the scene was as bright as day. The insurgents advanced to the houses that were alive with shot, and beat with frenzy on the doors. Their blows could be heard even above the crackle of musketry.

The colonel was watching the upraised hand of the President impatiently. He gnawed his sweeping moustache, for he was not at one with him in the humanity that bade him to spare the rioters. He would have them shot down like the dogs they were.

And then, just as the crash of breaking wood came across the square, just as the shots began to lessen in rapidity, Castries's hand fell. Two hundred rifles flashed and roared, and the scene became a shambles. Men were mowed down like grass; they fell in ghastly piles across the pavement; their shrieks ascended to the deep vault of the sky like the wail of the condemned. For a moment there was no sound save the click of the breech-bolts as the Guards reloaded. It was terrible, but it was necessary. Another volley, and still another, and the advancing party was checked. They retired, breathing fierce anathemas on their enemies, and the loyalists had a breathing-space.

While they watched impatiently, sounds as of muffled firing came to their ears; then the houses opposite became a veritable pandemonium.

'They have broken in through the back!' gasped the colonel. 'God help the men there!'

The President nodded gloomily.

The clamour lasted only for a minute or two, and then was succeeded by an ominous silence. No one knew what the issue of that fight had been there in the houses, but all guessed. They knew the comparative numbers of the opposing forces. Still the colonel gnawed at his moustache; still the President gazed unwaveringly in the direction of the corner from which the next attack was to be expected.

(To be continued.)

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MERCHANT SERVICE.

SOME months ago, thanks to the efforts of one or two of the daily papers, the British public was made somewhat uneasy about the state of the mercantile marine. It was not a very deep-seated feeling, it was not of long duration, but it was there. This was not perhaps a great deal to base hopes of reformation upon; but it was the first gleam of sunshine that had come the way of the seafarer, the first faint promise of a fairer dawn, and for a time the merchant service indulged in dreams which have made a return to the old despondent outlook even more depressing than it was before. It is, however, something to have aroused such a feeling, transient though it was, for the complacency of the British public is hard to shake, and about their shipping they have always been complacent. Of all our industries, this is the one they look upon as particularly English, and it is hard to make them understand that all is not well with our huge mercantile marine.

The amount of tonnage flying the British flag, the number and size of vessels turned out by our yards, in comparison to the figures shown by our rivals, is indeed sufficiently pleasant reading. Because officers can yet be found to man all these ships, and perhaps also because that dear, easy-going public wishes so much to believe that all is well, the recent newspaper revelations of the waning popularity of the merchant service as a profession have only ruffled and not seriously shaken the truly English belief in the strength and durability of our maritime position. It is a thousand pities that this is so, for in very truth the mercantile marine is in a critical state.

For the ever-lessening supply of officers ample and sufficient reasons have been given: the abominable conditions under which a sea-apprenticeship is served, the low scale of pay obtaining throughout the merchant service, and the humiliating strictures placed upon officers in even our best lines—these are the chief causes that threaten in the near future to make us dependent upon foreigners for the officering of our ships. The question which this suggests, and to which an emphatic 'No!' is the only possible reply, is: 'Can we depend on these foreigners to form the reserve for our navy?' for this must ever in time of war be a vitally important duty of the officers and men of the mercantile marine.

The reduced and ever-decreasing supply of officers has, it is true, lately forced employers to make a slight increase in pay. This increase, however, has been so small that it has failed materially to alter the situation. No attempt whatever has been made to remove the other causes of the present discontent with the sea-career that is felt in all ranks of the profession. This is strange enough, for it is obviously to the advantage of employers to have contented officers, obviously to their advantage to keep up the supply by treating these officers as gentlemen. But custom dies hard, and it appears to have always been the custom to treat seafarers with a lack of consideration shown to no other class of workers in the country. How great this lack of consideration, how hampered and humiliated all the officers in even our best lines are by unnecessary and often degrading regulations, is not in the least degree realised by the public.

In one of our best lines—indeed, the line which is generally considered the premier service of Great Britain—embarking passengers often notice that the officer in charge at the gangway keeps as much in the background as possible, in striking contrast to the smiling doctor and smirking stewards who are with him and under his control. Few people realise why. It is because he—the man in charge, the man to whom the directors look to keep discipline—is the one man whom those same directors never acknowledge. This man is forced to stand there utterly ignored, while his employers pass on to shake hands and engage in conversation with the doctor, chief steward, purser, any one indeed save the executive officer. A small matter? Possibly; but it is the small affairs of this life which are often the most galling and hard to bear. In the same great service, officers are required to have the highest qualification conferred by the Board of Trade—namely, an extra master's certificate; they are furthermore expected to hold a commission in the Royal Naval Reserve. It would appear probable that these officers would have a very enjoyable time, meeting many pleasant people who cross on the ships. But no! The directors, in their wisdom, have decreed that officers must not speak to passengers. Why? Well, that is a question that many people, officers and passengers alike, wish to have answered. It can hardly be that the directors who draw up these regulations imagine their officers are not fitted socially to mix with the passengers, since these men perform twelve months' service in His Majesty's Navy, where they mix on a footing of equality with officers among whom are to be found scions of almost every noble family in Great Britain. What the humiliation of this regulation is to any high-spirited man can easily be imagined, yet it is a regulation which obtains in five out of six of our leading lines. In the particular service which the writer has in mind this rule was the outcome of two men forgetting the moral integrity which was due to their position. These men, however, were not executive officers, but a doctor and a purser, who is in reality the captain's clerk. Yet, while *this regulation was enforced in the case of the executive officers, it was not, and is not, in the case of the doctors and pursers of the company.* Apart from all else, the short-sightedness of this policy is

apparent to all save the promulgators of it. The writer alone knows of a round dozen cases where friends of officers have left an English line when informed that they could have no intercourse with the employés, to go to a German line where no such restrictions exist. If one man who has not sought for evidence has had twelve such cases brought to his notice, how many passengers must the German lines gain every year from this one cause alone?

Furthermore, the evil does not end with the loss of passengers. It seems strange that it never occurs to the directors that they are making it a very difficult matter for their officers to keep discipline in their ships. It is surely bad enough for the stewards of the ship to know that financially they are better off than the men who bear the responsibility; it is infinitely worse for them to know that these officers are hampered, galled, and humiliated by their employers. And they do know it, for they see it and read it. They see it when a director meets a ship's officer; they can read it when they like, for the regulations for officers, engineers, and stewards are printed in one book.

Any one hearing for the first time of the state of affairs existing in our merchant service would naturally imagine that it has primarily been brought about by the officers themselves. This is, however, an error. As a body, it can safely be affirmed that they are second to none in loyalty and conscientious execution of duty. There are black sheep in every fold, but it is surely an easy matter for any company to discharge a servant who proves himself an undesirable. But this policy has never been considered sufficiently drastic. In nearly every line the misbehaviour of one man is invariably followed by punishment in the shape of one more galling regulation meted out to all.

At all events, it may be argued, officers can study and read, and so occupy their spare time. Yes, if they bring their own books; but—*officers are not allowed to use the ship's library.*

The writer has throughout had one great service in mind, because it is the service with which he has had the closest dealings. But, bad as it undoubtedly is, it is yet, from an officer's point of view, one of the best. It may seem strange that this statement should follow the preceding remarks. However, in cases of accident in this line the officer usually has justice; in many, very many services he has not. There are firms of high standing in Great Britain where an accident to any ship means the dismissal of all officers belonging to that particular vessel, the men who were asleep suffering equally with those who were on duty at the time of the mishap. In this line, galling and humiliating, even degrading, as some of the regulations are, they are yet mild in comparison with the rules to be found in the books of many other shipping companies.

These, then, are the conditions under which an officer must serve his employers. It is for a life such as this that he has passed years of semi-starvation and total misery in sailing-ships; this is the goal which he has always had in view, and to gain which he accepts the lowest salary that any profession returns to its followers. And still the public wonders why fewer boys are going to sea. Yet employers ask why so many officers leave the profession for work on shore.

And it might be so different! The sea is essentially a manly life, and appeals now as it has ever done to the youth of England. The call of the sea, that mysterious, intangible attraction that it has ever held for our island race, is still strong, strong as it has ever been since it made our country what it is. Will our shipowners never see that it is to their interest, to put it on no higher basis, to keep that attraction alive by treating their officers as they would wish their own sons to be treated by those who employ them? Will the directors of our large mail and passenger lines never realise that their officers are gentlemen, and, that being so, that they must resent humiliating rules such as exist in nearly every great shipping company? Will the public never understand until it is too late that this great industry of which they are so proud, this huge mercantile marine which dominates the over-sea trade of the world, is sick and ill, bitterly and justly discontented? Of all servants, merchant service officers have ever, as a body, been most loyal. Will no one seek to right their wrongs; will no one, while there is yet time, strive to avert what must eventually be the result of a continuation of present conditions—the officering of our mercantile fleet by foreigners? No calling better deserves fair-play, no profession needs it so much, and no industry is so vital to the well-being of our country, whose proudest title has ever been 'The Mistress of the Seas.'

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

By W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D., Author of *Deeds that Won the Empire, How England Saved Europe*, &c.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE TRIAL.

AS he stood and watched the figures that came and went in the broken light of the torches, Jean caught a glimpse of the Rat, who was one of the turnkeys of the prison. But he tried in vain to arrest the eye of his old comrade. That the Rat recognised him Jean did not doubt, but fear prevented any signs of recognition being given. Presently, however, he brushed closely past Jean and whispered in his ear, '*La petite* comes next. I knew you would come, and I kept her back.' Then he hurried away.

Jean stood watching the door, with a strange weight on his heart.

It was his plan—he could, in the agitation and hurry of events, think of no other—to make some passionate appeal to the judges; but as he looked at them his heart fell. Their faces were as hard as granite. Human lives to them were only counters in the great game of the Revolution. They would not risk the game for the sake of allowing one of the human 'counters' to escape. And Jean realised, as he studied their countenances, that here were men carried out of themselves by great forces. They had the glittering eyes, the hurrying speech, the iron resolve of fanatics. Human nature shaken with lunatic terrors, or on fire with wild and vain hopes, can be strangely pitiless; and the men who sat round the table in the room at the Abbaye that wild night were in this mood. Jean had counted on Toulan; but as he glanced at his face he could see that Toulan himself had given up hope. The current ran too fiercely and was too strong for him to wrestle with it.

The moments seemed to creep past on leaden feet. At last the turnkey drew back the bolt, and madame was led betwixt two guards. Amid all the horrors of that night Jean was startled by the change in her appearance. Her hair was gray, her features drawn. The beauty of the clear complexion and the deep star-like eyes had vanished. Fear had written its dark hieroglyphics on every line of her face. She walked with dragging feet, like a woman who had been drugged, leaning heavily on one of her guards, and was apparently only half-conscious of the scene about her.

But Jean cast only one hurrying glance upon that picture of wrecked beauty. He saw Denise! Her face was strangely pale and thin; but the tender lips were firm, the pure eyes were bright and alert. Her glance fell upon Jean; and as their eyes met her steps were half-arrested, but it was only for a moment. She stepped to the front with quick, light feet, put her slender hand on the table, and leaned forward. Her eyes ran quickly to and fro upon the countenances of the judges, and as she did so a sudden silence fell on the group about the table. A face so young, so sweet, and yet so brave suddenly emerging from the confusion and terrors of the night startled them. Its clear purity visibly acted on them like some touch of magic. They felt for the moment as if *they* were on their trial.

Denise was fighting for her mother's life, and every sense was alert.

'Monsieur,' she said, 'of what is my mother accused?'

The sweet voice deepened the effect of the pure face and the clear eyes. The president took up the sheet on the table before him and examined it.

'She is accused by the People of conspiring against France.'

'Never!' cried Denise in a tone of proud scorn. 'Never! She has served France. She has suffered for France.'

'But she lived in England,' said the president, 'and married an Englishman. She is in the pay of Pitt.'

'My mother married a noble Englishman, for love knows nothing of nationalities; and she sacrificed her happiness for France. She has served it against England. If she were in England to-day its prisons would open their doors for her.'

At this moment Toulan leaned over and whispered something to the president.

'Why are you here?' asked the president, looking at Denise. 'Your name is not in the list.'

'I have never been accused. It is not by any warrant I am detained. I became a prisoner because I am a daughter, and the place of a daughter is by her mother's side. If the friends of the king had triumphed, and you, monsieur, were in prison, would you not wish your daughter to plead for you?'

She seemed a creature compounded of air and fire, so slender and light, and yet so swift and clear and fearless. Here was love in its highest terms—love that forgot itself, that was on fire with pity and courage.

'France knows nothing of fathers and daughters,' said the president after a brief pause. 'She knows only her friends and her enemies.'

'But my mother is the friend and servant of France.'

'That is true,' said Toulan, breaking in on the dialogue. 'This woman, it is known, was the agent of France in England, and Pitt, if he could, would lay hands upon her. Whoever accused her,' he went on loudly, 'is doing the work of Pitt.'

'Eh?' said one of the judges, a little, red-headed man with sharp features and huge, round spectacles. He peered forward, and looked steadily at the

haggard face of madame. 'Yes,' he said; 'I was in the Foreign Office, and the prisoner was certainly employed in its service in London. Some papers of value to France were obtained, and madame had to flee from London or she would have been arrested.'

'Shall your hands do Pitt's work against a true Frenchwoman?' asked Denise, as her eyes ran keenly along the faces of the judges in turn, and her voice was keener than her glance. 'There was no complaint in Paris against *ma mère;* it was in London she was accused.'

The judges put their heads together and held a whispered conference. One after another, in turn, looked at the haggard, broken woman, leaning half-swooning on the shoulder of the turnkey who held her, then at the slender figure of Denise, with her pure face and steady eyes.

'The testimony of Citizen Toulan,' said the judge, 'clears your mother.' Then he took off his cap. 'France admires good daughters.—I see nothing to condemn in the accused. Do you agree?' he asked, turning to his fellow-judges.

The swift, strange drama had drawn the attention of all in the room, and at the president's words they broke out into loud 'Bravos.'

'This woman,' said the president, 'may go free.'

'Give her a certificate to that effect,' suggested Toulan.

The president drew a sheet of paper to him, and wrote on it swiftly but with care, consulting more than once with the little, red-headed judge as to some phrase. When he had finished he read it aloud with visible relish. It ran:

'At the Abbaye, year four of Liberty and first of Equality: We, commissionnaires appointed by the People to try the prisoners detained in the Abbaye, have made to appear before us, this 2nd September, the woman Thiebault, accused of conspiring against France. We have found the accusation to be false, and have declared her innocent in the presence of the People, who applauded the liberation which she received from us. We invite all citizens to grant her aid and protection. (Signed) MAILLARD.'

Judges and turnkeys broke into a murmur of applause. They enjoyed the sonorous phrases. This terrible tribunal could talk, if need required, in the accents of the ordinary courts.

Then the president thrust the paper into the hand of Denise. 'Discharge the prisoner,' he cried.

The guards led madame to the door, Denise holding her mother's dress with her left hand; her right by this time was in Jean's grasp. For a moment the group stood on the threshold looking down on the court. It was strewn with dead bodies. In front, with the light of torches falling on their sabres and pikes, was the crowd of executioners.

'Hats off, citizens!' cried one of the guards. 'Behold her for whom your judges request aid and protection.'

'*Vive la nation!*' shouted the crowd.

'I want four honest citizens who will conduct this innocent woman to her home.'

Several at once ran forward, but Jean still held to the hand of Denise, and was accepted as one of the four. Two of them secured torches, and they proceeded to cross the court. They had not reached the centre when a side-door opened. There ran—or rather leaped—out the wild figure of a naked man, his white skin showing the red marks of many pike-wounds. He fell, struggled to his feet again, and ran on with fierce gestures and stumbling feet. Three men with gleaming pikes were pursuing him.

'Madame is dying!' Toulan cried suddenly.

Denise, before her eyes had taken in the scene, turned at the sound and threw her arms about her mother. The adroit Southerner shouted the words in order to save the girl from seeing the bloody picture.

'Let us get away from this place,' Jean whispered, 'or the sight will kill them.'

The little group hurried on again. As they neared the gate the light of the torches fell on a figure that seemed in strange contrast with the scene about him. His dress was rich; he wore a small puce coat, a black wig, and an official scarf.

'It is Billaud de Varennes,' whispered Toulan to Jean, 'the deputy of the attorney of the Commune.'

The figure in the puce coat walked composedly over the dead bodies lying in the court.

'Citizens,' he said in a loud voice, 'you are doing your duty. You have destroyed a set of scoundrels. France owes you eternal gratitude, and the municipality will know how to make a return to you. I am deputed to offer each of you twenty-four livres, which are to be paid to you immediately. Continue your work,' he cried, 'and the country will be grateful.'

In the records of the Commune is still preserved a document which shows that the promise of the man in the puce coat and the black wig was kept.

Meanwhile, the group with madame and Denise had struggled through the crowd. A carriage was secured, but whither was the unfortunate woman to be driven?

'Let her come,' said Toulan after a moment's hesitation, 'to my house. My wife will take care of her.'

When they reached his house the guards were dismissed, and Toulan's wife, with the help of Denise, carried off the sick woman to her room.

Then Toulan broke into a shout of delight. 'Ah, it was wonderful! It was clever! *La petite* is wonderful! To bring in Pitt! The one name those men hate as much as they hate the Capet.'

For three days the flame of life fluttered in madame's breast, and then went suddenly out. The months of imprisonment, the terrors that had

hung around her day and night like a garment of flame, the wild scene in the Abbaye, were too much for a nature that had in it so much of the butterfly. She never fully recovered consciousness. Jean saw her once. As her glance fell on him dark memories in the dying woman's brain seemed to awaken. A strange and inscrutable expression stole into her eyes. It might have been remorse—Jean could not interpret it. It was the symbol of feelings to which he had no key.

When she died, and the furtive, hurried funeral was over, Denise was left alone. She and Jean had not exchanged many words. Every moment had been given to the dying woman. But now, as the two sat together, the sad eyes of the poor girl shone with gratitude.

'Oh Jean,' she said, 'how good you were to come to us!'

'I did nothing by coming,' he answered ruefully. 'I stood like a fool in that dreadful room at the Abbaye. I meant to speak, though my blundering lips could not have helped you. But you gave us no time. You fought your own battle, Denise; you shamed us all;' and he looked with new wonder at the girlish figure that had played so brave a part in that wild scene.

A faint colour stole into the poor girl's cheeks at his words. 'Ah, I forgot everything except my poor mother, broken-hearted and gray-haired, and about to be flung to the pikes;' and her eyes kindled afresh with a flame of courage as she recalled the scene. 'But, Jean,' she whispered softly, 'you helped me.'

'I?' he asked, in wondering tones.

'Yes. Do you remember giving me this?' and she drew from a fold in her dress a little, battered book with broken covers. It was the Bible Jean had given her in that midnight scene on the stairs in madame's house. 'If I had no other companion in the Abbaye, I had this book. And, oh, how it talked to me! And that dreadful night when we knew murder was on foot, and were waiting to be called in our turn, I saw poor mother could say nothing on her own behalf. I was thinking what plea I could urge for her, and I saw in the book this;' and she held up the page to Jean. '"*It shall be given you in that hour*," the words ran, "*what ye shall say*." I knew it was a message,' said Denise, as her eyes kindled and her cheeks flushed, 'and it *was* given me.'

Whether Denise's use of the text would have satisfied an unimaginative theologian may be doubted; but Jean at least accepted it with implicit confidence. The great words of the Bible are, in hours of supreme need, renewed in their application to each human soul in turn, and through all the centuries.

'But, Jean,' Denise said, looking at him with grateful eyes, 'you were good to come and risk your life for us. For we had no claim on you. M. Duclos turned mother's heart against you. You were cruelly wronged, and in the Abbaye mother saw it, and grieved over it. She would not talk about it. She never told me why you were hated or what the plans of M. Duclos were. Perhaps I guessed;' and the poor girl broke into a passion of sobs.

The question had to be settled as to her future, and there was no time for delay. Of one thing Jean was clear. Paris was no place for her. He would take her to London. He had already written to his aunt saying that madame was certainly dying and he must bring Denise to Portman Square. Mrs Robert Lawrence read the letter with grimly shut lips. She could not yet forgive Denise for being the daughter of her mother.

Toulan energetically approved of the plan. 'We shall have darker days yet in Paris. It will be no place for anybody with English blood or English connections. You must both go.'

With his command of the secret agents of the English Foreign Office, Jean had no trouble in reaching the French coast and crossing to England. As they drove to Portman Square he looked at Denise. The heroine of the Abbaye had shrunk to a pale-faced girl with quivering lips and shaking nerves.

'You fear my aunt,' he said, 'more than you did the judges in the dreadful room that night.'

'Ah, that was different,' she sighed, and would say no more.

Mrs Robert Lawrence first fell on John's neck and kissed him again and again with energy. 'You brave, foolish boy!' she said.

Then she turned and looked with what were meant to be coldly questioning eyes at Denise. But the girlish face—all purity and sweetness—the wistful eyes, the trembling hands and lips, were too much for Mrs Lawrence. She took Denise to her arms without a word; and with the gesture of a tired child the poor girl put her head on Mrs Lawrence's shoulder.

'This child is going to be ill,' Mrs Lawrence announced, and swept Denise away into her own bedroom.

Illness came in an obstinate and severe form. For weeks Denise lay betwixt life and death. Through the chambers of the unconscious girl's brain all the terrible figures of the Abbaye came and went in unceasing procession. Never was nurse more tender or patient than Mrs Lawrence. She plucked Denise from the very touch of death. Henceforward she had an absurd, jealous, and yet tender sense of absolute proprietorship in the girl. Madame faded completely out of existence. Denise's history, as far as Mrs Lawrence was concerned, began from the moment when she had put her arms round the girl's neck on the night Jack brought her to Portman Square.

(To be continued.)

A WEEK AMONGST BRIGANDS.

By F. Cowley Whitehouse.

OF late years the Smyrna *vilayet* has been notorious for the numerous acts of brigandage which have been taking place in it. For six years a certain Tchakidji Mehmet has been busily engaged in carrying off and holding to ransom a large number of wealthy natives, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. By reason of his daring and recklessness, he ranks as the chief of all brigands in the province; but in a smaller way others have emulated his deeds, and several Europeans have had the bad fortune to fall into the hands of one or other of the bands which are continually scouring the country.

The latest victim is Baron Willem Van Heemstra, a son of the Master of Horse of the late King of Holland. He has been living in the Smyrna *vilayet* for the past ten years, and is married to a daughter of Mr Richard Whittall, a member of a family very well known in the Near East. Devoted to an out-of-doors life, he has taken up farming as an occupation, and three years ago purchased the *chiflik* or farm of Oglan-Anassi. This last word denotes 'the Mother of Sons,' which implies that the ground is extremely fertile, as the Turks draw a great distinction between the bearing of sons and of daughters. Some of them go so far as to say that female offspring are not to be counted as children.

On this farm Van Heemstra is working with the greatest energy, and has succeeded in infusing some of his own enthusiasm into his assistants. He is a fine horseman and an astonishingly good trainer of horses. To sit beside him when he is driving tandem is to realise what perfect control may be obtained over one's animals. He does everything by word of mouth. The horses are trotting steadily together. '*Mashallah*,' he says to them, and instantly the pace changes to a canter. A piece of heavy road is encountered. 'Pull away, boys!' and on the word Vlango (chestnut) and Doree (bay) break into a furious gallop. 'Enough now!' and back the obedient and willing pair go into the correct trot.

But last May a misfortune overtook this energetic young farmer. He was captured by brigands and ransomed for the large sum of six thousand liras. It came about in the following way.

Circumstances arose which made it necessary for Van Heemstra to visit a small *chiflik* in which he has a share. Arriving there from Oglan-Anassi, he transacted his business, lunched with the owner, and immediately afterwards mounted his horse to return. On the way he passed through the village of Devlikeh ('Place of the Camels'), and called at a farm belonging to a Greek named Adamopoulo, who is an American subject. Here he found the farmer engaged in conversation with Mr Harris, the American consul-general, who had come out by train from Smyrna to settle some question between Adamopoulo and the Turks. After an hour or two Van Heemstra accompanied Mr Harris to the station, and then started off to return to his own farm. On the outskirts of his property he came to a sharp descent, and on account of the number of loose stones in the roadway he pulled his horse back into a walking pace. As he did so a man jumped out into the middle of the path, and, levelling a Graz rifle, shouted roughly, 'Get down!'

Van Heemstra realised instantly that a brigand was accosting him; but, seeing no one else, he pushed on a few paces before coming to a knowledge of the fact that four or more rifles were pointing at him from the side of the road. Seeing no help for it, he dismounted, and two men came forward and asked him for his revolver. By chance he happened not to have any weapon with him. The men were armed with rifles, revolvers, and long knives thrust through their red waist-sashes. Each man had two hundred rifle cartridges and forty revolver cartridges. Except for the red sashes, they were dressed in European fashion; and afterwards it transpired that they had posed as tobacco-planters who had come to inspect a big plantation which was for sale. The captive was led to a plane-tree and told to sit down. He was offered some cognac, and the leader of the band was evidently annoyed by his refusal to drink any of it. He was told that other men who had been taken captive had fainted from terror, and that he might do the same.

'By no means,' replied Van Heemstra. 'Why should I faint? I have done no wrong. My conscience is clear of offence in this matter. Why should I faint? Keep the cognac until it is needed some cold night.'

By this time Van Heemstra knew that he was in the hands of the notorious Capitan Andrea, a brigand who for several years had met with considerable success in his calling. His first exploit was to exact a ransom of two thousand liras from a certain Sadik Bey at Sokia, and soon afterwards he received four thousand liras to liberate a rich Turk of Magnesia. Two years ago Kara (Black) Halil, a friend of his, was taken prisoner, and was offered his freedom if he would betray Andrea into the hands of the *zaptiehs* (military police). He agreed to do so—a fact of which Andrea was soon made cognisant. The *capitan* determined to punish his quondam friend. One night he pounced down on a farm where Kara Halil's cattle were feeding, and swept away fifteen head. The night-guard, a recklessly plucky fellow named Saali, thought, however, that Andrea ought not to be allowed to have things all his own way. He jumped on his horse and followed in hot pursuit. He overtook the robber in a *dereh* (valley), and opened fire on him. Andrea

warned him to go back, but Saali fired again. Once more Andrea warned him, but Saali pressed on; and at last Andrea, a first-rate shot, turned upon him, and shouting out, 'That's how you shoot, is it?' fired and mortally wounded the unfortunate guard.

But perhaps the most daring of Capitan Andrea's exploits was the abduction in broad daylight of a Turk named Hassan Bey from the aqueducts close to Smyrna itself. On this spot people are continually coming and going, and Andrea shot down four armed Cretans before he was able to carry off his prisoner.

Knowing that this man was in the habit of ill-treating his captives, Van Heemstra determined to give no handle of offence.

'Look here,' he said to him in Greek, 'this is a bad job for me; but if you will let me go I promise that you shall have one thousand liras paid to you to-morrow, and I guarantee that there shall be no pursuit and no trouble for you afterwards.'

'Ten thousand liras,' briefly responded Capitan Andrea.

'Ten thousand!' echoed Van Heemstra. 'Why don't you make it twenty, or, better still, thirty thousand? I am a poor farmer, and one thousand is the utmost I can scrape together.'

'Lies!' ejaculated the *capitan*. 'And even if you were a poor man, your father-in-law has plenty of money, and he can pay for you.'

'He will not pay.'

'Ten thousand liras, or—your head;' and so the discussion ended.

Van Heemstra was next instructed to write a note to his manager at the farm telling him what had happened and mentioning what ransom was demanded. The order was obeyed, and in addition the manager was asked to send Van Heemstra his walking boots, cap, and coat, besides five loaves of bread, olives, and two *oques* of tobacco.

A passing shepherd was stopped and bidden to go to the farm and give the letter to Mr Hermann Hatton, the manager. The brigands gave instructions as to the way in which an answer was to be brought. A single messenger was to be sent to a lake close by after sunset. He was to light three matches every five minutes until the brigands met him.

A faithful negro groom named Achmet was entrusted with this task, and on his arrival he handed over the articles that had been asked for, and requested permission to speak to the captive. Van Heemstra at once declared that he had no secrets, and bade Achmet return and tell his friends that he could not visit them at present, as he was entertaining five guests out on the mountains.

The brigands called upon Van Heemstra to accompany them.

'Hadn't you better tie me?' he inquired. 'There is some light rope in my *heebeh*' (saddle-bags).

'Why should we tie you?'

'Well, I may chance to stumble, and some of you impulsive gentlemen may think I am trying to escape, and so I may get a bullet or two in my body.'

'If we decide to tie you, we have plenty of rope of our own,' replied Andrea.

Achmet was sent back with Van Heemstra's horse, and the brigands set off for the mountains. All night they walked up and down the hills until they arrived at the Tachtali Mountains. There they sat among the pine-trees, but in such a position that they were able to command distant views, and to be certain that they would not be surprised while they slept.

Van Heemstra found it difficult to sleep. He watched continually for an opportunity to escape, but two of the brigands lay one on either side of him, perfuming the air with their garlic-laden breath and their frowsy garments. They also slept with their legs across his, in order that the slightest movement on his part should not be unobserved. So the day passed, and at seven o'clock that evening Van Heemstra was forced to write another letter, stating that if six thousand liras were not paid his head would be sent down to Smyrna. Van Heemstra protested again that he was a poor man.

'We know all about that,' replied the *capitan;* 'you may be a poor man, but your wife's father is Edward Whittall, and he is a rich man.'

'No,' said Van Heemstra; 'you are making a mistake. Edward Whittall is a rich man, but he is not my wife's father. Richard Whittall is my father-in-law, and he is a poor man.'

'Lies!' responded the chief.

One of the band was listening to the conversation, and at this moment interposed. To Van Heemstra's astonishment, he spoke in English. He proved to be a Greek who had been for a long time in America, and had served on American ships.

'How can you say you are poor?' he demanded. 'You have a farm for which you gave six thousand liras. Sell it, and pay us what we ask.'

'I borrowed the money to buy my farm, and I have not yet paid the whole amount.'

'Lies!' ejaculated the chief again.

'Well,' said Van Heemstra, 'it is no good my saying anything if you tell me I am lying. At least send across to the Nymph Dagh (mountain), and there you will find Edward Whittall's bulb-pickers, and ask them if their master is my wife's father.'

The Nymph Dagh was not very far distant, and two men did go across, and found that their captive had told the truth; but this made no difference, for a message was sent down to Richard Whittall at Bournabat, a suburb of Smyrna, warning him that Van Heemstra's head would assuredly be sent down to Smyrna unless the six thousand liras were sent up at once into the mountains.

Van Heemstra was spending an anxious time. The brigands frequently threatened him, and Capitan Andrea told him he was fortunate not to have been tortured.

'But why should you torture me?' inquired the

captive. 'I have done you no harm, and I have made no attempt to escape.'

'It is our custom to torture those who fall into our hands,' replied Andrea, and broke out into a tirade against the rich. 'Why,' he commenced, 'should you be rich and we poor? And why should you be called *chellabi* [master or gentleman], and I be called Andrea? Isn't it absurd that there should be *chellabis* in this world? Is not one man as good as another?'

'But I don't want to be called *chellabi*. Call me what you please. Call me Andonaki [little Antony], or Kyriako, or anything else you please.'

'All rich people are bad,' urged the chief.

'Perhaps so, but I am not rich; and when you have finished with me I am going to be very poor indeed, and you will be rich, Capitan Andrea.'

'Yes,' persisted Andrea, 'rich people are all bad. Do they help the poor? No. They work us hard, and give us as little pay as possible. But look at me. I shall take your six thousand liras, and go away with them. I shall see a poor man working in his fields with a single buffalo. I shall say to him, "Why don't you work with two buffaloes?" and he will tell me that his other buffalo fell and broke its leg, and that he has no money with which to buy another. Then I shall undo my waistband, and I shall take out some of your liras and give them to him, and say, "Go, my friend, and buy another buffalo, and thank God and Capitan Andrea."'

'Very kind of you to give away my money like that,' said Van Heemstra dryly.

The capture had taken place on Thursday, 23rd May, and on the following Sunday Richard Whittall sent Mr Wallace Turrell and a Greek guide to treat with the brigands. They brought two thousand five hundred liras with them, and begged that the captured man might be given up. They explained that Van Heemstra was really not a rich man, and that he worked on his farm in Asia Minor in order to earn his daily bread. A long discussion took place, and it seemed as if an agreement might be arrived at. Andrea was in favour of accepting the offer; but the man who spoke English got into a very excited state, and strongly objected to any abatement in the ransom. He urged that the full amount should be exacted, and that an ear or finger of Van Heemstra should be sent down to Smyrna to prove that they were in earnest. Finally his counsel prevailed, and the envoys had to go back and report that the brigands demanded, and would accept not one piastre less than, six thousand liras. In the meantime they retained the money that had been brought, and bade Mr Turrell say that they intended to wait only a day or two before setting off to Broussa, situated on the Sea of Marmora.

Van Heemstra was not allowed to see the envoys, and so he was more or less in ignorance of the state in which the negotiations were.

The messengers had brought up a big rice *pilaff* with them, as well as bread and a couple of bottles of whisky. Van Heemstra was made to partake of the food to prove there was no poison in it. The brigands waited for an hour to see if there were any ill effects, and then they rapidly demolished the remainder. Van Heemstra drank some whisky, but the brigands could not wait long before tasting it, and the two bottles were soon emptied. The men grew quarrelsome, but they left Van Heemstra alone, and only bickered amongst themselves.

Three days passed, and the captive saw no avenue of escape opening to him. Every day the band wandered about between Tachtali and the Nymph Dagh, and only two of them were allowed to sleep at the same time. In the morning the English-speaking Greek would come and call Van Heemstra.

'Now then, sir, the bacon and eggs are ready; or perhaps you would like some sardines or an omelette; and will you have tea, coffee, or cocoa?' and then Van Heemstra would gnaw a crust of dry bread and wash his breakfast down with snow water from the mountain.

Down in Smyrna Mr Richard Whittall had determined to send up into the mountains the remaining three thousand five hundred liras. He realised that the brigands intended to hold out, and that any further delay might involve serious consequences for his son-in-law. A number of men were therefore chosen to carry the gold. They took with them food, and a change of clothes for Van Heemstra, and five suits of Albanian clothes. These latter the brigands had demanded, thinking that it would be easier for them to escape in such a disguise. Van Heemstra failed to understand why some Elliman's embrocation and a bottle of camphor-oil were included, and a bar of soap was not of much use to a man who had not seen water for thirty-six hours. It came out afterwards that the English-speaking Greek had asked Mr Turrell for the embrocation on the plea that Van Heemstra had strained a muscle in the leg. He now wanted to know if the camphor-oil was meant to be applied to the moustaches.

The messengers arrived in the Tachtali district on the Thursday morning. They paid over the money to the brigands, and remained with them until four o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour a move was made, and the whole party tramped steadily across the country for three hours in the direction of the Cassaba district. The food which had been sent up was eaten, and the messengers were despatched on their return journey with a present of twenty-five liras in their pockets. One man, Manoli by name, was detained in order to guide Van Heemstra down to Bournabat. After dinner the brigands bade farewell to their victim. They gave him two liras, facetiously describing the gift as travelling-money. As is usual in these cases, they asked his pardon and kissed his hand before starting him off on his journey. The two

hurried across country at their best pace, and at midnight they reached Bournabat safe and well.

At the request of Mr Richard Whittall, the Turkish authorities had held back the soldiers from pursuing the brigands. He thought that if the men were hard pressed they would probably murder Van Heemstra and scatter in different directions over the mountains; but immediately after Van Heemstra's return the troops were let loose, and were soon hot on the track of the heavily laden brigands. A rifle, revolver, two hundred cartridges, and one thousand two hundred liras in gold is no light burden for a man, and that was the load that each of the brigands was carrying. They hurried to the town of Axar, where for two days they lay hid in the house of a certain Hadji Vassili. On the third day they left this man's house. He received fifty liras from them, and promised to buy them a horse and take it to a spot arranged upon near a wood. Vassili was to lead the horse to the wood and to cry out, 'Andrea!' and the brigand was forthwith to show himself.

Meanwhile a carter named Redjeb got wind of this arrangement, and promptly informed the *kaimakam* (town governor), urging that here was an excellent opportunity to lay the redoubtable and troublesome Capitan Andrea by the heels.

Vassili was arrested, and was told that he would have to show the soldiers the spot where Andrea was to meet him. The wretched man had no choice in the matter, and at the appointed time he went to the wood, while seven soldiers concealed themselves in the immediate neighbourhood. Vassili called 'Andrea!' and Andrea jumped out of the wood. He was greeted with four or five rifle-shots, but made a rush to get back under cover. Just as he reached the trees another volley was discharged, and he fell wounded to the ground. The soldiers made no attempt to capture the other brigands, who withdrew through the wood with one of their number wounded by a rifle-bullet. Andrea was secured, and on his person was found the sum of one thousand and eighty liras. Four days later he died in prison. The other wounded brigand was caught the next day, and on him were found six hundred and fifty liras. The three others made their way to Papasli, a village frequented by tobacco contrabandists and all sorts of bad characters. They have not yet been taken by the authorities, but Saadin Bey, the commandant pasha, is after them, and unless they have been murdered by their associates for the sake of the rich plunder on them, there is a good chance of the recovery of a considerable portion of Baron Van Heemstra's ransom.

THE TRAGEDY OF A NOBLE POACHER.

By H. A. Bryden.



INCE the days of William the Conqueror there have been innumerable tragedies connected with poaching. The saddest instance of which we have record is that of the young Lord Dacre of the South, who, in the reign of Henry VIII., suffered an ignominious death by hanging at Tyburn for his share in the manslaughter of a forester during a poaching affray while in pursuit of a neighbour's deer.

The Dacres were an ancient and noble family long settled at Hurstmonceaux, in east Sussex, where an ancestor, Sir Roger de Fiennes, built, in the reign of Henry VI. (about 1440), the castle of Hurstmonceaux, the noblest example of brickwork now (although in ruins) to be seen in England. Hurstmonceaux lies midway between Battle and Eastbourne, amid pleasant hills and a beautiful park, just upon the edge of the wide marshes of Pevensey. It was anciently the seat of the De Hersts, afterwards of the De Monceux family, the last male of whom died without issue in 1320, leaving as heiress of the estate a sister, Maud, who married Sir John de Fiennes. Descendants of the De Fiennes remained in possession of the place until the reign of Queen Anne, when, in 1708, it passed out of their possession. Sir Roger de Fiennes, the builder of Hurstmonceaux Castle, was a notable warrior, as had been so many of his crusading ancestors. He fought under Henry V. in the famous victory of Agincourt, and during the minority of Henry VI. served in the French wars under the Duke of Bedford, taking with him from Hurstmonceaux thirty men-at-arms and ninety archers. Sir Roger's noble castle, which is said to have cost in the building no less than seventy thousand pounds of our money, may be regarded as the forerunner and ensample of the magnificent Tudor brickwork of the following century. Built of small hard bricks brought from Flanders, it stands in a large parallelogram, surrounded by a moat now long since dry. The grand machicolated towers which adorn its front are pierced and loop-holed for bow and cross-bow and matchlock-gun defence, and the entire walls are embattled. Above the central arch is still to be seen the crest of the De Fiennes—an alant or wolf-dog bearing in its paws a banner charged with three lions rampant. In all England there is not a more picturesque memorial of the feudal past than Hurstmonceaux Castle, nestling amid the fairest scenery of woodland and park, its frontal towers looking across the marshland of Pevensey to the very spot where Duke William of Normandy landed with his host and took seizin of English soil.

Sir Roger de Fiennes was succeeded by his son Richard, who married the daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Lord Dacre, and who himself was, in right of his wife, created Baron Dacre in 1458.

This family thenceforth became known as the Lords Dacre of the South, another branch of the family being referred to as the Lords Dacre of the North. Richard Lord Dacre was, like his father, a distinguished personage. He was Constable of the Tower in 1473, and at a later period became one of the Council of Edward IV. To him succeeded, in 1484, his son Thomas, second Lord Dacre of the South, then a minor, who during the earlier portion of his life gave promise of occupying as distinguished a position in the world as his ancestors. At the early age of twenty-one he was already Constable of Calais, and for many years seems to have been high in the favour of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. The favour of the Tudors was, however, a perilous and uncertain thing, and towards the end of his life this Lord Dacre stood under the shadow of disgrace, and was for some time imprisoned in the Fleet under the charge of harbouring and aiding suspected felons. The second Lord Dacre died in 1534, leaving explicit directions for the rearing of a magnificent tomb to his memory. In Hurstmonceaux Church, close to the old castle, are still to be seen the noble effigies of this baron and his son, Sir Thomas, each clad in complete armour, resting side by side under a stately canopy of Sussex marble.

The third Lord Dacre of the South, who came to so untimely an end, was no more than seventeen years of age when, at the death of his grandfather just referred to (his father, Sir Thomas, having predeceased him), he succeeded to the estates and title. In spite of his grandfather's disgrace and imprisonment, this Thomas, third Lord Dacre, became possessed of great wealth, a fine castle and estate, an ancient title, and all the immense advantages which so high a position among the aristocracy of England then conferred. Whether owing to his grandfather's misfortunes or from other causes is not known, but it seems to be certain that the youth's education had been neglected, and that he was of a reckless, if not a profligate, nature. He married young, as was the custom of those days, and by his wife—a daughter of the Earl of Abergavenny, one of the proud and powerful family of the Nevills—he had at the time of his unhappy death three children.

Notwithstanding his grandfather's misfortunes and disgrace at Court, the young Lord Dacre seems to have enjoyed some share of the favour of Henry VIII. When Anne of Cleves landed at Dover in 1540 he was in the company of the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Mountjoye, and met that lady at Rainham Down, between Sittingbourne and Rochester. These nobles are described as robed 'all in Coates of Velvet, with Chaynes of Gold.'

Lord Dacre, as had been the immemorial custom of his class, was an ardent sportsman. In the fair country round about Hurstmonceaux he hunted and hawked freely. Red and fallow deer at that time still ranged in the feral state among the great woodlands of Sussex, the remnants of that vast forest of Andreds-weald which in Saxon times covered the whole country from Kent to Hampshire. Wolves had been exterminated, but the wild boar still fed among the forests of Ashdown and other places. Hawking, a favourite pastime of English nobles, was constantly indulged in. In Hurstmonceaux Park a heronry, still found hard by at Windmill Hill, had long existed, and over the wide Pevensey Marshes Lord Dacre and his friends flew their falcons at the great gray herons, as well as at wild duck, partridges, and other game.

In 1541, when he had barely attained the age of twenty-four years, the young lord gaily enters upon the adventure which brought him to his miserable end. He and some of his associates seem to have cherished a good deal of ill-feeling against his neighbour, Sir Nicholas Pelham of Laughton, a place which lies some ten or twelve miles to the west of Hurstmonceaux. Pelham was a member of an old and very distinguished Sussex family, the descendants of which are now Earls of Chichester. He had a mansion and park at Laughton; but it was not, as has been generally stated, actually at Laughton that the fatal affray for which Lord Dacre suffered took place. Laughton was judged by Pelham not to be so suitable for the maintenance of his deer as another park which he possessed a few miles nearer Hurstmonceaux, at Hellingly; and at Hellingly it was that the poaching encounter took place.

On the 20th April 1541, according to the charge subsequently laid against Lord Dacre, he with thirteen others 'did assemble at the mansion of the Lord Dacre at Hurstmounceux, and did there illegally conspire in what manner they could best hunt in the park of Nicholas Pelham, Esquire, with dogs and nets called buckstalls, and bound themselves by oaths, &c., for such illegal purpose, and also to stand against all the lieges of the king and to kill any of the king's lieges that might oppose them.' It is probable that the latter portion of the charge was deliberately overcoloured. It is scarcely likely that even reckless young men such as Dacre and his friends had the least intention of harming any of the king's lieges. They wanted an adventure or a frisk, and they meant to have it at the expense of Nicholas Pelham, against whom Dacre probably bore a grudge in connection with sporting rights. At all events, ten days later, on the evening of the 30th April, Lord Dacre, with seven others, including the three particular friends and allies, Mauntell, Frowdys, and Roydon, who suffered with him, took their way with retainers, dogs, and deer-nets to Hellingly. They were in two parties, and one of these—Lord Dacre's—having reached Hellingly, which lies only some five miles from Hurstmonceaux, presumably began or were about to begin operations on Sir Nicholas Pelham's deer. They were interrupted by three of Pelham's foresters, John and James Busbrigge and Richard Somener, and in the affray that ensued John Busbrigge was so severely beaten and wounded that he died two days later. It seems to be clear from the evidence given at the subsequent trial that Lord Dacre himself had no actual personal share in the

attack. Still, he was present, and was no doubt the responsible and directing personage.

Up to the fatal assault on the forester the affair had been nothing more than the freakish outbreak of well-bred youth, probably inflamed by wine and high living. Tragedy now steps in and marches henceforth with dire and certain swiftness. Sir Nicholas Pelham was not the man to allow so gross a wrong to go long unpunished. Warrants were sought for and issued, and before long Lord Dacre and his seven associates were in prison. Dacre himself was committed to the Tower, where, strangely enough, the Constable was Sir John Gage, the head of an ancient Sussex family whose seat is still to be found at West Firle, near Lewes.

Froude in his *History of England* says, concerning this affair: 'Had Lord Dacre been an ordinary offender he would have been disposed of summarily. Both he and his friends happened to be general favourites. The Privy Council hesitated long before they resolved on a prosecution, and at last it is likely they were assisted by a resolution from the king.'*

The trial of Dacre took place before Lord Chancellor Audley, the Lord High Steward, to aid whom was summoned a jury of seventeen peers. These peers were the Marquis of Dorset; the Earls of Sussex, Derby, Rutland, Huntingdon, Bath, Hertford, and Bridgewater; Lord John Russell, High Admiral of England; and Lords Morley, Cobham, Powys, Stourton, Mountjoye, Windsor, Mordaunt, and St John. When the indictment was prepared, says Froude, 'the peers held a preliminary meeting to consult on the course they would pursue.' 'I found all the lords at the Star Chamber,' Sir William Paget wrote to Wriothesley, 'assembled for a conference touching Lord Dacre's case. They had with them present the Chief-Justice, with others of the King's learned Council; and, albeit I was excluded, yet they spoke so loud, some of them, that I might hear them notwithstanding two doors shut between us. Among the rest that could not agree to wilful murder, the Lord Cobham, as I took him by his voice, was very vehement and stiff.' The peers adjourned presently to the King's Bench, where the Lord Chancellor presided as Lord High Steward, and Dacre was brought to the bar. He pleaded not guilty; he had intended no harm, he said, and he was very sorry for the death of the forester; but it had taken place in an accidental struggle; and 'Surely,' said Sir William Paget, who was present, 'it was a pitiful sight to see a young man brought by his own folly into so miserable a state.'

'The lords,' says Froude, 'as it seems they had determined among themselves, persuaded him to withdraw his plea and submit to the king's clemency. He consented, and they repaired immediately to the Court to intercede for his pardon.' But Froude omits to state that meanwhile judgment had been passed, under which the unfortunate prisoner had been sentenced to be hanged. Camden, the learned author of *Magna Britannica*, says that the murder could not have been proved upon him if he had maintained his plea of 'Not guilty,' for he was not in the fray. 'But some courtiers, who gaped after his estate, persuaded him to plead guilty and submit himself to the king's mercy, which they took care he should not have, and so he lost his life, honour, and estate at once.' There is a mystery about the fate of this misguided yet unfortunate youth which has never been cleared up. Why did Henry VIII. not only suffer him to be executed and forfeit his estates, but deny him even the poor honour of being beheaded, accorded in those days to all peers of the realm? Froude says: 'The young nobleman was the chief object of commiseration; but the king remained true to his principles of equal justice; the frequency of crimes of violence had required extraordinary measures of repression; and if a poor man was to be sent to the gallows for an act into which he might have been tempted by poverty, thoughtlessness could not be admitted as an adequate excuse because the offender was a peer.'

But Froude was notoriously a thick-and-thin admirer of Henry, his policy, and most of his acts. By this time, 1541, that king—a gorged, pain-racked, uncertain-tempered tyrant, diseased in body and blood-thirsty in mind—was declining towards his own miserable end. The executions during his reign, and especially during its latter portion, were very numerous. Blood only seemed to satisfy him. The plundering of the monasteries had rendered him always avid for further spoil, if not for his own present behoof, for the benefit of his favourite courtiers. It is probable that the considerable estates of the young Lord Dacre, now at his mercy, were of importance in his eyes; and it is possible, also, that he had never forgiven nor forgotten the offence, whatever it may have been, which had led to the disgrace of Dacre's grandfather and to his long imprisonment in the Fleet. How otherwise can we account for the condemnation of this unfortunate young peer to the last disgrace of hanging, instead of according him the more honourable death by the headsman?

To the very last Henry seems to have been of two minds concerning Dacre's fate. He was named for execution on the 29th June, but was reprieved for four hours. Was this reprieve with the object of squeezing some concession out of the miserable youth? Camden says that the courtiers, hungry about the king for the condemned man's estate, missed it, for on examination it was found to be too strongly entailed. Holinshed, in his *Chronicle*, tells the sad story of the end: 'And afterwards, the nine-and-twentieth of June, being St Peter's Daie, at eleven of the clock in the forenoone, the Sheriffs of London, accordinglie as they were appointed, were ready at the Tower to have received

* Surely Froude is wrong here. The forester Busbrigge died on the 2nd May. Lord Dacre was executed on the 29th June. If we remember the difficulties of communication in those days, events seem to have moved to the fatal ending with surprising swiftness.

the prisoner, and him to have led to execution on the Tower Hill; but as the prisoner should come forth of the Tower, one Heire, a gentleman of the Lord Chancellor's House, came and in the King's name commanded to staie the execution till 2 of the clock in the afternoone, which caused manie to think that the King would have granted him pardon. But nevertheless at 3 of the clocke in the same afternoone he was brought forth of the Tower, and delivered to the Sheriffs, who led him on foot betwixt them unto Tiburne, where he died. His bodi was buried in the Church of St Sepulcher's. He was not past foure-and-twenty yeeres of age when he came, thro' this great mishap, to his end, for whome manie sore lamented, and like-wise for the other three gentlemen Mauntell, Frouds, and Roidon.'

Why, then, was young Dacre first to be taken to execution on Tower Hill, why reprieved for four hours, and then led ignominiously on foot to the shameful death (especially shameful to a proud noble of those days) by hanging at Tyburn tree? There is deep mystery in all this which has never yet been cleared up, and probably never will be.

Of Lord Dacre's associates in the slaying of the forester Busbrigge, four were reprieved. The remaining three, Mauntell, Frowdys, and Roydon, were hanged at St Thomas Waterings, at the second milestone on what is now known as the Old Kent Road. This seems anciently to have been the first watering-place for pilgrims on their way to Canterbury out of London, and was a well-known place of execution in those days.

Thus untimely ended the young Lord Dacre of the South, stricken from the world almost ere he had attained full manhood. Says Horsfield, the Sussex historian: 'The king's inexorable rigour in not showing him mercy seems to have called forth much censure.' The young lord's death was long lamented, and even now the tragedy of his ending vies in its piteousness with that of the young and promising Earl of Derwentwater in 1715, whom old Northumbrian peasants still lament. Lord Dacre left two sons, one of whom, Gregory, succeeded to the estates and honours, which were completely restored to the family in 1558. This Lord Dacre died without issue in 1593, when the estates passed to his sister Margaret, wife of Sampson Lennard of Chevening, Kent. This lady was formally recognised as Baroness Dacre in 1604, and her descendants subsequently enjoyed the title as well as the castle and estates of Hurstmonceaux.

It is not a little curious that the very spot where the fatal affray took place which led to the execution of Lord Dacre is still perfectly well known, and can be pointed out to those interested in such details of the past. In the charge laid against Lord Dacre and his wild companions this spot is described as 'Pykehey, in the parish of Hellingleigh.' In the year 1868 Mr T. Horton, writing to the well-known Sussex antiquarian, the Rev. M. E. Lower, on this subject, said: 'Pick-Hay is an arable field of ten acres on the Horselunges Farm, in the parish of Hellingly, adjoining a field called the Cabins on the Broad Farm, rather less than a quarter of a mile S.W. of Hellingly Church, on the road to Horsebridge. The river Cuckmere is the boundary of the two fields. The actual scene of the murder is in the hollow of the two fields and near the river. In my youth the tradition of the murder was current, and I may add that a ghost has always been about the place.'

It is remarkable that the tradition of an affray so fatal for five of the parties concerned in it should have endured so long. Horselunges Farm, one of the oldest manor-houses in Sussex, still exists. It is so ancient that it may well have been coeval with the very tragedy that has been described. The writer saw it not long since, and viewed at the same time the very spot on 'Pick-Hay' field where Busbrigge the forester suffered his fatal injuries.

A SONG OF REGRET.

The sun sinks down, the long lagoon
Reflects his fading light;
The wild-duck calls, the eastward stars
Hasten approaching night.
The slow breeze sighs, and flax-blades stir,
My camp-fire brightly gleams;
I light my pipe, and suddenly
Come half-forgotten dreams.

Ay, half-forgotten dreams that once
Were life when life was young,
Ere sordid work filled hurrying days,
And hopes aside were flung.
Only in moments such as this
Those dreams come back again,
Stretching imploring, empty hands,
Moving dumb lips in pain.

Oh Mary of the sea-blue eyes!
Do you remember still?
Or has time brought you other joys,
New love your life to fill?
Do you look back with sad regret
Or forward with no fear,
Forgetting one who oft forgets
Yet holds your memory dear?

Ah, love! to-night, your hand in mine,
Again you pace with me
In the dim light that sandy road
That stretches to the sea;
The stars are shining through the mist
Like eyes that laugh through tears.
Ah, no! two oceans us divide
And twenty misspent years!

Lights out! The camp-fire flickers low,
Grows gray; my pipe is dead.
Old Rufus, lying at my feet,
Uneasy lifts his head.
Mary! no doubt fair children call
You mother; some one claims you wife.
Out, foolish dreams! And yet—and yet,
Mary, once mine, good-night—my life!

Clara Singer Pointer.

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SIXTH SERIES.

OLD SCOTTISH CHARM-STONES.

AMONG the various fields of research into the manners and customs of our ancestors, there are few which have a greater fascination than the beliefs and superstitions that they held and the magic rites they practised. In the hills and glens of the north and the dark lochs and seas and misty islands of the west there still linger beliefs and ideas which the spread of School Board education is rapidly exterminating. Some of us yet keep a corner in our hearts for these ancient tales, and a belief in charms and spells is inherent in human nature. We still decorate our chains with coral charms against the evil eye, or with 'lucky pigs' and 'lucky beans.' 'Beliefs pass on to half-beliefs, and thence to myths; and it is difficult to know when a faith has passed into a fancy. The pious rites of one age are become the pastimes of another, and an old superstitious practice becomes in time a childish game.' We are told that the child who makes a collection of the white pebbles from the gravel is following a tendency evinced by prehistoric man; certain it is that the use of white pebbles as charm-stones is very early recorded. We read in Adamnan's *Life of St Columba* that the saint on one occasion took a white stone from the river Ness and blessed it, and sent it to be used for the cure of the Druid Broichan.

Old beliefs die hard, and in Scotland many superstitious observances were deeply rooted in the hearts of the people; and old pagan and popish beliefs were cherished for long by the side of the stern doctrines of Calvinism, in spite of the denunciations of the clergy. But the spread of education and the spirit of the age have now swept most of them into oblivion. Song and dance, music and story, folklore and charm, have gone, and much valuable insight into the history of the people has gone with them.

A good deal of information about charm-stones has been collected from various sources; and many specimens of the stones are preserved in museums. Most families of consideration throughout the Highlands possessed at least one; and although many are lost or their existence unrecorded, yet a certain number are still to be found, and of some of these this paper attempts to give a record. They are of many kinds, the more important, or those which attract more notice, being spheres of rock-crystal, usually polished and unset, or set in metal, as the means and taste of the possessor permitted. In size and shape they vary; but they are generally round or egg-shaped. These stones brought good luck and victory in battle and healing from sickness to the possessor, and were also used for the cure of disease. In all countries and ages crystal balls have been held in estimation. They have been found in Saxon graves and tumuli, and may in these early times have been used either as amulets or charms or for purposes of divination, or possibly merely for ornament. Mr George F. Black, in his interesting monograph on this subject published in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, says the round balls may have first been used as *vexilla*, and borne into battle to ensure victory. Two well-known crystals, the Clach-na-Bratach (or Stone of the Standard) and the Clach Buaidh (the Stone of Victory or Stone of Power), may both have been used in this manner.

In the Highlands these balls were called Leug or Leigheagan. Leicc or Leug is defined in Shaw's Gaelic Dictionary as, 'a precious stone, diamond: in the Highlands, a large crystal, of a figure somewhat oval, which priests keep to work charms by; water poured upon it is given to cattle against diseases.'

In the early part of the nineteenth century the Clach-na-Bratach is recorded to have been used in the prescribed manner by the chief of the Clan Donachaidh, to whom it belongs. It was dipped with much ceremony into a bowl of water, which was then distributed to a number of people who had come from far to obtain it for medicinal purposes. This charm has been in the possession of the chiefs of the clan since 1314. The story of its finding was as follows: When the chief was on his way with his followers to join the Bruce's army before Bannockburn, on lifting his standard one morning this glittering ball was found in the earth clinging

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to the flagstaff. He accepted it as a good omen, foretelling victory; and ever since the stone has been bound up with the fate of the clan, and has accompanied it in the keeping of the chief whenever it was 'out.' The eve of Sheriffmuir showed a flaw within it, in sympathy with the fortunes of the clan, which then began to decline. Another tradition says that before the death of a chief the stone becomes dim and damp. The Clach Buaidh was once in the possession of the Campbells of Glenlyon, but its present resting-place is unknown.

The Clach Dearg (the Stone of Ardvoirlich) is a rock-crystal sphere in a setting of four bands of silver, and was used as a charm chiefly for the healing of cattle, people coming a long distance to obtain water in which it had been dipped. Its use was hedged about with careful formulæ. An incantation or prayer was pronounced before immersing it in the water; and if the stone itself was lent to any one at a distance, the person going to fetch it 'must not speak, nor sit, nor enter a house, nor be found outside a house after sunset.'

Another stone of the same type as the Ardvoirlich Stone was the Keppoch Charm-stone, which was also of rock crystal, about the size of a small egg, set in a silver bird's claw, and suspended from a silver chain to facilitate its being dipped in the water. This stone is now supposed to be in Australia, as the owner emigrated there in the early fifties. The following is a translation of the Gaelic incantation used with it:

Let me dip thee in the water,
Thou yellow, beautiful gem of Power!
In water of purest wave,
Which (Saint) Bridget didn't permit to be contaminated.
In the name of the Apostles twelve,
In the name of Mary, Virgin of virtues,
And in the name of the High Trinity,
And all the shining angels,
A blessing on the gem,
A blessing on the water, and
A healing of bodily ailments to each suffering creature.

The Glenorchy Charm-stone, in the possession of the Marquis of Breadalbane, is smaller, and the crystal is set with a solid backing of silver. It is referred to in the *Black Book of Taymouth* as 'ane stane of the quantitie of half a hen's egg, sett in silver, being flatt at ane end and round at the other end lyke a peir, quhilk Sir Coline Campbell, first laird of Glenurquhy, woir quhen he faught in the battell at the Rhodes agaynst the Turks, he being one of Knychtis of the Rhodes.' This stone was long used as an amulet and also for healing of cattle.

At Dunollie two crystal balls are preserved whose fame for curing was very great. Tradition says they were brought from the Holy Land by a crusading Lord of Lorn.

An elaborately mounted ball belonging to Colonel Gordon of Inverleny is said previously to have been in the possession of the Gordons of Carall for six hundred years.

An unmounted crystal ball used as a charm against the evil eye was recently shown in Glasgow, and has been the property of the Campbells of Blarachorine for generations.

Another unmounted crystal ball which is in the museum of the Irish Academy is reputed to have belonged to the Regalia of Scotland. It was sold to the Academy about fifty years ago, and was formerly owned by the Campbells of Craignish. This may be the 'pretious stane' mentioned in a deed of 1610 as a property of much value, 'ane hundred merkis money' being 'pryce and value of the said stane.'

Another round crystal ball, set in hoops of silver and suspended by a chain, belongs to the family of Thriepland of Fingask, and at present is on loan in the Museum of Science and Art in Edinburgh.

In addition to these special rock-crystal charms there were numberless other stones which were held in high esteem for their curative powers. With the exception of a few, they were mostly used for the cure of murrain in cattle or ailments of that type. The laird of Inchbrakie has in his possession a blue stone said to be an uncut sapphire, which is preserved as a talisman. The story connected with it is that Kate M'Niven, the Monzie witch, who was burned about 1715, as she was tied to the stake spat it out of her mouth to the laird as a charm to ensure a direct heir and preserve the property, and it has been kept carefully in the family ever since.

The 'Lee Penny,' which has gained additional fame as being the original of Sir Walter Scott's 'Talisman,' is almost the only well-known charm belonging to a Lowland family. According to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, it is a small, dark-red stone set in silver (a groat of Edward IV.), said to have been brought from the Holy Land in the fourteenth century by Sir Simon Lockhart of Lee. Definitely recorded cases of its use are as a remedy for 'the routting evill, a strange and sudden diseas' of cattle; in the seventeenth century as a remedy for an epidemic of plague at Newcastle; and in the eighteenth century it cured a 'lady of condition' of hydrophobia. In the end of the seventeenth century a complaint was made against its use to the Presbytery of Glasgow; but the Presbytery, having made inquiry and discovered that the stone was merely cast into the water which the diseased cattle were given to drink, without the use of any incantation, and considering, to quote an extract from their minute-book, 'that in nature there are mony things seen to work strange effects, qrof no humane wit can give a reason, it having pleasit God to give unto stones and herbes special virtues for the healing of mony infirmities in man and beast, advises the bretheren to surcease their process, as q'rin they perceive no ground of offence;' and admonishes the said 'laird of Lie,' in the using of the said stone, 'to tak' heed that it be usit heirafter wt. the least scandal that possiblie maye bie.' One wishes all ecclesiastical authorities had been as wisely guided;

but when in later days one hears of a collection of stones and charms being made by order of a minister of the Free Kirk on the west coast, and taken out in a boat and cast into the deepest part of the loch, one sighs over the ignorance and bigotry that destroyed so much of antiquarian value. As the years go on less and less survives, the old 'wise people' die out, and their young 'wiser' descendants scorn their ancient lore.

Besides these foregoing 'named' charms there are many others—miscellaneous stones which were used as charms, water-worn pebbles of curious shapes and various sizes, amber and glass beads, flint arrow-heads, seeds, and many other objects which were regarded as full of virtue. The charm was used in various ways. Sometimes it was applied to the seat of the disease; at other times water from a south-running stream was procured, into which it was dipped, and over which an incantation was repeated before it was given to the patient to drink or was sprinkled over him. 'Clach Leighis' or 'Clach Buadhach' (Stone of Healing or Stone of Power) were names applied to these charms in the Highlands.

Jasper has always been regarded as a stone of curative virtue. It preserves from peril and makes its owner strong and victorious. A red jasper bead in the possession of the family of Campbell of Craiguish was a much-valued charm; it was used for the cure of murrain in cattle, and to ensure its virtues having full play must never be touched by the first finger of the right hand of the user.

Willox's Ball and Bridle, a famous charm in Speyside in the early part of the nineteenth century, is described as consisting of half a glass or pebble ball and a small brass hook, supposed to have been cut from the bridle of a water-kelpie. Its use was the same as that of the previous charm.

Elf-bolts were flint arrow-heads, and were supposed to be manufactured by the fairies to annoy mortals. Whoever had one in his possession was safe from their attacks—from malice, witchcraft, and the evil eye. Mare-stanes were used to prevent nightmare and evil dreams, and were hung in stables against witchcraft and as a preventive against horses being taken out and ridden at night by the hag called Mara.

The toad-stone was another curing-stone, the common belief as to its origin being that it was found in the head of a toad; but the true toad-stone is in reality the fossil tooth of an extinct species of fish. One which was used by the last of the Mearns witches in the eighteenth century is now preserved in the museum of the University of Glasgow. Serpent beads or stones—Clachan Nathrach—and snail-beads and adder-stones are all of the same class. The tradition is that they are formed by the creatures meeting together, when by kissing they evolve a kind of bubble, which eventually hardens and becomes a ring or bead, and this is sovereign for the healing of serpent-bites and other similar hurts. These beads are really glass, and their origin is probably not Celtic but from overseas; they may be of Egyptian or Phœnician workmanship. Amber beads were also considered of great virtue—'Lammer beads,' as they were called—and every woman who could wore a string of them round her neck; they drove off witches, protected from evil, and cured blindness. Among the Western Isles the seeds and nuts of certain West Indian plants carried over by the Gulf Stream are regarded as amulets, chiefly used by women at the birth of their children. *Airne Moire* (or Virgin Mary nut) is the local name.

People of 'common-sense' will be scornful of all these old-world beliefs and observances, but in these days of Christian Science and renewed belief in faith-healing and cures by suggestion, it may occur to us that possibly there is something of a kindred nature in the belief in the efficacy of these charms, and that when they were used therapeutically the personality of the healer had to do with the cure. Cures might be wrought by faith aided by the material help of large draughts of the spring-water which always seem to enter into the prescription.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CHANGES.



As a result of his Paris experiences, Jack Lawrence found himself all at once become of official importance. A halo of romance hung about him. He had seen close at hand the new and terrible forces that had suddenly broken loose and were filling Europe with dread. He was questioned and cross-questioned by one eminent official after another.

Lord Granville, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, sent for him and heard his tale. Fox listened to his story with compressed lips and dreamy eyes. He was impatient of the mere details of the September massacres. Behind the wild scenes that, during those terrible days, the Abbaye and a dozen other prisons in Paris had witnessed he could discern the forces that produced them, and the political goal towards which they were hurrying France; and while he frowned at the immediate incidents of the bloody drama, he sympathised with the goal beyond them towards which the nation was blindly struggling.

Robert Lawrence, who, like many Englishmen of his time, was frightened out of his Whiggism into Conservative politics by the dreadful shapes the Revolution took, shook his head.

'What excuse is possible,' he asked, 'for the massacre of the prisoners? It is the Jacquerie once more; and this time the Jacquerie is in the seat of government itself.'

'It is the price France pays,' was Fox's answer, 'for deliverance. You can measure the weight of the oppression by the energy of the recoil.'

One morning, as he sat in his room, a message came to Jack that Mr Pitt wished to see him. That the Prime Minister should 'wish to see' a junior clerk in the Foreign Office was a very unusual circumstance, and Jack obeyed the call with some nervousness. Pitt sat alone in his room, and young Lawrence looked, with the respect the great commoner never failed to inspire, on the strong, half-melancholy face with deep lines of care ploughed on every feature, the eyes so steady and full, the hair brushed back from the great forehead, the firm lips with their downward, half-sad curve, the full rounded chin, the turned-up nose—'turned up at all mankind,' as one of his enemies said. Somehow Jack felt the great Prime Minister was a lonely figure; majestic perhaps, but solitary.

Pitt listened to the young fellow's story, and put a few brief questions that went to the heart of things. Jack was shrewd enough to realise how different was Pitt's point of view from that of Fox. To Pitt the French Revolution would have been an irrelevance if it had not been a disaster. He was nursing England back into strength from the tragedy of the war in which she lost both her colonies and her fame; and the French Revolution threatened fatally to arrest the healing process. All the economies dear to his financial genius, and all the great reforms which his sane and practical mind was planning, must go to wreck if the fire raging on the banks of the Seine spread to other lands.

Pitt's interest in Jack's story was that of a duellist anxious to learn the methods of his coming antagonist. Here were new and strange forces stirring the world's politics; and it was only too certain that he was on the verge of a conflict with them which would be titanic in scale. He wanted to measure them, to learn their direction, and assess their energy. How they might affect France did not greatly concern Pitt. He was an Englishman first and last; the sole question for him was how England would be affected.

Fox saw—dimly perhaps, and as though through some golden haze, but he *did* see—the far-off goal to which these events were hurrying France. Pitt's vision was of things that lay nearer. He discerned the struggle which the older nations must wage with revolutionary France, and what the struggle would cost.

Pitt presently fell into a muse, and Jack waited respectfully, trying to guess what thoughts were behind that strong and melancholy face. After a while Pitt roused himself.

'Mr Lawrence,' he said, 'your talk has interested me. You seem to have been lucky in Paris. If we send you there again I hope you will be as fortunate.'

There was a hint of promotion and of higher service in the words which set all Jack's nerves tingling.

During the weeks that followed there came in swift and almost breathless succession the shock of one great event in Paris after another. The Revolution was hastening to its climax. Europe at the end of the eighteenth century resembled nothing so much as a medieval building with dry rot in all its timbers, and the French Revolution was a fire suddenly breaking out at its heart and filling the whole building with its smoke and heat.

The newly born Convention had proclaimed France a Republic on September 21, while John was yet in Paris. Four weeks later it issued a decree promising help to all nations that 'desired to be free.' It was a proclamation of war against all existing Governments. In January the king was beheaded. France, in Danton's phrase, had flung down as its gage of battle to all the great Powers the head of a king. The revolutionary armies were everywhere triumphant. Belgium was annexed; the Scheldt was proclaimed open, and by that act a dozen treaties were cancelled. On February 1 war was declared against Great Britain.

Meanwhile Denise slowly crept back to health. But a sensitive and gentle-natured girl could not go through the wild experiences of the Abbaye and of the September massacres without being profoundly affected. In her slender figure was a courage so fine and high that the mere terrors through which she had passed left her nerves unshaken; but the scenes through which she had been hurried wrought in her a strange transfiguration. The very colour of her life seemed to be changed.

This French girl loved France with an unguessed depth of proud affection, and she was scorched with shame that France—her France—should offer herself to the gaze of the world as a drunken and ragged Mœnad. She forgot the dark centuries behind the Revolution which explained it, and she could not see the new life which was to emerge from it. Which of the wisest heads in Europe, indeed, remembered the one or could foresee the other? The goal which, by such a bloody path, France was to reach was for those who stood in the smoke and dust of the Revolution beyond their vision.

Poor Denise saw Paris, the Paris of the massacres, through the tender and innocent eyes of a girl, and she was as one scorched with shame. It was as though a stately and gallant ship had fallen into the hands of a band of pirates.

'*They* are not France,' she would say to Mrs Lawrence, 'the men who are doing such dreadful things.'

'My dear,' that good lady replied consolingly, 'they are not *you*, and that's very much more important.'

But this was small comfort to Denise, and each

day brought some new tidings from Paris which made the fire of shame in the poor girl's blood only more scorching. She seemed to feel each stroke of the guillotine as though it cut her own flesh.

'A French girl,' she told her aunt, 'had no business to be in the shelter of a happy English home while so many girls in France were passing through such scenes.'

In Mrs Lawrence's drawing-room one night a little group sat discussing Denise. Robert Lawrence, a hard-headed lawyer, could not understand her mood.

'It is morbid,' he said bluntly; 'her brain has been shaken by the scenes she passed through.'

'Her brain,' Mrs Lawrence protested indignantly, 'is as sound as yours or mine, and a great deal quicker;' and the indignation in Mrs Lawrence's voice made the group by the fireside laugh.

'There is a touch of Joan of Arc in that slender little body,' said Fox, who was one of the party, 'as there is in many Frenchwomen if you can only get down to it. Look how the fine ladies are going to the guillotine. Talk of the courage of soldiers in the battlefield! This is a finer thing.'

Meanwhile, to Mrs Robert Lawrence's outspoken indignation—who felt it to be a reproach to her housekeeping—the face of Denise grew thinner day after day. There were shadows under the shining eyes, lines on the girlish brow. She was restless; she longed to go back to Paris. She almost persuaded herself it was her duty to go back. If she could not help others, at least she could suffer with them.

To Jack, all these complex emotions gave a new and deeper charm to the face of Denise. There was a gravity on her brow, a fire and depth in her eyes, a strength in her tender lips, which made her seem to him as if she belonged to some finer and more spiritual order than himself. Denise and he were living on terms of closest comradeship. They were drifting, indeed, into still happier relationships, and Jack's life was being suffused with a new and strange charm.

It had been explained to Denise that in a small way she was an heiress, and was not living on charity.

'Both wills,' Jack said to his uncle, 'have been practically abandoned; but father certainly meant five thousand pounds to go to Denise. She will not take it as a charity, and the facts need not be explained to her too closely.'

So Robert Lawrence told briefly that her stepfather's will included a legacy to her of five thousand pounds. 'I will invest it for you, and then you will be independent; and as you are a proud little thing, this will suit you.'

Denise took it all without question, and with a wistful gratitude that was very touching.

'Father'—she always referred to the dead man as 'father'—'was the best of men;' and some wordless grief filled her eyes with tears. In the mystery of the elder Lawrence's wedded life lay, Denise knew, some dark secret that she could not guess, and the sense of it perplexed and distressed her.

Her aunt regarded the so-called 'legacy' with some doubts. It gave Denise a perilous independence. 'She will give it all,' the former said, with an impatient sniff, 'as she would give herself, to France.'

Meanwhile, Jack's love-making did not prosper. Did he, indeed, love Denise? he sometimes asked himself; but the self-proposed question was only asked for the sake of the overpowering wave of tenderness with which the challenge was instantly answered. But did Denise love him? On that subject Jack swung incessantly betwixt the opposite poles of hope and fear. She would look at him as he urged his love, and a softness crept into her deep eyes, a faint colour stole into her pale cheeks, which filled her lover's mind with unreasoning gladness. Denise, as a matter of fact, did not deny—if she did not confess—her love; but she would say, with a soft resolution which filled Jack with despair, 'I have no right to be happy. No French girl ought to be happy while these things are happening.'

Jack argued, with masculine logic, that to make an English lover unhappy for the wrong-doing of a number of people in France was only to increase unnecessarily the sum-total of human suffering. Denise would smile at her lover's energy, and perhaps put her slender, quivering hand in his with a gesture of shy tenderness. Then she would shake her head, and the purpose on her brow was immovable.

In January came the news of the execution of the king. Oddly enough, it left Denise comparatively unaffected. 'It was certain to happen,' she said, 'and it is the business of men to die.'

But there remained the unhappy queen and her children—the girl-princess and the little dauphin. These were in the Temple, and in such hands as Denise had seen with bloody pikes in the Abbaye; and the thought almost broke her heart. She was wroth with her own sex, which forbade her to do anything. She looked at Jack with eyes that seemed, he thought, to challenge him. Could nothing be done?

Jack was, as he frankly admitted to himself, not too willing to plunge once more into the hell-broth of Paris at that precise moment; but at the lightest whisper of Denise he was ready to start.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN, M.P.

PART XI.

OF Thackeray I myself cannot even say '*vidi tantum*.' I find, however, the following reference to him in my father's *Reminiscences*:

'I got my first glimpse of Thackeray in Edinburgh somewhere about the year 1850. He was then at the height of his celebrity, and while he gave a course of readings of "The Four Georges" he was received with open arms and fêted to the top of his bent by all that remained of the once famous Edinburgh society. Lady Murray, the wife of the Scotch Judge of that name, was very fond of music, and they used to invite to their weekly parties all those who were musically or otherwise distinguished in Edinburgh. Owing to the fact that I was a fairish amateur on the violin I was lucky enough to have the *entrée* there, and it was at Lady Murray's that I first met the great novelist. He came after his reading, and remained to supper, at which, I remember, Lord Murray offered him "a little Hochheimer," adding, "What you in England cannot pronounce, and so you call it Hock." When the party was over I was in the hall with Thackeray, supplying him with a cigar, and on the point of opening the door for our departure, when we were stopped by the following grotesque incident. All the other guests had left before us. We heard whisperings on the landing above. Lord Murray, on hospitable thoughts intent, was evidently consulting his *cara sposa* before inviting the great man to dinner. Heavily old Lord Murray descended the stairs; but before he had got half-way down, or even opened his lips, Thackeray stopped him by exclaiming, "You are very good, my lord, but I am unfortunately engaged every day of my stay here." Then he opened the door, and we left a tableau of dear old Lord Murray speechless on the stairs, looking up at his wife.

'Many years afterwards I used to meet Thackeray in London at the Reform Club and at sundry dinners. He was fond of airing his German, and even went so far as to pun in quasi-German. "This is really vortrüfflich," I have heard him call out as he tasted a dish with truffles in it.

'We had many intimate friends in common, but it was never my good fortune to be on very intimate terms with Thackeray himself. He was to have dined with me on the day after he was taken ill, and his daughter, Mrs Richmond Ritchie, has told me that when she left him on the evening before he died the last words she ever heard him speak were, "Tell Lehmann." She has been good enough to give me one of his original sketches to bind up with the *édition de luxe* of his works.' It is a water-colour drawing of a very small girl holding in her arms a very large bundle, labelled 'Vanity Fair.'

My own place at the *Punch* table (the 'Mahogany Tree' which Thackeray celebrated in verse) is close by the spot on which he carved the monogram of his initials. The 'Mahogany,' I may add, is a poetic license. Deal would be nearer to the truth; but no deal that I ever heard of has been more highly honoured. Impressed with these great initials it may vaunt itself above all the mere mahoganies that ever were made into tables.

From Thackeray to Lord Houghton the transition is not difficult, for it was Lord Houghton who wrote the noble lines in which Thackeray's claim to a resting-place in Westminster Abbey was vindicated. I quote three stanzas:

O gentle Censor of our age!
Prime master of our ampler tongue!
Whose word of wit and generous page
Were never wroth except with wrong.

Fielding—without the manner's dross,
Scott—with a spirit's larger room,
What prelate deems thy grave his loss?
What Halifax erects thy tomb?

But, maybe, he who so could draw
The hidden great, the humble wise,
Yielding with them to God's good law,
Makes the Pantheon where he lies.

Poet, essayist, politician, and man of the world, the friend of all oppressed causes and of all persecuted men, Lord Houghton had warmed both hands before the fire of life. 'I am going over to the majority,' he said when he was very ill in the year before his death, 'and you know I have always preferred the minority.' I have given in the *Cornhill* my father's account of the way in which Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Lord Chief-Justice, attempted at a dinner-party to browbeat Lord Houghton, who had spoken in defence of the notorious Plaintiff at that time prosecuting his claim to the Tichborne estates. 'Suddenly,' writes my father, 'Cockburn cut him short by saying, "I should have thought this impossible from any one with the very meanest intellect." Houghton paused, apparently overwhelmed, and then replied, "But surely that was very rude;" upon which Cockburn, glaring fixedly at him, merely added, "I meant it to be so." I think it was Lord Houghton who, in allusion to this incident, said that nobody ought to invite Cockburn to dinner without having a fire-engine at hand. There is a reference to the Plaintiff in the following letter written by Lord Houghton to my mother:*

* I have to thank the Earl of Crewe for permission to publish here the three letters from his father, Lord Houghton.

'FRYSTON HALL, FERRYBRIDGE, *March 7th*, 1872.

'MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN,—Lady Houghton has handed me your most kind note, and it reminded me of my neglect (just before I fell ill) of the charming one you sent me out of the pleasant-peopled hills of West Scotland. Ever since that time I have been more or less poorly—at one time quite laid up, and only now recovering. I tried London for a few days, but found I was not up either to its work or play. So we do not come up till after Easter. But in the meantime—that is, in the Easter holidays—won't you and Mr Lehmann and the fair Nina be persuaded to pay us a visit here? We are not very far from Woodlands [near Highgate] when you once come down from your garden into the railway, from which I always think I see it as we enter London. Would you object to meeting the injured and, alas! unrecognised Plaintiff?—I am yours and Mr Lehmann's very truly, HOUGHTON.'

My own most vivid recollection of Lord Houghton springs from the time when he paid us a visit at Dunnichen in Forfarshire. Mrs Procter was with us on the same occasion, and where these conversational protagonists had polished their arms dullness could not exist. During the day, while we were attempting to secure partridges, Lord Houghton used to drive about the country or saunter in the garden. After dinner, when the ladies had departed to their beds, he arrayed himself in a voluminous smoking-gown and a red fez, and joined us in the smoking-room, where he kept us all alive with anecdotes and stories drawn from the great storehouse of his experience. One evening, I well remember, he played an active and brilliant part in helping us to organise and carry through a series of 'dumb crambo' performances. After his visit he wrote to my father:

'TILLYFOURIE, ABERDEEN, *Sept.* 21, 1882.

'MY DEAR LEHMANN,—I managed my little journey very well, and crept up here in the gloaming without catching cold.

'I find that some Americans I had been asked to meet had just gone off—the Hays, whom I had known in the States, and a Mr Clarence King they talk much of. Who did you tell me wrote *Vice Versâ*? They say here the writer only got £10 for it. Did not Mr Payn * tell you another story? If you have Mr Payn's note with its kind message to me in it, will you let me have it as an autograph?—With kind regards to your pleasant social group, who were very good to me, I remain, yours very truly, HOUGHTON.'

In the next letter Lord Houghton refers to his portrait painted by my father's brother:

'FRYSTON HALL, FERRYBRIDGE.

'MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN,—Will you give me a line saying how long you stay in Hampshire? I shall be going westward some time in this month or early in the next, and shall be very glad to spend a day or two with you *en route*. My picture by Mr Lehmann is said to be a great success. At least he thinks so himself, and I myself as an Artist know when my poetry is at its best.—I am, yours and Lehmann's, very truly, HOUGHTON.'

I cannot remember whether the suggested visit took place or not.

LORD LYTTON.

My father was made known to Bulwer Lytton by Charles Dickens, and was soon afterwards asked to pay a visit to Knebworth. I have before me as I write the formal note in which 'Sir E. B. Lytton presents his compliments to Mr Lehmann, and begs to express the sincere pleasure it will afford him if Mr Lehmann will accompany Mrs Benzon and Miss Griffith in the visit to Knebworth with which they have promised to honour him next Saturday. Sir E. hopes it may suit Mr Lehmann's engagements to remain till Tuesday.' The date attached to this is 'Saturday evening,' which must have been 4th May 1861. There is in the third volume of Dickens's *Letters* a letter to Bulwer Lytton, dated Wednesday, 8th May 1861, in which Dickens expresses himself as 'anxious to let you know that Mr Frederic Lehmann, who is coming down to Knebworth to see you (with his sister, Mrs Benzon), is a particular friend of mine, for whom I have a very high and warm regard.' Miss Griffith, who is mentioned in Sir Edward's note, was an American lady, a poetess who had dedicated a little volume to Sir Edward.

The visit duly took place, and my father thus describes his first impressions in a letter to my mother:

'KNEBWORTH, *Sunday, 12th May* 1861, 11 A.M.

'Just a line from this enchanted castle. The post leaves at 12, so there is not time for much. It is a wonderful place—a perfect Old Curiosity Shop. Everything that Wardour Street ever had in it for the last three centuries has found its way to Knebworth. Sir Edward received us at his own door. I always fancied I had seen him before, but I was wrong. His face in repose has hard, fierce lines all over it, but when he speaks and makes himself agreeable to you that impression vanishes. I repeat, the place is wonderful. There is enough of old leather, carved wood, tapestries, silk hangings, old armour, and stained glass to make an antiquarian mad with envy. The dining-room is a gorgeous banqueting-hall the whole height of the house, with a gallery at one end. There are banners, devices, a blaze of plate, and, I am sorry to add, an Arctic climate in spite of an enormous fire, to which Sir Edward drew his chair immediately after dinner and began to smoke. I did the same, and this liberty makes you feel at your ease at once. The drawing-room is a fine long gallery full of the most interesting portraits, about every one of which he has some story which he tells *con*

* The late James Payn the novelist, at this time editor of the *Cornhill* and 'reader' to Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co.

gusto. The library I only had a peep at. If our bibliomaniac E—— had had that peep his peace of mind would have been gone for ever. The weather is terrible, and we have not been out of the house yet, but there is so much to see that no one can feel dull for an instant. My room is called the Hampden Chamber, and the paper consists of stripes of griffins alternating with the Lytton motto, "*Hoc Virtutis Opus*." I wish I could draw it for you. It would drive one mad in an illness. We breakfasted at 9.30. Sir Edward has not yet appeared.'

'I well remember Lytton,' writes my father in another passage of his *Reminiscences*, 'expatiating on Disraeli's unbounded ambition. "But surely," I remarked, "he must be satisfied with being Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons." "You mark my words," replied Lytton, "nothing will satisfy him until he is Prime Minister and an Earl." This was said in 1867 or 1868. I may here relate a curious conversation which took place in my presence at Knebworth in 1866. Disraeli had brought the Tories into power for the second time, but the Cabinet was not yet formed. All the Knebworth guests were on the lawn near the house when some one asked Sir Edward, "And, pray, Sir Edward, which portfolio do you expect to take?" to which he replied, "One always likes to return to familiar places; and as I have had the Colonies [under Lord Derby in 1858–59], I presume I shall go back to the Colonies." In the afternoon we all went up to town and discovered that Bulwer had been left out in the cold. Shortly afterwards the usual consolation of a peerage was applied and accepted. His increasing deafness, which made him useless in debate, was doubtless the reason for his exclusion, which, in view of Disraeli's staunch and loyal constancy to his friends, was probably as painful to him as it was to Lytton. The sudden election of Lytton's son to the Viceroyalty of India was brought about, perhaps, in some measure by Disraeli's consciousness that something was due from him to the memory of his old friend.'

CHARLES READE.

I wish I could have spoken at greater length than my recollection and my materials make possible of Charles Reade, that great-hearted, chivalrous, erratic genius. He was for many years the friend of my parents; but during that time I was for the most part away at school or college, and my own memory of him is but a dim one. Even to have known and to have shaken by the hand the man who wrote that glorious and tremendous description of the Indiaman's fight with the two pirate ships is in any case no small privilege. Where in fiction can that passage be matched? To find its peer you must go, I think, to Napier's deathless account of the battle of Albuera. The spirit and temper of the two pieces are the same. There must, indeed, have been in Charles Reade's mind an unconscious remembrance of Napier's words. Let me give a short extract from each:

(1) *Napier: The Battle of Albuera.*

'Such a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke, and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory; they wavered, hesitated, and then, vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed; Cole and the three colonels, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe, fell wounded; and the fusileer battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships; but, suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. . . . Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shout overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill.'

(2) *Charles Reade*: '*Hard Cash*.'

'The pirate crew had stopped the leak and cut away and unshipped the broken foremast, and were stepping a new one, when they saw the huge ship bearing down in full sail. Nothing easier than to slip out of her way could they get the foresail to draw; but the time was short, the deadly intention manifest, the coming destruction swift. After that solemn silence came a storm of cries and curses as their seamen went to work to fit the yard and raise the sail, while their fighting men seized their matchlocks and trained the guns. They were well commanded by an heroic, able villain. Astern, the consort thundered; but the *Agra's* response was a dead silence more awful than broadsides. For then was seen with what majesty the enduring Anglo-Saxon fights. One of that indomitable race on the gangway, one at the foremast, two at the wheel conned and steered the great ship down on a hundred matchlocks and a grinning broadside just as they would have conned and steered her into a British harbour. . . . Crash! the Indiaman's cutwater in thick smoke beat in the schooner's broadside; down went her masts to leeward like fishing-rods whipping the water; there was a horrible shrieking yell; wild forms leaped off on the *Agra*, and were hacked to pieces almost ere they reached the deck; a surge, a chasm in the sea filled with an instant rush of engulfing waves, a long, awful, grating, grinding noise, never to be forgotten

in this world all along under the ship's keel, and the fearful, majestic monster passed on over the blank she had made,' &c.

I possess but half-a-dozen of the novelist's letters. In one, presumably written in 1866, he asks my father if he could 'send a hundred respectable workmen to the pit and amphitheatre of the Queen's Theatre early next week. It would, I think,' he continues, 'gratify the sons of toil, and also answer my purpose by giving publicity to my play in the City.' How my father, then head of a large mercantile firm in the City, was to procure the workmen, or how the workmen, if procured, were to advertise the play 'in the City,' was not stated.

In a later letter he fulminates to my mother against servants. 'The servants,' he writes, 'make all this mischief by pretending they will say who called and not doing it. If they would only say honestly, "No, sir, I will not tell missus you called. Why don't you bring a card like other people?" how much misery might be spared.' Only a genius (who, by the way, had also been Vice-President of an Oxford College) could ever have imagined that a servant would remember a casual caller.

JAMES PAYN.

And now I come to James Payn, a name to be held in grateful remembrance by many readers, and not least by those of *Chambers's Journal*, which he edited from 1859 to 1874, first in Edinburgh and then in London. He was my father's close friend and companion through many years, and to me too, from boyhood up, he was, in spite of the difference in our ages, a friend beloved beyond most others. I never knew a man more genuinely affectionate and sincere or more free from every trace of affectation. In his society one could think of mean things only to despise them, and of pompous people only to laugh at them. And as to laughter, those who once heard Payn's could never forget it. The whole cheerful soul of the man went to make it up. It was the most joyous, overwhelming volume of sound I ever listened to, sent up in a great full stream from the very fountain of mirth. His friends were permitted to chaff him about it; but once, when the late Bernal Osborne ventured to comment upon it, he did not escape scot-free. 'That man,' said Osborne, 'laughs like a cannibal.' Like a flash came the retort, 'At any rate, Mr Osborne, I've never been able to swallow *you*.'

In 1869 my father took my younger brother and myself to the Lake District, and Payn accompanied us. He had on hand the writing of a descriptive book, afterwards published, under the title of *The Lakes in Sunshine*. One incident of this tour remains vivid in my memory. Payn had been vaunting the merits of Professor Stokes's system of mnemonics, which, so he said, had enabled a young woman he knew to accomplish the otherwise impossible task of reciting Southey's 'Falls of Lodore' by heart. My father thereupon backed me (I was then not quite fourteen years old) to learn the poem and to recite it at the same hour on the following day without any adventitious aid. A sovereign was the amount of the bet, and I was promised the possession of it if I succeeded. No single omission or misplacement of a word was to be allowed. The task is one that I would not undertake for ten times the amount nowadays, for there is no necessary connection of any kind between one line and another throughout the poem. In those days, however, I was enterprising, and my memory was a quick worker. I duly performed the task and received the reward. Payn tells the story in his own more or less decorative way in *The Lakes in Sunshine*. Being in danger, he says, of being used as a hare by us in a game of hare and hounds, he bought himself off by offering us five shillings apiece—on condition that we learnt the poem by heart. 'Their countenances, which had gleamed with rapacity, fell almost to the depth of the cataract in question when I annexed the condition; but they both said very good-humouredly that they would try their best.' On a later page he reports that 'Gatty (*enfant gâté*), having much time on his hands and nothing to do with it, absolutely learnt that poem and recited it without flaw.' The last few words are accurate.

Payn was certainly the very best company in the world, for, though he never monopolised the talk, his brilliant humour and the unceasing flow of his animal spirits always secured for him a leading part and helped him to bring out all that was vivacious in his companions. His wit and his laughter radiated so generously on those who sat with him that he gave each of them the feeling of having been lifted into a clearer, brighter atmosphere where everybody enjoyed the privilege of being witty without being malicious. Suffused with the delightful glow of his personality and sped along by the swift succession of his stories, the evening passed all too quickly till the time for parting came, and nothing was left but to make plans for a prompt reunion. I wish I could summon all those evenings back and live them over again!

I have only a few letters written by Payn in the amazing hieroglyphics (more puzzling even than those of Lord Houghton and Lord Lytton) which distracted his friends and his printers. When my father died in 1891 I handed back a large packet of letters he had received from Payn. One, however, I kept, and I shall print it here. My first is a letter* from Payn to me giving me advice as to the choice of a college. I was destined for Trinity, Cambridge, but had shown an inclination to try for a scholarship at some smaller college there or at Oxford. Payn was the most loyal of Cambridge men; but Cambridge to him was summed up in Trinity, and he scouted the idea that any one could

* I have Mrs Payn's permission to publish these letters here.

want to go to another college. 'I don't say,' he wrote, 'as the Trinity man said when defending the small college men, "Let us remember that they too are God's creatures;" but such a supercilious remark could never have been made unless there had been *some* reason for it. I speak of what I know in this case, whereas in my preference for Cambridge over Oxford I may be swayed by a natural prejudice without knowledge. . . . This, however, is certain, that it would be better for you to be a simple undergraduate at T.C.C. than a scholar at a small college; but with application you ought to be a scholar at Trinity. Then I'll come down and dine with you.' I failed to secure the scholarship, but he came all the same.

The next letter shows him in his character of amiable and encouraging critic. I had been writing verse, and had sent him some specimens. There is no date to the letter, but it must have been written towards the end of 1876:

'15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

'My dear Boy,—The poem is very nice—I mean really nice—but not so good as "The Dolomites." The last line is a metaphor drawn from the subject, which is contrary to the canons. Still, it is good. Why do you want to attempt the *Cornhill?* I happen to know that *Chambers's Journal* is in want of good verse. If you do not want to send a few specimens to your Uncle Robert I will send them for you. There! Love to Fred.—Yours ever,

'James Payn.'

This is the one letter to my father that remains to me. It was written to him when he was within a fortnight of his death:

'"The Cornhill Magazine," *Aug. 8th*, 1891.

'My dear Old Friend,—Martin has just been here. What he has told me of your poor self wrings my heart, as it will wring my wife's heart. She often talks of you, and always with the deepest sympathy.

'If anything can help one in your sad condition it should be the knowledge that there are two persons in the world (outside your own people) whose memory holds nothing concerning you save your many acts of kindness to them.

'God bless you, dear old friend! When I think of the days we once had together my eyes are wet. —Yours *ever* affectionately, James Payn.'

My last letter from Payn is dated April 29th, 1895, when he was very ill and confined to his house. It is written in pencil:

'My dear Boy,—Your kind letter touched me very much. How well I remember, alas! the scenes of which you speak. We have heard the chimes not only at midnight, but at all hours. You have sent me enough asparagus to set up a shop with. It is very good of you to have remembered my little weakness—the only one in an otherwise blameless life.—Yours affectionately,

'James Payn.

'Do not come on Tuesdays or Fridays.'

The prohibition in the last sentence may be explained by a quotation from the charming little memoir prefixed by Leslie Stephen to *The Backwater of Life*, a posthumous volume of Payn's essays: 'When physical infirmities made it impossible for him to frequent his old haunts, the whist club to which he belonged made an arrangement which it is pleasant to remember. Four members went by rotation to his house in Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, twice every week to give him the pleasure of a rubber. Few men, I fancy, have received such a proof of the kindly regard of their friends. I am as incapable of playing whist as of writing a novel; but to me, as to many others, it was an act of self-indulgence to spend one of the other afternoons at Payn's house.' I am thankful to remember that I was able to be one of the 'many others.'

A CHANGE OF FEELING.

PART II.

THE silence was broken. Another sheet of flame lit up the façade of the houses opposite, but this time the rifles had another mark. The front of the palace became pitted with dark patches; a veritable hail of bullets hissed and seethed through the ranks of the Guards.

The volley was replied to by one from the houses on the palace side of the square, and then the fight grew hot. No man dared show himself in the open and live; he was picked off from one side or the other with unerring accuracy. Hazlitt was watching the colonel. He saw that the nervous hand at the moustache was still mechanically stroking the hair; he saw the grim smile on his set lips; and then, as he watched, he noticed that the motions of that long, brown hand became more deliberate, he saw a cruel gleam in the brooding eyes; then the officer reeled slightly, opened his mouth with a queer gasp, and fell inertly to the ground. He had been shot through the heart!

Castries gave a grunt as he dragged Hazlitt down beside him.

'No use sharing his fate,' he muttered. 'He was a brave man, but foolhardy, that colonel. *Caramba*, but I will have revenge for his death!' The slow anger that had been brooding in his heart was come to a culmination now; he was no longer the loving President; he was the stern, merciless soldier under

temporary defeat. He whispered to an orderly who crouched beside him, and the man crept away under cover of the wall. Soon the shrill notes of a bugle were added to the clamour; then the tramp of horses rang under the arch of the palace *patio*. Castries beckoned to Hazlitt, and the two men crept away.

The cavalrymen numbered some hundred and fifty, as they mustered silently in the great courtyard. A magnificent black horse stood ready saddled, its furnishings bearing the arms of the Republic. The President leaped to the saddle, and harangued his men with fierce, martial words. He pointed out to them that their fellows over the way had been slaughtered like rats in a trap; he mentioned the fact that their colonel was lying shot through the heart in the narrow garden; he told them that Fromania looked to her sons to make all that good. The silent, swarthy troopers answered with a vindictive yell, and the ponderous gates were flung back.

Under cover of the fire from the captured houses, the revolutionists were advancing rapidly across the *plaza*. They were mad with the lust of blood, for those few minutes in the houses had spelt death to many. As they came on, volleying curses and bullets together, they presented an aspect that would have terrified any but the bravest hearts. At their head, in full view of all, rode a stalwart man, from whose shako hung the white plumes of a general.

'It is Marconeza,' muttered the President.

Hazlitt covered him with his revolver, but his hand was arrested by Castries.

'He has said things about me—and about others. Leave him to me, my friend.' The Englishman nodded, and sent the shot into the midst of the yelling mob. A volley from the houses played sad havoc with the little troop, and they fidgeted under the restraint. Gradually the far side of the square was densely packed with men, the fire from the covering windows died away, and then, with a full-throated roar, the insurgents advanced against the palace.

'Now!' said Castries sharply, as he drew his sword. 'No quarter!'

The troop was in amongst the mob in an instant. They gave a little cheer as they felt that the time for action had come; but the cheer died away into the stern silence of desperate men.

Hazlitt and the President rode knee to knee. The steady sweep of their swords was like a mower's scythe. Where the keen steel bit no man rose again, and ever they fought their steady way to the spot where the white plume flashed.

Against the charge of those mounted men the foot fell steadily back. But the insurgents were soldiers too, drilled in the same school as their opponents, and the retreat was not a rout by any means. The rifle-fire from the houses had stopped by this time. No man dared fire, for he was as liable to hit a friend as a foe. But the men who had captured the houses slowly issued forth into the *plaza* and added their numbers to the revolutionists. There was a sudden check in the retreat; a sharp volley of musketry broke from the front of the packed mass; men fell by the dozen. Riderless horses were now galloping about the *plaza*; little piles of men marred the whiteness of the pavements; blood ran freely along the gutters.

Dear to the heart of a woman is the first cry of her child; dear to the writer is the sight of the trim binding of his new book; but dearer than all else is the joy of a charge to your true cavalryman. Hazlitt was doing splendid work. The sweep of his unerring blade never faltered, the strong arm never tired during the whole of that wild, mad ride, and the swarthy Fromanian renegades shrank fearfully from his meteor-like path.

General Marconeza was harshly ordering his men to advance and wipe out the opposition, when a sword was lightly laid on his arm. He turned his averted eyes, and a gleam of hate and fear crept into their sinister depths.

'To the death, General,' said the President simply, and fell to work. There was a pause in the fray then, while the two leaders met in the medley of death. No shot was fired; no sound was heard save for the silvery ring of the blades and an occasional grunt from the one side or the other as a shrewd blow was harmlessly turned aside. Victory appeared to be with the President—he had already wounded his opponent severely in the shoulder—when, with a ringing clearness that curdled the blood of many, a single shot echoed out.

Castries wavered in his onslaught, his raised hand fell inertly to his side, he rocked wildly in the saddle for a moment, and then Hazlitt was off his horse and on his knees by the side of the dying man. He had been foully shot—as treacherous a deed as even Fromania could be ashamed of.

Then the struggle went on. Men rode fiercely at Hazlitt and his charge, but a little party of stalwarts circled the pair and held off the would-be assassins.

Hazlitt bent lower as some faint words came to his ears.

'You will remember—your oath, my friend? Jacinta—must—not'——

'I know—I promise,' said Hazlitt in an agony. He could hardly bear to see the look of anguish in the dimming eyes. 'She shall not'——

'Then all is well. But—it—was—not—*buena guerra*, señor; I—I—should have killed—that—Marconeza.'

Then the faint voice died away. There was a strange gurgle in the President's throat; his eyes closed. Suddenly he sprang almost erect, and dragged his sword up to a feeble salute. 'Fromania!' he cried; and then again, 'Jacinta!'

And Hazlitt, as he lifted the heavy body to his saddle, knew that the Jacinta he meant was not the girl who waited in the palace, but that other Jacinta—his English wife with the Spanish name; and he

knew, too, that Juan Castries had found the joy of his life.

With the body across his saddle-bow, with his eyes gleaming fire, the Englishman spurred forward, intent on avenging that cowardly shot. But a quickening roar, a roar with a note of exultation in its depths, gave him pause, and he looked about him. The situation was too desperate. The sorely diminished troop of men was slowly falling back, stubbornly contesting the ground, but surely retreating. One by one the men fell from the saddle; and Hazlitt, thinking of his vow, saw that no time was to be lost. The trumpeter was at his elbow, a keen-faced little man who knew no fear. There was not a single officer left alive amongst the loyalists.

'Sound the retreat!' cried Hazlitt for the first time in his life, and his blood boiled at the thought. But it was so necessary that no one could say it was the word of a coward. The clear notes rang over the tumult; a hoarse cry of joy rang out ahead; the troopers sullenly fell back still farther, until they made a final rally at the very gates of the palace. Then a sharp volley rang out over their heads—the few men who were left in the loyal houses checked the oncoming insurgents for an instant; the great gates clanged open, a hot and blood-stained crowd of men pressed through, and the iron door fell to with a sullen clang.

Once they were in that peaceful courtyard the outer strife seemed to be part of some unreal nightmare. The peace of the place, as it lay under the silvery moon, was like a soothing hand on Hazlitt's reeling brain; it calmed the mad thoughts; it lulled his angry soul. The men were looking expectantly in his direction; it was evident they trusted to him to lead them for the future. He spoke hastily in broken Spanish that would have been ludicrous but for its earnestness.

'A check so far, *amigos*,' he cried huskily. 'We have a little more work to do yet.' He ran his eye rapidly over the group, and his glance kindled.

'One hundred men left. We can do much with that number. We shall tell the President we did our best, eh?' He indicated the limp figure in his arms, and then took off his hat. A hoarse cheer came from the wearied veterans; but they hushed their voices with one accord as their new leader dismounted and took his dead friend in his arms. Outside the solid gates the maddened crowds were swaying hither and thither; bullets were spattering like rain on the stout defence; the cries of the blood-maddened populace rose with a sinister shriek. The Englishman thought of the future and shuddered, brave man though he was.

He mounted the broad staircase and laid his burden down on a delicately upholstered settee. The dark blood slowly oozed over the dainty silk, but he never heeded the desecration as he strode on to the farther room. Jacinta was at the window; her face was white as death, but her eyes never faltered.

'You need not tell me,' she said, as he would have spoken. 'I saw it all. He died bravely, my friend; and I am his daughter. Why should I grieve? He has got his heart's desire.'

'Then,' said Hazlitt slowly—he was wondering at her courage—'then we have only to make ready for the end. I made a promise to your—to your—to him; it was about you.'

'I know,' she retorted proudly. 'I am not afraid. But the time is not ripe yet.'

'Their leaders are all dead,' said he, indicating the troopers below by a gesture. 'They will not follow me; I am not of their blood. I am sorry.'

Jacinta looked once at his face; but he was thinking of his duty, and somehow he could not see clearly. Otherwise he might have felt a strange surprise. Her eyes were blazing, but it was not only with courage. She thought of how she had seen him drop from his saddle, in spite of the threatening crowd, to receive her father's dying words. He was a man, she thought—a man that a girl might—— But here she caught her breath sharply. Her father not dead an hour, and she was already——

'Follow me, señor!' she cried impetuously, and rushed down the stair, hardly casting a glance at the prostrate form outside the door.

'Men of Fromania,' she cried to the listless men below, 'there is work to be done! The English señor will lead you to victory yet. You will follow him. Is it not so?'

Somehow there seemed a sad lack of enthusiasm in the reply. It was different a little while before—before their wounds had had time to stiffen; and the shouts of that furious mob sounded terribly menacing. Only a few—a very few—voices took up the answer. The memory of their dead President was too harassing for more.

The girl ran lightly back to the head of the stair. Her father's stiffening hand still clutched the good sword that had wrought much havoc in the revolutionary ranks, but she loosened the poor fingers from their grasp with a tender reverence. Then, with the sword in her little hand, she ran back. A riderless horse was in the *patio;* it had followed its fellows, as chargers will. Without a helping hand the girl sprang to the saddle and waved the sword.

'Open the gates!' she cried loudly. 'I go to avenge my father!'

There was something in the determined attitude of the child—she was little more—that appealed to the wavering men. Your South American dearly loves a dramatic situation—it is the salt of life to him—and the sight of this dauntless champion of the right moved them to enthusiasm. Hazlitt said nothing. If the end was to come it might as well come this way as any other, he thought. He could do that—that work—as well in the *plaza* as in the palace. So he looked to his girths, examined the edge of his sword, and then spurred up to Jacinta's side. There was both reverence and admiration in the salute he gave her; he felt his very soul on fire

with love for the brave girl who could move the hearts of those faltering men. But he said nothing. He wanted all his breath for what was coming.

There was a shout of laughter from the mob as the little forlorn hope rode out into the gathering dawn. The short night was dying in the arms of the new day, and the *plaza* was revealed in all its ominous details. But the laughter died in incredulous shouts as the men followed the girl. Once more the battle closed, once more the red swords flashed and fell, and ever at her bridle-hand rode Hazlitt, taking no heed to himself, thinking only of the girl he loved. He turned aside the blows that were levelled at her bare head; he fought like a man possessed. Gradually the little party mowed its deadly way to the centre of the crowd; though they were decimated they never faltered now, for the girl's clear voice rang high above the sounds of strife, and her sword pointed like a beacon-flame.

General Marconeza rode towards her through the throng with a sinister smile on his lips.

'Another of the accursed breed!' he cried aloud; 'but it is the last!' And he aimed a swinging blow at the defenceless head. But the coward's sword met sterner steel than that in a woman's grasp. It fell on Hazlitt's guarding blade, and the General's arm tingled to the shoulder. There was a fierce glee in the Englishman's heart as he felt the ring of steel on steel. It was the moment he had been longing for ever since his friend had fallen. He was going to do a man's part now. All the rest had been child's-play.

After five seconds of sword-play Hazlitt's blow fell home. It took his adversary where the shoulder rises into the neck, and the General spoke no further word. He fell from his saddle with a curse still on his lips, and his body was trampled under the advancing feet of the horses.

There was a sudden check in the revolutionary ranks. The man who had promised them so much was down, and the despised offspring of a despised ruler was victorious over his corpse. Fickle with the fickleness that is a part of their character, the Fromanians wavered, and as the charge was pressed home, broke and fled in ignominy.

A few scattered shots followed them down the streets, but the victors were too worn to pursue; they slid from their panting horses, and sat listlessly on the ground. Hazlitt silently took the girl's bridle—she was almost fainting now that the reaction was setting in—and led her back to the palace.

Neither of them spoke as Hazlitt lifted her from her horse and half-carried her up the staircase. He screened her eyes with his shoulder from the still form that was on the settee, and guided her like a blind child to the apartment where he had first seen her. A sob rose from her pale lips as she sank to a seat, and he rang loudly and persistently until an attendant came. Then he sat himself down to wait. There was much to be discussed.

The crimson hues of the full dawn filtered in through the unshuttered windows, and showed the starred mirrors, the shot-pierced pictures, the draggled hangings in all their glaring nakedness. It was a sad scene that was to meet the eyes of the woman he loved when she wakened to full consciousness, and Hazlitt moved towards the windows, intending to shut out the glare of the day. A sound that had risen to his ears before came upwards. A loud-voiced mob was streaming again through the *plaza*, where the less wearied of the soldiers were removing the traces of that sanguinary conflict. He shut his lips tightly. If they had found a new leader and were advancing to the attack again, he thought, they should still find one strong arm to guard that lovely woman from their hands. But there was a new note in the roar, a sound that was pregnant with joy. Even the soldiers at their work made no effort to run for shelter; instead, they joined up with the mob. Surging, panting, cheering, the men of Fromania gathered in front of the palace, and then, to the lead of a stentorian voice, they cried, '*Viv' el Presidente! el Presidente del Fromania!*'

Hazlitt paused wonderingly, the shutter still in his hand. He knew enough of the quicksilver impulses of the people to judge that they had set up some new idol, but his imagination failed him when he came to ask 'Whom?' He turned with a start as a gentle hand was laid on his arm.

Jacinta was standing tremulously beside him, her sweet lips quivering with weakness and pain.

'What do they mean?' he asked hurriedly. 'Stay!' as she would have advanced to the balcony; 'they are your father's murderers.'

'They are my father's people,' she cried proudly. 'He trusted them; it was Marconeza who turned them against him, and he is dead.'

She stepped out upon the balcony, and the cheering crowd went well-nigh mad. They had forgotten that awful *débâcle* of a few hours before—forgotten all save their allegiance to a conquering hand.

Round on round of cheers echoed up, but still there was a note of dissatisfaction apparent.

'*El Presidente!*' they screamed, and the voices rose to such a pitch of passionate frenzy that Hazlitt, fearing for the girl, stepped to her side.

That was what they wanted. As the tall figure appeared the very walls of the palace seemed to shake with the clamour; it rose up like a solid mass and struck the listeners in the face.

'They want me for President!' gasped Hazlitt in a wondering voice. 'Me! Why, I'm an Englishman, and not of their blood! What ties have I to bind me to them?'

The cheering died away; the crowd was waiting breathlessly for his words. He made no motion to address them; he looked only at Jacinta.

'I have no ties with them,' he repeated. 'They would be sick of me in a week.'

'They are my father's people,' she said softly; 'they require a strong hand. Can you not save them from further horrors?'

'But I am not of them,' he said again. 'There is no way out of that.'

She was looking at him, and the snow-white of her forehead slowly mantled with crimson. Then her eyes dropped to the ground; her lips curved seductively into a wonderfully tender smile.

'There is a way,' she whispered faintly, aghast at her own unmaidenliness. She was quite right, she said to herself, with a queer throbbing beneath her bodice; she was more than right. Was it not for Fromania, well-beloved of her?

Then understanding came to the soul of Hazlitt, and he took her in his arms in sight of all the vociferous populace that welcomed the action with that peculiar sanction belonging by right to the Latin race.

'*Is* it for Fromania?' he asked very gently.

'Yes—ah, *no!*' she whispered, her entire heart going out in the cry at last. 'No, not for Fromania alone—for you!'

To Hazlitt the cheering voices below sounded like a welcome to a new life.

PITCAIRN ISLAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

By Byron T. Prideaux.

IN the month of July of last year the writer had an opportunity of spending a few days at the little island away in the Pacific in which some of the descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers still find a home.

It is a matter of common knowledge that if a number of people live in a place cut off from their fellow-men they and their descendants develop certain characteristics, either physical or mental, or both. The causes of this are various—such as the climate, the situation and physical conditions of the place, the mode of life pursued, and the more or less isolation from the world. It is only to be expected, therefore, that a community like that at Pitcairn should possess some characteristics which mark them out from the rest of their fellow-men. The founding of the settlement by the English mutineers with their Tahitian wives, the subsequent history of the island—in which, owing largely to the early influence of John Adams, a deep religious feeling has always been in evidence—the absence of communication with the external world, and the intermarriages between the limited number of families, these things alone were sufficient to develop in the islanders mental and physical peculiarities to a marked degree.

There are at the present time one hundred and fifty-eight souls in Pitcairn Island. Physically, they are a very healthy people. The men are generally of the average height, well built, and muscular, while the women are extremely robust. Both men and women move about their rugged island with the greatest ease, the steep paths having developed in them the Highlander's capacity for climbing.

The island itself is a tropical paradise, abounding in fruit and vegetables. There are, however, only a few species of animals—namely, pigs, goats, fowls, cats, and dogs, and there are not many of the two first named.

With such a genial climate and such a bountiful supply of nature's gifts, the islanders naturally do not lead a hard life. Not that they spend their time in idleness, however; for, in addition to providing for the wants of his family, each man is called upon whenever necessary to devote a portion of his time to working for the benefit of the community in carrying out any public works that may be considered desirable by the chief magistrate and council.

They are a sincerely religious people, belonging to the Seventh-Day Adventist Church, to whose principles they were converted about twenty years ago. Previously to that they had followed the Church of England. On five days of the week secular school is held, attendance at which is compulsory up to a certain age.

The government is carried out by the chief magistrate, aided by two bodies, an External and an Internal Committee. All the officials are elected annually, and no salaries are attached to their offices.

The facts mentioned above are stated for the purpose of showing the reader that the little colony possesses all the institutions necessary for its requirements, and that the people have the capacity of carrying on their government and of doing all that is possible to make their own lives and those of their fellow-islanders as useful and pleasant as possible. Although they lead a quiet life there is enough variety to preserve the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and the islanders generally give one the impression of being sober, well behaved, intelligent people. Their manners are exceedingly frank and open, and there is an utter absence of deception or double-dealing.

English is, of course, the language spoken on the island; but even in the little community there are differences in the mode of speech. Some of the people speak very good English, rather slowly but very distinctly; in the speech of others there is a regular American twang observable; while some of the women and the younger people have a peculiar sing-song way of speaking which is rather difficult for a stranger to follow. Indeed, when they talk among themselves it is almost impossible to understand them.

In all the islanders the organs of perception are developed to a remarkable extent. They have eye-

sight almost as keen as a telescope, and their sense of smell is so acute that some of them are said to be able to smell a ship before she is in sight of the island, and to be able to say if the coming vessel is a sailing-ship or a steamer. Whether allied or not to these faculties, there is found among the islanders, and particularly in a few individuals, a something akin to what is known as second-sight. The direction this second-sight usually takes is that of foretelling a death, and several instances are given by the islanders in support of their belief in this uncanny power of prediction. Perhaps the most remarkable is the case of William Christian. This man sometimes sees at night a ghostly light shaped like a heart, which moves about both inside the house and out of doors. A death is said always to follow in the vicinity in which the 'Red Heart,' as it is called in the island, disappears. What first caused Christian to associate the 'Red Heart' with a coming death was that he saw it one night hovering over the room of his brother. About a month afterwards this young man met his death as the result of an accident. Again, some months before the death of Christian's mother, the 'Red Heart' made its appearance one night, vanishing over her room. It may here be observed that the houses at Pitcairn are of one story, and in order to keep them well ventilated and cool the rooms are divided by partitions which do not go right up to the ceiling. It would thus be easy to follow the movements of the 'Red Heart' inside the house.

Another instance of the fatal appearance of the 'Red Heart' is as follows: One night Christian saw the 'Heart,' and got up and followed it. It led him out of doors and in the direction of a certain house, near which it disappeared. In this house was a young married woman who was shortly expecting to become a mother. There was nothing in her condition then to give any cause for apprehension, but she died not long after in giving birth to the child.

Of a different nature was the following experience, though the result was the same. On 11th October 1888 a young woman was fishing from a rock on the island. She had caught a fish, and had turned round to take it off the hook when she heard a sudden splash. Turning round, she saw what she declared to be the head and shoulders of a man disappear under the water in front of her. She was terrified at the sight, and ran screaming up the rocks to the nearest house, where she related, as well as her half-fainting condition would allow her, the horrifying spectacle she had seen. There was nothing to account for the splash. None of the islanders were missing, nor had an animal fallen over the cliff, for there are only a few domestic animals on the island. The young woman was most emphatic as to the appearance of the form, though she could not distinguish the face. She said the arms were extended, with the forearms bent inwards. There appeared to be nothing with which the apparition could be connected; but in the following January a young man was searching, with his two younger brothers, for sea-birds, when by some means or other his foot slipped, and he fell over the cliff, dropping into the sea at the spot where the young woman had seen the form disappear some months before. The man was drowned, and although search was made his body was never recovered. By some strange coincidence, his birthday happened to fall on the day on which the young woman had seen the accident rehearsed in so mysterious a fashion.

In addition to the cases mentioned, many of the islanders hear at times unaccountable noises, rumbling sounds, or a clattering as of tins. They have searched and found no natural explanation for these sounds, and have regarded them as warnings of an approaching death, which has taken place in due course.

These stories may or may not be taken seriously; but the islanders are all quite convinced of the facts as mentioned, and they believe implicitly in the 'Red Heart' of William Christian, as well as in the other omens of impending death. And if it be objected that, on account of their close relationship one to another, the islanders would naturally give credence to the supposed supernatural powers of any of their number, it happens that at the present time there are two men on Pitcairn who are not descendants of the mutineers. One of these has been on the island for over twenty years; the other, the schoolmaster, for only a few years. Both of them say that at first they were sceptical about the islanders' stories of death, regarding them as mere superstition; now, however, they have a different opinion. The schoolmaster, who is a native of England, assured the writer that when he first came to Pitcairn he had the average Englishman's disbelief in the supernatural; but several things which had since occurred on the island had caused him to change his views.

A curious thing happened while the writer was on the island. Owing to the absence of regular communication no one knew beforehand of the visit to be paid by the two men-of-war, on one of which the writer was serving. Consequently the arrival of the ships was quite unexpected. While on shore we were told that one of the women had dreamed that she saw the two ships come in, and also later on another ship, a sailing-vessel. So far only the two men-of-war had put in an appearance; but some hours after we heard the story a sailing-vessel came in sight and approached the island, being boarded by the islanders with fruit and vegetables. When one considers how rarely ships call at Pitcairn, which is quite off the regular track, it would seem that if the above story is explained on the mere ground of coincidence, it was a coincidence at any rate extremely unlikely to happen. Speaking of dreams, we may say that the islanders take them quite seriously, as they can relate many instances of their

coming true, and the story just mentioned will no doubt confirm them in their belief.

Bearing on what has been said respecting the peculiarities of Pitcairn and its people, the following extract is interesting. It is taken from *The Story of Pitcairn Island*, by Miss Rosalind A. Young, a native of the island:

'It was during the year 1880 that an unusual and very peculiar visitation appeared among the community, affecting only the younger members, eleven or twelve young persons in all having been subject to it. The disease, if such it may be called, was temporary insanity, the case that lasted the longest not extending over two years. The first symptom of the attack was a strange hallucination of the mind, the person affected seeing some object which greatly terrified him, or hearing voices calling to him, then gradually losing all recollection of former events, until the mind became an utter blank. One peculiar feature of the disease was a distorted vision that transformed every object into something different from what it was—as, for instance, a full-grown man or woman appeared as but a child, while a mere baby would assume the full proportions of a man. In almost every case the patient was calm and quiet; the power of speech seemed taken away, while the vacant stare showed that the mind had lost control over itself.

'Many and various were the phases that the disease assumed, each patient being acted upon in a different manner. There has never been any satisfactory explanation of the cause that produced it. The case above mentioned as being of longest duration was that of a young girl whose mind became affected in April 1884, and was restored in the early part of the year 1886. Since that time the peculiar disease has not made its appearance.'

It is hoped that what is here related will be found interesting as throwing a sidelight on the little community. The writer can offer nothing in explanation of any of the stories mentioned, and during the short time that he spent on the island he could discover nothing to account for them in a natural way. It is to be noted, however, that where the 'Red Heart' appeared to indicate the death of some particular person, that person was not informed of the mysterious warning, so that it cannot be said that death resulted as a sort of unconscious fulfilment on the part of the person concerned, owing to his belief that his death was inevitable.

In these days stories of ghosts and uncanny experiences are often taken seriously, as the existence of the Psychical Research Society bears witness. It remains, therefore, only to give such further information as to the habits of the islanders as may be thought to have some relation to the peculiar psychical qualities possessed by them.

I have already said that they are an intelligent people. Several of them have been away from the island for periods of years, and one or two have been educated in America; so that if these, with their greater experience of the world, were not convinced of the truth of supernatural appearances and omens, they would probably have reasoned them out of existence.

The food eaten by the islanders is perhaps a point of importance in this connection. They do not eat much meat, so little being procurable; and fruit, vegetables, and cereals form the principal articles of diet. Moreover, all the islanders are total abstainers, not merely from principle, but from choice, as they have no liking for alcohol. The same thing applies to tobacco, which they do not use in any form, and would not accept when offered to them.

In talking over what is here related with Miss Young, I asked her if, seeing that the inhabitants of Pitcairn Island were descended on the maternal side from natives of Tahiti, the wives of the mutineers, they might not have derived their peculiar qualities to some extent from that source; further, if there was anything in the history of the Tahitian people to show that similar beliefs in the supernatural were held by them. Miss Young replied that it was very probable that the Tahitian strain of blood had something to do with the possession of the qualities mentioned. She could not say, however, if the history of the Tahitian people would bear this out, nor did she know whether there were among the natives of Tahiti instances of a like nature to those recorded at Pitcairn. And the writer has not at his disposal any information on these points.

THE MAVIS.

When sunny glades 'mid woodland shades
Betoken winter past,
And peeping flowers 'neath birken bowers
Foretell the spring at last;
The mavis then, in wood and glen,
Breaks forth in sweetest song;
From throbbing throat his rich, full note
Comes piping clear and strong.

On fir-top high, against the sky,
Now mark his dainty form,
As by the hour, through breeze and shower,
He bravely breasts the storm.
The while he swings he gaily sings
His happy roundelay;
Good cheer! good cheer! the spring is here!
He almost seems to say.

Dear little friend! may grief ne'er rend
His bonny speckled breast;
But may kind fate defend his mate,
And guard her clay-lined nest;
Till, by-and-by, the young ones fly
The summer woods among,
And safe from harm in turn they 'll charm
Another spring with song.

Bright-feathered birds may mimic words
In western forests wild;
The nightingale in southern vale
May king of song be styled;
But, ah! to me, though he may be
In quiet colours dressed,
The mavis still for ever will
Be dearest, sweetest, best.

Hugh Lawler.

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VOLUNTEERING IN PERTHSHIRE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

By Sir ALEXANDER MUIR MACKENZIE.

THE story of volunteering in Perthshire is treated by the Marchioness of Tullibardine in her book, *The Military History of Perthshire;* and this short paper is in no wise to be held as competing with her history in information or public interest. But having in my possession a long correspondence between Sir James Pulteney (or Murray) and Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie of Delvine on the merits of a scheme, called 'Local Militia' or Volunteers, in the years 1806–7, it may be interesting to compare these notes with the newly proposed Territorial Scheme of 1907, and see whether we have progressed in our system of military organisation. The interchange of ideas between the General and War Office official and the county magnate shows the intense interest taken then as now in the defence of our island, although the question arises in 1806, as in 1908, whether this has to be undertaken by 'volunteers' in the widest sense or enforced by ballot, another way of spelling conscription.

We have been voluntaries from the very beginning. When Agricola landed to invade Caledonia (84 A.D.) Gald Cacher assembled his levies, 'ubi hymenavit in Atholea,' among the Grampians, and we are told 'they behaved with such wroth and bravery' that no 'Dux Romanus' left much impression on the 'dwellers in the coverts,' as the 'Celydoniad' were called, nor did the Romans gain any important success before their ultimate retirement from Britain.

And so has it been with our army and our navy (if we except a few episodes of the press-gang), our services being recruited in a voluntary manner, as contrasted with the conscription, by obligatory methods, of foreign countries. Even the militia ballot, when put in force about the end of the eighteenth century, was highly unpopular, and caused riots in different places (see *Atholl Chronicles*, vol. iv.). The Napoleonic scare in 1803 brought out a goodly body of Volunteers or 'local militia;' and in 1806–7, when there were four regiments in Perthshire, the following correspondence ensued, and the question of a defensive army was thoroughly discussed. The story of the Volunteers is, as already mentioned, fully given by the Marchioness of Tullibardine, and need be referred to here but generally.

Sir James Pulteney (a Murray of Clermont) was the Secretary 'at' War in 1806; and as his brother-in-law, Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie of Delvine, was in command of one of the Perthshire regiments* of 'local militia,' a good deal of correspondence ensued, in which ideas were exchanged with some forcibleness—the General and War Office official, with his acquired notions of drill and discipline, contrasting with the *suaviter in modo* but *fortiter in re* as expressed by the colonel of a local militia. A few of these interchanges of opinion are here set forth, showing what men, military and civilian, thought of the peril then, just as our military and civilians are, in this year of grace 1908, considering how best to put our house in fighting order.

It will be noted that neither is in favour of conscription, and both advocate a sort of 'compulsory volunteering' with a 'compulsory levy' in the background, to be made use of should the patriots not fly to arms with sufficient zeal, even into the corps of Fencibles.†

The Breadalbane Fencibles were raised in the years 1793–4–9. Mr Wyndham, Minister in charge of the Army Estimates in 1806, spoke most disparagingly of the force—'these objectionable estimates of the Fencibles,' referring to the Manx Fencibles raised in the Isle of Man by the Duke of Atholl, 1793‡—

* The 4th, or Stormont County Militia. For his services he received a stand of colours, worked by the ladies of Perthshire, and a handsome silver epergne and casket.

† Fencibles, a species of militia, not available for foreign service, but for defence against invasion, raised in Argyleshire, 1759.—Grose, *Mil. Antiquities.*

‡ *Atholl Chronicles.*

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which roused the ire of the colonels of local militia. He was one of the Ministry of 'All the Talents,' satirised in a poem by 'Polypus' and 'Scriblerus':

A rushing mind,
Imprudent, injudicious, o'errefined.

EXTRACTS OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Sir James Pulteney writes (January 1807) to Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie of Delvine, colonel of the local militia: 'You propose to compel the counties to produce a certain number of men by the dread of a ballot, and I to make them produce the same number by its immediate operation. Your system is as much compulsory as mine, while mine is as much voluntary as yours, in regard to the individual, in consequence of substitutes being permitted. You bring forward volunteers by certain inducements, the principal of which is the exemption from ballot for the old militia. I bring forward "local militia" by the same inducements, aided perhaps by that of a small bounty to be given by the principal. Therefore one plan is as much compulsory as the other, and instead of using the compulsory form of the ballot, it may be thought better to leave it in the hands of the Lord Lieutenants of the counties to adopt some other mode of producing their men, . . . but I consider that the less they have of the character of volunteers, and the more they have of the character of regular soldiers, the better they will be adapted for the great purpose of defending their country. You may say that if the zeal of the people of Scotland happens not to be equal to that of their neighbours, it may be right, as a matter of policy, to make a different arrangement.

'A material point is the length of time to be allotted for "*permanent*" duty. I have no doubt that the period of six weeks at once is best. Perhaps this would be thought severe, but it would be only twice in a man's lifetime,* and, being voluntary, would be compensated for. The difficulty of obtaining officers for a local militia, whereas there is less for a Volunteer corps, must be considered, although this should not be.'

In the present day it is the reverse that holds good. Young gentlemen readily enter the militia as a training ground to commissions in the army. Except in the case of the 'Scottish Horse,' there is a considerable dearth in some of the Volunteer corps. I venture to think that an officer retiring from his regiment, of the Line, might be allowed to join his county militia regiment as a supernumerary of the rank in which he retired.

'I observe,' continues Sir J. Pulteney, 'that the Duke of Atholl agrees with me in the two material points that a local militia and Volunteer force as proposed by you are the same thing, and I agree with his Grace that it would be desirable that the present Volunteers should convert themselves into a local militia, and not allow the men, by whatever name called, to withdraw at pleasure.

'You justly observe that one or two hundred thousand men are not sufficient.

'I conceive that four hundred thousand well trained would be sufficient.'

Sir J. Pulteney and Sir Alexander M. Mackenzie both comment on the hardships imposed on the patriotic Volunteer as compared with the stay-at-home citizen. 'It is noted how difficult—well-nigh impossible—it is to withdraw men employed in agricultural labour from the work in the fields, whether seedtime or harvest, for the purposes of training, while in the towns the class of men employed have more leisure, and the distance to the drill-ground is not such an insuperable objection as it is often in the country.

'It would appear doubly hard were a man, who has bound himself to turn out when required, to be told by his employer that he must give up his situation, whereby he not only loses his work and pay, but sees the "stay-at-home" drop into his place and enjoy his wages.' But it is equally hard on the farmer or manufacturer to lose the services of some of his best if not head men at the times when work is busiest and remunerative.† And in Germany the inconvenience is very much felt. In Coblentz, when I last visited it, the Landwehr were called out for annual drill in camp. I asked of the hotel-keeper, of the pottery manufacturers, and of some of the leading warehouses how they managed to dispense with their superintendents of departments, clerks, and even cooks. The answer was almost invariably the same: 'We cannot afford to do without these assistants, so we employ Dutch or Swiss as cooks, head-waiters, clerks, and general head employés.'

The question of substitutes to be provided or paid for by those wishing to evade joining a Volunteer body is taken into account, and an argument entered into whether such substitutes should 'escape the ballot.' 'In any case, those serving should receive ample indemnification, and captains and subalterns at least were to receive annual pay to recompense them for the "extraordinary expense they were unavoidably put to."'

The question of remuneration for military service is noted as a great difficulty. Those who make soldiering a profession of course expect a fair wage for a fair day's work; but to those who give up part of their time, which should be spent profitably in agricultural, industrial, or what is called professional pursuits, it is a more serious matter, and suitable remuneration a difficult problem. In fact, how to secure a citizen military force without crippling the 'industrial' army was as great a difficulty in 1806 as in the present day.

'Those whose occupations are carried on in their own houses or in workshops can without much difficulty make up for the time lost to their employ-

* This refers to the details of the 1806 scheme, on which it is not necessary to dwell.

† This certainly obtains in the present day.

ment by working at extra hours; but those whose business requires daylight—as agricultural labourers working in the open air—are not so fortunate, and after eight to ten hours' field-labour are disinclined for military drill or exercises.

'When the Volunteer system was established * in 1803 the alarm was great all over the country, and people readily submitted to what they were satisfied was necessary. Since that period, however, the danger has from its familiarity become less impressive, and the inconveniences (of service) has been more severely felt, and the consequence is that many farmers become extremely unwilling to engage any person who is a Volunteer, and this also holds in other professions.'

Sir Alexander M. Mackenzie was very clear 'that any expense incurred must be paid for by the public, and that nothing be left to private exertion.' When the Volunteers were last established (in 1803), the inadequacy of the Government allowances made it unavoidable to have recourse to private funds, so that the liberal and patriotic paid for the penurious and factious. He recommended 'that if any battalion or corps of Volunteers shall remain incomplete in its numbers . . . for more than a month at each time, an equal number of men be raised by compulsory law.'

'In matter of dress, *point d'argent, point de Suisse*, "no fine coat, no volunteer," it is necessary to encourage smartness, even though it is to appeal to the vanity of the individual.' The expense of the clothing of 'our' men was as follows: coat, breeches, and gaiters, two pounds and sixpence; cap, six shillings; greatcoat, thirteen shillings and sixpence; knapsack, six shillings—three pounds six shillings; less, Government allowance, one pound ten shillings—total, one pound sixteen shillings.

He is also sure that the four hundred thousand men deemed necessary for the defence of the country should be properly trained (although he makes no mention of musketry) in the 'first class,' and the 'remainder to be armed with pikes'! 'Another class should be formed to attend the army as labourers, artificers, drivers of carts, &c.'

All these men, if Volunteers, were to be exempted from the ballot, which neither Sir A. M. Mackenzie nor Sir James Pulteney approved, 'as only furnishing a discontented set of men, and not the true patriots,' but retained *in terrorem* over the class who will not turn out and learn how to defend their native land. I fear this may be held to include some of the *jeunesse dorée*, 'who might then turn out with more alacrity.'

Mr Haldane's Scheme of 1906–7 is to come into operation in March 1908. It is not my intention to criticise the scheme for a Territorial Army, but merely to note wherein it is similar to the arming in 1806, and in what points it differs.

The object of the earlier dates was to secure an adequate force of able-bodied men to act as defenders of their country, by voluntary measures, failing which the plan of a ballot or compulsory levy was to be made in districts that failed to supply their quota. These bodies to the amount of four hundred thousand men were to be under military authority.

Some difficulty was apprehended in securing the services of agricultural labourers. The ballot or other compulsory measure was disliked, as tending to produce an unwilling or discontented class; and it would evidently have this drawback, that the willing citizen might be passed over and the unwilling coerced. The class subject to the ballot would necessarily have to be restricted and many exemptions made, as is the case in foreign countries, where conscription is the rule, rendering the levy on those remaining more severe. Mr Haldane's scheme provides for a large body of men. In Perthshire it is reported there is to be but one regiment instead of two as at present, and four as in 1806. In addition there will be the regiment of Scottish Horse mountain batteries and (under certain conditions) members of rifle clubs. Possibly there may be a register of what may be termed non-combatants—carters, drivers, smiths, and the like. A motor reserve may also be formed, while a mountain battery will serve along with the Scottish Horse; and even a cyclist section might be formed, with a machine-gun. The same difficulty arises now as then how to make this defensive service universal, so that each man should bear part of the burden, and this without unduly disturbing the industrial progress of the country, agricultural and manufacturing. Instruction camps are costly, especially to officers, and the charges for dress and equipment press very heavily on the individual, as well as on national finances, if the regimental grants are at all adequate. Transport to and from camp is a very costly item to the native, and it is humbly suggested that some allowance should be made to county authorities to defray damage done to roads by this extraordinary traffic of heavy guns and transport wagons.

We would ask, why are all our defenders to be chosen out of the boys of the country? The Germans make use of their veterans in their Landsturm. There are plenty of old soldiers both willing and able to take part in defensive work or to serve in garrison and act in many cases as instructors.

King Edward has summoned together the Lord Lieutenants of counties, and committed the care and encouragement of the new 'Territorial' or 'Terriers' to these gentlemen, especially appealing to the 'owners and cultivators of the soil.' Why His Majesty selected these particular classes is not easy to see. Why owners of the land and their workpeople, already severely taxed, should be called upon to bear the heaviest part of the military defence, and the great manufacturers, dyers, brewers, distillers, ironmasters, and coal-owners, with their army of necessary labour, to

* The word should be re-established.

escape, the King's Speech does not tell us. The professions, clerical and artistic, are not appealed to. But 'Hodge Dumdrudge,' like the patient ass, is to receive all the kicks, the ha'pence (I opine) but in small measure. The 'owners and cultivators of the soil' will do their share, but so ought the owner and the holder of the shop.

Thus wrote the satirists of the period of Mr Wyndham's Bill, 1806: 'You are alienating the affections of the army. Even the Volunteers, Mr W-n-d-h-m, are disgusted; and as to your *grand military system*, the whole service laugh it to scorn. Though the military system may have failed is not your fault; you have spent eight hundred thousand pounds on it . . . extra, in order to fail as a Secretary should fail, and to show people how economical (*sic*) Ministers are. . . . No sum too trivial to look after.'* Fifty thousand pounds saved by not purchasing home meat and buying American horseshoes in lieu of British.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XIX.—IN PARIS ONCE MORE.

A BITTER February gale was blowing over the housetops of London as Lord Granville sat in his room at the Foreign Office discussing Paris affairs with his permanent secretary; and the conversation, little as Jack could have guessed it, brought matters to a crisis as far as he was concerned. England had been profoundly affected by the execution of Louis XVI. It was perhaps even more deeply stirred by the perils which hung round the unhappy queen and her children. They were held as prisoners in the Temple. What was their probable fate? The English agents in Paris were timid or stupid, and the Foreign Office was badly served.

'Can't you send a clever and trustworthy agent to Paris to see what can be done?' Lord Granville asked.

'We have no one whom we can send on such an errand. It is too risky. And if we found some one to take the risk of going, we could not trust him.'

At that moment Pitt entered the room, and the suggestion was laid before him. He had a genius for choosing fit instruments, and he never forgot a face.

'Send that young fellow—what is his name?—Lawrence, who was in the September massacres. He can be trusted.'

An hour later Jack was called into the room of the permanent secretary and his commission given to him. It was great promotion! And to be sent on the suggestion of Pitt himself upon an errand so gallant kindled Jack's imagination. There was risk no doubt, for the shadow of the guillotine lay black on Paris; but who would stop to weigh risks in such a task?

Denise's face went suddenly white when the news came. She was not sure she loved Jack—at all events as he wanted her to love him; but the mere thought that she might lose him darkened her life. She wanted to tell him this; but speech, somehow, seemed frozen on her lips, and she bade him an almost wordless good-bye. Jack's heart was curiously heavy as he started, by ways known to the secret agents of England, for Paris.

When he reached Paris he sought out his old quarters. It was an old mansion of medieval days, once the haunt of fine gentlemen and grand dames, but now left stranded by the ebb of the social tide. The huge, dilapidated house was a sort of human warren. The fat *concierge* cultivated a useful ignorance of the comings and goings of his clients. If the lodger paid his rent with due punctuality on the first day of each week he was treated as non-existent for the other six days; and each tenant of the mansion had sufficient reason for shunning observation on his own account to prevent him taking notice of anybody else.

Jack still kept the red card of citizenship given him by Toulan; for this, in the Paris of that day, meant safety. He was liable to be challenged at a hundred points, and the possession of that card, as a rule, allayed all suspicion.

Having secured safe quarters, Jack—or Jean, as he once more became—set himself to pick up the thread of personalities and events in Paris. Dressed in blouse and red cap and sabots, he loitered in the streets and cafés, listened to the orators of the Convention, squeezed his way into the crowd at the Hôtel de Ville, and watched the noisy debates of the Commune there. He was anxious to get in touch with the Rat, for he had an instinctive sense that of all his Paris acquaintances he was the one to be most trusted; and Jean watched day after day at the gate of the Abbaye in the hope of seeing him.

The grim gates, to his imagination, wore an aspect of gloom. The shadow of the September massacres lay on them. In the gathering twilight the huge black mass, with no gleam of light visible in it, no cheerful sound of voices rising from it, seemed as if it were brooding over the dark crimes it had witnessed. But Jean watched for the pointed chin, the shambling and furtive gait, of his old comrade in vain. Some eddy in the fierce current of events had swept him away.

Toulan was easily discoverable. His energy and daring had made him a prominent figure in the Commune, and Jean saw him, with quick step and

* 'Scriblerus' on 'All the Talents' (1806).

tri-coloured sash round his waist, strutting into the wide doorway of the Hôtel de Ville with an absurd air of authority. The Commune at that moment divided supreme power with the Convention; it had the office of a whip to quicken its speed. By a daring stroke it had made itself the custodian of the royal family. Louis XVI. was dead, and the Convention had directed the surviving members of the royal family to be imprisoned in the Luxembourg. The Commune declared that building to be insecure, and settled the business by seizing the queen and her children and carrying them off to the Temple—a gloomy medieval tower that lifted its black rectangular mass high above the northern roofs of the city. There the little cluster of despairing captives was kept under sleepless guard.

Jean studied keenly the prison of the unhappy queen and her children; he watched for hours the constant coming and going of guards and of commissioners with gaudy sashes. The building was strongly garrisoned, and was plainly watched with great vigilance. Round the whole area occupied by the tower and its outbuildings ran a slender film of tri-coloured ribbon. A child's finger could have broken it; but it was a symbol of the authority of the Republic, which shut like a steel girdle round the dark tower with its little group of unhappy prisoners.

Jean doubted long whether it would be prudent to approach Toulan; whether, indeed, it was fair to the impulsive Southerner himself to attempt to set up relations with him. He was now an influential and trusted member of the Commune. This gave him a position in which he, no doubt, could render great services to the secret agent of the British Foreign Office; but it was a question whether with him friendship would outweigh public duty. England and France were at war, and the quick-witted Southerner would be sure to suspect Jean of being in Paris on some errand which a good citizen ought to denounce.

While Jean hesitated, events settled the question that perplexed him. He walked away from the Hôtel de Ville one evening, and was finding his way through the narrow streets which led to his own lodgings, when a strong hand clapped him on the shoulder. He swung quickly round, for there was something official in the touch. It might mean arrest. He was confronted by the flattened nose, the black eyebrows, the audacious eyes of Toulan. His countenance was as friendly as ever; he embraced the hesitating Englishman with effusion, and broke into a torrent of questions.

Where was the little one? Was she well and happy? 'Ah! she was clever,' he exclaimed, 'to bring in Pitt;' and he laughed noisily at the recollection of the scene that terrible night in the Abbaye.

'You served us well in that hour of terror.'

'Ah! they were mad,' cried Toulan. 'The fools! They went too far. And it injured the Republic. It made the world think us a gang of assassins.' And the Frenchman frowned darkly at the memory.

They chatted long together; and, after they had parted, Jean reflected with wonder on the circumstance that Toulan had accepted his presence in Paris without question and as being quite natural. He showed little curiosity as to his business, and no suspicion. Nay, there was a curious gladness in Toulan's welcome of Jean which puzzled him.

Jean fell into his old familiar relations with the ex-shopkeeper of the Feuillants. They met frequently, and Toulan had no reserves. He was one of the commissioners on duty at the Temple, and when Jean talked with him about the royal prisoners he found him surprisingly communicative. Toulan discussed the other members of the Commune, the incidents of daily life in the Temple, and the drift of politics in the Convention with an almost perplexing frankness.

Jean pushed his inquiries into such matters at first with much caution; but caution with the open-hearted Southerner, he quickly found, was unnecessary. The two fell into what the young Englishman, with a touch of amusement, felt was a comradeship that had in it something fraternal.

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FISH-POND.



HE world's greatest fish-pond is so far within the Arctic circle that the fishermen who venture there must sometimes be shut off from the rest of the world for years, since Hudson Bay is held so long in the grasp of winter that it is impossible to enter or leave it after the season of what is called midsummer in the temperate zone. In the waters of Hudson Bay, however, are found the great bowhead-whale, one of the largest of all marine creatures. Years ago the bowheads were hunted in the North Atlantic Ocean, as they were numerous in the vicinity of Newfoundland and off the coast of Labrador; but they are so valuable that the whale-fishers of the world searched for them, and vessels from nearly every country in Europe as well as Newfoundland and America were fitted out for their capture. Consequently they are seldom seen in any ocean, and have gone into this Arctic sea, which is almost inaccessible.

So difficult and so dangerous is the quest for the bowhead that only a few whale-hunters now pursue them. Most of these come from the old town of New Bedford in Massachusetts. Here steamships are built and equipped especially for the service.

In addition to powerful engines, they carry a full suit of sails, while their hulls usually consist of two skins of heavy oaken plank bolted to the framework of oak or steel. Great strength is necessary, because they may be obliged to force their way through hundreds of miles of icefields, and during the long, bleak Arctic winter they are so embedded in the ice that its movement would crush the vessels if they were constructed in the ordinary way.

When a whaler leaves for the long voyage to Hudson Bay the captain calculates on reaching its entrance sometime during the month of August, sailing from the home-port perhaps six months before. As the ship must round Cape Race, it is exposed to the winter gales of the Atlantic and the dangerous passage through Hudson Strait. Reaching the bay, the ship is navigated to some berth where the remainder of the winter is spent; for sometimes the entrance to the bay is free from ice only a month or six weeks during the entire year, and, as already stated, the summer season is very short in this latitude. The crew pass the long months amid the snow and ice as best they can until the temperature loosens the ice and the south winds drive it from the bay. Then they start upon their hunt, losing no time, for they may not have two months of open water before they are again embedded in ice and snow until the next year. Seldom do the whalers start on their homeward voyage within two years after they have left New Bedford, and frequently fully three years elapse before they again moor at its wharves.

It is a question if any calling is more dangerous or attended with more hardships than the hunting of the Arctic whale; but the creature is so valuable that its pursuit is as fascinating as the search for the gold-vein. A single specimen may yield oil, bone, and other substances which are worth from three to five thousand pounds. Some have been killed which have actually been worth to the successful hunters over five thousand pounds. The product most highly prized, however, is what is generally called whalebone. As a matter of fact, whalebone is not a bone at all, but a flexible fringe on the creature's jaw in lieu of teeth, to enable the whale to separate from the sea-water in which it floats the marine animalcules on which it subsists. It allows the water to enter its cavernous mouth, then closes its jaws, expels the brine through this fringe, and swallows the minute food which satisfies its mighty bulk. Each whale has about four hundred plates of this 'bone' in its jaws, its teeth being embryonic only. The huge carcass yields much oil, it is true, but the oil alone would not make the venture pay, and the practice has been, after 'flensing' or stripping off the outer coat of fat or blubber, to let the remainder go, and the skeleton with the covering of flesh which enshrouds it, weighing from forty to fifty tons, usually becomes the prey of sharks.

The bowhead contains far more whalebone than any other species of marine animal, and this is why it is so eagerly pursued. It takes its name from the curved formation containing the whalebone which is found in its head. Occasionally one is killed which has a double fringe of the bone. In the early days of whale-hunting in Hudson Bay, one monster was harpooned from which over three thousand pounds were taken, and the bone sold for three thousand pounds sterling a ton. This single capture paid all the expenses of the voyage, which lasted two and a half years, and each man received in addition one hundred pounds as his share of the proceeds. But the whaler usually secures three or four whales each season, so that often the ship returns with a cargo so valuable that, after all expenses are paid, every man receives at least five hundred pounds to one thousand pounds as his share of the hunt. Yearly the number of whales caught is decreasing, and the price of the bone increasing in proportion.

In the modern method of capturing the great Arctic whale the harpoon thrown by hand is seldom used. Each ship carries a small cannon mounted on the bow, and frequently has a small steam-launch which is also armed with what is known as the harpoon-gun. When the bay becomes navigable the vessel starts for the places which are most frequented by the whales. The veteran Hudson Bay whaler knows where the favourite feeding-grounds of his prey are situated. When one has been sighted, the vessel is stopped within gun-shot of the creature if possible. The cannon is aimed at a point over the heart, and its projectile seldom fails to enter the body, so true is the aim of the gunner. This projectile is several feet in length, and contains a bomb filled with some explosive which is ignited by a time-fuse. The projectile also contains a 'head,' consisting of four large steel barbs which spread out as soon as it enters the body and are caught in the flesh. The bomb is intended to explode inside the whale, and if properly aimed seldom fails to reach a vital part, causing death within a few minutes. If it has not been mortally wounded, however, the whale seldom escapes its pursuers, for attached to the projectile is a stout rope which is fastened to a steam-capstan or a winch on board the ship. Sometimes the creature will tow the vessel several miles in the struggle to free itself, but in the end becomes exhausted. Then the captain lowers a small boat. The crew row to the side of the whale, which is killed by plunging a long lance into its heart. If it is young, with soft, yielding flesh, or if it is struck near the tail, the harpoon usually goes right through and the bomb explodes harmlessly in the water on the other side. In such cases the whale is good for many hours of struggling.

An immense bull-whale, the largest ever taken in these waters, was harpooned, and for twenty-six hours dragged the ship about after him, three harpoons in all being shot into him before he succumbed. So furious was he that the men of

the ship had to keep keenly alert all the time, fearing that in his mad rushes he would attack her, in which case he would destroy her with a blow of his head. When he 'sounded' into the deep sea a man armed with an axe had to stand by the bow ready to cut the line if danger threatened from this cause, as he frequently pulled the vessel's bow nearly level with the water. This monster yielded fourteen tons, or three thousand five hundred gallons, of oil, besides an immense quantity of bone; though it cost about twenty pounds for repairs to machinery damaged by the strain he put on it. No other similar case has occurred of such a long fight being made; but it is not unusual for a whaler to be towed around for ten or twelve hours by a maddened bowhead, though her own engine is going 'full speed astern' the whole time in order to tire out the whale.

In the waters about Newfoundland a fleet of small steamers are engaged in whaling, and occasionally a bowhead is taken, although the prey generally consists of other species. These vessels have a draught of one hundred and fifty to two hundred tons, and they are also armed with cannon having an explosive projectile. They usually remain in the bays which indent the coast of the island, and are operated in connection with what is known as a 'station,' which consists of a place where the carcass can be cut up, and where the oil can be extracted from the whale and the refuse made into a fertiliser. The small whales are so numerous in the Newfoundland bays that many of them are caught within forty or fifty miles of the station by the whalers, yet are attacked in the same manner as the Hudson Bay whales, and sometimes four or five will be captured in a day. As soon as one is killed it is placed in charge of a boat-crew, and the steamer continues in search of another. At the close of the day the vessel returns from her cruise, picking up the carcasses of the whales on her way, and tows them to the station like a raft of logs or timber. At the station they are drawn out on shore by means of a rope and tackle, and cut to pieces by tools especially made for the purpose.

When this whale-fishery was inaugurated six years ago, only the fat, which yielded a plentiful supply of oil, was 'flensed' or stripped from the carcass, and the remainder—flesh, bones, and intestines—was allowed to drift away, three-fourths of the bulk of the animal being thus abandoned as worthless. But now factories have been established for converting all this previously wasted material into guano, and there is not a bit of the whale which is not now turned to profit. Even the rib and other bones are being split into their component parts to make unbreakable ware resembling crockery, which water will not injure and heat will not spoil, and which can only be rendered useless by being chopped up with an axe. The blood, by a contrivance now employed, is caught in a reservoir as it flows from the body when cut open, and mixed with the fertiliser to increase its richness, instead of being allowed to flow into the sea.

SERGEANT MAZET AT BORODINO.

By W. D. Gray.

'AND so you are going out to this Crimea, eh?'

'Why, yes, sergeant,' said one of the young cavalrymen. 'We set out next week to join our English friends.'

'Did you ever serve against the Russians under your great Napoleon?'

The old *invalide* leaned forward in his chair, and his dull black eyes lit up angrily. 'Did I ever serve against the Russians?' he repeated in a harsh voice. 'Well, messieurs, when a man has fought at Austerlitz, at Eylau, and at Friedland, finishing up with a little promenade to Moscow and back, living in the snow for fifty-two days, and eating half-raw horseflesh, he may be said to have fought against the Russians, eh?'

The hussar hastened to apologise. 'Of course, of course, *mon vieux!*' he said. 'I did not know. Come now, let me refill your glass, and then you will perhaps tell us some of your experiences in the Moscow campaign?'

The veteran hastily swallowed the wine and then lighted his pipe. He puffed away slowly and steadily for a few minutes, while his lined yellow face seemed to grow graver and sterner. Then he looked round the café table at his three young companions.

'My experiences?' he said. '*Mon Dieu*, yes, I had some experiences in that campaign. You may pray to the good God, *mes enfants*, never to have the like. It is over forty years ago, but I remember that retreat from Moscow as if it were yesterday. You cannot imagine what it was like, especially those last days from Smolensk to Wilna. I believe at that time if I had seen my brother dying by the roadside I should not have stopped to aid him; if I had seen my dearest friend eating a loaf of bread I should have torn it from him. Oh yes, I had my experiences! But I cannot tell you about that retreat; it was too horrible. I trust this Crimea you are going to is not near Moscow? It is not, you say? So much the better for you. Still, if you wish for something a little more cheerful I can tell you a story of the battle of Borodino, or the Moskowa, as we used to call it.

'In those days, you must understand, I was a sergeant in the Fortieth Chasseurs, and at the time of the Russian campaign there is no doubt that we were the finest regiment of light cavalry in the Grand Army. You cannot conceive what we were like, for since Mont St Jean our army has altogether changed. But if we were the best regiment in the army, we had the worst colonel. I do not mean he was a poor soldier; indeed, he was a good officer and knew his work. I mean he was one of those men who set the teeth on edge; you felt on first seeing him that there must be something wrong with him, something crafty and evil. Lépine, that was his name—Colonel Auguste Lépine. He was very tall and thin, of a dark complexion, with a long wiry moustache and small bright-black eyes. He was appointed to us after Wagram, where our old colonel had been killed, and I remember well my first sight of him. We were drawn up for inspection, and he came riding past my squadron. As soon as I saw his face I said to myself, "Mazet, my friend, you are going to have a bad time;" and I was right! He treated us veterans of Austerlitz and Jena as if we had been a squadron of recruits from the depôt. We could do nothing right; on parade, at drill, mounted or afoot, we always had his vile, rasping voice sneering and snarling at us. Ah, well! he has been dead forty-two years now, and yet I must admit I hate him still, and I still see that narrow, evil face of his in my dreams.

'At the beginning of the march to Moscow the one man in all the regiment to whom he was most unjust and severe was Captain Bourayne, commanding my squadron. Thunder of God! when I think of what he had to suffer, of the cunning insults he endured in the name of discipline, I feel my blood boil. My captain was the very opposite to the colonel, as different as light from dark. He was young, gay, and light-hearted, but a good officer, keeping splendid order, and looking after us as if we had been his children. We all loved him—ay, there was not one of us in the squadron who would not have died for him. You may not understand how it was with us, for you do not have such officers nowadays; they all seemed to die out with their Emperor.

'I must tell you that there were a few of us in the squadron who knew the reason of the colonel's harshness, and I myself knew it better than any one. It was a woman, a lady of Poland. I suppose you have never been to Poland, eh? Well, it is a very bad country to make a campaign in, but the women are the finest in Europe. We had been quartered in Warsaw some time before the Russian campaign, and it was there my captain fell in love. I believe the lady loved him in return, though I never really knew for certain. It is to be hoped she did; for, my faith! she often made him look miserable. I used sometimes to take his messages to her house, and then she would give me a glass of wine whilst she sat down and replied to them. I remember that it was very good wine.'

'What was she like, sergeant?' asked one of the hussars eagerly.

'What was she like? Why, name of a pipe! I cannot call her to mind exactly, it is so long ago. But she was tall and dark, and there was a sort of glow and sparkle about her face which somehow made you keep looking at her. Yes, I suppose she would be what is called a beauty. However that may be, she attracted my captain; and, as I was going to tell you, she attracted Colonel Lépine also. Our good colonel was one of those men who imagine they are invincible with the ladies, and he was always pestering her with his attentions and riding up to her house. Perhaps he met my captain there. I do not know. At all events, before we left Warsaw he had asked the lady to marry him, and she had refused. *Diable!* I should have liked to have been present at their interview and seen him rebuffed. It makes my heart warm to her through all these years. But, moreover, the colonel also heard that Captain Bourayne was the lover she favoured. That was enough for him, as you may imagine. And so, as I tell you, he led my captain the life of a dog. I saw it; the whole squadron saw it; but I never dreamed to what lengths he would go. If I had known what was in his mind I would have sent my sabre through him as he rode at the head of his regiment.

'In the early summer of 1812 we crossed the Niemen, the Emperor and some four hundred thousand of us, and began our promenade to Moscow. I dare say you know something about that campaign? I am not the first old dotard who has bored you with his tales, eh? Well, I served nineteen years in the Grand Army, and saw many strange sights, but never anything stranger than the sight of those thousands and thousands of men spread out over those immense desolate plains. It was not the march of an army; it was more like the passage of a nation. And yet it was more wonderful than that, for half the races of Europe were present—Frenchmen, Italians, Poles, Spaniards, Germans; there was no end to them. And then the miles and miles of supply-trains and ammunition-trains, the horses and the guns, and the Emperor in the middle of it, directing the whole. I do not think you will see a sight like that, *mes enfants*, in this Crimea you are going to next week.

'As we came on, so the Russians gave way before us. You may imagine how annoyed we were with them. As we advanced farther and farther into their miserable country some of our officers began to look a little grave as they thought of the distance we were from France. Every now and then the Russians would make some sort of stand before going back again. At Smolensk, for instance, there was quite a proper battle, and we lost a number of men before we drove them out. But still they retreated, and we followed them until we came to a village called Borodino, about sixty miles from Moscow. Here they had at last made up their minds to face us, and had flung up redoubts on a

range of little hills. There were only about a hundred and thirty thousand of us up at the front now, for we had left a lot behind to guard our rear. Then, too, there were the killed and wounded, and the stragglers—far too many stragglers. But still we thought we were quite enough for the Russians, and the men of my squadron put their busbies on their sabre-points and cheered when they saw that great army in front of them. As for me, I had learnt at Eylau and elsewhere that it was no game for children to fight against these people, but I was quite willing to try it again.

'Now, ever since the crossing of the Niemen, Colonel Lépine had been treating us in his usual manner, like—thousand thunders!—like insubordinate conscripts. All the time, too, he had been especially severe towards Captain Bourayne. But as I look back upon it all, it seems to me that he must also have been patiently waiting for a chance to play his evil game. It had not come to him at Smolensk or Vitepsk, but it came now. He would not fight a duel, for he had a great regard for his own skin, and my captain was a fine swordsman and a good shot. No; he found a better and a more cunning method of revenge in this coming battle.

'The music began early on the 7th of September—almost at dawn. I have seen some little affairs in my time, but I think this was the most terrible of them all. My faith! it was even hotter than Eylau; and if you had served in the Grand Army you would know what that meant. By the time we had got into position there must have been nearly eight hundred cannon at work, all roaring together, the noise enough to split the drum of your ear. Both armies were drawn up in very close formation, and the men were swept away by hundreds.

'The Fortieth belonged to General Latour-Maubourg's brigade, and we did not suffer much at first. But our time was coming. About ten o'clock the regiments were drawn up behind Prince Eugene's infantry, in the intervals between the battalions, you understand. On each side of us were batteries of artillery, and behind us more batteries in reserve. My regiment was on the extreme left, and a little rise of the ground cut us off from the rest of the brigade, so that we could not see them nor could they see us. You must remember that if you wish to understand what I have to tell you. We waited there in silence. Every now and then a cannon-ball would hum overhead, sometimes there would be a shriek, and sometimes a horse would rear up and then fall. I remember looking sideways at the colonel and thinking it would be no very bad thing for us if the Russians managed to put an end to him.

'Suddenly there came the thudding of hoofs, and General Latour-Maubourg, followed by his staff, appeared over the rise and galloped towards us. Colonel Lépine spurred his horse and trotted to meet them. The General spoke earnestly to him for a minute. I could not hear what he said, but knew it must be an order. Then the colonel seemed to reply, then saluted, and the General shook his reins and disappeared over the ridge again. We sat there, craning eagerly forward in our saddles, waiting for our orders. Ah, name of God, when I think of what followed!

'The colonel twisted his horse round and came towards my captain. I was close at hand and heard all he said; saw, too, the evil sparkle in his black eyes.

'"Captain Bourayne," he cried in a high voice, "you will take your squadron and charge those two battalions you see there right in front of you, between our infantry. I shall support the main attack on the right with the rest of the regiment. Do you understand?"

'The captain started, looked at him steadily, and then saluted.

'"Do you understand, I ask?" repeated the colonel imperiously, but his eyes fell under the other's gaze.

'"Yes, sir," replied the captain in a steely voice, "I understand—everything."

'At that the colonel turned his horse's head again, and, shouting out commands, led the rest of the regiment over the rise. He did not look back. So my squadron was left alone.

'I do not mind admitting to you, messieurs, that my heart beat very fast for a few moments, and I dare say I turned pale. You understand I had served sixteen years, and knew something of war. The task we had been set would have been a fine feat of arms for a whole regiment; for a single squadron one would say it was impossible. There was a wide open space to charge over after we had passed our last skirmishers, then a little slope to mount, and then we had to face two strong, unbroken battalions. I was still thinking about it, when the captain beckoned me up to him. His face was flushed, and there was a wild, reckless look about him.

'"Did you hear him, sergeant?" he asked in a kind of hissing whisper. "Do you understand what it means?"

'"Yes, my captain," I answered gravely. "I think it means murder. And I ask the captain's pardon, but I do not think the General gave that order."

'He looked at me with a vague eye as if he had not heard what I said, then flung up his head proudly. "Yes, I know," he exclaimed. "I know what it means, but I am going to obey my orders. Name of God! I will show this scoundrel if I am afraid of him. Return to your station, sergeant."

'As I reined back a few paces I saw him snatch his sword from the scabbard and wave it in the air. "Now, my children," he cried, turning round to us, "follow your captain. *Vive l'Empereur!*"

'"*Vive l'Empereur!*" came the great, hoarse roar in reply, and we began our charge. As we passed

swiftly between the lines of our infantry the men cheered us wildly, their shakos on their bayonet-points. Then we came out into the open, and the Russian fire caught us like a hailstorm. I kept my eyes fixed upon the captain, who rode ahead of us all, confident, erect in his saddle, never once looking back. My faith! it was a deadly business. We went over by dozens; on all sides men dropped from their saddles; horses stumbled and fell; the air was full of cries and the clang of bullets on accoutrements. Still we struggled forward. We had come to the rising ground, when I saw my captain suddenly throw up both hands, then he swayed in his saddle to and fro as the horse galloped, until he pitched over to one side and fell with a thud to the ground. He was dead, shot through the brain. I heard a great groan rise up from the men behind me as they saw their officer fall. For my part it filled me with such a rage as I had never before experienced—rage against the Russians who had killed him, against the colonel who had planned his death, against the whole world. "On, comrades, on!" I shouted. "Vengeance for our captain!" I suppose my voice inspired them, for they howled back like angry wolves, and we rushed up the slope all shouting together. And then, all in a moment, we had broken their ranks and were amongst them. I remember my fury still held me. I saw everything in a kind of red mist, and I stood up in my stirrups and slashed at every heavy, stupid-looking face I could see. I do not know how long I was like this; but suddenly I seemed to come to myself again, and remembered that I now commanded the squadron. There was a great noise going on, men shouting and screaming, the reports of muskets being fired at close-quarters, and the sharp whistle of sword-blades in the air. But it was plain that we could not stop where we were. On every side the Russians pressed up against us by hundreds, thrusting with their bayonets and firing wildly. Every moment we were losing more men.

'I stood up in my stirrups again and waved my sabre towards the French army. "Back," I shouted—"back to our comrades!" They heard me—all that was left of them—and began to rally round me. As soon as we had got together I raised my sword again, we burst through our enemies, and galloped swiftly down the slope, bending low in our saddles. They opened a weak fire on us as we drew clear; but we had shaken them badly, and besides some of our infantry advanced to cover us, so we only lost a few men. At last we arrived behind our batteries again, and I could give the order to halt.

'Then I saw clearly how we had suffered. A hundred and thirty-two men had started on that charge, and twenty-seven had come back, hardly one of them unhurt. Besides our single officer, Captain Bourayne, we had lost three sergeants and seven corporals. Yes, our good colonel had succeeded to admiration.

'If you ask me about the rest of the battle I am afraid I can tell you nothing. We stayed where we were until it was all over. You will admit we had done our fair share, eh? When Caulaincourt's cavalry had finally taken the Great Redoubt and the affair was decided, I led my little band back to the rest of the regiment. They also had suffered, but their loss was as nothing compared to ours. I was in hopes—oh! yes, messieurs, I had hopes—that the colonel was dead; but, on the contrary, he was alive and unhurt. I made my report, telling him of the captain's death. He looked at me, and I think he must have seen something in my face which told him that I knew what he had done. If he had shown any sign of joy I believe I should have fallen upon him as he stood there. But he only said, "Very good, sergeant. You have done well." I saluted in silence and went away.

'All that night I sat by our bivouac-fire thinking, and wondering how I could obtain justice for my captain's death. At times when I thought of him I wept. Yes, I wept—I, Mazet the veteran, the hard one, who had served for sixteen years, and had at that time five wounds and nine great battles to his credit. I thought about him all night, while a warm summer breeze blew over the great plains, and I could hear the cries of the many wounded whom we had not been able to help. But I am not a clever man, *mes enfants*—if I were I might be a General now—and when morning came I had thought of no plan.

'Very early, whilst I was eating my ration with the rest of my comrades, there came into our midst one of the Emperor's staff-officers. Looking about him, he asked if we were the squadron which had made the charge upon two Russian battalions. I replied that we were, and he then asked for our officer.

'"He was killed, monsieur, early in the charge," I replied sadly.

'"Who was it, then, who commanded afterwards and brought you back so well?"

'"I did, monsieur," I answered.

'He stared at me for a moment, then clapped me on the shoulder. "Bravo, sergeant!" he cried. "It was a fine piece of work. And now, my friend, you must come with me, for the Emperor saw the whole affair from his position at Shevardino, and he directed me to bring the commander of the squadron before him. He will want to ask you some questions, I fancy, and you will be rewarded."

'As he said this I could not help giving a cry of joy. It was not because of the promised reward, but because I saw my way to obtain vengeance for my captain. I would tell the Emperor all—our Emperor, so strict and so just, who saw everything and knew everything. He should hear how my captain had been killed.

'I walked by the officer's side to headquarters. We passed by the sentries, and my companion entered. In a few moments he reappeared and beckoned me to come in.

'The Emperor sat at a little wooden table reading some papers. He was bareheaded, but wrapped up in his gray coat though the morning was mild. Two officers stood against the wall behind him, and at another table sat a man having the appearance of a secretary, writing swiftly. I stepped forward and saluted.

'The great man looked up and gave me a keen glance. "Is this the sergeant?" he asked.

'"Yes, sire," replied the officer who had conducted me.

'"What is your name?" asked the Emperor, rising from his seat and coming towards me.

'"Mazet, sire," I answered, "sergeant of the Fortieth Chasseurs."

'"Yes, yes," he said quickly, "I remember you. I gave you the cross after Auerstadt for the bravery you displayed there. Is it not so?"

'"Yes, sire."

'"Ah yes," he said with a smile, "I know all my old grumblers. Well, sergeant, you performed another fine service yesterday, and you deserve another reward."

'At this I thought I saw my opportunity. "Sire," I said in a trembling voice, "I do not ask for a reward. I only wish for justice."

'His eyes seemed to nail me to the wall. "Justice!" he repeated in a rasping voice. "Justice! Do I not tell you I intend to reward you?"

'"Yes, sire," I said; "but it is justice for my captain who was killed that I ask you for."

'He looked at me fixedly and took a pinch of snuff. "I do not understand you," he said abruptly. "Come, explain yourself."

'At that, with a rush, I told him all from beginning to end. I commenced with the affair of the Polish lady at Warsaw and ended with the previous day's battle, giving him my captain's last words and describing how he had died.

'As I went on the Emperor began to pace to and fro across the wooden floor, and at the end he gave an impatient gesture and faced me again. "Tut, sergeant!" he said irritably, "you are talking nonsense. I have heard you so far because you behaved well yesterday, but let us have no more of this."

'I felt my heart sink, but plucked up my courage for a last appeal. "Sire, will your Majesty summon General Latour-Maubourg," I asked, "and, instead of rewarding me, ask him what orders he gave my colonel yesterday?"

'"And why should I do that?" demanded the Emperor.

'"Because, sire," I answered, "I believe the General ordered the whole regiment to charge those two battalions instead of one squadron."

'He took snuff again, frowning. "Yes," he said in a thoughtful voice; "I was going to ask about that. It was a reckless thing for one squadron to do. A mistake, no doubt."

'"No, sire," I said, my heart beating like a hammer. "Colonel Lépine did it purposely in order to kill my captain."

'He whirled round upon me, and those terrible eyes stabbed me like sword-blades. "Have a care, sergeant," he cried; "have a care! Do you understand what you are saying?"

'"Yes, sire," I answered as firmly as I could, "I do."

'His frown grew heavier, and he began to pace across the room again. Suddenly he stopped and beckoned to one of the officers. "Go to General Latour-Maubourg's quarters," he commanded, "and ask him to come here at once." Then turning to the rest, he said brusquely, "Gentlemen, I wish to be alone for a few minutes. Retire into the other room, and remember while you have been in here you have heard nothing."

'When they had trooped out he said, "You see I have done as you asked. You shall have justice, my friend. If you have accused your colonel falsely you may possibly obtain more justice than you wish for."

'He went back to his table and turned to his papers again, still taking great pinches of snuff. I stood stiffly to attention, and stared straight in front of me. I can tell you, messieurs, that wait of a quarter of an hour seemed much more terrible than the previous day's charge. I knew the Emperor; I could see plainly that he was very angry, and that if I could not prove what I had said all his rage would be turned upon me. I trembled as I thought of it, and a cold sweat broke out upon my forehead. But when I remembered I was doing this for the sake of my dead captain I grew calmer and less troubled.

'At last there came the jingle of spurs from outside, the door opened, and the General was ushered in.

'The Emperor shut his snuff-box with a snap and stood up. "Good-morning, General," he said. "I shall not detain you long. I wish to ask you a question."

'"Yes, sire?" said the General in a surprised tone.

'"When you ordered your brigade to charge the Russian infantry yesterday, what orders did you give to Colonel Lépine, commanding the Fortieth Chasseurs?"

'"I directed him, sire, to take his regiment and charge the two battalions in front of him," answered the General.

'I gave a great sigh of relief.

'Napoleon looked at the General with contracted brows. "But he might have mistaken your orders?" he said questioningly.

'"No, sire," replied the other; "for I asked him to repeat my instructions, and he did so. I remember I was careful to do this, because his regiment, owing to a rise of the ground, did not come under my observation, and he would be responsible."

'"Ha!" exclaimed the Emperor sharply. His frown became deeper still, and for some time he

looked darkly at the ground without speaking. All at once he seemed to come to a decision.

'"I want your assistance in a little plot I am devising," he said to the General. "Will you go with this sergeant into the adjoining room and wait behind the door, leaving it ajar so that you can hear what takes place? Tell one of the officers to bring Colonel Lépine to me at once. The sergeant will give you the details of this affair."

'We went into the next room and did as he commanded, standing close against the door.

'"Well, sergeant," said the General in a low, puzzled voice, "what is the meaning of all this?"

'I told him in a whisper as much as I could. When I had finished he drew a deep breath and set his lips together. "My faith!" he said, "I think your colonel is a great rascal, and that you have exposed him finely. But he's going to pay for it when he comes before the Emperor. I never saw him so angry."

'We waited silently, listening to the rustle of papers from the next room which told us that the Emperor had gone back to his reading. At length we heard the sound of a door being opened and a fresh jingle of spurs.

'Then Colonel Lépine's voice: "You sent for me, sire."

'"Yes," came from the Emperor in that caressing tone he used when he was in a good humour; "I sent for you, colonel. I wished to tell you how pleased I was with the behaviour of your regiment yesterday, particularly with that of one squadron which made a very fine charge. I saw the whole affair from Shevardino. You must bring me the officer commanding that squadron."

'"He was killed, sire, unfortunately."

'"Ah, that was a pity. I saw they lost heavily. But indeed, colonel, it was a wild thing for one squadron to make such a charge at all. I suppose you were ordered to send them alone?"

'"Yes, sire," replied my good colonel.

'"By General Latour-Maubourg no doubt?"

'"Yes, sire," Lépine replied again; but there seemed to be a quaver in his voice.

'There was the sound of rapid footsteps, the Emperor flung the door open, and we both stepped from our hiding-place. Lépine moved back a pace as he saw me, and his face turned absolutely gray.

'"Well, General?" questioned Napoleon curtly.

'"He lies, sire!" said my companion angrily. "I gave him no such orders. He knows I did not."

'"Sire," said the colonel in a hurried, stammering tone, "I—I—— It was a misunderstanding. The General did not"——

'"No more words, sir!" burst out the Emperor in a terrible voice. "Name of God, no more! You have condemned yourself. It is now my time to speak. I have heard the story from this sergeant. He says a woman was the cause of it. Now, listen. I do not care why you committed that crime; but I tell you this: you have disobeyed orders; you have lost me a valuable officer and over a hundred men. You have done this purposely in order to obtain your private revenge. For that you should be tried by court-martial and shot. But as I do not wish the story to get abroad in my army I will deal with you myself."

'He stepped forward, his eyes afire. Lépine trembled before him like a hare caught in a trap. The Emperor stretched out his arms, pulled away the colonel's shoulder-straps, and cast them to the ground. "Begone!" he cried; "there is no room for such as you in the army of France. You are no longer in my service. Never let me see your face again." Then, as my colonel still hesitated, he exclaimed in a voice like the hiss of a snake, "Do you hear me? Go, I tell you—go!"

'And so Colonel Lépine, his head upon his breast, stumbled hastily from the room.'

The old man knocked the ashes from his pipe and looked gravely round at his three young companions.

'And was that the end of him?' asked one of them. 'Did you never see him again?'

'Yes,' said the veteran grimly; 'oh yes, I saw him once more. It was during the last days of the retreat, when we had eaten nearly all our horses and just before we reached Wilna. I had fallen behind the wreck of my regiment because I was very weak. Night was coming on, and it was cold—oh, my God, so cold! I knew if I did not find a bivouac-fire soon I should die. As it grew darker I began to stumble over the dead bodies of men and horses, for in those days the Grand Army left a track like a snail's. When I ceased to trip over them I knew I had missed the road and must search until I found it again. I went on doggedly, hopelessly, making faces to prevent my ears and nose from freezing. At last I fell over a corpse and came down with a crash. As I raised myself slowly on my hands and knees I saw the face through the ice film. It was the colonel, frozen stiff and hard as iron. I suppose he had come back from Moscow with the rest of us, though I had never seen him. But there he was, dead, along with thousands of better men. You may think it strange, but I felt afraid of him, and in a way the meeting gave me strength to go forward until I saw the light of a fire belonging to my own comrades, and knew I was saved. So that was the end of him, messieurs, and that is the end of my story.'

SOCIALISM AND CAPITAL.

WHY SOCIETY MUST REST ON A BASIS OF CAPITAL PRIVATELY OWNED.

By A. S. PRINGLE.

SINCE it has become the fashion to discuss Socialism, and since the active propaganda of the Socialists has become so prominent, there has been a great deal of very loose talk on both sides about what Socialism means and what Socialists would do. On the one hand, the Socialist orator explains that under Socialism every one would have work to do, but hours would be short and conditions would be pleasant. Every one would have plenty of nice food and nice clothes; every one would have fine, spacious, sanitary houses, and plenty of leisure and amusement. Some who wish to rouse the passions of the mob declaim against the rich, and give their hearers the impression that when the Socialists come into power they will divide all property up equally amongst the people.

On the other hand, people who wish to frighten every man who owns anything, from a kitchen table and chair to a country estate, tell their hearers that the Socialists intend to confiscate everybody's property in order to hand it over to loafers and degenerates. Socialism is, however, a system of society, and means 'the public ownership of all means of production and exchange, and all capital'—that is, all land, houses, machinery, factories, and every form in which people may accumulate their savings so as to use them in the production of something else. Every one would be employed by Government departments, rent his house from the State, buy his food and necessaries and luxuries from the State. How all the existing property is to be transferred from its present owners to the State, and how they are to be given compensation, if any, is a question which Socialists usually avoid with care; but that question has nothing to do with the principle.

Now, let us contemplate ourselves members of a Socialist State. Two men, A. and B., working at the same job, receive the same wage at the end of the week. A. has expended and consumed all his wages; B. has saved a shilling. On the disposal of that shilling depends whether this State can remain Socialistic or revert to capitalism. If the man may keep his shilling he may buy any commodity he likes with it, and he commences the next week with one shilling's worth of accumulated industry in the form of a commodity; or if he has preserved the shilling or its Socialistic equivalent he has possession of the right to one shilling's worth of work from some one else. Capital is usually spoken of as money; but that is a mere symbol. It really represents things fixed (like houses) or movable (like furniture)—in either case the accumulated product of industry. The Socialist will usually admit that the man may keep his shilling, not seeing what must follow. Next, may he give the shilling to some one else? And, finally, may he leave it by will to his son? Surely he must be allowed to do so; but if he is allowed, then we have one man drawing the result of another's labour even after his death, which is the essence of capitalism.

We then come to the next stage. A man has accumulated his shillings and bought a house. This now represents his accumulated savings as much as any balance in a savings-bank to-day; or he may have bought a sewing-machine or a bicycle. His children grow up and go out into the world; he moves into a smaller house. He may surely let his large house to another man who has not sufficient accumulated savings to buy a house or prefers to invest it in something else. A neighbour wishes to borrow the sewing-machine or the bicycle; is the owner not to be allowed to make a bargain for a payment for this use of his accumulated savings by another man?

We have now reached the length of the capitalist letting out the product of his accumulated labour. The next stage is that a number of men club their savings together to set up a factory. They are now in the position of the shareholders in a limited company. They are themselves all busy working at their own businesses; the factory merely represents their former savings. They can do one of two things with it: either let it out, like the sewing-machine at a fixed price, the hirer taking all the produce and all the risk of the factory being a failure; or they may contract with other men to work the factory, giving them a fixed price for their labour, and, taking all the risk of failure, they naturally get the surplus profits, if any. The first method is what happens where people lend money to other people on the security of a factory; the factory or a part of it really represents the accumulated savings of the lenders, and the owners pay so much a year for the use of it. The second case is the common one of a wages-contract between owner and employé.

These are the inevitable developments of the right of B. to keep the shilling he saved at the end of the week. No free people in a free country will ever consent to have these fundamental principles of freedom of contract abolished,—the Right to Save, the Right to Give, the Right to Bequeath, the Right to make a Free Contract concerning the use of the savings. That is why to talk of State ownership of everything is nonsense as a practical question, unless we are prepared to turn the whole country into a kind of enormous boarding

school, where all men are like the boys, except that there is no pocket-money; their very meals will have to be allotted to them, nor will any man be allowed to save a roll from his dinner lest he sell it at tea-time to his next-door neighbour for an extra lump of sugar.

So far I have tried to explain the true meaning of the existing capitalistic system as we know it. Not only is the admission of private ownership of capital essential to any sort of individual freedom, but the existence of capital—namely, of the accumulated products of industry—is essential to all development of any kind, and as a matter of practice its private ownership is essential to all true material progress.

Whenever any new work has to be undertaken which in the making requires constant application of labour to materials before it is finished and capable of giving a return for all the labour directly and indirectly put into it, a great deal of the accumulated products of former labour must have been used up. For instance, several thousand men worked for seven years building the Forth Bridge. All that time they were clothed and housed and fed, and their families brought up. Some one must have been accumulating the products of industry in order to keep all these people all that time. So also the men who dug up the iron ore, smelted it, welded it into plates, and did all the work which preceded its arrival at the Forth Bridge were provided for by these accumulations. That is expressed by the statement that four million pounds of capital were put into the bridge. The existence of capital, therefore, was essential to build the Forth Bridge. One often hears the Socialist orator talk about the land, suggesting that if men were only allowed to go on to the land they could support themselves in happiness and comfort. But land alone will support no man. Land, the finest quality of virgin soil in parts of Australia and Canada, is 'worth nothing,' there is no market price for it, and any man may have one hundred and sixty acres free, with all its prospective future value, merely being obliged to go and work it. Before the land can begin to support the man he must have ploughs and seeds, horses and sheep; he must build a house, and fence and drain and plant. Even in a Socialistic State all these things cannot be obtained for nothing, except at some one else's expense; they are only to be obtained from the accumulated product of human labour. They are, in fact, the capital which must be expended before the earth can respond to the application of human labour.

Again, the mere production of things will not support any man. He must be able to exchange his surplus for things that he requires. He must, therefore, produce something for which there is a 'market.' A railway without people to travel, a house built where no one wants to live, wheat grown where it cannot be transported to market, a machine which uses up more worth of material than the value of its product—all these things are worthless. But whenever a new country is opened up or a new factory started, a new kind of machinery tried, it is an open question whether the result will not be quite barren, and all the savings of the people who put their 'capital' into the venture lost. The reason why civilised nations allow absolute ownership in these things to the people whose capital is used is that no man would run such a risk and allow his savings to be so used unless he were assured of the full produce if the enterprise turned out to be successful. An excellent example of this principle is found in the history of the great American transcontinental railways. They were built at enormous expense through the vast unpeopled plains of the West and over the mountains to the Pacific shore. But for years there was no traffic to speak of, and the railways did not pay at all. Many of the shareholders were ruined and lost all their savings, while others who had other businesses to support them held on to their shares, believing in the future of the West. The railways, however, had made it possible to open up the land, grow corn, breed cattle, dig minerals, and send these to the markets in the East. Gradually the country filled up, and the enormous prosperity of the West was created by the railways. The shareholders now began to receive dividends; in other words, their accumulated savings which had been turned into the railways began to come back to them. But the Socialist orator, forgetting all about the history of the railways, declaims against them that they are robbing the people who have made their prosperity, forgetting that it was the people who followed the railway, not the railway the people. So, also, in the case of mines, the Socialist says there should be no private property in the minerals because they are part of the actual earth not made by man. They only look at the successful mines, and forget that nine-tenths of all the capital—accumulated savings—which is put into mines is absolutely lost, owing to the great uncertainty of mining and the impossibility of foretelling accurately what will be found. It costs two hundred thousand pounds to sink a shaft to the deep levels in Johannesburg before an ounce of gold can be brought to the surface; so that the accumulated earnings of one thousand people for two years at two pounds a week must be risked to absolute loss on the chance of finding the gold, and even then a slight rise in the cost of working or falling off in the quality of the ore will take away all the profit and make the whole thing a total loss.

In a Socialistic State the Government would require to find that capital—namely, the industrious part of the population would require to support out of their savings one thousand people for two years in order to make this experiment. It is to induce private persons to take these risks instead of making the whole community bear the loss that the State recognises their right, if they are successful, to full ownership of that which their enterprise and the expenditure of their savings has brought to light.

We may sum the matter up thus: Private property is essential to any kind of individual freedom. The ordinary capitalistic system, as we know it, is the inevitable development of private property to each man in his own earnings. Capital is a necessary condition precedent to development; private ownership of capital is essential to the encouragement of enterprise and to secure material progress.

We are all aware—the capitalist or Individualist just as much as the Socialist—of the evils of great wealth alongside of great poverty which have arisen under the laws of private property. The Socialist, seeing those evils, says, 'Abolish all private property,' not realising what the logical conclusion of such a system would be. The extreme Individualist, on the other hand, says, 'Loose every bond which fetters the right of the individual to make the best of himself, give every one an equal opportunity to fight for himself, and each will find the niche best suited for him in the social system.' That extreme view is just as impracticable as the Socialists'. The inherent inequalities between individuals would make the weak but the footstool of the strong. It might breed a mighty race of brutal strength founded upon the crushing of the weak by the strong, as is the law of nature in the lower creation, only that in civilised society as constituted the strong man is often only the possessor of money and the weak the poor. Or the strong may be only the selfish and unscrupulous, while the weak is a man with a conscience. Strength is not necessarily accorded to ability or physical efficiency far less to nobility.

The modern statesman has, therefore, realised that the weak must be protected and the power of wealth for evil must be curtailed; and so we have all those attempts by legislation to provide for the indigent, to help the weak man to struggle against his environment. The owner of capital has often too great a power to dictate the terms on which he will allow of its use; therefore we have factory legislation and such-like to qualify that freedom of contract which as a general principle is essential to liberty and progress. The practical statesman, therefore, believes in private property, but seeks to control it and counteract the evils which come in its train. The Socialist would abolish it, and thereby abolish the main motive of thrift, the main reward of industry, the inducement to individual enterprise, and the sanction which attaches to any penalty on laziness; while he provides no antidote to the inevitable demoralisation of humanity consequent upon taking away the elementary duties of the family—the duty of the father to support himself and his wife and children.

The Socialist assumes that all men are perfect, that the strong will help the weak, that each would do his work to the utmost of his ability for its own sake whether it made any difference to his weekly wage or not, that somehow no one would be favoured, but that each man would be employed in some task for which he was peculiarly fitted. One is inclined to speculate on who would be selected to do all the hard, disagreeable, dirty jobs. It would be well in such a case to have a cousin on the selection committee, or at any rate to keep well in with those wonderful and doubtless incorruptible men. The extreme Individualist, on the other hand, assumes an equality of capacity which is just as ridiculous as the Socialistic theory of humanity. Private property, with well-guarded State control, is the only true *via media* for modern society.

A MOTORIST'S ITINERARY.

ALTERNATIVE MOTOR ROUTES: EDINBURGH TO LONDON.

THE traveller by rail ceases to have any responsibility for his route when set down in a railway carriage save to see that he gets out at his destination. The pedestrian, cyclist, and motorist, moving from one centre to another, must exercise more self-dependence and a good deal more alertness and intelligence in choosing and following out a certain route, in which mistakes can easily be made. If really intelligent, our traveller finds not a little of the pleasure and profit of a journey in reading wisely and well regarding places passed or visited on the way.

Our roads have a literature of their own of growing interest and charm. We have Macmillan's delightful 'Highways and Byways' series, and Mr J. J. Hissey's volumes upon his various driving-tours. William Black's *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, which has fallen into the background, is based on a genuine driving-tour. Mr C. G. Harper has illuminated many of our southern English roads, and in his last book writes about the Manchester to Glasgow road. The route-maps available for cyclists and motorists are innumerable and excellent. Taride of Paris publishes what is quite a model book of its kind, *Les Routes de France*, for three francs, for motorists and cyclists.

The great book for coaching-travellers a hundred years ago and less was *Paterson's Roads*, of which the eighteenth and last edition, edited by Edward Mogg, was issued in 1829. This has been called the best road-book in existence, and the foundation of every other work dealing with roads and distances. It was the standard book for army route-marches. Its compiler, Lieutenant-Colonel Daniel Paterson (1739–1825) was Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec from 1812 till his death, and is buried at Clewer, near Windsor. The page in *Paterson's Roads* is in three columns: the route is in the middle column, with distances to and from a place at the

side, while the outer columns give notes on towns and villages and gentlemen's seats which are passed. The old coach-roads are very clearly outlined in the leading map.

In *Chambers's Journal* for 1903, page 687, there was printed the route of certain pedestrians from London to Edinburgh under the heading, 'Cost of Touring at Home and Abroad.' We give here alternative routes from Edinburgh to London, drawn up by an experienced motorist, which differ slightly from those given in most guides, and avoid, where possible, great manufacturing centres, the visiting of which may not otherwise be desirable.

EAST COAST ROUTE TO LONDON.

Edinburgh.	East Retford.
Haddington.	Tuxford.
Dunbar.	Newark.
Berwick.	Grantham.
Belford.	Colsterworth.
North Charlton.	Stamford.
Alnwick.	Wansford.
Morpeth.	Water Newton.
Newcastle.	Norman Cross.
Chester-le-Street.	Stilton.
Ferryhill.	Alconbury Hill.
Darlington.	Buckden.
Northallerton.	Eaton Socon.
Newsham.	Biggleswade.
Topcliffe.	Baldock.
Boroughbridge.	Stevenage.
Wetherby.	Welwyn.
Aberford.	Hatfield.
Micklefield.	Potter's Bar.
Ferrybridge.	Barnet.
Doncaster.	Finchley.
Bawtry.	Regent's Park.

WEST COAST ROUTE TO LONDON.

Edinburgh.	Todmorden.
Stow.	Elland.
Galashiels.	Huddersfield.
Selkirk.	Barnsley.
Hawick.	Rotherham.
Langholm.	Staveley.
Longtown.	Derby.
Carlisle.	Ashby.
Penrith.	Leicester.
Sedbergh.	Harborough.
Kirkby Lonsdale.	Northampton.
Ingleton.	Wolverton.
Settle.	Leighton Buzzard.
Skipton.	Watford.
Colne.	London.
Burnley.	

For the information of motorists who have not yet run over these two routes here given, our correspondent mentions that he thinks the west coast route the most attractive. The only objectionable town to pass through is Huddersfield, which can be easily avoided. On the east coast route, the road between Dunbar and Berwick-on-Tweed is narrow and very winding, with many sharp turns and blind corners. The country is lovely, but the greatest care should be taken on this road, else an end-on collision is possible. He does not recommend Alnwick as a place to stop over night, although the old Lion Bridge over the Aln and Alnwick Castle are well worth inspection. To negotiate Newcastle requires great caution, particularly the steep hill up through Gateshead. It is a narrow road, the traffic is heavy, and there are cobble-stones and a double tram-line. The motorist is recommended to keep a sprag on in case of being stopped by the traffic; it is awkward starting without this precaution. At Chester-le-Street there is another long hill, and both these towns just mentioned are not beloved of motorists. The road by Wetherby is winding, and must be driven over with caution, but it saves going by York, with its narrow streets and crowded traffic.

A world of meaning lies hidden behind the prosaic-looking names and distances of an itinerary to one familiar with the road. Memories pleasant and unpleasant are awakened, on the whole pleasant and belonging to fuller experience and richer life. Mr Augustine Birrell says truly, 'Time cannot stale an itinerary. Stage-coaches, express trains, motor-cars have written or are now writing their eventful histories over the face of these islands; but whatever changes they have made or are destined to make, they have left untouched the mystery of the road, although for the moment the latest comer may seem injuriously to have affected its majesty.'

SPRING.

Down greening hills the chimes of harebells ringing
Usher in spring on wafted melody,
Over the fields there spreads a silver sea
From tender leaves of birch uptossed in singing;
So sings the grass, that leaps with youthful fire
In every throbbing blade that doth aspire
To mate with laughing blossom fair between
The close-set ranks of meadowland; on high
Delicious hangs the May-bloom; near a sky
Of yearning blue, and exquisite, is seen
The morn's clear crystal eye.

From velvet glades the hidden violet stealing
Perfumes the wind that seeks the primrose star;
Anemones stand, delicate, afar,
On mossy banks their slender forms revealing;
Azaleas glow beneath the darker pine,
Ethereal flame of some bright fire divine;
Quenchless, though topped by balls of fragrant snow,
Drooping o'er laden branch of polished sheen,
Sweet-lipped syringas, twined with lilacs, screen
The sun, too fierce, from lilies set below
In sheaths of tender green.

L. F. S.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

FROM the high political point of view the four countries that are most interesting to Britain at the present time—those that matter most to her now and will inevitably continue to do so for some years—are the United States of America, Germany, France, and Japan. For the moment the first two in some respects stand on a higher plane of importance than the others. A problem of vast consequence is being slowly and surely worked out as between ourselves and America and ourselves and Germany. In the latter case it seems to have been tacitly agreed that there is not room enough on the face of the earth for these two countries pursuing their present policies and ambitions. Wise men say that a war is inevitable. They may be wrong—we hope so. In the game between Britain and Germany most of the cards are now on the table; that between America and Britain has in a sense only just begun, and each side is speculating upon what is in the other's hand. The thoughts and the acts of the great American nation have necessarily always been regarded with a deep and sympathetic interest by the people of this country. Blood, language, general disposition, and commercial interest have bound these countries together as no others more independent of each other could ever have been. Now there is a feeling that of all the years that any of us have lived through this present one is destined to be the most interesting and anxious one for Britain in her view of the United States. There is a variety of circumstances combining to make it so, chiefly the American disposition towards Japan and the despatch of her fleet to the Pacific side. There is also the general trend of American politics and thought; and there is, as a minor incident, if such it can be called, the presidential election coming on. Now, there was a private dinner-party in London lately, at which there was an American guest of considerable importance, and in the course of the evening there was a conversation across the table between him and an Englishman of corresponding importance, which was pointed to a degree—strictly friendly, of course, but candid. The foregoing remarks were as the premises of this conversation, and the American had opened a contest by suggesting what he held to be certain signs of decadence in the British nation. Thereupon the Englishman, who had much knowledge of what he was talking about, retorted with a view of the United States which is worth reproducing, right or wrong. This is the gist of what he said: 'Europe is losing faith in the American character. In what other country of first-class civilisation in the world is it possible at the present time for the perpetrator of a cold-blooded, deliberate murder to escape from proper justice by means of his cheque-book alone, being a man of no national consequence? I tell you, sir, that that incident damages America in the eyes of her friends as scarcely anything else has done within the last twenty years. It indicated a lack of conscience, of principle, and virtue. We merely smile at your frivolity when we hear of your rich people spending thousands of pounds in freak-dinners and filling your ballrooms with butterflies. We are merely amused at the manner in which your rich families pay prices in money and flesh and blood for foreign titles which as a nation you are supposed to despise. But this other is a more serious matter and provokes more thought. It is a travesty of national justice which, as indicative of a certain national weakness, can only be likened to the Dreyfus affair, incongruous as such a comparison may be in most other respects. Outwardly you are the friends of England; but what is more popular in America than an attack in words upon England? One of the most irresponsible of your public men, but nevertheless a fairly typical American, and one who has ambitions towards your presidency, declared lately, "The deeds of England have always been detrimental to this country, and the intelligent citizens of this nation know that England would be as ready to encourage Orientals to make war on this country to-day as she was to incite the Indians to murder the wives and children of the colonists in

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the days of our struggle for independence." Admitting that these words were foolish and a gross exaggeration of American feeling, there is the fact that they were uttered for a political purpose, and that it was shrewdly felt they would be popular. Is the twaddle that you talk about your Monroe Doctrine sincere? Most of your people do not understand it, but believe in it blindly as a religion. It will soon have to be thrown overboard. You remember what Balzac said in one of his stories: "There are no such things as principles, there are only events; and there are no laws but those of expediency. A man of talent accepts events and the circumstances in which he finds himself, and turns everything to his own ends. If laws and principles were fixed and invariable nations would not change them as readily as we change our shirts." That may be simple common-sense—almost a platitude; but it is well that a nation should decently hide its attachment to such a creed. America is at the parting of the ways. This is the most momentous period in her history. She should be the happiest nation on earth; but her riches have spoiled her. She has had one war lately—a little war. If she should plunge into a big one it might do her good as a nation—wars always do a nation good, even though they make it poorer; but she will never recover her old position though she be a hundred times victorious. It will be a new America.' There was a vigorous reply, and then the conversation was turned into another channel.

* * *

The people of towns do really seem to open their souls to the spring when it comes; and never was springtime more welcome than it is this year, after a not very terrible winter, but one that succeeded chilly weather that had been in progress for nearly a year. There is something that is really pathetic in the joy and the ignorance with which spring is greeted by the townsman—the man of the really big and tightly packed city whose little world of still nature is comprised in a plot of clay measuring thirty feet by twenty at the back of his suburban residence. But pale-faced people who see the country-side only rarely are, after all, supremely happy in their nature-loving on the small scale, and they have a true and honest delight in watching the budding of the more or less famous trees that are to be found in sequestered corners of the City, which are regarded as the joint and precious property of the workers there. Into the spirit of spring, then, the townsmen enter most whole-heartedly. Let the sun but shine for an hour through the overhead haze, and the tailors will tell you that there are then certain signs that things are about to 'look up,' for young men—and old ones too—have been in to ask about the spring fashions and to take a look at the spring cloths. The coming of the spring flowers to the big town is one of the events of the year. We were informed lately that a single steamer had carried forty-eight tons of flowers from the Scilly Isles to Penzance, and that thence they had been transported by Great Western train to London for Covent Garden. In these forty-eight tons there were comprised six thousand packages, and these again were made up of twelve thousand boxes of every kind of daffodil and narcissus that the growers know of. It is something of a procession of spring when all these blooms are being wheeled along in great vans, twenty-five of them, to the flower-market at Covent Garden, and a high festival of it when the boxes are untopped and the floral wealth of the Scillies is laid bare. We have said that every variety of these flowers that the growers are acquainted with is thus sent along by boat and railway to decorate the tables of rich and poor alike; and having earlier hinted that there is a pathetic side to this townsman's love for the beautiful simplicities of nature, let it be said that soon after the flowers come up from the islands and the country there are being sold in the streets real flowers of apparent varieties that no grower ever did know of. The flower-faker has been at work, and he has produced specimens that he is able to sell readily and at good prices because he persuades his customers that they are so uncommon, so very rare—rare, indeed! He puts the stems of the bonny yellow daffodils into an aniline dye, and thereafter the flowers are a brilliant scarlet, and he sells them as the rare scarlet daffodils, the like of which, as his customers do not know, never grew from soil. He takes white carnations and again dips the stalks into another solution, and the dye runs through the stem and by a semi-natural process tinges the petals and makes a green carnation—which is a thing that nature never yet has done. The dyed flowers are sold for ten times as much as those that are plain, and they are given fancy names of their own, such as, in the case of the daffodils, 'Enfield Scarlet,' and so forth. To those who are deceived it does not matter much perhaps, but to others who know the truth there is something that is a little revolting in this process of painting the lily. Are all readers aware of the fact that there are constantly flowers produced out of season by chloroforming and etherising the plants until they are, as it were, insensible to the regular order of things, frantically hasten to the ripeness of their life, and then die? Or that from a plant that is not due to flower for a month or so the floral doctor will produce blossoms almost immediately? These processes are simple and certain, and are constantly in use; but so far as we are aware they have not yet been put to any extensive commercial application on account of their expense. We believe that it was a Dr Johannsen of Copenhagen who first experimented with these processes. He had noticed that after a period of repose plants displayed more than usual activity, and his idea, therefore, was to inflict upon them a completer repose than usual, out of the normal season for it, too, and then afterwards to stimulate them in every way possible. So for forty-eight hours he submitted them to the vapour of ether, which virtually deadened

them and suspended their animation for the time being, and after that he placed them in a forcing-house, with the ultimate result that the blooms came in half the time that they did on the unforced plants. Lilacs—and especially a variety known as the Charles X., a difficult one to force—azaleas, lilies of the valley, and others have been treated in this way with the most successful results. Since then Mr T. Jannoch of Dersingham, in Norfolk, has experimented extensively on the same lines, with the result that he showed that periods of from one to two months, according to the plant, could be gained from these processes—that is to say, the very earliest results of forcing of the ordinary kind could be anticipated to this extent by ether, and he himself once triumphed to the extent of producing a laburnum bloom at Christmas.

* * *

And in the spring, too, as has been suggested already, we hear of the fancy of men turning with greater zest than is commonly the case to the question of new colours and fashions—fashions in clothes. If we were to believe half that we are told in the months of March and April we should come to the conclusion that at last there was to come about in the fashionable quarters the long-promised renaissance of the dandy, but the hopes of those who wish for it are doomed very soon to die out again. Britishers are constantly becoming duller and more morose in the matter of their clothes. Their carelessness in this respect seems sometimes to amount to affectation. Perhaps at the present time the average person has too much confidence in the idea that the man is the man for all that—for all the garments in which he may be arrayed—and that his fellows have an extraordinary power of discernment which enables them to see through the poor quality of a stranger's garb to the merits of his mind and character; indeed, it was said by a smart young man, who paid twelve guineas for his simplest suits, of a certain City magnate of colossal wealth and great notoriety for his shabby attire, that his ostentation in this last matter was the height of vulgarity, and there was a good meaning in the remark beyond that which appears on the surface. Many men, perhaps, do not look at the question of dress quite in the way that would be most advantageous to them, and some fancy that the tailors themselves have these matters in their control; but they are wrong. An even commoner delusion is that the King sets the fashion to his people. Probably His Majesty has no desire to influence the sartorial tastes of his male subjects; and it is a curious fact that he certainly does influence the young men of other countries more than he does his own. If it were cabled to Paris that he had been seen wearing a white necktie with green spots there would not be a smart young man who would be happy to be seen in the Bois or on the Boulevards without a white necktie with green spots, and the Paris tradesmen would be in desperation to meet the demand. And so elsewhere. A few years back, when His Majesty was at Marienbad, he appeared constantly in red ties, and instantly the fashion for such was made in Vienna, and it spread rapidly to other Continental cities, where one might have seen shop-windows full of this scarlet neckwear with labels intimating that it was of the manner of King Edward. But it is not the case in London, despite the fact that there is a constant interest in His Majesty's attire. The recent vogue of the Homburg hat is ascribed to the example of the first gentleman; but it is forgotten that the example was set many years ago, and that another example from the same high quarter—one that has been quite as often set on suitable occasions, being those of the utmost unconventionality—in favour of the Tyrolese hat with a feather in it, has been persistently ignored. What also about the tall white hats for summer wear, and the brown bowlers? And the dainty idea of the links that hold the front of a frock-coat? His Majesty introduced the white vest slip, and he is constantly responsible, so it is believed, for such changes as take place in the shape of the black silk hat; but it almost ends at that. Yet it is well known that the King's taste and practice in these matters is the most perfect. Once upon a time we came by some curious and interesting facts, thoroughly authenticated, concerning His Majesty's wardrobe. There is a delusion about, especially abroad, that he never wears the same suit twice, which is manifestly absurd when it is reflected that he generally changes his attire about three times a day, and that, if the story were true, this would mean that he would need more than a thousand new suits in the course of each year, at a cost of upwards—as it has been reckoned by those who know—of ten thousand pounds. The truth is that he has about thirty new suits in each year, and that at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and Sandringham he keeps a stock of about two hundred of them. When new ones are added to it there are old ones discarded, and these are generally regarded as the perquisites of his two assistant valets. The King has a wonderfully complete wardrobe of suits for wear in the special circumstances of his Continental sojourns; and as on these occasions he does seldom wear the same suit twice, time being short and clothes many, this no doubt is the origin of the legend that has been mentioned. It goes without saying that the workmanship put into all the things that the King wears is the finest of its kind. There is a man in St James's Street who has the honour of making the kingly boots, and he will tell you that he pays fourteen or fifteen shillings to the workman who merely attaches the soles to the uppers!

* * *

There have already been several most entertaining books of memoirs published this year, but none to which the description better applies than to the *Rambling Recollections* of that excellent diplomat, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, who brings a fine memory and an easy pen to the narration of

some of the most interesting incidents of a great and most varied experience. He is not at liberty to tell all that he knows, but he tells much. There are hundreds of excellent stories that are personal strictly to himself, but some of the best are others that he has picked up in his gossips here and there. There are a couple about Mr Labouchere that are most entertaining. On one occasion, while Mr Labouchere was still an unpaid attaché—most people in these days have almost forgotten that he was in the diplomatic service for a matter of ten years—he was directed to go to Constantinople, and his application for travelling expenses was refused on some petty technical ground. He started, but nothing more was heard of him for several weeks, and the Foreign Office telegraphed half over Europe in search of him, paying particular attention to such out-of-the-way corners as Corfu, where a diplomat might secrete himself. They found him at last at Dresden; and when asked for an explanation he said that as he had been refused his travelling expenses he had had to make the journey to Constantinople on foot, and that at length, exhausted and footsore, he was forced to recover himself at Dresden. The other story concerns the time when he was attaché at Frankfort. He was once playing a game of whist against a very high German functionary, sitting on his left. Mr Labouchere led a small card, and it was a lead that turned out excellently, so that he won the remainder of the tricks. The Minister thereupon remarked, 'Well, Mr Labouchere, you won the game by leading that card; but there was no earthly reason, according to the rules of the game, why you should have done so. You, therefore, have won the rubber by accident.' To which Mr Labouchere answered, 'I had a very good reason for leading that card.' The Minister asked what it was. 'We will have a bet,' said Mr Labouchere, 'that my reason was a good one.' The bet was therefore made that the lead had been justified by the rules of the game. 'Now,' asked the German Minister, 'what was your reason?' Mr Labouchere's reply was, 'I had seen your hand!'

* * *

There was an account in these pages recently of some of those strange coincidences of meetings and events which we encounter occasionally, and are so remarkable that they sometimes make even the most matter-of-fact and phlegmatic person pause to wonder whether they are to be passed as mere coincidences. The account we have spoken of has caused an Edinburgh reader to send to us one of a coincidence with which he was personally concerned, being not less astonishing than others of its kind. He tells of it as follows: 'On a Sunday morning last summer three gentlemen, strangers to me, came to St Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, where Dr Cameron Lees gave an eloquent sermon on "The Marriage of Cana." I gave the gentlemen seats beside me. After the service one of them turned to me and related the following strange facts: "Seven years ago we three gentlemen quite accidentally met in the Royal Hotel, Princes Street, on a Saturday night. We all came from Cardiff, but had no knowledge beforehand of each other's movements. We came together to St Giles's on the Sunday morning, and heard Dr Lees preach. Last night we three, without any previous knowledge of what we were severally doing, and without any premeditation, met again in the same hotel. Until then we had not met since the first time seven years ago. We thereupon arranged to come again to St Giles's. We have done so, and we have heard the same sermon—or at least a sermon on the same subject—by the same preacher, in the same place."' Such a coincidence savours of the miraculous.

* * *

We hear almost daily now of the crisis in the diamond-trade, and men who are good authorities tell us that we shall continue to do so for a long time to come. These finest of gems are too dear, money is too scarce, and, what is perhaps more to the point, the people of means do not seem to care quite so much for diamonds as they used to do. For ages they have been the most coveted and costly of all stones, and men and women of pretensions to fashion or riches were not happy unless they made some show of them in their personal adornment. Even so recently as a year ago it was being declared that the demand for diamonds was never so great as then. The change has come suddenly. Financial depression has given many people the excuse to say that diamonds have become vulgar, and that it were better in point of taste to deck one's self with some other less glittering and less expensive gems. But before this came about one did not fail to notice that diamonds were being relinquished by classes of people who had formerly been most devoted to them. A diamond ring on a man's finger is a much rarer thing now than it was fifteen or twenty years ago, and a shirt-stud mounted with one of the stones is comparatively seldom seen. If for a decade or two the gentler sex have been increasing their adornment, the sum of human display has been kept down by the circumstance that the men have been receding farther and farther from a disposition towards dandyism, and rarely in any age or in any country have they thought less of showy personal appearance than they do in Britain at the present time. And once upon a time people used to buy diamonds as a kind of investment; but they do less of that now, and it seems evident that the immediate present at all events is the wrong time to make purchases if any ideas of this kind are entertained, for prices are abnormally high, and dealers in their confidential moments will tell you that they must come down again if the market is to be in any measure restored. Some years ago a good one-carat stone was to be bought for a matter of from fifteen to twenty pounds; but at the present time thirty or forty would be needed to purchase it. Many private persons who bought

cheap are now quite likely selling, or trying to sell, dear, and certainly during the recent financial troubles this has been much done in America, where there is most trade in diamonds. Nothing used to delight the wealthy American so much as to buy the most expensive gems he could discover for the decoration of his lady, and now and again the desire held him to make himself the possessor of some really extraordinary stone which should be handed down through generations as a family heirloom, originated by himself, the founder of his house. But there is also less of this being done; and there is a story abroad to the effect that the embarrassment of a great American firm has been largely due to its having in its possession, and not being able to get rid of, the famous Hope diamond. This diamond had had an eventful history when it was acquired by the firm in question many years ago for fifty thousand pounds with a view to its quick sale at a handsome profit. But it has been lying in the vaults ever since. Possible purchasers have come along from time to time, and considered buying it; but when negotiations were some way advanced a hitch always occurred, and thus the celebrated gem has been lying all this while hidden in the dealer's cellar. An authority to be respected hinted to us recently that it was more than possible that among a large class of people the fear of the future manufacture of diamonds by scientific processes had had the effect of keeping them from placing much money in the natural stones. If there is anything in this suggestion, it seems as if an excess of caution is being exercised by such persons; but, then, never was the virtue of caution so much reverenced as it is to-day, when there seems to be stability in nothing of the old standard of value.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XX.—M. DUCLOS AGAIN.

IN the meantime events were occurring in London destined to exert a very disquieting influence on Jack's love-affairs.

Denise had fallen into the habit of long and lonely walks, signs of the distressed mood of feeling in which she lived. She was returning home alone one stormy February evening. The sky was full of black and hurrying clouds; the ill-made pavements were muddy; the air was dark with wind-driven fog. Through a rent in the fog her quick eye caught a glimpse of the figure of a man that seemed oddly familiar, and somehow stirred vague, disquieting memories. The same figure reappeared persistently. Some one, it was clear, was following her. A link, in old-fashioned style, flamed beside the door of her uncle's house, and in its flickering light Denise turned and recognised the dark features of M. Duclos.

'I must talk with you,' he said hurriedly and in suppressed tones. 'I have come all the way from Paris to see you.'

'Come in, then,' said Denise, pointing to the door of the house.

He shook his head.

'They are no friends to me in that house. London itself would be perilous if I were known. You must meet me to-morrow at that address;' and he pressed a folded paper into her hand.

Denise hesitated. She plainly was not anxious to renew her acquaintance with her mother's quondam major-domo.

'You need not fear,' said M. Duclos with a bitter smile. 'This is not Paris.'

'I am not afraid,' Denise answered proudly.

'Come,' he said, dropping his voice, 'if you value your mother's memory;' and without a word of farewell M. Duclos disappeared in the fog and gloom.

In Denise's ears that plea—her mother's memory—was irresistible, and she resolved to go.

It was a street off Trafalgar Square, a neighbourhood even at that time the haunt of foreigners. Denise had to climb one flight of stairs after another till she reached the little room occupied by M. Duclos. Her feelings of distrust deepened as she looked afresh at the saturnine face, the chilly and evasive eyes, of that gentleman. He apologised in half-ashamed fashion for his lodgings.

'Paris is dangerous just now, so for a time I have left it. The guillotine goes too quickly,' he added with a shiver, 'and it is beginning to cut off the wrong heads.'

Denise understood. He had been caught by some fierce eddy in the current of events. His enemies were in power, and he had fled to save his life. Denise offered no comment on this, but asked briefly, 'What have you to tell me about my mother?'

M. Duclos hesitated before he replied. He looked at Denise's face. This was no longer the sensitive child of bygone years; she was a woman, with a woman's wit and more than a woman's courage, and the steady eyes were not too friendly.

'You must have known,' he said at last, 'that there was some tie betwixt your mother and myself. Have you never wondered what it might be? She was my sister, and I am your closest living kinsman.'

Denise was not unprepared for some such revelation. That some unacknowledged tie existed betwixt the two she was sure. But yet, as she looked afresh at the dark face of M. Duclos, and his restless, shifting eyes, she doubted.

'I have only your word for that,' she said; 'and,

sister or no sister, you abandoned my mother when she was in peril, even if you did not betray her.' And Denise's eyes kindled with anger as she remembered.

'Never!' cried M. Duclos with energy. 'She would not be advised. She took her own way, and I had to take mine. It was every one for himself,' he added sullenly.

'Let that pass, then. What is the story about my mother you have to tell?'

M. Duclos hesitated afresh as his eyes dwelt on Denise's face. She had subtly and strangely changed.

'I intend,' he said slowly at last, 'to tell the story my own way and in my own time. But,' he went on fiercely, 'I want money. I can play a great part in Paris still if I have it. These English are rich, and you can get money from them. You are entitled to five thousand pounds, at least, from them. It was in both wills, and they could not refuse to pay it.'

'In both wills?'

'Yes; both in the will that was signed and in the unsigned will. They are robbing you if you have not got that money.'

'Was only one will signed?' asked Denise, who felt that she was groping her way through some mist thick with falsehood.

'Yes; and it gave your mother everything. That young cub was left with only one hundred pounds a year;' and M. Duclos grinned with disappointed malice. 'They must give you five thousand pounds,' he went on, 'if only as conscience-money.'

Denise looked at him with steady gaze.

'On what grounds was the will disputed?' she asked suddenly.

'They pretended that the signature,' said M. Duclos reluctantly, 'was got by a trick.'

'But if the will was good why did you not take it into the courts?'

'Well,' he replied sullenly, 'what chance of justice had a Frenchman in an English law-court?'

'Oh!' cried Denise, 'Robert Lawrence is the most honest man in the world; and if he rejected the will there *was* a trick in it, M. Duclos. And was his son to have only one hundred pounds a year? Then it was a trick to rob the orphan boy. It was a trick, and it must have been yours. You invented it; you were to profit by it. My poor mother was only a tool.'

M. Duclos tried to check the torrent of Denise's anger, but it was in vain.

'I would give you everything if I believed you, and if it would help France. But you want it to help yourself and some dark scheme you have in hand. I will give you nothing. Nay, it is not mine to give. It is stolen money; it burns my very hands;' and she turned away, leaving M. Duclos an image of angry and defeated craft.

Poor Denise! As she hurried, with stumbling feet and white face, down the stairs, she felt that here was a new shame, and this time it was personal. In the background of her mind already was the sense that in her mother's wedded life was some shameful secret that stained the honour and broke the heart of her husband. If that were the case, her relationship with the Lawrence family began in a tragedy. And now it was clear there was added an element of crime, or at least of attempted crime—crime of a sordid sort, with mere plunder as its object. There must have been an attempt to cheat the senses of the dying man and to rob his orphan boy. Poor Jack! And she had been beguiled into taking part of his money!

This, it seemed to the distressed girl, was the wrong repeated in a new and subtler form. That the legacy appeared in both wills conveyed to her mind no clear meaning. In any case, neither will was valid. It was Jack's money; she could not take such a sum from her lover, and after such a history. And yet she *had* taken it. She kindled with what, it must be confessed, was somewhat unreasonable anger against him.

'He ought to have known I could not take it,' she said over to herself again and again. Here was a new shame, and this time it touched herself.

But Denise was a girl of clear intelligence and of rare courage. She kept her own counsel, and showed no outward signs of troubled feeling when she returned. But that night, as the family group sat reading or working by the fireside, she said quietly, 'Uncle, did you prove father's will?'

'No,' he answered in surprise.

'Why was not that done?'

'Well, the will'—and he hesitated—'it was—well—irregular—and so was laid aside by consent. Jack administered the estate as the only son.'

'But could you put aside a will merely on account of some irregularity?'

'Well, my dear, the irregularity was pretty bad.'

Denise was silent for a few minutes. Then she asked, 'What right have I to that five thousand pounds you received and invested for me?'

'Your step-father meant you to have it, my dear. Do you think Jack would not do what his father wished?'

'What did the irregular will say about my mother?'

'Do not trouble your pretty head,' said Robert Lawrence impatiently, 'about a document that was no will at all.'

'Wasn't it signed?' persisted Denise.

'Yes, but by mistake.'

'Did the irregular will give my mother nothing?'

Robert Lawrence grew uncomfortable. 'Don't bring up that ghost of a will,' he repeated.

'Did it not give her everything?' Denise persisted. 'And, if it did, why do you want to put it aside? Why did my mother consent to its being put aside? Oh, you good, dear uncle!' she broke out, 'I know everything. I understand how good you have been. That will was a fraud, a trick,' she went on indignantly, 'intended to cheat Jack. But'—and her voice trembled—'my mother knew

nothing of it. She *could* have known nothing of it. It was the trick of M. Duclos.'

Robert Lawrence doubted the complete innocency of her mother, while his wife had no doubt at all as to her entire complicity; but both respected the girl's confidence in her dead mother's goodness.

She was looking at them both with questioning eyes. 'Don't you believe that?' she asked.

'My dear,' exclaimed Mrs Lawrence with alarmed readiness, 'of course we believe everything you say.'

'That scoundrel,' said Robert Lawrence, 'was capable of everything. But I won't talk about the will any more. It is unprofessional. The whole thing is dead and buried.'

'But I must talk of it. The five thousand pounds is Jack's money, and it is a gift to me. You did not mean it as a charity, I know. But I cannot take it. You are good to me; oh, so good! I shall love you always, and love you the more for the very thing that pains me.'

Mrs Lawrence by this time had her arms round the girl's neck and was kissing her.

'You must let me go,' cried Denise. 'The money would scorch me. I must earn my own living.'

'But if Jack takes back his wretched five thousand pounds, that is no reason why you should leave us,' said Robert Lawrence. 'This is your home. What will Jack say?'

'He has no right to say anything. He has not bought me.'

Mrs Lawrence at this point astonished her husband by saying, 'If your heart is set on it, my dear, you shall go.' She read with clearer insight than her husband the tumult of the girl's feelings.

'One woman,' she said when he reproached her later, 'understands another.'

'Denise does not understand herself,' replied Robert Lawrence in vexed tones.

'That is true, but I understand her. She is sore at heart. Her self-respect is wounded.'

Mrs Lawrence was the most energetically practical of women. Work, she knew, was a tonic even for grief; a succession of fresh incidents and faces, she wisely judged, would serve as a wholesome medicine for the sore mind of Denise. So she set herself to find comfortable lodgings for her, and amongst her friends secured her half-a-dozen pupils in French, music, &c. But Robert Lawrence insisted that he should see the face of Denise at his dinner-table almost as often as ever, and he listened to her exquisite music in the lazy after-dinner hours as frequently as before. Jack Lawrence might find that Denise had moved out of his circle when he returned, but Robert Lawrence would consent to no such loss.

(To be continued.)

ORCA AND DOLPHIN.

By J. O. Byrne.

AUSTRALASIA is developing some curious relationships between its people and certain of the denizens of the deep. Efforts to have the relationships sanctioned and supported by law have been lately made in respect to the orca, popularly known as the 'killer' on the coast of New South Wales, and to a dolphin or porpoise known as 'Pelorus Jack' in New Zealand. In the latter case the law has reached the statute book, and any one attempting to capture or injure 'Pelorus Jack' is liable to a fine of one hundred pounds.

There are many varieties of the orca or grampus, but those chiefly seen about the coast of Australia are the *ater* and *rectipenna*. The orca gladiator is fond of the colder waters to the south, and seldom strays far from polar ice. They are all fierce creatures. They are often referred to as tigers, and for energy, rapidity of motion, and ferocity are well entitled to be so called. But their local term 'killer' has more immediate significance, especially in the whaling industry. That industry is not now what it one time was along the eastern coast of Australia; but still it is followed by a considerable number of persons, and most of the fisherfolk about Twofold Bay, in the south-eastern part, derive their chief subsistence from the capture of whales at certain seasons. It is these who have petitioned the authorities to protect the 'killer' from capture or destruction, and here is the reason.

Whales are, for instance, seen disporting themselves off Waverley or Bondi in the early morning or afternoon. They find good feeding-grounds near the coast as far north as Newcastle. They are playful monsters in their own region, and come so near shore that their gambolling, spouting, and sounding often constitute an exhibition to spectators from the land. Sometimes a 'thresher' comes on the scene and a marine battle ensues. That militant creature leaps into the air and strikes down upon the whale's back with extraordinary force and precision. Both usually disappear on the impact. But in a little the whale is seen to rise in a state of considerable excitement. The 'thresher' is now attacking from underneath. The whale, to escape the attack, imitates the action of the thresher, and in turn leaps out of the water. The entire body of the whale may be occasionally seen above the surface of the water. The sound of the splash of an eighty-foot whale as it falls back into its native element is heard at a great distance, and the commotion is seen in the sea over a large area of foam-capped water. To get rid of his tormentor

the whale instinctively makes for the open sea. In situations such as described he generally succeeds in getting away. He 'sounds' in the deep ocean, and if the 'thresher' follows him the fight is not visible to those on land. This method of escape followed by the whale is just what the 'killer' sets himself instinctively to circumvent. He sets himself not only to prevent escape into deep water, but to drive his enemy into a shallow bay or estuary. The passage outward is, so to say, policed. The 'killers' work in packs. Sometimes as many as twenty join in a single enterprise. They come on a whale disporting himself near the coast, as already mentioned, and proceed strategically to deal wit. him. A cordon is formed on the ocean side, and when he rushes thither he is met by half-a-dozen of his comparatively small but savage enemies. When he attempts to 'sound' he finds a similar pack beneath. They are from twelve to twenty feet long. They spring at him, catch some soft part with their teeth, and hang on like bulldogs. A favourite hold is the lips. Sometimes two or three hang on to a huge, flabby lip at one time. Several vie to catch the whale's tongue, which they tear out if they are able. But they tenaciously cling to any part they can sink their teeth in, and it happens that when the tortured whale springs into the air he is seen to carry with him a number of his enemies fastened to one part or another of his body.

The ultimate object is to drag him to the bottom in shallow water, where they may feast on his carcass. There are several inlets along the coast of New South Wales which seem suitable for this purpose, but the 'killers' have a preference for Twofold Bay; and though they sight the whale many miles to north or south, they strive to drive him to that particular spot. A whale sometimes allows himself to be easily driven. After a few abortive dashes for the open ocean, he takes the line of least resistance and heads for the bay, quite unsuspicious of the fate awaiting him. In such cases the orcas come along behind, intent only on seeing that he makes no unnecessary delay. In the bay are the fishermen in whaling-boats, with lances and harpoons ready. News is generally sent from up or down the coast when a whale in custody of a pack of 'killers' is descried, and the men in the bay get ready for work. It may, of course, be a coincidence that orcas and men work into each other's interest; but I have seen many of these combinations of forces, and can understand why the popular opinion goes further. When the orcas imprison the whale they guard the mouth of the bay and leave the principal part of the killing to the boatmen. They show no fear of the boatmen or their lances or harpoons, some of them drifting around the tossing and plunging enemy with manifestations of enjoyment such as dogs exhibit on the hunting-field when the quarry has been run to earth. At any rate, the fisherfolk are fully convinced that the orcas act in well-understood partnership with them. The orcas' share is the offal and other remains of the carcass when the whalers have removed the valuable parts.

Hence the appeal to the Government to have the orca protected by law from the molestation of persons who do not know its uses. The Fisheries Board of New South Wales has given the subject consideration, but finds its power limited by definitions. The orca is a warm-blooded aquatic animal, and not a fish; and now the attempt is made to have it included under the Act which protects native animals. The word 'native,' however, in the Act is found a stumbling-block.

The case of 'Pelorus Jack' is different, inasmuch as he has been legislated for on sentimental rather than on practical grounds. He is a dolphin of the *Grampus griseus* family, though some little local doubt exists as to his exact place in his large zoological circle. He came from the Antarctic Sea, and is supposed to be the only survivor of a school of dolphins that visited New Zealand in 1848. Whether the rest died or returned to the Antarctic is not known; but for nearly sixty years Jack has stuck steadily to one stretch of sea, and nearly forty years ago began to be noticed for his attachment to certain ships that entered Pelorus Sound. When a ship makes for the Pass, Jack gets in front and spontaneously indulges in a series of rolls, dives, and entertaining gymnastics. He is a large fish, fully fourteen feet long, with a blunt nose and humped forehead. He has a high fin and narrow tail. Because of his colour and the wales or scratches on his back and sides he has been called the 'leper fish.' The colour is bluish white, tinged with yellow, and the excoriations are probably the result of age and wounds, but some defend the use of the word 'leper' on the ground of his having been apparently expelled from his class. Innumerable attempts were made in the early times to hook or harpoon him; rifles have been fired at him; but he enjoyed a charmed life against these attacks. Then came a period in which seamen began to surround him with superstitious reverence. They always encountered him about the same place, he behaved in the same entertaining manner, and manifested the same jovial spirit of friendliness. The seamen accordingly took him under their protection. Moreover, he was found to be a very good pilot. He marked the course of the channel as he conducted his performances. For many years he has been looked for by every incoming vessel, and welcomed as an omen of good luck. Two years ago, although public opinion was strong enough to guarantee Jack's safety, an Order in Council was passed declaring him immune from attack, and placing a penalty on offenders.

THE DEAN'S DILEMMA.

By Edward John Prior.

THE Dean of Tilchester Cathedral sat in his cosy study, surrounded by shelves laden with the books he loved. He was engaged on the draft of one of those sermons in which orthodox truths were cleverly intermixed with much criticism—pointed satirical criticism—of both local and national evils.

These 'social sermons' of the Dean were making him famous. Regarding certain national questions he had occasionally 'said things' which had been deemed worthy of headlines in the morning papers, but his strictures on certain local and parochial affairs had in some cases been warmly resented. A plain man might have thought the Dean to be rather meddlesome, and at this particular time there is no denying that the youths at Tilchester College, of which the Dean was chaplain, and other young men in the town were feeling rather sore about his criticisms. Nevertheless, they loved the Dean, for he possessed certain sportsman-like qualities which made him in most things one of themselves.

He was alone and quiet, for the hour was very late—how late he had not troubled to find out, for he was deep in his work. As his big body bent over the desk, on which a steady light was thrown by a shaded reading-lamp, he looked much older than his fifty years. His hair was gray and his clean-shaven face had many thoughtful lines.

Suddenly he ceased writing, laid his pen down, and sat upright. Faintly he heard the sound of some one stirring in the next room. There was the click of a lock and a light but perceptible footfall. The next apartment was the dining-room, and in the ordinary way no one would be there at that late hour. The household, he knew, had retired to rest some time ago. He sat for a moment and wondered who the intruder might be.

The Dean, though a man of peace, did not lack physical courage. He rose deliberately from his chair, took the lamp in his hand, and threw open the study door. The hall was in darkness, but the Dean became conscious that in the darkness there was something which moved. He turned his lamp round quickly, and saw in the yellow glare of the light a man wearing the broad-arrow uniform of a convict—a young man with a thin, pale face, and eyes which seemed to reflect more sorrow than ferocity.

The Dean started, and then a smile crept to his lips—an inscrutable smile which would have told the convict nothing even if he had seen it. 'You have escaped from the jail,' the Dean said. 'You have—er—burglariously entered my house seeking to find food and clothes and anything else. A veritable thief in the night. Isn't that so?'

The man's voice was hoarse. 'Only food and clothes,' he murmured; but'—— He paused and looked around.

'Come in here,' said the Dean, seized with a sudden inspiration.

'Perhaps,' said the man, 'if you will let me go I'll make no trouble.'

The Dean drew himself up, fiercely restraining a desire to laugh. 'No, no—I insist,' he said. He stepped back, still holding the lamp aloft, and the man, after a quick, nervous glance to right and left, followed him. 'Sit down.' The Dean succeeded in making his voice firm.

Again there was a nervous hesitation on the part of the convict; but he did as he was told, sinking into the Dean's easy-chair with the air of a tired man. 'I don't know what you intend to do,' he said; 'but I have taken none of your property. Give me some refreshment, and, if you will, let me go out into the night again. I ask you not to give me up, but I—I expect you will. Give me something to eat, and if you will you can then call for assistance.' Having spoken, the man closed his eyes with the air of a man who is a stranger to sleep.

The Dean took a box of biscuits from a sideboard. 'Eat some of these,' he said, 'and if you will promise not to move I will fetch you something more appetising.'

The man nodded readily and helped himself to a biscuit.

As the Dean left the room his smile came perilously near to a chuckle. In a few seconds he returned with a cold chicken, some bread, and a bottle of wine.

The man murmured his thanks, and attacked the food with an amount of vigour which even the Dean found astonishing. Meanwhile the latter made himself busy with a corkscrew.

'Admirable!' he said to himself. He sat down and drew from his pocket a crumpled note which had been delivered the previous day. As he read he nodded and smiled, and occasionally he turned one twinkling eye upon his visitor, who seemed to recognise that he was in the hands of a superior force.

'What is the time?' asked the man presently, pushing away the plate from which he had partaken of a substantial meal.

'I'm afraid it is late,' answered the Dean, consulting his watch. 'A quarter past two, to be precise. I have a weakness for late hours.'

'To which weakness, coupled with more admirable qualities, I owe my excellent supper,' said the man with a calmness which was remarkable.

The Dean coughed. 'I'm afraid,' he said, replacing the letter in his pocket, 'I'm not quite so disinterested as I seem.'

The man gave him a quick glance. 'Ah! you have telephoned to the police, then?'

'No, no.' The Dean extended his hands. 'You quite misunderstand me. I haven't a telephone in the house, and to call a servant would—er—rather interfere with the carrying out of my object.'

The strange visitor stared at his host. He also glanced at the door. It was locked.

The Dean observed him closely. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have ventured to lock the door for the sake of privacy; also, to discourage any desire on your part for an immediate departure. I do not think you are quite yourself to-night, and you might be rash enough to run out into the night again. With those clothes you are wearing you might excite some serious misunderstanding in the breasts of ordinarily peaceful citizens.'

The man stirred uneasily. 'Pray tell me your little—your object in befriending me so far. Unless I misjudge you, sir, you are not the man to delight in torturing a fellow-creature; least of all when that fellow-creature happens to be a hunted convict, innocent of the offence for which he was convicted.'

Again a ghost of a smile played round the features of the Dean. He found the phrase a 'hunted convict' singing in his ears. 'Not at all,' he said; 'but am I wrong in presuming you to be an educated man?'

'In that you are correct,' was the reply.

There was something in the man's manner of speaking which appealed to the Dean. 'He is really admirable,' he murmured to himself. To the man in the chair he said, 'Your being an educated man may help you to appreciate, even though your views have been somewhat narrowed recently'—he dwelt fondly on the words—'what is in my mind. You may possibly have heard of me. I am the Dean of Tilchester Cathedral.'

The man nodded politely, but his eyes retained that curious expression of mingled sorrow and indifference which so interested the Dean.

'As the Dean of Tilchester,' went on the reverend gentleman, 'I am brought into touch with all sorts of people. Please don't think I am saying anything personal now. Some of my duties are not pleasant, but you will understand they are duties and therefore not to be disregarded. I make a point of knowing all my congregation personally, or as many as I can get to know; and recently, as even you may have heard, I have been preaching a series of sermons and giving lectures—portions of which have been reported in the newspapers—designed to throw light not only on burning social questions, but on some of the lesser weaknesses of mankind. These sermons have brought some popularity in certain quarters; in other quarters they have, I fancy, made me rather notorious. In my own district here they have given rise to a good deal of talk. I don't wish to weary you, but I desire to make my position quite clear. Please understand that I always endeavour to act conscientiously.'

The man in the chair nodded wearily. He also looked at the door and the window. The Dean pretended not to notice.

'As an instance of my thoroughness—I always pride myself on doing things thoroughly,' continued the speaker, smiling inscrutably—'I may mention that the male youth of this district (I must confess they are a somewhat turbulent youth, given at times to wild talk and even wilder doings) have recently taken exception to some of my—er—criticisms on a questionable form of entertainment which they have thought fit to indulge in. I am referring to private theatricals. Private theatricals, I agree, may serve a very good purpose; but when they are given over to pandering to the crudest sensationalism—the kind of stuff errand-boys delight in—I am opposed to them. As all these young men are really very good at heart, it has pained me that they should seek to ape villains and scoundrels. In fact, I said it would be impossible for them to achieve any success in this line; but, such is the perversity of human nature, this particular criticism has hurt them more than anything else. But I merely mention this in passing.'

The man did not move. He sat with his gaze fixed on the Dean's bookcase, evidently listening intently.

With twitching lips the Dean proceeded: 'So much to explain some of my difficulties. Now I will come to the point. When you arrived here—I think it was by the dining-room window you elected to come—I was engaged on one of my social sermons. I was dealing with the case of a man who might be down in the world—such as you are—but yet who was not wholly insensible to good influences, as I trust you are not. It occurred to me that you might be able to give me some valuable assistance. Pardon me if I say that I look upon you as a valuable human document, as one who is fallen but not lost.'

A wave of colour swept over the man's face. As the Dean observed it, the ghost of a smile once more played round his lips.

The convict moved uneasily. 'What is it you want?' he asked.

'Just this,' said the Dean. 'Tell me briefly whether, in your heart, you, who know much of crime, do not think I have acted rightly in making this stand against the popularising of crime, even if I have employed gentle sarcasm which may have wounded some vain youths who think—who think they can emulate those steeped in crime.'

For the moment the man looked perplexed. 'What are you going to do with me?' he asked.

'That will depend on the frankness of your answer,' said the Dean.

The man held up his hand. 'You may take it from me, sir, as my firm opinion,' he said in his low, weak voice, 'that you are doing quite right,

and that these young fellows are fools if they don't appreciate what a jolly good parson they happen to have. I have met a good many parsons, but'—with a look at the empty bottle—'never one like you before.'

The Dean smiled. 'He is really excellent,' he murmured to himself. 'Do you,' he asked, 'mind writing those words as a—a memento of your visit? Of course, in the circumstances, I should not ask you to sign your name.'

The man hesitated, and then took the pen and paper handed to him and wrote what amounted to a testimonial for the Dean.

The Dean read the paper and carefully folded it. 'Thank you,' he said. 'Now, what can I do for you?'

'I—I feel I have been dreaming,' said the man, possibly influenced by the Dean's burgundy; 'but if you are playing it straight I should ask for a change and safe opportunity of wishing you "good-morning."'

'You shall have both,' said the Dean. 'Pardon me one moment.'

As he left the room—the door of which he left wide open—the Dean murmured to himself, 'Admirable!' nor did he try to keep back the smile then. It occurred to him that the man had readily adapted himself to circumstances. If he had been familiar with the stage, as he was not, he would have said the man had 'taken every cue.'

Left alone, the man looked around in a manner which betokened bewilderment. What he said to himself was, 'Well, I'm blessed! He's as mad as a hatter.'

The Dean returned promptly. 'These are all I can lay hands on,' he said, producing a very old clerical suit, a pair of boots, a collar (which fastened at the back), and a round felt hat. 'I think the—er—disguise will be perfect.' Again the Dean smiled, but it was hardly the smile of a good Samaritan. He had an entertaining vision of his visitor dressed in that rusty suit being compelled to walk in the light of day (for the dawn had broken) through the streets of Tilchester.

But if the man had any qualms on that point he concealed them. Indeed, he rather astonished the Dean by his ready and grateful acceptance of the clothes. With the round felt hat he appeared particularly pleased. Like a methodical person he proceeded to make a bundle of his prison clothes.

'I will see that they are locked up somewhere,' said the Dean.

'Better destroy them,' remarked the man.

'Perhaps so,' said the Dean, looking vastly amused. 'At any rate, you will not be able to take them with you.'

The strange guest agreed, and was escorted to the front door by the Dean, who remarked, 'As a rule I don't think I am credited with a sense of humour.'

For the first time the man grinned. 'You have more than that,' he said, and strode down the path with a smart, firm step.

'He keeps it up admirably,' said the Dean, watching his movements.

Then he went back to his study and laughed—laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. 'I really believe he thought he took me in,' he muttered; 'but forewarned is forearmed. With these things'—he fondly tapped the testimonial and the discarded clothes—'in my possession I don't think he will appreciate the joke. It was really good of Arthur to let me know.'

He again took the letter from his pocket and re-read it musingly:

'Tilchester College.

'Dear Uncle,—Just a line about those theatricals. As you know, the fellows do not take your criticism at all kindly, and they are determined to play *The Hunted Convict* with realistic effects. We have a fellow down from London named Murray—he is a first-rate amateur actor, and belongs to a Tilchester family—and he is to take the part of the convict. What I want to say, however, is this: in consequence of your remarks about their abilities, they are arranging a rather bad practical joke—namely, Murray, dressed in prison clothes, is going to get into your house and ask for assistance as an escaped convict. The other fellows are to be about in case anything goes wrong. There is a wager on, and if Murray gets through all right he will make a bit. (Excuse my slang.) I have only just heard of this, as the fellows did not like to let me into the secret. I really think it is going too far, as a chap dressed as a convict might give Aunt Mary a bad fright.—Your affectionate nephew,

'Arthur Lawson.'

The Dean of Tilchester went to bed with a happy smile on his face, and even forgot to dream.

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When he put in an appearance at the breakfast-table he did not look like a man who had been keeping late hours. The thought that he had got even, in his own way, with some of the turbulent youths of Tilchester, who were content to take learning but not moral guidance from him, was a source of great satisfaction.

As his wife was in delicate health the Dean breakfasted alone, and relieved the solitude of his meal by an occasional laugh. Over his second cup of coffee he read his letters, as was his custom. He saw that one was in his nephew's handwriting, and he turned to it with an amused smile.

But the smile disappeared as he read. The letter ran:

'Tilchester College.

'Dear Uncle,—A few words to say that you need have no fears about the proposed joke. The presenting of *The Hunted Convict* has been abandoned, as Murray sprained his ankle rather

badly a few days ago. As soon as he is well he will have to return to London, where he is due for an examination, so there will be no opportunities for rehearsal. None of the other fellows are equal to the part.—Your affectionate nephew,

'ARTHUR LAWSON.'

The letter dropped from the hand of the Dean on to the carpet. An ashen colour stole over his face, and he had a feeling of being suddenly unwell.

Mechanically he put out his hand and grasped the fatal letter again and quite convinced himself that he was not dreaming. Not a joke after all! What had he done?

He rose unsteadily and walked to the door. Reason prompted him to go to the study and make sure that the much-valued mementoes of the midnight drama were safe under lock and key. He fully realised that on any occasion of this sort great presence of mind was required.

In the hall he encountered a maid. Noticing an unusual pallor about his cheeks, she inquired whether she could bring him anything.

'Bridget,' he faltered, 'I am going into the study to—to work. I don't wish to be disturbed on any account.'

Later in the morning the first edition of the evening paper was laid on the Dean's table. His hands shook as he picked it up. On the front page, in glaring type, he read:

'DARING ESCAPE OF A CONVICT FROM TILCHESTER JAIL.'

There followed some meagre details of a warder being surprised and a bunch of keys taken from him. There was also a personal description of the convict in question, who, it seemed, had been sentenced under the name of Thomas Brown to a long term of imprisonment for forgery. The Dean found that the descripton was painfully accurate.

. . . . . .

During those days in which the hue and cry continued the Dean suffered great mental agony. That part of him which was a law-abiding citizen and a clergyman came into violent conflict with the more human part. He was in a terrible dilemma as to what, in the circumstances, he ought to do. His ultimate decision to do nothing except take a much-needed holiday was confirmed through the agency of the postman. One morning he received a parcel containing an old suit of clergyman's clothes and an unsigned letter bearing a foreign postmark, in which he was warmly thanked for his timely assistance to a gentleman in distress.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A REMARKABLE LOCK-IMPROVEMENT.

THOUGH the lever stands to-day as the universal lock, and has successfully defied all efforts to supersede it, yet it possesses certain shortcomings which have always been appreciated, and which become accentuated in the commoner types of locks where good workmanship is sacrificed for cheapness. These weaknesses are of an inherent nature, the greatest being the ever-existing liability to overshooting, rendering release a difficult process. The principle of the design is familiar to all. The lock-plate—that is, the part which slides into the catch—carries a solid piece at the end where it slips into the case. The other end of the plate is cut away to admit of the insertion of the necessary levers, which are placed upon a short stump, and about which they move, forcing the bolt to and fro. This short stump constitutes the vital part of the mechanism, and it is obvious—inasmuch as it is fixed at only one end in the lock-plate—that should this stump be bent, twisted, or loosened in its bearing the whole of the mechanism becomes deranged. The failure of this stump means the collapse of the lock. Attempts to overcome this drawback have been made from time to time, but no decided success has been achieved until recently. An inventor has now evolved a new system of construction; and, although the fundamental principle of the lever-lock is still retained, its character is so changed and improved that failure is impossible. Instead of making the bolt solid only at the head, he has made it hollow. Within this recess the levers are packed and held firmly in position at one end by a pin which passes right through the hole from one side of the case to the other. While thus providing the lever mechanism with a substantial pivot upon which to work, it also gives the latter a support at either end. Consequently it is impossible for the levers to be brought out of alignment, as this pin cannot be thrown out of position by constant use or force. Overshooting is thus entirely obviated. Moreover, additional security and strength are obtained, and picking is rendered more difficult. The principle of construction also facilitates the general overhauling of the lock when desired, while the lever system can be easily and quickly changed whenever required. The Margewood lock, to quote its title, can be adapted to any purpose to which the ordinary lever-lock is applied, the factor of great strength being equally present in all, from the smallest to the largest types. Taken on the whole, it must be conceded that this modification constitutes the greatest improvement in lock-designing since the invention of the present-day lever-lock by Barron some hundred and thirty years ago.

A NOVEL TYPE OF PETROL-MOTOR.

We are all familiar with the twin-cylinder type of motor which is generally used for the equipment of motor-cycles, in which the two cylinders are disposed V-fashion to act upon the same crank, by which arrangement an extra cylinder is secured without increasing the width of the crank-case. This principle has now been carried to a far greater extent by Mr Robert Esnault-Pelterie, the invention being discovered in the course of his experiments in mechanical flight. In this ingenious motor the number of cylinders arranged upon the same principle as the twin-cylinder cycle-motor engine—that is, star-fashion upon the upper half of the crank-case—is increased to five and seven, giving twenty and thirty horse-power respectively; while by arranging two such rows side by side, whereby the width of the crank-case is doubled, he can secure ten and fourteen cylinder engines developing forty and sixty horse-power respectively. The result of this arrangement is that an even and regular turning movement is given to the crank-shaft, while an appreciable economy in the weight of the engine is effected by dispensing with the fly-wheel, which constitutes one of the heaviest parts of the motor. The arrangement of the cylinders upon the cranks is ingenious, while he has also evolved a novel combined inlet and exhaust valve-system. The motor has been subjected to a number of severe tests, and has proved remarkably efficient. For aeronautical purposes it will no doubt be in great demand, for which the great saving in weight which is obtained—the seven-cylinder thirty horse-power model weighs one hundred and fourteen and a half pounds—combined with the small space occupied, renders it eminently suitable; but these features will undoubtedly result in its application to other purposes where a light, compact engine developing great energy is required.

AUTOMATIC WATER-FINDER.

One of the latest remarkable applications of automatic mechanics is the automatic water-finder, a scientific development of the divining-rod. The deficiencies of the last-named have long been known despite the successes that have been achieved therewith; but the new appliance is stated, as the result of several tests in the hands of well-known engineers, to be infallible in its action. The device is extremely simple, comprising a small magnetic needle, similar to that of the mariner's compass, mounted in a small box which is carried on a tripod. When it is put in operation, the presence of subterranean sources of water is immediately betrayed by the violent agitation of the needle, the oscillation in some cases being as much as one hundred and fifty degrees. Unlike the old-fashioned and primitive divining-rod, the appliance is not affected by other influences than those of water, which consequently renders it absolutely reliable in its action. Moreover, in prospecting for water, a fair estimate as to whether the sources available are sufficiently adequate to warrant boring may be gathered from the degree of the needle's agitation; while should no water be existent the needle remains absolutely stationary. Being of simple construction there is little likelihood of the apparatus becoming deranged, while at the same time it is of sufficiently strong design to withstand the rigours of transport over rough country. The instrument has been subjected to several experiments by water-engineers and divining-rod experts, and has met with conspicuous success.

AN INGENIOUS LOCK-NUT.

The more extensive employment of high-speed machinery, with an attendant increase in vibration, which has a tendency to permit nuts to slacken back, has resulted in inventors striving to overcome this danger by a variety of ingenious means. Several novel types of lock-nuts which cannot possibly become loosened by vibration have recently been placed on the market; but the latest is particularly efficient, since, unlike the majority of such security-devices, it will lock the nut either way. In this latest arrangement the two nuts are placed on the bolt together, but when the securing-nut has reached the desired point the upper locking-nut can be further revolved to a limited degree. This is accomplished by providing the lower face of the lock-nut with a lip which slips into a circumferential recess on the upper face of the first nut, the joint being of the dovetail type. There is a distinguishing mark on the two sections to indicate when the thread on each side is in alignment, and the nut can then be removed as a whole. By screwing down the top nut a little more, however, a cross-thread is obtained which contracts the lip of the upper nut, and thereby produces a circumferential grip rendering the whole impossible of removal. The advantage of the system is not only the securing of a tighter grip upon the bolt, but it is achieved without bruising the thread in any way, while the nut will not wear, so that it can be used for months.

OIL-DRIVEN HERRING-DRIFTERS.

Steam herring-drifters have been in use for many years past, and their numbers have increased rapidly during the last decade. They possess the great advantage of being able to market their catch long before the sailing-vessels reach port; but a steam-engine and boiler takes up a good deal of valuable space which would otherwise be available for the storage of fish; consequently steam-drifters have to be much larger and heavier than sailing-ships of the same carrying capacity. An attempt has been recently made to combine the advantages of both types of vessel by the addition of an oil-engine to a sailing drifter. From the particulars given of this novel fishing-craft we gather that, although the length of keel is only sixty-eight feet, she has the same carrying capacity as a steam vessel measuring eighty-five feet in length, the speed

being about eight knots in either case. The oil-engine is rated at eighty-two horse-power, and is started by means of a smaller engine, which also serves to operate a combined capstan and windlass. Both the main and starting engines are run on petrol for the first few minutes until their carburetters become hot enough to vaporise paraffin, when by one movement of a handle petrol is shut off and paraffin turned on. Although oil fuel is more costly than coal, it is anticipated that the decreased cost of attendance and the greater carrying capacity will more than counterbalance this disadvantage.

A CRAWLING MOTOR-TRACTOR.

Some months ago the trials of the ped-rail traction-engine—an engine equipped with a number of feet placed around the periphery of its driving-wheels, thereby imparting a walking action—aroused considerable interest. Now, however, an improvement has been effected upon this principle. The latest machine of the four-wheeled type has a wide, heavy chain passing around the front and rear pair of wheels on either side. When the engine is set in motion the revolution of this chain causes the engine to crawl, as it were, along the ground at a high speed. The advantage of this system is that owing to the great extent of the adhesive surface presented by the chain the tractor can secure a greater purchase upon the ground, thereby enabling it to travel over the roughest and most broken country with ease. It is impossible for the chain to revolve idly in the air, since some portion is bound to be brought into contact with the ground at one point or another. In appearance the tractor certainly is somewhat cumbersome and unwieldy, but at the same time it is a most useful apparatus, especially in view of the high speed which it can attain and maintain. The engine for several months past has been subjected to the most severe trials by the War Office upon the broken country surrounding the Aldershot military centre, and has proved highly successful—ditches, rocks, swampy ground, and sandy soil offering no serious obstruction to its progress. It should prove a highly valuable acquisition for farm-work, especially upon the extensive ranches in the colonies, where the country is often of a rugged nature and bare of any but the narrowest footpath tracks.

A NEW MOTOR-FUEL.

A novel contribution to the motor-fuel problem has been made by two German investigators. This is an acety-alcohol vapour composed of the combination of the gases of acetylene and alcohol. According to their process, denatured alcohol is vaporised by means of an ordinary benzine vaporiser, and the resultant gases are conducted through a cell containing dry calcium carbide. As the alcohol gases always contain a certain proportion of moisture, the contact of this with the calcium carbide immediately sets up a chemical operation resulting in the generation of acetylene gas, and this combines with the alcohol vapour. The gaseous mixture then passes to the combustion-chamber and is ignited in the usual manner. It is stated that vapour such as this has not only a potential explosive effect, but also a high calorific value, while the passage of the alcohol vapour over the calcium carbide serves as a dryer to the former, improving thereby the value of the gas, while similarly the proportion of acetylene varies according to the percentage of moisture contained in the alcohol vapour.

FROZEN MILK-SUPPLY.

One of the latest methods of supplying milk in order to meet the demand for purity and freedom from bacteriological contamination is being practised on the Continent. It is to retail the liquid in a frozen condition. For some time past there has been a tendency among the advocates of a pure milk-supply to emphasise the greater advantages arising from preserving this article of food at a low temperature rather than submitting it to scalding. Whether such be the case or otherwise, experience at any rate proves that pure milk when frozen will retain its original properties for several weeks unchanged. Unlike scalding, a frigid temperature causes no change in the taste of the liquid; while, moreover, the cream, instead of collecting upon the surface, as is the case when milk is permitted to stand under ordinary conditions, remains diffused throughout the whole bulk. Investigation has also clearly established the fact that by preserving the liquid in a frozen condition the number of bacteria is appreciably diminished.

RATIONAL METHODS OF DEALING WITH PRISONERS.

Cleveland (Ohio) is at present offering an object-lesson in rational methods of dealing with its human wreckage—prisoners, and those who have no available resort of an evening save the public-house. Much remains to be done in Britain in utilising convict-labour for various useful public purposes, and much also in the way of prevention. How Cleveland has solved the problem is related in an article in the New York *Outlook* for 18th January 1908. Hundreds of men committed for vagrancy, assault, drunkenness, and various petty crimes have been transformed into law-abiding and useful members of society. Cleveland colony, where the experiment has been going on for seven years, occupies a commanding site of about three square miles, laid out by an expert architect and landscape-gardener. In the centre is an administrative group of buildings, with shops and places for the employment of the city's human wreckage. There is an infirmary group and a consumptive group of buildings; at the workhouse group petty offenders from the city are housed and employed in farm-labour, kept from temptation, and afforded a fresh chance. On the farm colony of nineteen hundred acres the prisoners, entirely unguarded, are employed in draining land, making roads and sewers, working in stone-quarries, and doing ordinary farm-work. Formerly

they were locked up in the workhouse, and set to pulling brushes, with indifferent results; now the discipline, open-air occupation, and regular food make men of them. There is a Brotherhood, worked entirely by the effort and at the expense of the discharged prisoners, which lays hold of discharged prisoners and protects them until they procure some occupation. 'Boyville' is another scheme, where boys accused of petty offences are sent to homes and trained. Dr Harris R. Cooley, director of charities and correction, has brought about this revolution in Cleveland.

INCREASING POPULARITY OF CHESHIRE CHEESE.

For some years past Cheshire cheese, which formerly constituted such a popular feature of the table, has been somewhat under a cloud. Now, however, signs of a returning vogue are present, which under the circumstances is not surprising in view of its high nutritious qualities. The reason of its decadence is somewhat difficult to comprehend, but it was no doubt influenced by a certain faddism which to-day characterises our dietetics. The novelties of gruyère, stilton, and the French cream-cheeses for a time appealed to the palate; but in nutritious value they do not compare with the product of Cheshire. In certain circles it has been stated that the decline of the edible has been solely attributable to the antiquated methods pursued by the makers, who refused to come into line with modern developments. However, it is a healthy sign that there is a revulsion of feeling in connection with modern manufacturing processes, owing to the many opportunities that exist for combining and working up deleterious products into a highly attractive finished article. The Cheshire cheese-makers refused to fall in with the modern tendencies, and their determination in this matter has proved to be justified. To-day Cheshire cheese is rapidly regaining the lost ground, and although it has two strong competitors in the popular cheddar and the Canadian products, both of which are extremely wholesome and of excellent quality, its palatability and flavour will ensure it a wide popularity.

A THRILLING AMUSEMENT.

In past years we have had several sensational amusements invariably associated with exhibitions, such as the water-chute, big-wheel, topsyturvy railway, and others whose names are legion; but a distinct novelty will be available to lovers of the thrilling at the Franco-British Exposition of this year, and the interrogation, 'Have you flip-flapped?' will no doubt become a catch-phrase. This sensation will comprise two huge tapering steel towers, weighted at their lower ends, where they will be carried on an axle. The two towers will be entirely independent in their action though working together in opposite directions simultaneously. At the upper end is to be placed a small carriage or miniature pavilion, which also will be pivoted to the tower. Normally these arms will repose practically in a horizontal position, being anchored to landing-stages. The sensation comprises being swung slowly from one landing-stage in a semicircle and deposited upon the opposite anchorage. In this passage the pavilion will retain its vertical position by swinging on its axis, and half-way through the journey the passengers will be poised one hundred and fifty feet or more in the air. The two arms will flap in opposite directions simultaneously, and in view of its novelty the sensation will no doubt prove a great attraction.

INTERNAL-COMBUSTION ENGINES FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

The widespread development of the gas-engine in one or other of its varied forms has during the past few years resulted in its attempted application as a prime mover to many forms of locomotion. Among these is the locomotive; but the difficulties to be overcome have been such as to prevent the schemes from being carried to any practical conclusion. It has recently been announced, however, that one of the leading locomotive-builders on the Continent has at last solved the problem in combination with compressed air. The system comprises the provision of an air-compressing cylinder mounted on top of the combustion-head of the explosion-cylinder, the two pistons being rigidly connected together by a rod. Some of the compressed air is admitted into the combustion-chamber of the explosion-motor, but the bulk is conducted to larger cylinders similar to the steam cylinders of the locomotive, the piston of this cylinder being fixed to the connecting-rod of the axles of the driving-wheels. The object of storing the compressed air is twofold. When the engine is stationary and the compression of the air is still being continued, the pressure thus secured will serve to overcome the inertia of the engine in starting, the driving action subsequently being taken up by the internal-combustion motor alone. Also, the storage of the compressed air in the cylinder will afford a ready means of starting up the motor when cold. The development of this idea will be followed with great interest; but it is a doubtful point whether it will become of any practical commercial utility, since the steam locomotive has been brought to a high standard of perfection.

NEW RAILWAY-TANK FOR CARRYING ACIDS.

A new and special type of tank has recently been placed on the market for the carriage of dangerous fluids such as hydrochloric acid in bulk over railways. Owing to the powerful corrosive action of this acid upon steel a special acid-resisting medium had to be evolved. In appearance the vessel resembles the ordinary type of small coal-wagon of very massive construction. The outer wall is built of red deal, tongued, grooved, and dovetailed at all joints. The interior surface of this wall is coated with a mixture of boiled pitch and tar, upon which is then laid a skin of acid-resisting felt, which in turn receives a coat of the pitch and tar. Inside this is placed an intermediate casing of red deal three inches thick,

double-grooved, tongued, and also with dovetailed joints, all the latter being sealed with a secret adhesive produced by the builders. All bolts and screws have their heads well countersunk and covered over. Within this double-walled receptacle the tank for the acid itself is placed. This is built up of deal fitted in a specially ingenious manner, nails, screws, or pegs being entirely dispensed with. Before being fixed together the component wooden parts are subjected to immersion in a steam-heated bath, so that the pores of the material may become thoroughly impregnated with paraffin-wax. When this inner tank is slipped into position in the wagon the space between it and the intermediate casing is completely filled with a compound of boiled pitch and special dry clean sand, prepared for the purpose, which sets into a solid mass, tough and solid but not brittle. The orifice provided in the roof of the innermost tank, by which it is charged and emptied, is fitted with a stoneware manhole screwed down tightly into position to prevent any possibility of leakage arising from oscillation when in transit. It will thus be realised that the wagon is of substantial construction, and as it coincides with every requisition necessary for the conveyance of such a corrosive liquid it should become widely adopted, especially as the transportation of such material in bulk is far safer and more economical than by the carboy system, where breakages and losses are of frequent occurrence.

AN INGENIOUS TIME-RECORDER.

The installation of devices for recording the time and departure of employés in our large manufactories has now developed into an indispensable part of the equipment of an establishment. Unfortunately there are hundreds of small firms where the use of such an instrument is precluded, though some such apparatus is desirable. To fulfil these requirements a special type of time-recorder has been evolved. The apparatus is very small and compact, measuring only some sixteen inches in length by twelve inches wide and seven inches deep. In general appearance it resembles the type of cash-till in which purchases are recorded upon a revolving ribbon of paper, and which moves forward one division every time the till is opened. In this type of time-register the use of numbers is dispensed with. Instead, the arriving employé records his signature upon a roll of paper, there being a small aperture provided for the purpose in the face of the instrument, while in the same line as the signature the time of the hour and minute such operation was performed is recorded in ink by a stamping mechanism controlled by a clock fitted into the case. In this manner an infallible record is secured, and the difference between A.M. and P.M. is effected by the hour-figures of the former being printed in Roman numerals and the latter in italics. It is impossible for the mechanism to be tampered with or deranged, so that the possibility of the records being incorrect is completely removed.

CARRAGEEN—ROASTED WHEAT.

The article on carrageen (Oct. 1907) has moved Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie to send the following: 'Carrageen is an alga, and is termed Irish moss. I used to get presents of it from Miss Stewart of Ensay, and through an old friend and retainer from Islay. It deserves all the praise your writer gives it, especially as a preventive against consumption. When I was in Newfoundland, cariboo hunting, the Indians used to bring us, as a vegetable, a lichen which I think was identical with Iceland moss, and which, with the ever-present cranberry, made a toothsome addition for our cariboo-steak or roast *ryper*. The former was rendered all the more succulent by being fried in marrow, just as our forefathers cooked in prehistoric times, as Johannes Ranke tells us of the Stone Age man, as revealed at Taubach and in the Somme valley. These ancients seem to have used the lower jaw of the bear and its strong canine teeth to break the marrow-bones. Our Indians used to toss the deer's bones on the wood embers, and when cooked lay the bone open by a neat blow of a steel hatchet. There is only one dish to compare with this marrow-cooked delicacy, and that is a beaver's tail, its white fat grilling gloriously in the camp saucepan. When we were travelling in the Andes, in Chili, our invariable food was the roasted grain of wheat ground, husk and all, into a flour or meal. The Chilian guaso carries a supply of this in a calf-skin *bolsa* or purse at his saddle-bow, mixing it with water (cold or hot) or goat's milk, according to his lodging, as often as not on the 'cauld, cauld ground.' We found it most sustaining and far preferable to the alternative of strips of pounded bullock (!), whose meat, spread out on a threshing-floor, was stamped upon by horny-heeled Chilenos, and the result—not free from a mixture of hair and dirt—cut into strips and sun-dried. You might make it tender if you rode upon it, placing your share between the voluminous rugs which drape the high-pointed guaso saddle to form your bed when night closed in.'

LOVE AND DUTY.

O Love! if I seem heedless to thy call,
Think'st thou I do not hear? Can I not see
How narrow is the space that parts from me
The flower-strewn pathway where thy footsteps fall!
My way lies through the thorns. However small
The space between, I may not pass to thee;
So near and yet so far our ways must be—
Ay, side by side—until the end of all!

But God gives comfort, and I know mine eyes—
When I shall come unto life's verge—will cast
One look abroad into sweet Paradise,
And see the ways He parted in the past
(He knoweth why, for only God is wise)—
Duty and Love—converge and meet at last!

KATE MELLERSH.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE GOLD OF THE 'GUNSIGHT.'

PART I.

'YOU can say what you like, but it's the biggest thing this side the Rocky Mountains.'

The speaker, Joe Langton, a tall, loose-jointed fellow of about twenty-five, was leaning up against the veranda-post. He was one of those big, virile fellows so common in the Western States, over six feet, broad-shouldered, and straight as an Indian.

'Oh, of course, the last prospect is always the richest,' replied his companion. 'Got any specimens with you?'

'Here's one as'll make you stare. Nothing in the "Poorman" to beat it.' Langton took a piece of rock from his pocket and handed it to the other.

'What do you think of this, Rodda?' the latter asked of a young man who was smoking a cigar at the other end of the veranda.

Rodda took the specimen, looked at it a moment, and then shot a quick glance at his friend. 'Oh, pretty fair. Where's it from?' he asked carelessly.

'Pretty fair!' cried Langton indignantly. 'Young man, if you don't know one better than that you had better go back where you came from; you'll do no good out here in the mines. Pretty fair! That piece of rock'll go fifteen hundred dollars a ton in gold, and I've got the assay here to prove it;' and he drew a printed slip of paper from his pocket.

The two men looked over the paper, and exchanged glances again.

'Oh yes, but assays don't prove everything. It might be a picked specimen from a pocket.'

'Great Scot! hain't I bin a-telling you there's a whole mountain of it?' interrupted Langton. 'Why, man, the vein is exposed on the surface over a hundred feet wide of solid ore, and I can trace it a mile long.'

'A hundred feet wide and a mile long! What are you giving us?' replied the young man, laughing.

'I tell you it's so,' stormed Langton. 'Why, hain't I been a-working it off and on for the last four years, just whenever I could dodge the Indians? It's on Indian reservation, but I have done my assessment-work all straight. Maybe that don't count; but I thought if any one got in before me it would give me a fighting-chance, anyhow. But there ain't any one liable to cut me out. There's only one other man in the world knows where it is; and he'd be a mean skunk to try to get the best of me, after I found him in the mountains with a broken leg, and packed him into camp, and then got the best doctor in the country for him. He was a fair-spoken young chap from the East.'

Rodda, who had been closely examining the specimen, spoke up. 'What was his name?'

'Palmer,' replied Langton.

'And the mine is about forty miles up Kettle River, on a creek coming in from the west, which cuts through the ledge, leaving a wall of rock exposed that shows rich ore from top to bottom, doesn't it?' asked Rodda.

A dark flush passed over Langton's face while the other was speaking, and an ugly look came into his keen blue eyes as he reached for his hip-pocket.

'Young man, you know a little too much. I hain't been a-holding that claim and planning on it for the last four years to step aside now and let another fellow reap all the profit.' And with a quick movement a Colt's revolver was shoved in Rodda's face.

The young man grew pale, but his eyes did not falter as he looked into the flashing ones before him. Lightly touching Langton's hand which grasped the weapon, 'Put up your gun,' he said, dropping into the Western vernacular. He spoke calmly, but with a resolution that the other man obeyed. 'I'm not the man you want; I've nothing to do with Palmer, and I am after other game. It just happens that I know of the property, and I know, too, that arrangements are being made to rush it on private information.'

'The devil!' was Langton's exclamation.

'How is this, Rodda?' interrupted Anderson, who was wild at the speech of his friend, but now came forward.

'Never mind how,' replied Rodda; 'the question is, can we do anything about it?'

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'If it's worth it,' replied Anderson.

'I'll risk it,' said Rodda. 'If Langton wants to go in with me on it we can help him out, and make a good thing for ourselves too.'

Langton, who had been as if stunned on hearing that his plans were known, started up, aroused by the mention of his name.

'Where is the hound? I'll have his life!' And he commenced a volley of curses, when he was silenced by the calm, firm voice of Rodda.

'Come now, Langton, stop that swearing, and we'll make you a fair proposition. If it suits you to go in with us, all right; if not, all right too. Suit yourself. As I said, we are here after other property, and we are buying, not jumping, claims. Our arrangements are all made, our men are ready, and we are waiting, as others are, until the reservation is opened and the ground can be legally filed on. We have made arrangements in the East, so that a private despatch will be sent us directly the Bill is passed, and no one can know any sooner than we shall. So, under the circumstances, you couldn't find much better partners. For the rest, I happen to know that this fellow had made arrangements to rush in on the ground ahead of you. I did not know he was cutting any one out, but suspected it; and when you showed me that specimen I knew it must come from the same mine. Now, this is the question: Do you want to go in with us? We'll give you our information directly it comes, and you can have relays of horses ready on the road, so you will have as good a chance as Palmer to get there. Which is it—yes or no?'

Langton looked from Rodda to Anderson as though trying to read their thoughts. 'It's no game you're putting up on me?' he asked slowly. Then, not waiting an answer, 'No; it's the truth. If I can tell an honest man, you are one. And if you help me to save that mine, by gum! I'll give you the hull thing rather than let that miserable skunk have it. I'm broke, though. Will you put up the money for the horses? I didn't expect a run for it, and I've only got my little black mare; she's one of the best in the country, but couldn't do forty miles through snow against fresh relays.'

'That's all right. We'll stand all the expense if you just attend to getting there and putting up the notices. Get the best horses you can find, and start them off to the point where you'll want them. But, remember, keep your head clear, and no shooting if Palmer should appear on the scene. Now, see about the horses, and start them off, for the news that the land is thrown open may arrive any minute.'

'One thing,' said Langton as he turned to go: 'what terms would suit you? Would thirds be about right?'

'Perfectly! That's fair,' said Rodda.

Langton's face cleared. 'Well, if what you tell me is true—and I know it is—you've acted like white men, and you might have gone in for yourselves; but I'll get those claims, and it shall be share and share alike. There are three, and it's a bigger thing than you dream of, young man. Why, the Injuns used to take the native silver out of the rock to make sights for their guns; that's how it comes by the name. And Joe Langton is the man who'll never forget what he owes you. I'll go and see about the cattle now, and send 'em on. I know where I can get two of the best racers in the country off a couple of half-breeds, and I'll have 'em stand, ready to throw the saddle on, day and night. They'll be there, for they know Langton, and what they'll get if they fool with him.' And the man strode along.

'Well, Rodda, I hope you know what you're about,' said Anderson, 'for I'm sure I don't.'

'I know I'm going to make a fortune for each of us, if I'm not greatly mistaken,' answered Rodda, allowing some of his excitement to show at last. 'I've not studied mineralogy all these years not to know ore when I see it; and if half what Langton and Palmer say is true there are millions in it.'

'But how did you know about Palmer?' exclaimed Anderson, his companion's enthusiasm beginning to fire him.

'Why, that drunken fellow the landlord put him into my room a couple of days ago because the house was so full. He's been playing off sick, and kept to the room. I see now it's because he's afraid of Langton seeing him and suspecting what is up. He's been half-full all the time, and last night was wholly so, and persisted in showing me specimens and telling me where the mine was. I suspected he was going to cut some one out, but it was none of my business; but when Langton showed me his specimen I saw it was the same, and when he spoke of one other knowing, and how he came to know, I saw through the whole thing. Naturally, I depended a good deal on you when I told Langton to go ahead and I'd put up the money; but if you think it's too risky just say so, and I'll go in alone.'

'No, no. I'll put up my share; that's all right,' said Anderson, quite mollified in spite of the secondary part he was obliged to play.

Anderson, a New York capitalist, had come out there to 'get in on the ground floor,' as he expressed it, in buying up some of the rich quartz claims that had been known of for a long time on the Indian reservation, which was about to be thrown open for settlement. Several very rich mines which he owned in the Cariboo country in British Columbia were known to extend across the boundary into the Indian lands, and it was for the purpose of securing some of these that he had come on, bringing Will Rodda, a young mining expert, out with him.

Arrangements had been made by which he would have the earliest possible information of the opening of the land. It was publicly known that the Bill had passed Congress and gone to the President for his signature, and the little town of Hailey was crowded with miners waiting the news that it was signed to rush across the river, on the other side of which the reservation lay.

The great rush, of course, would be to where veins were known to exist, for, as there were several feet of snow on the ground, the chances of any new finds were small; but, with the madness of men where gold is concerned, hundreds were waiting to rush in, where possibly not more than half-a-dozen could get anything to repay the expense and risk until the spring opened.

The town of Hailey, one of the nearest points to the goldfields, which had a cable ferry, was crowded to its utmost limit of shelter, and far up and down the river-bank stretched the tents of those waiting the word to rush for the land of promise, for none dared to cross the river until that word should come, and run the risk of being 'too-sooners,' and so forfeit all rights of location.

The horses for relays had been despatched to the appointed posts with their half-breed owners, and Langton and his friends were anxiously awaiting the message, now hourly expected.

The dull gray of a winter morning was lighting the sky, from which the stars had paled, excepting one which throbbed and flashed with wondrous brilliancy in the keen mountain air. The little town lay silent, huddled in irregular shadowy groups between the river and the hills. Suddenly two men appeared, making their way rapidly down the bank to the ferryman's cabin. They reached the hut, and tapped softly at the door. As they did so a man came down the narrow path to the river, leading a horse which danced and curveted in the chill morning breeze. It was Langton.

Anderson, who had feed the telegraph-operator to stay in his office and receive the message which he felt certain would be sent, had been rewarded by having it delivered to him about ten minutes before. 'Get up, Langton,' he said sharply; and the latter, fully dressed, tumbled out of his blankets. As they left the room and passed Rodda's door, Anderson gave a sharp cough, and by the time they gained the street the other had joined them. While Langton went to get his horse they had hurried on to arouse the ferryman.

Langton walked his mare on to the boat, and stood rubbing down her legs and talking soothingly to her as the spirited creature stepped nervously around. Rodda joined him.

'Do you think you can do it?' asked Rodda. 'The mare looks light for your weight.'

'I'm riding light,' said Langton; and Rodda noticed that he only wore a buckskin shirt belted tightly round his waist and a pair of overalls tucked into leggings of the same.

'Why, man, you'll freeze!' he exclaimed, as he pulled up the collar of a heavy beaver overcoat.

'Tis pretty sharp,' said Joe, swinging his arms about him to get up a circulation. 'But every pound counts at a time like this. If I clear this first reach I'll get something of Indian Joe when I go on; but if it's a run, why, I reckon I'll have to ride fast enough to keep warm,' he answered grimly. 'The mare's good enough for this stage if the road isn't too soft. This first twenty is a level stretch, and she'll come out ahead if I get across the river before any one else. That's all the start I need. But where is that infernal ferryman? The town will be out in five minutes; I see lights flashing now.'

Rodda turned with a start, and Anderson appeared with the reluctant ferryman. A moment more and they swung out into the current.

Hardly had they done so when a shout from the bank made them look back. A group of men and horses showed darkly in the dim light. Frantic gesticulations and imprecations called them to halt.

'Can't. We've struck the current. Have to wait till I git across,' shouted the ferryman.

The noise redoubled, and almost instantly every tent along the bank flashed into rosy light as the inmates, awakened by the hubbub and surmising the cause, sprang up and began their preparations for the 'rush.'

'Ha, ha!' laughed Langton, 'we're on the flood this time, and it leads on to fortune, and don't you forget it.'

They were out on the river now, with nothing of the shore visible save the lights darting about the little town and the mountain looming darkly in the background. The black river tumbled under the front of the boat, and the pulleys slipped complainingly along the frosty cable.

Langton, alternately soothing and scolding his nervous mare, seemed the least anxious of the three. To Rodda there was something eerie in the scene—the dark-flowing river, the big black mountain, and the lone star flashing brightly in the gray sky.

'When will we look for you?' he asked at length, to break the silence.

'Twelve hours is as quick as man and horse can do it,' answered Langton. 'And mind you have a horse ready, so that when I come in with the notices you can get them to the county seat and filed with the Recorder as quick as horseflesh can do it. Then we'll be safe.'

They were nearing the western bank, and Joe sprang to his saddle. The boat hardly touched the sand when with a spring the mare was off.

'Good-luck!' called Rodda and Anderson.

'So long!' cried Langton, as the ferry moved back into the current.

'Hope he'll make it,' said Rodda. 'Hope so,' replied Anderson. That was all that was said, though each man knew that on his 'making it' a fortune for each depended.

Anderson was in a tremor of nervous suspense, although, with his wealth, it could not mean to him what it did to Rodda, young, just starting in life, and no pampered child of fortune.

Joe Langton had planned on three stages—twenty miles of level ground for the black mare, and ten of stiff mountain grade for each of the two relays.

The twenty miles was all but done, and the mare was taking it easy up a gentle rise. She was covered with foam, and her flanks quivered; but the slender ears still pricked up nervously in response to her

master's voice: 'You've done it, lady; and if you don't have a silver bit and bridle-chain for this piece of work my name's not Joe Langton. What is it?' as the mare gave a nervous start forward. 'Somebody behind you?'

He turned, and almost at his mare's flank was the nose of a powerful bay, whose rider was leaning forward and with whip and spur urging it on.

A glance showed it to be Palmer, and a savage light came into Langton's eyes as his hand sought the butt of his revolver. But he drew it away. 'No, we'll have no shooting,' he said to himself. 'We'll make it without, if there is such a thing as right; and somehow I feel there is, and that the odds are with me.'

The mare had let herself out at a word from Joe; and they fairly flew down the hill, the white cakes of snow from her feet dashing into the face of the rider on the big bay, who clung close to the rear, but could get no nearer.

It was hardly a quarter of a mile farther, and though the pace was tremendous the mare could stand it. 'If that limb of a half-breed don't have that horse ready I'll shoot him dead,' muttered Joe.

They rounded a curve of the valley where the horse should be waiting; and there he was, saddled and ready. Joe could have shouted for joy.

But what was that?—a second horse, saddled, and tied to a tree by the roadside! 'A relay for Palmer, by all the devils!' he gasped.—'Joe, you dog, what's that?' he cried as he sprang from the mare and on to the waiting horse, jerking the bridle from the half-breed's hands.

''Noder fellow want horse too for relay.'

'I'll relay you when I get through this, you black rascal!' thundered Langton as he galloped away.

'You get my racer! Nobody but Langton get my racer!' shrieked the half-breed after him in extenuation as he ran to untie the extra horse.

'I'll take it out of your racer, you son of a coyote! if I break every limb the critter's got,' muttered Langton savagely as he drove in the spurs. The animal sprang forward; but Langton heard a shout behind him that made him turn in his saddle. As he did so a bullet pinged past his head and buried itself in the trunk of a tree.

'That's your game, is it?' and his hand went to his revolver; but, instead of drawing, he suddenly plunged himself forward, and over the saddle, and along the side of his horse, one hand grasping its mane, Indian fashion, leaving one arm and leg exposed. No one but an expert rider would have attempted the trick.

'You black-hearted ruffian,' he muttered as another bullet sang by, 'twould be a good deed to shoot you; but I'll beat you yet, you treacherous hound! Saved your worthless life, did I? And you talked so nice, and now you fancy that I'm agoing to let you beat me out of the richest mine west of the Rockies? I guess I'll sit up and see if you can hit me, and then won't I make it hot for you!' Suiting the action to the word, he straightened himself up in the saddle and looked back; but Palmer was too far in the rear for a revolver to carry, as the thoroughbred in his flight had been going like the wind. Lifting his broad felt hat, Langton swung it about his head, and, with an ironical cheer to his defeated enemy, dashed out of sight into the pines.

IN NINETY-EIGHT.

By Henry W. Lucy.

WHO dares to talk of ninety-eight? It is an old number of the *Times* newspaper, bearing date 'Wednesday, October 3, 1798,' which has by good luck floated down the tide of time these hundred years. It is a poor, frail little thing, yellow with age, crumpled and creased, a pigmy by the side of its sturdy great-grandchild of to-day. Nevertheless, it is priced at the same rate—threepence. The news it contains justifies a far higher price, for, in addition to despatches from the battlefield in Ireland, where open rebellion was being grappled with, it contains the text of Nelson's simple announcement of the glorious victory of the Nile. It is actually a single sheet, which, folded in two, measures twenty inches by fifteen. It bears the imprint: 'London: Printed at the Printing-Office in Printing-House Square, Blackfriars, by C. Bell (Brunswick Street), and published by J. Bonsor (Salisbury Square).' There is no reference to the mighty personality already at work upon the *Times*.

The first John Walter was at this epoch at liberty, having been released some eight years earlier from a term of imprisonment that lasted sixteen months, with a supplementary fine of fifty pounds and a position in the pillory for one hour. This was for a libel on the Duke of York. Probably, in view of fresh contingencies, Mr Walter thought on the whole it was better to keep his name in the background. However it be, it does not appear on this particular sheet.

Of the sixteen columns that constitute the issue, nearly seven are devoted to advertisements—a fair proportion of necessary backbone. From these we get side-glances at social life in England a hundred years ago which are not without interest. Theatres do not largely advertise, though that one at least was open appears from the news column, where Mr Kemble is announced as playing the part of Zanga in *The Revenge*. 'This Gentleman's delineation of the character,' writes the Tom Taylor of the day, 'is in many respects as finished a piece as our stage affords. The subtle and malignant spirit of

vengeance was finely marked from the beginning by a judicious and imposing semblance of friendship and candour. In the descriptive scenes he was clear and impressive, and in the imitation of the leading passion natural and vigorous. The declaration of the motives which influenced him to the work of destruction was accompanied with a dignity of emotion which almost justified the excessive resentment of the Moor.' Mr Dignum, Mr Kelly, Mr Sedgewick, Miss Leak, and Mrs Bland are named among the *dramatis personæ* on this evening of the 2nd of October 1798.

Besides the regular drama, attractions were offered at the Royal Circus, where 'an entirely new comical harlequinade, called *Mirth's Medley*, or *Harlequin at Home*,' was forthwith to be produced. There was also a panorama in Leicester Square, having paid the admission fee to which, 'Observers may suppose themselves in the Highest Turret of Windsor Castle, and can see at one view a part of 14 counties. St Paul's and Shooter's Hill are plainly discernible, with distant Lands beyond Sydenham Hills, halfway to Portsmouth.' It is cautiously added that 'part of Wiltshire is likely to be seen;' but this is not positively promised. 'The whole, interspersed with Towns and Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats, forms a delightful scene, rich beyond description.' Last, but not least, there was Ranelagh, which announced a 'Grand Gala, in honour of Lord Nelson's glorious victory over the French Fleet at the Mouth of the Nile.'

Among the business announcements is put forth a notable scheme of what is called progressive annuities. Not less than thirty thousand pounds are wanted. Each subscriber of one hundred pounds was to be granted for life an annuity according to age. From forty-five to fifty the annuity was eight guineas, from sixty-five to seventy fourteen pounds, increasing five shillings every year for the first twenty years of subscription.

On the Wednesday following the day of publication, the anniversary of Mr Charles James Fox's first election for Westminster was to be held at the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent Garden, oddly enough with 'Mr Fox' in the chair. They dined early in those days (at four o'clock), and cheaply, tickets being only eight shillings. Another thing cheap at this epoch were 'handsome bay mares.' Here is one, 'five years old, 14½ hands high, warranted sound, and parted with for no fault whatever; the only reason the Gentleman is gone abroad, and left her in the hands of a friend to dispose of, at the moderate price of 10 Guineas.' Not less cheap—if the season was of moderate length and Mr Kemble acted every night—are 'two or three tickets for free admission to Drury Lane Theatre for the whole duration of the present season, price 6 Guineas each.'

We get a view of Old London in the advertisement of 'a house to let, situated in the central part of Oxford Street, immediately opposite Great Portland Place, commanding a view of the country between Hampstead and Highgate, remarkably airy and pleasant.' These are not attributes of Oxford Street at the present day, when the view from the central part is limited to houses over the way and the densely populated streets lying behind them up to Hampstead and Highgate.

Farther afield the king's highway was by no means safe. Under date July 1798 the Postmaster-General, in an advertisement which had apparently unavailingly dangled a reward of two hundred pounds before the public eye for three months, wants 'a young man, middle size, had on a drab-coloured gray coat, and rode a horse with a white face.' It appears that the postboy carrying the mail from Bromley to Sevenoaks was stopped about two miles from Farnborough, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, by a single highwayman, who presented a horse-pistol and demanded the mail, which the boy gave him. 'The boy offered the robber half-a-guinea,' but whether in lieu of the mail or in supplement does not appear. At any rate, 'the robber declined taking it.' A reference in the text of the advertisement shows that there was a standing offer embodied in an Act of Parliament of forty pounds for apprehending a highwayman. The Postmaster-General's two hundred pounds is in supplement to this statutory reward. In addition to particulars given above, the highwayman 'had a pair of small saddle-bags, and the appearance of a London Rider, in the opinion of the turnpikeman.' However that may be, he seems to have been free three months after committing the felony, and the Postmaster-General was throwing good money after bad by persistently advertising for him in the *Times*.

There is in another advertisement hint of a quarrel about the proprietorship of the *Annual Register*. The volume for 1793 is somewhat tardily announced as 'this day published, price 8s. in boards, 8s. 6d. half-bd.' The work was originally the property of Mr James Dodsley, and on the 20th November 1797 was disposed of at his sale, and purchased by Messrs Otridge & Son. Messrs Rivington laid claim to having 'the principal author and editor of the said *Annual Register* engaged with them.' But Messrs Otridge & Son flaunt in their face the assignment of the work to them, and triumphantly ask: 'What will the purchasers of Dodsley's *Annual Register* now conceive of Messrs Rivington's refutation?'

Of births, deaths, and marriages there is an aggregate of four announcements. One is set forth in truly quaint form: 'On the 24th of last month, much regretted, at his house at Hackney Terrace, after a short illness, Mr John Braidwood, many years an eminent instructor of the Deaf and Dumb, and son-in-law of the gentleman of the same name who first brought this useful art to perfection in Great Britain. The public will be happy to find (see Advertisement in front of this Paper) that an institution so beneficial to an unfortunate part of mankind is to be continued by his Family.' It would be interesting to know whether this way of

putting it was precedent to the rhymed version of the same happy mixture of sentiment and business:

> Resigned unto the Heavenly will,
> His wife keeps on the business still.

There are only four advertisements of servants wanting places. One, 'a widow of between forty and fifty years of age,' who wants a place as upper servant, and mentions enticingly in recommendation that she 'was eleven years in her last place, *where her lady died*.' There are a considerable proportion of quack medicines advertised. Here are Spilsbury's Anti-Scorbutic Drops, agent for many wonderful cures, including 'the remarkable case of Mary Esdale, who went on crutches, and was discharged from St Bartholomew's Hospital as incurable, was restored to health by these drops, and walked without even the assistance of a stick.' To the verity of this 'Mr Croft, taylor [spelt with a 'y,' Sammy], of No. 65 Fleet Street, London,' was prepared to testify.

What with despatches from the mouth of the Nile and news from the headquarters of the forces in Ireland, there is not much room for miscellaneous items. But we read that 'Mr Curran, the Irish barrister, is arrived in town; he resides at Lord Moira's.' Mr Pitt, it seems, 'is not confined with the gout at Walmer. We saw him yesterday in the Park, in perfect good health.' As for Mr Fox, we learn that 'the Opposition papers state he does not mean to attend to his duty in Parliament during the ensuing Session.' But we can get along without Mr Fox. 'However greatly the talents of this gentleman may be rated, the want of his counsel has not proved detrimental to the public prosperity. It would, on the contrary, appear, from the brilliant successes of the country since his secession, that his absence has been auspicious to the promotion of our national honour and glory.' There is talk of making a tunnel under the river Thames from the parish of Gravesend to the parish of Tilbury. Application will shortly be made to Parliament for leave to maintain it by toll. Freedom has not yet shrieked for Kosciusko's fall. He appears in these far-off October days to be 'residing in Paris, whence he has published a letter intimating that all the Polish refugees are to have an asylum in Italy.'

That incident of the appropriated postbag, mentioned on the previous page, is not an isolated example of the state of the roads. 'On Monday evening last, between six and seven o'clock, as Mr Vernon of the Treasury and another gentleman were returning to town in a postchaise, they were stopped near Merton Turnpike by two footpads, who robbed them of their watches, money, and a trunk containing wearing apparel, &c.' The same evening Lieutenant Millar, of the Royal Horse Guards, was stopped in a postchaise near Stevenage by two highwaymen, who robbed him of a gold watch and some money. This Monday evening was a busy day with the fraternity, for in another column it is reported that 'at six o'clock Mr Courvoisier, one of his Majesty's Messengers, was stopped by two highwaymen, who robbed him of near £3 in cash.' That the highwaymen did not always have it their own way appears from the current report of Bow Street Police Office, where 'Brown, Russell, and Shirley were yesterday finally examined and fully committed to take their trial for assaulting and robbing Mary Ginnery on the highway in St Giles's.' Highway robbery was a hanging matter in those days; and Russell and Shirley at least were in a bad way, being detained for trial on a further charge of robbing the house of Mr Rose in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, of a quantity of wearing apparel.

The pressgang was in full working order, His Majesty's fleet, busy at the Nile, off Brest, and elsewhere, requiring constant recruits. John Hanning, a seaman, surrounded by the pressgang at Newhaven, turned upon them and slew one. 'The keeper of the Lewes House of Correction entering his cell, with intent to remove the prisoner to Horsham Jail by the warrant of the coroner, found him hanging by the neck,' a circumstance which provided unexpected work for the coroner. The jury bringing in a verdict of *felo de se*, the unfortunate seaman was in the dead of the night buried in the cross-roads near St John's Church; 'but,' it is added, 'the stake commonly used on such occasions was dispensed with.'

The militia are embodied, and some regiments are on active service in Ireland. The Cambridge Militia, which, under the command of Lord Hardwick, have been all the summer encamped on the cliff at Harwich, on the lookout for Boney or some of his captains, 'this morning struck their tents and marched to Colchester Barracks.' The Derbyshire Militia, encamped on Clapham Common, will also presently be on the move, having received orders to strike their tents and march for Lewes Barracks. Lord Kenyon is presiding in the Court of Common Pleas, and has pleading before him, in a case occupying the attention of the Court, one Mr Erskine. 'Among the wonders of the present day,' we read, 'Mrs Siddons's late achievements at Brighton, Bath, and London should not be forgotten. She positively performed at each of these places within the incredibly short space of ninety-six hours!!!' The coruscation of notes of admiration are of contemporary date.

There is one resemblance between the *Times* of 1798 and the *Times* of 1908, inasmuch as with both Ireland occupied a large share of the space devoted to news or editorial comment. This was the year famous in Irish history when Lord Edward Fitzgerald was still alive, and Napper Tandy was hovering around the coast in command of French troops that never landed. There had, however, at the date of our paper, been a descent of the French, who on the 22nd of August landed at Killala a force nine hundred strong, and, reinforced by the Irish rebels, had routed the Royalist army at Castlebar. Our issue of the *Times* contains despatches from General Trench, in command of the Royalist troops, dated 'Camp, near Killala, 24th and 25th September.' By this time the Royalist troops had rallied,

beaten and captured the French invaders, and General Trench was occupied in disposing of the dauntless peasantry who still remained under arms. The rebels had taken refuge in Killala, which General Trench stormed, rescuing the Bishop and his family, beleaguered in their palace. In the despatch here published General Trench gives a graphic description of 'the Bishop, his family, and servants, armed with carbines, barricaded in their room, preparing to resist the threatened violence of the rebels.' The *Times* 'has pleasure to add that by the success of General Trench's operations a decisive blow has been given to every root and fibre of rebellion in Ireland.'

But the news from Ireland, satisfactory as it was, was eclipsed by the greater glory of the despatch that had just reached the Government from the mystic Nile. Mrs Siddons, as already noted, amazed the public by visiting Brighton, Bath, and London within the incredibly short space of ninety-six hours. This feat was eclipsed by Captain Capel, son of Lord Essex, who had brought to London the news of the battle of the Nile. The engagement began at sunset on the 1st of August. On the 3rd of August, Nelson —he was only Sir Horatio then—sat down to write the despatch reporting the affair. This he addressed to Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of St Vincent, then understood to be somewhere 'off Cadiz.' Four days later, on August 7th, it occurred to Nelson that perhaps the people at home in England might like to hear of the little affair. Accordingly, he determined to send Captain Capel overland with a copy of the despatch. He was evidently not sure that he was not herein overstepping his duty, for in addressing the enclosure to the Secretary to the Admiralty he writes: 'In an event of this importance I have thought it right to send Captain Capel with a copy of my letter overland, which I hope their lordships will approve.' Having the precious document in his charge, Captain Capel set forth, and travelling, it may be presumed, with the utmost speed then available, reached London in the incredibly short space of fifty-six days! In justice to Captain Capel it ought to be added—upon the authority of an official statement—that 'he was detained at Naples one day, owing to some necessary ceremonies of quarantine.' Otherwise the news would have reached London in fifty-five days.

The despatch in which Nelson made known the accomplishment of this decisive victory is a marvel of modest conciseness. The little sheet prints it in the dignity of its largest type, and it is a pleasant task to disinter it at this time of day. Here is the text:

'My Lord,—Almighty God has blessed His Majesty's arms in the late battle, by a great victory over the Fleet of the Enemy, whom I attacked at sun-set on the 1st of August, off the mouth of the Nile. The Enemy were moored in a strong line of battle for defending the entrance of the Bay (of Shoals), flanked by numerous gunboats, four frigates, and a battery of guns and mortars on an Island in their Van; but nothing could withstand the Squadron your Lordship did me the honour to place under my command. Their high state of discipline is well known to you, and with the judgment of the Captains, together with their valour, and that of the Officers and Men of every description, it was absolutely irresistible.

'Could anything from my pen add to the character of the Captains I would write it with pleasure, but that is impossible.

'I have to regret the loss of Captain Westcott, of the *Majestic*, who was killed early in the action; but the ship was continued to be so well fought by her First Lieutenant, Mr Cuthbert, that I have given him an order to command her till your Lordship's pleasure is known.

'The ships of the Enemy, all but their two rear ships, are nearly dismasted; and those two, with two frigates, I am sorry to say made their escape; nor was it, I assure you, in my power to prevent them. Captain Hood most handsomely endeavoured to do it, but I had no ship in a condition to support the *Zealous*, and I was obliged to call her in.

'The support and assistance I have received from Captain Berry cannot be sufficiently expressed. I was wounded in the head, and obliged to be carried off the deck, but the service suffered no loss by that event. Captain Berry was fully equal to the important service then going on, and to him I must beg leave to refer you for every information relative to this victory. He will present you with the flag of the second in command, that of the Commander-in-Chief being burnt in the *L'Orient*.

'Herewith I transmit you lists of the killed and wounded, and the lines of battle of ourselves and the French. Horatio Nelson.

'To Admiral the Earl of St Vincent,
Commander-in-Chief,
&c., &c., off Cadiz.'

In the covering letter to the Secretary to the Admiralty Nelson says: 'I have the pleasure to inform you that eight of our ships have already topgallant-yards across ready for any service.'

After the Nile was to come Trafalgar, and the end.

It is almost impossible for us in these days of telegraphs and war-correspondents to realise a state of things in which one of the greatest battles in the world's history could have been fought almost within sight of Europe, and that nearly two months should elapse before the news reached London. When it did come there were no bounds to the public delight. The first news was conveyed to the crowd in the streets by the booming of the guns from the Tower and the pealing of bells from a score of churches. At night the city burst forth in a blaze of illumination. Before the Admiralty a vast crowd gathered, and 'the mob as usual,' we are told, 'insisted upon every person of genteel appearance pulling off their hats. Six officers passing along were ordered to pay the same compliment to the mobility, and refusing

to do so, the populace endeavoured to force their hats off. The officers drew their swords, and some persons were wounded.' At the theatre, where, as we have seen, Mr Kemble had been playing Zanga in *The Revenge*, nothing would do but that the company on the stage should sing 'Rule Britannia.' This they did, the audience joining in the chorus. Then they shouted for more, 'and the acclamations were the loudest and most fervent we have ever witnessed.'

The King—George the Third, of sacred memory—was staying at Weymouth, whither a message was sent off express in order that His Majesty might learn the glad tidings before he went to rest. The messenger, it is reasonable to suppose, found His Majesty sated with the excitement of celebrations which had taken place a day or two earlier. 'The anniversary of the birth of their Majesties' eldest daughter, the Duchess of Wurtembergh, had just hapt, and the King, the Queen, and all the Princesses, with a number of the Nobility, went to Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, to see the sports of the Country-people, which were not over till late in the afternoon.' These sports were as manly as they were varied. There was a cheese to be rolled down the hill, with a prize to whoever stopped it. A pound of tobacco to be grinned for. There was a Michaelmas-day goose to be dived for; a good hat to be cudgelled for; a handsome hat for the boy most expert in catching a roll dipped in treacle and suspended by a string. There was a leg of mutton and a gallon of porter to the winner of a race of one hundred yards in sacks. There was a good hat to be wrestled for; and, appropriately at the end, a prize to whoever caught a harried pig by the tail.

How 'the King, the Queen, and all the Princesses, with a number of the Nobility,' must have laughed to see such fun! After this probably the news of Nelson's victory at the Nile fell a little flat on royal ears. There is unfortunately no record of the manner in which the King received the news, the record leaving Mr Winchester starting off express for Weymouth.

In another part of the paper there is a single line which will bring the state of the country sharply before the mind's eye. Under the head 'Price of Stocks' we find it written, 'Three per Cent. Consols, 50 ¾ ⅞ ¾.' In the direst days of the depression that marked the close of last year they did not fall below 82, albeit the interest is reduced to 2½ per cent.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

By W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D., Author of *Deeds that Won the Empire*, *How England Saved Europe*, &c.

CHAPTER XXI.—IN THE TEMPLE.

'JEAN,' said Toulan abruptly to him as they met one evening outside the Hôtel de Ville, 'we want an attendant in the Temple, and I shall take you. You have one great qualification—you can hold your tongue.'

Jean was breathless with astonishment at such a proposal. Here was a chance beyond all he had ventured to hope of seeing what lay in the stony heart of that dark tower round which, since the death of the king, such shadows gathered and in which sat a discrowned queen and her children waiting for some unknown fate. It puzzled him to guess why such an offer should be made. It might, indeed, be a trap; but it lay too clearly in the line of his own plans for him to hesitate. If there was risk he must take it.

Nine o'clock that night found Toulan and Jean waiting at the gate of the Temple. A little cluster of officials had gathered, and each was closely scrutinised as he entered. Jean was provided with a card of entry, though Toulan explained, in peremptory accents, that it was not really necessary, as he was to be used in the household work of the Temple, and he (Toulan) answered for him. The gloomy-looking officer at the gate, however, examined both Jean and his card with vigilant care.

The municipal officers—one of them was Lepitre—entered a large room on the first floor of the Temple, in which a table was spread with food. They seated themselves, and, with many rough jests, ate a hearty supper. Then a lamp was thrust into Jean's hands, and the party mounted a winding staircase till they reached the third floor. Outside the heavy door, crossed with bars of iron, stood a sentry; but the noisy group pushed past him into the room with little ceremony, Jean following.

It was an apartment some thirty feet square, occupying the whole area of the main tower, with a door in each corner—one leading from the stairs, the others opening on little rooms in the smaller towers built at each angle of the main tower itself. The floor was of uncarpeted brick, broken in many places, and showed scanty signs of having been swept. The walls were covered with paper of a hideous green tint, that hung down in many places in ragged strips. An Italian bed stood on one side of the room; a couch with high back and sides, that served as a bed, stood near it.

There were two windows on each side of the room; but the walls were not less than nine feet thick, and each window resembled a tiny thread of glass at the end of a tunnel. Under one window was a ragged sofa; over the mantelpiece was suspended a small and dirty mirror. In the centre of the room rose a squat and clumsy pillar, from which spread flat arches to sustain the floor above. Against

the pillar was placed a table; a few chairs were scattered about the room.

Jean looked eagerly at the figure sitting on the couch. Yes, it was the queen, the once proud and beautiful Queen of France, the daughter of a line of kings. Jean had seen her in the great procession at the opening of the States-General, a stately figure sitting in proud silence beside the king and looking with scornful eyes on the shouting crowd. She was Marie Antoinette still, but her hair was snow-white, though she was only thirty-seven. The oval face had grown smaller; the little mouth was drawn and pinched; the once red, proud lips were colourless, though still the under lip had the familiar Hapsburg droop—the sign of her race. Her eyes were dazed, almost as if she were drugged; fear and sorrow had quenched the haughty fire beneath those beautiful brows.

Sometimes her eyes ran to and fro like those of a frightened animal; then again they grew steady, and the pupils narrowed to a pin-point as they answered the brutal stare of the officers of the Commune. It was a haggard face, stamped with all the hieroglyphics of suffering; but still the slender neck carried the proud head as erectly as ever.

The fallen queen's arms were clasped round her boy. He was a child not quite eight years old, thin, dull-faced, and stunted; his head hardly reaching up to the side of the couch by which he stood. His whole aspect was curiously stupid. But this was the heir of all the Capets! The blood of a hundred kings ran in that poor boy's veins. Since his father's death he was Louis XVII., and that fact drew deadly perils about his unconscious head. What mother's child ever knew such strange contrasts of fate as did this thin and dwarfish figure round whom Marie Antoinette's arms closed so passionately?

A girl of fifteen—Madame Royale, as she was called, the queen's eldest living daughter—stood beside her mother. Behind her was a gentle-faced woman of thirty—the Princess Elizabeth.

The members of the Commune who were on duty that night as guardians of the royal family took their task in a spirit half-jesting and half-brutal. They represented the wilder spirits thrown up by the storm of the Revolution, and they bore themselves in the queen's room with the air of conquerors.

One of them—Morel, an elderly man, with the face of a fanatic, and dress so elaborately rough and dirty that it must have been designed to advertise his Spartan simplicity of virtue—flung himself roughly down on the sofa beside the queen. An ex-priest, Bernard, with red, inflamed eyelids, unshaven chin, and sensual lips, discharged at the top of his voice lewd jokes at his companions, snapping his pustuled eyelids incessantly during the process. Mercereau, a stone-cutter, with a face as hard as the granite he once dressed, sat down in front of the fire, turning his back on the queen. Toulan, Jean noticed, was almost the loudest and roughest of the group. Lepitre alone showed some sign of respect for the silent queen, though this was done in a furtive and half-terrified fashion.

Presently, in careless fashion, the representatives of the Commune began an examination of the room. They turned the bedclothes roughly down, opened the doors into the smaller rooms, and swaggered to and fro, talking loudly.

Jean watched the scene with astonished eyes. Pity and a furious inarticulate wrath stirred in him; but he suddenly noticed that Toulan was glancing keenly at him, and he instantly discharged his face of all sign of emotion. Pity, if it became too visible, might, he knew, cost him his head. More than once he was uneasily conscious of Toulan's quick eyes watching him intently.

Jean went every day to the Temple in company with Toulan, and was given many tasks of a domestic sort. He carried wood to the queen's chamber, helped in the service of the meals in the guardroom, &c. Each time he went into the queen's room, the little companionless boy-king, the silent, pathetic group of women who always had the air of waiting and listening for some dreadful doom to be announced to them, pricked his heart with an almost intolerable pity.

One afternoon, about a week after being taken into the service of the Temple, Jean was hurrying to Toulan's residence, when, crossing the head of a narrow lane, he passed a man with a keen, bold face that seemed half-familiar. The dark, commanding eyes glanced at him quickly. He felt sure presently that the man had turned and was following him. The steps grew quicker behind him, and at the narrowest and darkest part of the crooked lane Jean felt a hand touch his shoulder. He swung quickly round; a strong and soldierly face was stooping towards him, and Jean recognised it. It was a soldier, General Jarjayes, whom he had seen again and again at his stepmother's receptions. The soldier drew Jean into an angle of the wall.

'Laurente,' he said, 'I know you, and so do others; and we think you can be trusted. You do not belong to this canaille,' with an abrupt jerk of his hand towards the foul buildings all about them. 'You go to the Temple; you see the queen and the dauphin. Your heart is not a stone; you must pity them. Will you render them a service?'

Jean had listened in silence so far; but his wordless nod was expressive, and the look in his eyes more expressive still.

Jarjayes went on, dropping his voice to a whisper, but with great eagerness, 'Give this to the queen;' and he produced a tiny roll of paper. 'It is a message for which she is waiting.'

'I cannot,' said Jean; 'the representatives of the Commune are always in the room.'

'Yes; but you need not put it actually into her hands. On the little table at the head of the stairs stands a water-bottle. Take out the cork and slip this roll of paper in its place. Look at it,' he went on as he unrolled it. 'It is blank. There is writing

on it, but it is in lime-juice and is invisible. There is no risk, and we will pay'——

But at the word 'pay' Jean flung up his chin with a look which arrested speech on the lips of his companion.

'Oh,' he said hurriedly, 'you do not want pay. Your reward will be the gleam of comfort you will carry to the sad heart of the queen.'

The pair talked together a little longer, and Jean at last took the tiny roll of paper. There was risk in what he was asked to do, but the pity for the queen burning in his blood made him willing to undertake the task.

For two or three days he watched for an opportunity to do what he had promised, but in vain. One evening, however, Toulan bade him, abruptly, wait on the landing at the head of the stairs, and left the door that led into the queen's room half-open. The sentinel, as it happened, was absent, for discipline was lax, and Jean stood alone on the landing. It seemed a golden opportunity. He stood opposite the gap left by the half-opened door till the queen happened to look towards him; then with a quick gesture he pointed to the bottle, into which he thrust, as a cork, the roll of paper.

Presently the commissioners came noisily trooping out of the room and clattered downstairs. The rest of the party passed into the guards' room; but Toulan beckoned Jean to follow him, and with a certain disquiet he obeyed. Toulan led the way till they came to the lowest landing-place, where they were alone; then he turned abruptly.

'Laurente,' he whispered fiercely, 'you are an aristocrat. You want to help the Capets. What was that you put into the neck of the bottle? You are a traitor. Madame Guillotine will kiss your soft neck;' and the keen eyes flashed with triumph as they ran over Jean's face and figure.

Jean flushed, then grew pale; but he kept silent.

'It is there still,' said Toulan in exultant tones, 'to accuse you.' Then he dropped his voice. 'Who gave it to you? Tell me. There is gold for you in it—much gold, and safety. But you must tell me. Do not risk your head.' And with insistent voice, now full of menace and now of apparent kindness, Toulan pressed him over and over again to say from whom the message came.

Jean looked even more impassive than ever while the keen-faced Frenchman bent towards him; but at the repeated demand, 'Tell me, who gave it to you?' he shook his head with a look of doggedness. Betray! At the mere thought scorn ran like a flame through his blood. So expressive was his glance that a slower-witted man than Toulan might have seen that the impassive face of the Englishman was only a mask for a brave and strong spirit.

A light, indeed, was slowly kindling in Jean's eyes; a look of purpose had crept into his face. The Frenchman was watching him, and with characteristic quickness read his thoughts. He was measuring his interlocutor's figure for a leap upon him.

A half-smile ran across Toulan's face. He lifted his hands with an arresting gesture, opened the door of the room behind him, and, with a glance of his eye, drew Jean inside. Then he softly closed the door. The two looked at each other, and Toulan's face wore for the moment an aspect of irresolution. He walked two or three times across the room. Then he turned.

'Jean,' he whispered, 'that poor white-haired woman, that starved little wolf-pup—who would not pity them? Yes,' he said, answering the wondering inquiry in Jean's eyes, 'it was a trap. Lepitre said you were to be trusted, but we could take no risks. We wanted to test you. We have a plan for getting the queen out of the Temple. We want you to be in it, and we tried this business of the roll upon you as a test.'

The broken, hurried sentences by this time had become intelligible to Jean. There was a plot for the queen's release, and he had been chosen to take part in it. The message was a trick which put him in the power of the conspirators if they found they could not trust him, but it was also a test of his loyalty.

'It is a real message,' said Toulan presently, 'and it will stay where you placed it. The queen has had letters before in the same fashion, and knows where to look for them.'

Jean's consent to take part in the plot was wordless but expressive; and Toulan without hesitation went on to explain their plans.

(To be continued.)

SOME CHANGES IN BIRD-LIFE.

By the Rev. Canon J. VAUGHAN, M.A.

A COMPARISON of the bird-life in England to-day with what it was in former years is one of unusual interest. The comparison, it is true, cannot be extended beyond comparatively modern times. For though we meet with allusions to birds in many ancient records—in books on falconry, in 'household-books' (such as the Northumberland 'household-book' and that of the L'Estrange family in the days of Henry VIII.), in Shakespeare and other poets, in letters and papers such as those of the famous physician Sir Thomas Browne of Norwich—yet, except in the case of well-known species, the identification is not always clear and satisfactory. There is, of course, the *Ornithology* of Francis Willughby, edited after his untimely death by his friend John Ray, which appeared in 1676, and which contains references to

English birds; but the work deals generally 'with all the species hitherto known.' It was not till the year 1761 that Pennant's *British Zoology* was published, the second volume of which treats of 'British Birds.' Thomas Pennant, it will be remembered, was Gilbert White's friend and correspondent, and in his preface he gratefully acknowledges the information he received from the naturalist of Selborne. A few years later, in 1788, appeared White's own immortal *Natural History of Selborne*, in which village it might almost be said that the study of British ornithology took its rise. This book was the result of forty years' unwearied observation; White began his *Garden Kalendar* in 1751, and so carries us back to the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1797 Bewick published the first volume of his *History of British Birds*, a work still prized for the accuracy and beauty of its illustrations. The early years of the nineteenth century saw the appearance of Colonel Montagu's famous *Ornithological Dictionary*, followed in 1813 by his *Supplement*. Twenty years later Selby produced his admirable *Illustrations;* and in 1837 Yarrell began the publication of his *History of British Birds*. The third edition of this work, which appeared in 1856, contains the descriptions of no less than eighty-three species not mentioned by Montagu. Among other books bearing on ornithology which belong to the earlier years of the last century may be mentioned Gilpin's *Forest Scenery* (which contains much interesting information with regard to the birds of the New Forest), Colonel Peter Hawker's *Diary* and *Instructions*, and the *Sporting Journals* of the second Earl of Malmesbury, which range from 1798 to 1840. These latter works, it will be noticed, as well as Gilbert White's *History*, all deal with the ornithology of Hampshire.

Now, since the days of Gilbert White and of Colonel Montagu great changes have passed over the face of the country which have seriously affected the distribution of birds. These changes are due to various causes, such as the drainage of the fens, the enclosing of commons, the growth of towns, and the extension of railways. Kingsley's famous lament over the past glories of Whittlesea Mere will recur to many: 'Little thinks the Scotsman, whirled down by the Great Northern Railway from Peterborough to Huntingdon, what a grand place, even twenty years ago'—the words were written in 1867—'was Whittlesea Mere, where dark-green alders and pale-green reeds stretched for miles round the broad lagoon, where the coot clanked, and the bittern boomed, and the sedge-bird, not content with its own sweet song, mocked the notes of all the birds around; while high overhead hung, motionless, hawk beyond hawk, buzzard beyond buzzard, kite beyond kite, as far as eye could see. Far off, upon the silver mere, would rise a puff of smoke from a punt, and then overhead rushed and whirled the skein of terrified wild-fowl, screaming, piping, clacking, croaking, filling the air with the hoarse rattle of their wings, while clear above all sounded the wild whistle of the curlew and the trumpet note of the great wild swan. These are all gone now. Gone are ruffs and reeves, spoonbills, bitterns, avocets; the very snipe, one hears, disdain to breed.' The passage may be perhaps somewhat highly coloured, but it describes in a graphic manner the changes which followed the draining of the great fen. And so with other vast stretches of marshland, such as the fens of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire, of Holderness in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and of Prestwich Car in Northumberland, once the haunt of numberless water-fowl and the home of many rare species, now converted into corn-fields and grazing ground, where

> All the land in flowery squares,
> Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
> Smells of the coming summer.

And as with the fens and marshes, so with the extensive stretches of common-land which formerly existed in England. In some counties these commons extended for miles. It was possible, for instance, to ride from Causton to Norwich, a distance of thirteen miles, without once leaving the turf. In Lincolnshire, too, they were very extensive, and each common, we are told, had its own pair of hen-harriers; even in Essex, until quite modern times, many of the roads were bordered with wide stretches of grass and rank herbage. These commons and wayside wastes have now to a great extent been enclosed and converted into arable land, with the natural result that many choice birds are gone. The great increase of population, with the consequent growth of towns, has also seriously affected the bird-life of the country; while in one instance a railway actually runs through the centre of what was formerly a famous decoy. To these causes, which have so conspicuously interfered with 'the old order' in the distribution of birds, must also be added the 'preserving' of game and the comparatively modern craze of egg-collecting. Our larger birds of prey have almost disappeared before the gun and trap of the gamekeeper, while the greed and selfishness of the egg-collector are responsible for the diminution almost to extinction of some of our rarer species. He has driven the ruff before its time from its last haunt in the British Isles; he has reduced the number of white-tailed eagles to two or three breeding-pairs on some outlying islands in the Shetlands; he seldom allows the honey-buzzard to rear its young in peace in the New Forest, or Montagu's harrier on the heaths of Dorsetshire, or the peregrine falcon on the cliffs of Freshwater. He has banished the beautiful little bearded-tit from the dense reed-beds of many a Norfolk broad.

But nowhere is the contrast between the bird-life in England to-day and that of former times more conspicuous than in the almost total disappearance of the larger birds of prey. In the olden times, when falconry was the sport of kings, all kinds of hawks were protected as pheasants and partridges are to-day. No hawk's nest was allowed to be

taken, and buzzards and kites as well as 'noble' peregrines reared their young in peace. Indeed, in medieval England the kite must have been a specially familiar object alike in town and country. It was protected not only for the sport it showed when pursued by falcons, but also as a scavenger, and was to be seen in all large towns, except where the raven took its place. A traveller who visited England in 1461 remarks in his journal that nowhere had he seen so great a number of kites as in London, and that the birds were so bold as to snatch bread from the hands of children in the streets. It was equally common in country districts, where it played great havoc in the poultry-yard. An interesting illustration, clearly the result of observation, occurs in one of the sermons of the famous Presbyterian preacher Stephen Marshall, who held a living in Essex in the days of the Commonwealth. He tells us 'how the Evil One lies in wait for the souls of men, and carries them off one after the other to perdition, even as a kite harryeth the brood of a hen, and leaveth none remaining.' Even a hundred years ago the kite was not uncommon in Essex; it bred regularly in the great woods near Hempstead, and doubtless in Marshall's old parish of Finchingfield. There are several allusions to it in Gilbert White's writings and in Lord Malmesbury's sporting journals. Gilpin speaks of it in 1834 as 'one of the most harmonious appendages of the New Forest;' and as late as 1864 it seems to have nested in the county of Hants. But with the increased preservation of game the days of the kite were clearly numbered; and now this splendid bird,

> That swims sublime
> In still repeated circles, screaming loud,

once the commonest of our birds of prey, is exterminated in England, while a few pairs only manage to maintain a struggle for existence in the wildest parts of Wales. And what has happened in the case of the fork-tailed kite has to a great extent taken place with other species of rapacious birds. Sparrow-hawks and kestrels, indeed, are common, but hen-harriers no longer breed as in the days of the second Lord Malmesbury, 'in great numbers yearly on Poole Heath;' neither do 'the moor-buzzards commit great havoc among the wild-fowl at Heron Court.' The honey-buzzard has altogether deserted its ancient haunt on Selborne Hanger; and the peregrine falcon has ceased to harass the teal on the moor's river. And with the larger hawks has disappeared the bird of ill omen. In former years the hoarse croak of the raven was a familiar sound in the country, and nearly every parish had its 'raven-tree.' It is now almost as scarce as its relative the chough, which in White's time 'abounded on Beachy Head and on all the cliffs of the Sussex coast.'

When Bewick engraved his well-known plate of the bustard with two greyhounds and a sportsman in full pursuit, that splendid bird was nearing the end of its existence in England. In medieval times it seems to have inhabited all the undulating plains and wolds from the British Channel to the Firth of Forth. In the seventeenth century Sir Thomas Browne speaks of it as 'not infrequent' in Norfolk, and Ray mentions it as inhabiting 'Newmarket and Royston Heaths.' Later on, an advertisement in Addison's *Spectator* for March 4, 1712, states that on the property of Heyden in Essex was to be found 'game in great plenty, even to the Bustard.' Towards the end of the century we learn from Gilbert White that the birds were occasionally to be seen 'between Andover and Winton,' and that 'at a distance they resembled fallow deer.' But with the dawn of the nineteenth century Colonel Montagu tells us that the bustard was 'almost extinct, except upon the plains of Wiltshire, where it has become very scarce.' A few years later it was gone from Salisbury Plain, though a few birds managed to linger on in Norfolk and Suffolk until about 1838.

But if we have lost some of our larger species, other birds have become commoner than in former years. There is a compensatory principle continually at work throughout nature. 'If a marsh is drained and subjected to the plough,' as Lubbock truly says, 'the call of the partridge is substituted for the cry of the lapwing and the snipe; if the same is planted, the wood-pigeon, the jay, the missel-thrush, the pheasant, and various others, creep in to fill up the vacuum, which "nature abhors."' The bustard, alas! is gone, and many of our larger birds of prey. The black grouse, formerly found on the wide heaths and commons of the south of England, has now in those parts become extremely scarce. The beautiful bittern, at one time a regular breeder in the fens, is now only an occasional winter visitor, and we are never likely to hear, with George Crabbe, as he wandered along the marsh near Aldeburgh,

> The loud bittern, from the bulrush home,
> Give from the salt-ditch side its bellowing boom.

And with the bittern has gone, in consequence of the same draining of the fenlands, the black tern, the godwit, the avocet, and Savi's warbler. But other species have increased. The cirl-bunting and the garden-warbler are common enough at Selborne to-day, though they are not mentioned by Gilbert White. When Bewick published his admirable work he seems to have considered the missel-thrush a rare bird. It cannot be said to be so now. As instances of this principle of compensation which pervades all nature, Lubbock in 1845 mentions the great increase in Norfolk, owing to 'the taste for planting which had arisen of late years,' of the turtle-dove, the ring-dove, the goat-sucker, the crossbill, and of the smaller birds generally. In White's time the hawfinch was clearly an uncommon bird; 'three of them,' he tells us, 'once appeared in my fields in the winter;' and indeed it was not known to breed in England until Mr Doubleday found its nest in Epping Forest about the year 1830. Yarrell frankly admits that

personally he was hardly acquainted with the bird, having 'never obtained more than a momentary glimpse of it.' Now it breeds regularly in many of the home counties, and can no longer be called a rare bird. In my own garden, situated not many miles from Selborne, it often plays great havoc among the greenpeas in summer-time.

A variety of causes have combined to favour the increase of our smaller birds, which in former years must have been terribly harassed by the numerous birds of prey. The hedgerows and plantations which followed the Enclosure Act were doubtless another factor in their favour. Churchwardens, again, no longer pay threepence a dozen for 'sparrar-heads,' which of course included those of any of the smaller birds. And there can be no doubt as to the excellent results which have followed the Wild Birds Protection Act and the efforts of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. It is now generally admitted that, with the exception of the Dartford warbler, our smaller species are steadily on the increase throughout the country. A conspicuous instance is the goldfinch, of which beautiful species I counted thirty-six together one day last autumn on Badbury Rings, near Wimborne, and two pairs last year nested in my own garden in Hampshire.

It is interesting to learn that, after the war of extermination which for many years had been waged against the golden eagle, the splendid bird, owing to the good sense of the landowners, is now decidedly on the increase in the Highlands of Scotland. Most interesting, too, is the report that a colony of the red-necked phalarope has lately been discovered in the north-west of Ireland, a country where before it was unknown. There also seems no reason to doubt that, as breeding species, the dotterel and the snow-bunting are both on the increase in Scotland. The woodcock now breeds regularly in many parts of England, and several kinds of ducks are spreading as breeding species in the southern and eastern counties. This is notably the case in the Essex marshes, where the nests of the widgeon, the shoveller, and the tufted duck may be seen every year. In one marsh, known as the Old Hall Marsh, in former years the site of a famous decoy, the pochard—'not known to breed with us,' wrote Colonel Montagu in 1802—now remains to nest every spring. It appears that some thirty years ago a female bird, having been 'winged' in the course of the winter, was unable to migrate with its companions when the spring season arrived. A gallant male bird remained behind with the cripple, and they successfully brought off their brood of young. The next year a second pair stayed behind, and now some twenty couples of pochards breed regularly every spring on the Hall marshes.

LAW IN LATIN-AMERICA.



N my way south I took the train from the city of Mexico to the city of Puebla. Part of the journey lies through the mountainous state of Tlaxcala, the smallest of the Mexican states, whose fierce inhabitants, never conquered by the Aztecs, cooked and ate the sooth-sayers who gave them bad advice, and became the allies of Cortes in the destruction of Montezuma. Their descendants of to-day are hardly reconciled to the presence of civilisation, and President Diaz does not hesitate to enforce order among them by the method they can best understand.

The railway passes through their country—against their will. At dusk the lamps in the car were lit, but shortly afterwards the conductor came round and carefully pulled down all the blinds. I asked the reason, and he said the people hereabout were *mala gente*, and it was safer to show as little light as possible. He had scarcely spoken when a stone as large as a cocoa-nut crashed through the upper window and fell behind my seat. '*Cuidado!*' ('Take care!') cried the conductor; 'they may fire also.' Several of the passengers crouched down, and I noticed that the train had suddenly increased its speed. Nothing more happened, and after a time the conductor announced that we were now out of danger. In reply to my inquiries I was told that the Tlaxcaltecos were a rude and fierce set of people, who had from the first hated the railway, and that some two years ago the train as it passed near two of their villages was almost invariably attacked with stones or guns. Complaint was made, but the culprits could not be identified. As the train continued to be assailed and the local authorities were unequal to the occasion, President Diaz was appealed to, and he at once sent instructions to the *jefe politico* of the district to arrest the delinquents. The *jefe* was unable, however, to find out who they were. The President then sent down a couple of troops of cavalry, with instructions to the officer in command to assemble the inhabitants of the two villages and demand that the culprits should be delivered up. If they were not, he was to select a dozen of the most probably guilty and shoot them without trial. The officer accordingly arrived, called the people together, and demanded that the men who had assaulted the train should be pointed out. No one, however, would either confess or inform on his neighbour, and the officer accordingly picked out twelve of the boldest-looking young men, ranged them up against a wall, ordered out a platoon, and shot them all there and then. After that there was peace for a while, but now it seemed as if the lesson were being forgotten and would have to be repeated.

With a good introduction, I had called on the President two days before, and had found

him the kindest, most courteous, most gentle of elderly gentlemen—he was born in 1830. But under his warm hand-pressure and almost affectionate greeting I had been conscious of something. I cannot describe it, but the recollection of it prevented me from feeling any surprise at the conductor's tale.

In due time I reached the region of the recently explored coffee and tobacco lands of the *tierra caliente*, and found myself far out of the way of any centre of civilisation. Perhaps I should not have reckoned myself so far if there had been a railway or even a good road within reach. But when a journey occupies many days, or even weeks, through steaming forests and over giddy mountain-passes, by roads which are at best mere bridle-paths, without bridges over the rivers or inns by the way, a distance short on the map is long indeed. I was, however, within reach of the Government, which, in theory, extended to me its protection, and, in fact, took care that I paid the taxes.

Of the famous rural police, into which Diaz's genius metamorphosed the rural banditti of revolutionary days, I had seen the last at the last railway station; but I found the law respected and feared, for every one knew that behind it was the swift, watchful, calm, indomitable President, whose arm is very long, and who never forgets.

Here, in a rural district of southern Mexico, the chief representatives of Government are the district judge, the *recaudador subalterno* (or local tax-gatherer), and the *jefe politico*. The *jefe politico* represents directly the executive power. He is charged with the maintenance of public order. His title may be roughly translated chief of police. Each of these officials receives a salary and 'perquisites,' the judge making probably the smallest income of the three.

The judge's salary is three dollars per day, that of the tax-gatherer one dollar, and that of the *jefe politico* three dollars and thirty centavos. Since the fall in the value of silver the Mexican dollar is worth only about two shillings, or half the value of the United States dollar, although in Mexico it retains its par value for the purchase of domestic products. It will be seen that the salaries of these officials are not exorbitant. In addition to his salary, the *jefe* has a share in certain so-called *honorarios*, while the tax-gatherer is allowed a commission of 8 per cent. on all he collects. The judge gets nothing extra except a secretary at one dollar a day and an allowance of twenty-five cents a day for *gastos menores* or petty expenses. Each of the three gentlemen, however, is said to avail himself of opportunities which occur in the exercise of his office for making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.

The judge is a *licenciado*—that is, he holds a college diploma in law, and is a member of the Faculty of Lawyers authorised to practise in the courts. His tenure of the judge's office is only for two years, unless he should be re-elected. During his term of office he is not prohibited from carrying on such private practice as does not interfere with his judicial work.

The judge's court and the offices of the *jefe politico* and the *recaudador* are situated at the *cabecera* or chief town of the district. Each municipality, however, has its *presidente municipal* or mayor, and its *alcalde* or local magistrate. (*Alcalde* is one of the many Moorish words adopted into the Spanish language, the *cadi* of the *Arabian Nights*.) A village or other community not a municipality has its *agente municipal*, and in some cases an *alcalde* also. These petty local authorities are appointed for one year, and receive no salary. In the rural districts they are generally Indians, and frequently the *presidente municipal* can neither read nor write, knows but a few words of Spanish, and speaks with fluency only the Indian dialect of his tribe.

It was while I was living among the forests on the skirts of the Sierra Madre that I first made the acquaintance of my district judge. My place of residence was almost on the state border, and the chief town (it was really only a village) where his Honour lived was about three days' journey off among the mountains.

One afternoon a singular procession emerged from the forest into the clearing round my dwelling. First came a lean and gray-bearded man in a well-worn gray *charro* suit, the jacket showing his woollen shirt between its lower edge and the waist-band of his trousers, which were without the usual silver buttons down the sides, but fitted his thighs and calves as if he had been melted and poured into them. Wrinkled a little at the ankles, they were made so as to spread broadly over his boots like gaiters, and were rather ragged at the heels. On his head he wore a great felt sombrero with sugar-loaf-shaped crown and heavy tarnished silver braiding. He was mounted on a yellow pony, long-tailed, ewe-necked, and ungroomed. The weather-worn and well-rubbed wood of his saddle-tree had scarcely a scrap of its original parchment covering left. Some bits of frayed and greasy sacking were his saddle-cloths. The huge leather covers of his box-stirrups were dark with the wettings and caked with the dust of many a journey. A headstall whose rotten straps were mended here and there with cord seemed hardly fit to hold the rusty bit. The horse-furniture of this cavalier would indeed have seemed in the last state of dilapidation but for the presence of a still more dilapidated object which followed him. The second pony was a piebald, blind of an eye and minus one ear, and its accoutrements appeared to be held together by some clumsy arrangement of bits of string, and ready to fall to pieces should a knot or a strand of twine anywhere give way.

The first rider was thin; the second was fat, yet his rusty black coat was buttoned to the chin, although the thermometer showed ninety-eight degrees in the shade. He had a large white bathing-towel wrapped round his throat. Each man carried his travelling baggage—a bundle like a big, ill-

shaped sausage—strapped behind him on his saddle. Each wore on his rusty elastic-sided boots a pair of large and still more rusty spurs, their star-shaped rowels, fortunately blunt, some three inches in diameter. Each rode, after the fashion of his country, sitting upright in his saddle, his legs not bent at the knees but straight from hip to heel, his toes turned out very nearly at right angles to his steed, under whose small barrel there was plenty of room for the big spurs. Each held the loose reins of twisted horsehair with outstretched arm in the upturned palm of his left hand and lightly grasped between thumb and forefinger, as a railway traveller might hold out his ticket to the conductor.

Such were the figures which I presently found to be the district judge and his secretary. At the time I saw nothing absurd in their appearance. My own was weather-stained and worn enough. They were not incongruous with the crazy log hut, with palm roof and mud floor, in which I was living, nor with the wild country and their rough journey. The judge had that indescribable look in his face which showed him to be an educated man. He bore himself with dignity and self-respect as he descended stiffly from his Rosinante. Having sat down for a few moments and exchanged with me the cordial greetings with which host and guest meet in the backwoods, and taken a little glass of brandy, he begged us to excuse him and his secretary while they bathed in the river. He behaved with elaborate courtesy, striving always, with Mexican good manners, to give, and never to take, precedence, at no matter what cost of delay in our exits and our entrances, and at supper never helping himself to a dish till he had offered it to his neighbours on both sides. We spent a very pleasant evening. Over his coffee the judge discussed the late Spanish-American war and local affairs with quietness, deliberation, and good sense.

Like the majority of Mexicans of his class, and like the famous President himself, he is a *mestizo*—that is, he is of partly European and partly Indian race, sometimes a happy mixture, sometimes very much the reverse. I learned that he has a wife and family to support. He does not subject them to the hardships of his remote and temporary place of residence. They live in the state capital, where there is better education and more congenial society, and thither he will return on the expiry of his term of office should he not be re-elected. He told me he was now on his way to give formal possession to the purchaser of some lands acquired from Government. I gave him a bed, which he occupied without undressing; and next morning, after early coffee, he resumed his journey. In true Indian fashion, he postponed the business of his visit till the moment of his departure. It was to ask a small clerkship for his son. I observed also that he held some private discourse with an individual who had turned up, having heard of the judge's presence, and who proved to be a client with some business pending before the court.

The professional judicature being thus sparsely distributed, Mexican law compels the *dueño*—the landowner or his representative, and so the employer of labour—to assume in outlying places, even though he be a foreigner, the responsibility for local order. This he must do either by accepting the office of *agente municipal* or delegating it to one of his employés, who is appointed on his nomination, and to whom he must afford all facilities for the discharge of the official duties. Except by this means the State does not furnish police to perambulate his district and protect him and his property. It is the duty of the *agente municipal* in such cases to appoint a sufficient number of *auxilios*, of course selected from among the workers. The planter pays their wages and feeds them while they are on police-duty just as he does while they are hoeing his tobacco. The *agente*, too, who is probably an overseer or foreman, has to get his board and salary without any deduction for the time he employs in the service of the State.

There are, however, advantages to counterbalance the burden thus laid on the *dueño*. The employer of a large number of people in a remote district generally finds it very convenient to be invested with magisterial authority. Such offenders as do not require to be sent to a higher court can be tried at the place and time and punished in the way which will least interfere with their master's work. The punishment can be made not only to fit the crime, but also to fit the state of the crops. Petty offenders whose labour their employer is at the moment unwilling to dispense with—and the procuring of labour is probably his greatest difficulty—may be fined instead of being imprisoned. And if, as generally happens, they have no money with which to pay their fines, these can take the shape of a week's or a fortnight's labour. Such labour should, in strict observance of the law, be performed on another plantation; but the main thing is that the wages earned by it—that is to say, the fine—should be promptly remitted to the *jefe político*, which being done in due form, no one has any interest in taking further trouble about the matter. The *agente* is happy to arrange things to suit his employer, his chief satisfaction in his office being in most cases the feeling of 'importance' he has in doing so. Frequently he is quite incompetent to carry out his official duties without guidance, and is perfectly content to do exactly what his master tells him. This works very well, the master doing the business to suit the interests of the plantation as far as possible, while the man has the official responsibility.

The *agente municipal* on an estate with which I am well acquainted is the husband of the cook. He cleans the house, makes the beds, brings the meals from the kitchen, and waits at table. He cannot draw up any of the documents which his office constantly requires of him, but he can sign his name with the proper 'rubric' (the flourish) after it which the law demands, and he signs without question or

hesitation and affixes his official seal to whatever his master puts before him. Justice is administered without needless fuss or loss of time, and accommodates itself to the exigencies of business.

Everybody is ready to help with a will when he is under official direction and is told what to do, but scarcely any Mexican will act spontaneously on the side of justice or even fairplay. If two men quarrel, for example, and only one of them has a knife, so much the better for him and so much the worse for his opponent. It will never occur to the man with the knife to forgo his advantage, nor will the bystanders think of interfering to make them fight on equal terms.

The planter who, though against his inclination, is a magistrate, whether in law or only in fact, is expected to respond to the call of the *jefe politico* in case of any riot or public disturbance in the district by going to his assistance armed and mounted, and taking with him a force of armed auxiliaries proportionate to the number of his employés and his 'stake in the country.' The occasion for this does not come very often, but the annually appointed officials must always go to the chief town to make the statutory declaration and receive their commissions; and this means, if they are employés, a yearly trip and generally a holiday of a week or two at their master's expense.

The foreigner who engages in plantation in rural Mexico is apt to fret at first at such exactions on his time and money. He wonders what he pays taxes for, and thinks of the old saying about keeping a dog and having to bark yourself. He will grudge the cash outlay perhaps less than the interruption to his work. But in Mexico money is scarce and time is plentiful, and he at length learns to regard these tributes to the State as part of the unavoidable, though unanticipated, costs of his enterprise. For part of his outlay he is entitled to make a claim on the Government; but he will probably be wiser to write, with the assistance of a judicious Mexican friend, a letter to the *jefe* professing to minimise, but in reality recounting with emphasis and even exaggeration, what he has done and spent, and ostentatiously renouncing compensation. The Spanish language affords facilities for doing this to perfection. Afterwards he has only to let slip no opportunity of proclaiming loudly the importance of his services to the authorities and the generosity of his conduct. This course will be to his advantage in the long-run.

The great body of the Mexican people is not yet fitted to enjoy the full benefit of the republic's free institutions. President Diaz knows well the conditions under which the nation must advance, and the laws are framed in full view of the fact that the majority of those who have to obey them must be in the meantime, for good practical reasons, treated as children rather than responsible men. That they are grown-up children only makes them less easily managed.

There are clear and well-indexed criminal and civil codes for the guidance of the judge, so that he is not troubled by conflicting precedents or the perplexities of common law. It is at his peril if he departs by a hairbreadth from prescribed rule, and he is apt to pay less regard to justice, or even fact, than to the technical fulfilment of the requirements of the code. This has its drawbacks, for no code can fully anticipate and provide for every possible case. But it would not yet do in Mexico to trust to the rural, or even the urban, judge's unguided capacity; while his probity is too highly strained by his miserable pay and short tenure of office.

The procedure in criminal cases seems to the casual Scot to be in theory very philosophical and modern-republican, but in practice almost mediævally cumbrous. Founded on Roman law, it recalls the methods of the famous trial in Browning's poem 'The Ring and the Book,' with its separate examinations, written pleadings, secret deliberations, and its long-deferred judgments. The system of jurisprudence has not been naturally evolved with the growth of the people in intelligence, 'broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent,' but has been put on, like the rest of Mexican civilisation, from the outside, and does not yet quite fit. Relics of a barbarous time stick out here and there. But the Government does its best, and, considering the people it has to deal with, does wonderfully well.

LOOK UP.

Look up, look up, lest thou perchance shouldst miss
The glory of the heavens: the noonday sun,
The star-world o'er thy head, the tender kiss
Of dawn, the majesty of day begun.

Look up with new resolve for other sake
Than just thine own. Climb up the mountain steep,
Hard-breathing in the wind, that some may take
Fresh heart from thee ere eyes be closed in sleep.

Look up! for brave endeavour God doth call,
Life is too short for anything but love;
And His great truth for ever for us all
Shall light the weary road, heaven's arch above.

Look up, to give to life a nobler worth,
And speak high words of cheer when thou shalt find
One chance to be an angel on the earth,
A benediction to thy suffering kind.

Look up! What matter if with empty hands
Thou comest?—if thou foldest them to pray
Thou givest much to Him who understands
Life's mystery of pain from day to day.

Look up with fearless front, erect o'er strife,
Though dark the night and winterly the day.
Courage, oh toiler! let the door of life
Stand open wide for Christ to come that way.

HARRIET KENDALL.

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MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN, M.P.

PART XII.

MEMORIES of music and of those who made music cluster thickly about the old letters which are before me as I write. Both my father and my mother were by nature musical and had been well trained, the one to the violin, the other to the piano; and for many years their house was the gathering-place of those who were musically minded. In his uncompleted *Reminiscences* my father had meant, as I gather from a list of names on a loose page in his note-book, to speak of Mendelssohn, F. David, Ernst, Chopin, Moscheles, Hiller, Meyerbeer, Liszt, Thalberg, Molique, and many others too numerous to mention here. In regard to these I cannot supply his place, but I can say a few words about some others whom I myself remember and whose letters still remain to me.

Let me begin with a letter from my father to my mother, dated 24th July 1860:

'It was a quarter past 9 before I got any dinner at the club, and at 11 I made my appearance at the Hallés'. Had Hallé not happened to be on the landing and shaken hands with me as I came up I should never have been able to come near him or he near me the whole evening, so great was the crowd. Prince Galitzin was going as I came. His wife's English maid had that day died at her feet in a fit of apoplexy. They were terribly upset, and he is to take his wife away a little to get over the shock.

'As I entered the sacred temple the well-known priests and priestesses were there, officiating or performing their devotions. At the altar were Hallé, Santley, Belletti, and Mlle. Artot. The latter sang a pretty lullaby by Gounod, but may on the whole for my part vanish at once into infinite space, as Carlyle has it. Hallé played Chopins and Bachs, one *suite*, &c., which I had never heard before and which was quite enchanting. . . . Our friend ——'s nose glowed more powerfully than ever and paled the ineffectual lights of lamps and candles. I noticed that a young lady's dress (close to him) appeared pink, while (away from him) it was white.

'Among the devotees was Chorley, transparent, with rosy skin and yellow hair. He had drunk the elixir of life just in the right quantity last night, and was wonderfully youthful and frisky. Near him were the young and lovely Virginia [Gabriel] and the still younger and lovelier Volumnia [Miss Boyle]. Leighton whispered soft nothings into Virginia's innocent ears; the Prinseps with the Murillo daughter were attended by their henchmen Holman Hunt and Dick Doyle. Manuel Garcia told me the same story about Ernst playing a sonata of Bach's many years ago which I have patiently listened to twice before, and I fear strong defensive measures will have to be taken on the occasion of the next attack. Round this camp of gipsies a thin line of respectable heavy outsiders sat frigid, trying to overawe the turbulent mass, not without a certain effect. Lady Molesworth bestowed some of her amiable self on each of the two parties and still had plenty to spare. Mrs —— gave me her hand to kiss, but I regret to say it was covered by a washed glove which smelt strongly of turpentine. Everybody inquired after you. Chorley and I walked home together as far as the corner of Park Lane. He had recently made Holman Hunt's acquaintance at Gad's Hill, and was very much struck by the notion that he paints Christ from his own face. In "The Light of the World" there is certainly some similarity. He quite hugged this discovery, as you know he does everything which he thinks he has found out.'

Of Henry Fothergill Chorley I have a very distinct recollection, though he died thirty-five years ago. He was tall and thin. His eyes blinked and twinkled as he spoke; and his quaint pecking gestures and high staccato voice made an impression which caused one of his friends to describe him as the missing link between the chimpanzee and the

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cockatoo. He was a literary critic, a playwright, a writer of novels, all long since forgotten, and of operatic *libretti;* but he was best known as the musical critic of the *Athenæum*, the staff of which he had joined in 1833. In this capacity he for many years waged war against Schumann's music, and against Madame Schumann, who was endeavouring to make it known and appreciated in England. The genius of the dead composer and the noble efforts of his living wife eventually prevailed against Chorley; but for some years at any rate Chorley's campaign was conducted with a certain amount of success. In his private relations Chorley was friendly, affectionate, and sincere, with a strain of whimsical oddity which was the delight of his friends. One testimony, at any rate, to his true goodness of heart I can give in a letter written by him to my father when my mother was lying seriously ill:

'13 Eaton Place, West,
Tuesday, Jany. 26th, '65.

'My dear Lehmann,—I cannot tell you how sorry I am that you should have any anxiety now; but I *can* tell you that should you by any mischance (which may God avert!) want a relief, I am ready. I can sit up in any lower storey, without wanting to go to sleep, I can take directions, and I make no noise. I earnestly hope and believe that I shall not be wanted; *but* you would do me an unkindness if, supposing I could be of any good, you did not remember now how I am your obliged and faithful,

'H. F. Chorley.

'This note requires no answer save in the form of a summons.'

I now come to our dear old friend Sir George Grove—'G.', as he was always known to his intimates. The mere thought of him brings a burst of sunshine into the mind. There never was a man of more delightful humour or of a more abounding gaiety and amiability. Friendliness shone from his eyes and from every line of his face. Cheerfulness entered the room with him, and stayed even after he had left, so infectious were his spirits. He was all his life a very hard worker, but his enthusiasms remained fresh and unimpaired to the end. I was with my mother when he stayed with her at Portobello in 1896. He was my senior by thirty-five years, but I felt in his society as though the essence of youth and good-fellowship had become happily embodied in him for my especial benefit. Here was a man who had begun life as an engineer and had helped to float the tubes of the Menai Bridge; who had been secretary of the Society of Arts for two years and of the Crystal Palace for twenty-one; who had contributed many articles to the *Bible Dictionary*, and had for sixteen years edited *Macmillan's Magazine;* who had organised and edited a monumental *Dictionary of Music*, and had been director of the Royal College of Music—here, as I say, was this learned and versatile man of seventy-six frisking and laughing and chaffing and egging his companions on to laughter like a boy just released from school. It is a memory to be prized through life.

I think it was early in the sixties that my father and mother first came to know Grove, who was then, as he remained until 1873, secretary of the Crystal Palace and one of the presiding spirits of the famous Saturday Concerts. The relation between our two families soon became a very intimate and affectionate one. I have a letter of July 8th, 1867, from Grove to my mother in which he says: 'Thanks, dear friend, for your account of yourself. It is bad enough, but, thank God, not so bad as I had heard, last of all from old Chorley, who came trembling and crying to our gate yesterday morning quite a wreck of a wreck. Can't you keep yourself quiet, and recollect that you are a very weak, fragile creature, and also awfully valuable to all your friends, and put yourself into a big jewel-box and be looked at and aired only occasionally? Don't vote me a bore for preaching. Good-bye, my dear friend. Write to me again, and the sooner the better. I am going to dine with Arthur [Sullivan] to-night, and shall drink your health (to myself) with my first glass of claret.'*

The friendship thus established continued uninterrupted to the end of Grove's life. Here is another letter sixteen years later:

'Lower Sydenham, S.E.,
Oct. 8th, '93.

'My dear old Friend,—I have got an excuse to write to you which is very nice. The other day at Ragatz I met a lady and her husband who knew you and talked familiarly of many of our friends. . . .

'Why did I go to Ragatz? Well, my dear child, I went to cure my rheumatism, which bends me double, and makes me cross, and tires me, and is absurd. I have taken the baths all regular, and been massaged by a powerful Swede with an immense ball to his thumb. With that ball he not only rubbed and dug into the poor muscles of my back, but after each rubbing he slapped me with all his strength and his open hand till I was almost mad. *Souvenirs de jeunesse* he called it, but I never remember anything so cruel or hard to bear at school. When I began my muscles were all in lumps like potatoes. Now they are as tender and nice as a new-born baby's, and *yet* the rheumatic pains continue! What to do I don't know. I live a life of martyrdom. I have "cut off" my sugar, my wine, my beer—everything that makes life desirable, and yet I live in torture and am always on the point of breaking into two across my back.

'However, there are some consolations. I am doing a book on Beethoven's Symphonies, into which I am putting all that I know and feel. I mean it to be lively and readable; there'll be musical hints for those who like 'em, but what I

* I have to thank Lady Grove for permitting me to publish Sir George Grove's letters here.

want is to write a book which will "carry people away." I have done six of them, and have had the proofs read by one or two *test-objects*, and they give very good reports. It's splendid doing it. I get no time, but have to snatch half-an-hour now and an hour then, and so get on with it. I suppose it will be out about Easter. It's hard work, and 7, 8, and 9 are big mouthfuls to digest—and bring up again.

'When I got to Ragatz I went to see the resident doctor, who spoke English fairly well. When he had finished his instructions, I said, "I don't know your ways. What fee am I to give you?" "Oh," said he, "what you usually give." So I forked out a napoleon, and then I said, "You remind me of a story told about Macaulay. He usually shaved himself; but having hurt his hand, he sent for a barber, and at the end of the operation he said, as I did, 'What am I to give?' And the barber replied, as you did, 'What you generally give to the man who shaves you.' '*Then*,' said Macaulay, 'I should give you three great cuts on each cheek.'" The doctor pondered a little while, and then he said, "Ah, Macküläy! He was a historian?" "He was," said I, and fled.

'Love to any of you who are there, and to you.

'G.'

In the summer of 1894, when he was contemplating resignation of the directorship of the Royal College of Music, he wrote to my mother:

'You *are* a brick—nothing short of it—to think of writing to me like that—a regular little soap-bubble of a note, all floating about with prismatic colours of the sweetest and brightest! And it was very *à propos*—a great deal of aproposity about it (that's better); for I am sadly down on my luck—no, not on my *luck*, but overdone and tired and full of pain, and, oh my dear, *so* old! You can't realise it—you, somewhere in the fifties, can't feel with an old hulk, an old seventy-four, the *Téméraire*—that's it exactly.

'But, really and truly, my time's about come, and now that we've got into our new house [that is, the new buildings of the College] I must retire; only, there are two questions: Who's to succeed me? and, How am I to live? I can live on bread and cheese. Well, but even that will be hard to pay for with nothing coming in, for I shall never make anything with my pen. . . . I have not taken the plunge yet, only talked to Arthur Sullivan and Lord Charles Bruce. The last two months has been a bad time, and my factotum Watson (a splendid fellow) has knocked up—all but paralysis—and left everything to me. H.R.H. has been very kind, praised me no end, and spoke quite affectionately. . . . Do you know that, except Christmas Day, I have not had one day's holiday since I came back from Ragatz on October 2. I had planned a little run into Scotland—Kenmore, St Andrews, Portobello, &c., when Watson broke down and stopped it.'

The following letter also refers to his impending retirement at a later stage:

'Lower Sydenham, S.E.,
Nov. 28 [1894].

'My very dear Friend,—I wish I could come to the wedding, but I can't manage it, and I would have no talk to you. I am rather down on my luck. Nothing exactly the matter—rheumatism, of course—but horrible bad spirits and forebodiug, and an uncertain feeling which, I suppose, is inevitable under the circumstances. I do dread the next 3 months with their fogs and east wind and frosts.

'My people have behaved very well to me: have given me a handsome pension (quite enough), have put me on the Council, and have passed the most comforting and appretiative* resolution. I hope to give up at Christmas, and then Parry will succeed at the New Year. I am much comforted about him, and see a new lease of life for the College. Good-bye. We will meet again soon, when I have got my breath again. G.'

The last letter I have from G. to my mother is dated from Lower Sydenham, Nov. 17th, 1896:

'Dearest old Friend,—A 1000 thanks. I answer you at once lest you should be crowded out, though I fear I sha'n't interest or amuse you. I am anything but well: full of pain and of distress and fear. I lay awake from 4 this morning, fighting the devil—all about nothing, but just as bad as if I had disgrace and disaster before me. It's no use complaining, and as a rule I don't talk, but it is dreadful. I am just worn out with letters on mere routine that I have to write myself. . . . I have seen A. S. [Arthur Sullivan] twice. He was thin, but I thought his face very much improved, and *very* nice to look at. We were quite on our old terms, but I had only two words with him. I am sorry about the small houses in Edinburgh, but on the other hand the *Mikado* is doing well here. The fact is that in music now (as there was in painting in pre-Raphaelite times) composers and hearers worship ugliness—that is, directness in any art. There has come a turn or *kink* in the brains and heart-strings of composers: they have no affection, no love for their music. That divine quality which made Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert couch their thoughts in the most beautiful forms they could find, and return to their lovely phrases and subjects over and over again, giving the melodies to one instrument after another, with small appropriate changes, and loving it better every time they came back to it—that is now all dismissed in favour of sound and fury. "Slap into it—the more directly your thought is thrust upon your hearers the better; ugliness and smashing denote strength of feeling. So don't spare abruptness and roughness."

'And so the old school, with our dear Arthur as its latest product, must go, and wait in the back-

* Mr Graves, in his *Life of Sir George Grove*, points out that Grove always spelt this word and the words related to it with a 't,' in accordance with their derivation.

ground till the *fad* has passed and reason comes back. The same thing happened in literature too, Carlyle setting the example. But there's a purer air and a bluer sky behind. These thoughts were forced on me by Schubert's "unfinished" symphony last Saturday. But I've given you enough! . . . There's a nice article on me in the last *Saturday Review*. More anon. G.'

Arthur Sullivan was another of our intimate friends. It was through Chorley, I think, that we became acquainted with him shortly after he had come to London after finishing his musical studies in Leipzig. He was then organist of St Michael's, Chester Square, a post he retained until 1867, when he migrated to St Peter's, Onslow Gardens. Chorley and Grove were his devoted friends, and did all they could to promote the success of the brilliant young man.

The earliest letter I possess from Sullivan was written to me.* This is headed with a drawing of 'Ponsonby Castle, sketched from life and from the street by a distinguished Artist.' The 'castle' possesses no back or sides, but, on the other hand, its front has eleven windows, in addition to a stack of chimneys and a front door. 'The Artist,' in a large top-hat, is shown contemplating it from the left. In real life 'Ponsonby Castle' was 3 Ponsonby Street, S.W. There is no date, but internal evidence goes to prove that it was written on 2nd January 1863, when I was about to complete my seventh year:

'My dear Rudie,—I write to wish you many happy returns of the day—in other words, to tell you how I hope you may live to be a fine old man, honest, upright, and good, always doing what is right, and especially being kind and affectionate to your parents, for think what they do for you.

'Now the Sermon is over, we will proceed to lighter matters. In the first place, I shall be delighted to avail myself of your kind invitation for to-morrow which you did me the honour to send. The prospect of Tea and Buns which you hold out is far too tempting to resist, particularly as Buns are the one great comfort of my life—in fact, the sole object, almost, for which I live. If you could throw in a few biscuits and a pickled onion in red currant jelly my happiness would, indeed, be more than I could well bear. No more of this, however, until we meet.

'Good-bye, my dear boy.—Ever your affectionate friend, Arthur S. Sullivan,
his + mark.

'*P.S.*—[Here follows an assortment of complicated hieroglyphics.] This of course is between ourselves.'

Sullivan's music to *The Tempest* was played for the first time at the Crystal Palace on 5th April 1862. It had a tremendous success, and was repeated at the same place a week later. Here is a description of its production in Manchester in the following year:

'Greenhays, Manchester, *Jan.* 23, 1863.

'My dear Mrs Lehmann,—I shall tell you all about last night's proceedings, but in few words, for I have not ten minutes. First, however, on Wednesday I was received by Miss Hallé most graciously, who entertained me until the return of her parents to dinner. We went to the "Gentlemen's Concert" in the evening: very classical and, *ergo*, very slow—Hallé, Molique, Piatti, Reeves, &c. Then I was taken to a ball and shown about like a stuffed gorilla! Mrs Leister is the name of the hostess. There I met a Mrs Gleig or Greig, a sister of Rathbone's. She was very pleasant, and likes you and Mr Lehmann—wonderful exception to a general rule! I stood about the room in easy and graceful postures, conscious of being gazed upon; walked languidly through the lancers, and then talked a good deal to Mrs Gaskell the authoress; and at half-past 2 was in bed. The next day we went down to the rehearsal, where I met with a most enthusiastic reception by the band on being introduced by Mr Hallé. They played through the whole thing with good-will, and took no end of pains about it. Then I went and got shaved (!), had an Eccles cake, a glass of sherry, and a cigar—looked at a few things of Hecht with him; home to dinner; and then to the concert.

'I sat with the Hallés in the two front rows (I on only one, of course). A splendid hall and well filled—nearly 3000, I am told:

Overture, *Egmont* . . .	Beethoven.
Song	Miss Banks.
Music to *The Tempest* . .	A. S. S.!

'Well, I felt calm and collected, and smiled blandly at the few people that I knew. The "Storm" begins, ends, and is warmly applauded. Things go on. The 3rd Act Prelude, also warmly applauded, at which your correspondent looks gratified, and wishes that a certain friend of his could hear the way in which certain points were taken up and certain passages got through without bungle.

'However, the audience warms up and applauds everything, especially the 4th Act Overture, which your correspondent thought as near perfection as anything he had ever heard. The band was superb—so bright! Well, it is all over, and loud applause follows. The band applauds at me. Hallé leans over and applauds at me. The audience see that something is up, and continue. At last Hallé beckons to me to come up. I wink, I nod, I interrogate with my eyebrows, and at last rush madly from my seat and up the platform. When I show myself my breath is literally taken away by the noise. It is gratifying, though. I bow six times, twice to the orchestra (who throughout have been so kind and friendly), and shake hands with Hallé; then down again, and all is over. I stay

*I have to thank Mr Herbert Sullivan for permission to publish these letters from his uncle.

behind during the 15 minutes interval, and am overwhelmed with—not reproaches—from critics, artists, rich merchants with hooked noses, &c. One gentleman sitting near Mrs Hallé, seeing me rush away, said, "What! is *that* Sullivan, that boy?" (Oh that I had a dagger!) "I thought he was a relation of yours." Others thought I was a contemporary of Beethoven, or at least his immediate successor.

'Hallé won't let me go back to-day. He is teaching all the morning, and says he has much to say to me, and stay I must. Mrs Hallé waits now in the carriage to take me to a sewing-school! My love to the children.—I am, dear Mrs Lehmann, ever yours, ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.'

In 1866, when Sullivan was only twenty-four, he suffered what he himself describes as the first great shock of his life in the death of his father. In the following letter he pays a beautiful tribute of sorrow and affection to his father's memory:

'47 CLAVERTON TERRACE, S.W.,
Thursday night, 18 *Oct.* 1866.

'I was very glad to get both your letters. . . . In great pain of this kind one holds out one's hands in an agony to see if any one will clutch them and press them even for a moment only, and it would be sad to hold them out in vain. And what agony, what real physical pain it is when the first great shock of one's life comes!

'I was at Sydenham on the Saturday night, asleep; and in the middle of the night was awaked by the servant to say my brother was there. I thought my brother wouldn't come down at 4 o'clock in the morning without some reason, and then he entered himself, looking so pale and odd. He tried to tell me quietly, but broke down at once. I got up and dressed, and then went out into the pitch-dark night, and together we drove home in a hansom which was waiting at the gate, and gave out a little faint glimmering light in the midst of the terrible darkness.

'Oh, that was a dreadful night! My dear father went to bed shortly before midnight, and at twelve he was dead. He slept in the dressing-room next to my mother's bedroom, and was already in bed when she came up. He called her and complained of a pain in his side. . . . She ran for a doctor, but it was too late. She was only away a few minutes, and before she returned he was gone. He never spoke a word, but gave a long sigh and died.

'My dear, dear Father, whom I loved so passionately, and who returned my love a hundredfold if that were possible! Oh, it is so hard—it is so terribly hard—to think that I shall never see his dear face again, or hear his cheery voice saying, "God bless you, my boy." . . . I am able to be strong all day for my poor mother's sake, who is nearly broken-hearted (they have been married thirty years, and known each other intimately nearly fifty!); but at night, when I am alone, then the wound bursts out, and I think of him and his tender love and care for me, and his pride in all I did—and now he is gone for ever. Perhaps he can look upon me and see all I do; and please God I will try and never do anything that will make him turn away his head and regret that he left me alone here. . . .

'Keep me in affectionate remembrance.—Ever yours, A. S. S.'

I give the following letter because it contains a reference to another bright and joyous spirit too soon withdrawn from the affection of his friends. The 'Freddy' mentioned by Sullivan was Frederic Clay, the composer of much beautiful music. His opera *The Golden Ring* was produced at the Alhambra on 3rd December 1883, amidst warm demonstrations of popular approval. As he was walking home from the theatre after the performance he was struck down by paralysis; and, though he afterwards rallied to a certain extent, he never recovered his full powers. He died at Marlow in 1889. I have a letter from him to my mother, undated, but evidently written a few days before the fatal 3rd December, in which he says:

'Will I dine with you on the 13th? *Won't* I, indeed? Yes, with all the pleasure in life, and my only regret is that the date is so far off!! I am ordering some new evening clothes, as I believe I am getting too shabby. I hope they will be ready by the 13th.

'If I make a failure at the Alhambra I don't know what will happen. I shall never have heart to dine at all any more—so let us hope I shall pass muster on the opening night.'

Here is Sullivan's letter to my mother:

'QUEEN'S MANSIONS, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.,
22 *Jan.* [1884].

'Bless you for your kind words and loving thought of me. I am all right again now, but a little bit pulled down, and am off next week somewhere—whither I know not yet. I saw our precious old Freddy on Sunday for the first time. He is bright, cheery, full of appreciation and sympathy; but, alas! speechless still. How awful it is!'

I began my budget of Sullivan letters with a letter about a birthday. I end it with another written to my mother about a birthday thirty-two years later:

'QUEEN'S MANSIONS, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.,
29 *May* '94.

'Yes, I had a birthday about a fortnight ago (13th), but I sha'n't have any more. I am 52, and it is time celebrations should cease. Do you remember that I spent part of my 21st birthday with you, and —— I forget the others; and with every gaiety of London open to us we chose the delirious dullness of Madame Tussaud's! It seems a very short time ago. How many of our own relations and friends have gone off since then!—even Edmund Yates has succumbed.

'I only see Nina about once a year, and when I do see her I always feel as if I never wanted to see any one else—such is real love, isn't it? Am I

never to see *you* again? Is Bourne End to claim you all the time, or shall you be in London, or will you come and stay with me at Walton—also on the Thames?

'Well, in any case let me know when you come south, and I will make (if necessary) herculean efforts to see you. What a lot we shall have to talk about!'

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXII.—PLOTS.

THAT night, as Jean lay on his rough bed in the darkness, he went over, with fresh wonder, the events of the day. He was suddenly caught in an eddy of the great underground stream of plots and conspiracies flowing through Paris. And the thought that he might help that sad and queenly figure in the Temple fired his blood. It was the very business which brought him to Paris. But was escape possible? Surely a more hopeless task was never attempted by the wit of man!

There were four to be delivered, three women and a stupid and helpless child. Were they birds, that they could fly? The Temple swarmed with spies and officials. The unhappy prisoners were never left alone, even at night. No one could come into the Temple without a card of entry or go out of it without the closest scrutiny. There was access to the rooms by only one flight of stairs. It passed three floors, and each was full of guards. What art would serve to bring the stumbling feet of that little flying group past all these defences and through the jealously guarded outer gate of the Temple itself?

If by some miracle they were brought out of the Temple, what remained? Paris was fermenting with hate. It was a city of informers and spies. The unhappy captives were well known. Every street through which they passed would be a whispering gallery; the very pavements would cry out against them as they fled. They were friendless. What roof would shelter them?

Yet what is impossible to human wit and courage? Lepitre was hand in glove with Toulan in the scheme. The king, as it happened, had once flattered his pride as a scholar. When in the king's room on one occasion he asked permission to take a Virgil from the shelf.

'Do you know Latin?' asked Louis with surprise.

'Yes, sire,' answered Lepitre; and then, with a scholar's readiness, he quoted the lines:

> Non ego cum Danais Trojanam exscindere gentem
> Aulide juravi!

The king smiled, and from that moment treated Lepitre with a respect which flattered him. No doubt the opportunity of helping to deliver a queen tickled Lepitre's vanity and predisposed him to take part in the scheme which Toulan's more daring brain had framed. The imagination of the old pedagogue had taken fire at the thought of having part in a great conspiracy. He almost believed himself to be one of Plutarch's men!

Jean shook his head when Lepitre's part in the plot was explained. He knew his old teacher too well to imagine him taking a successful part in a scheme which involved tremendous risks. No gleam of courageous fire burned in those goggle eyes. But Toulan was confident.

'He is to have his price, and he is the president of the Passport Committee. He can give us the papers we need, and we cannot do without him. We talk with the queen as often as we like,' he added exultantly.

Jean looked astonished.

'But the trick is simple.' And Toulan went on to explain it.

When the commissioners met in the guardroom they distributed their duties by lot. Discipline was careless, and often three commissioners only made their appearance, two of whom were always Toulan and Lepitre. When this happened, Toulan wrote the word 'day' on all three tickets. The third commissioner was given his choice first, and drew, of course, a card with the word 'day' upon it. Toulan and Lepitre then threw their cards into the fire, as though they necessarily carried the word 'night.' In this way they secured the night duty to themselves almost at pleasure. So there was concert betwixt the prisoners and those who were plotting to deliver them.

Toulan was the heart and brains of the scheme. His fiery Jacobinism had been genuine enough at first. He was a Southerner, vehement and passionate—if fickle—like most Southerners, and in the early stages of the Revolution he had won fame as an orator of the pavement. He had played a daring part in the storming of the Tuileries; he was a member of the Jacobin Club and of the first Commune—one of the fiercest, indeed, of that crowd of fierce spirits. He still lived on the credit of those early exploits.

But his Jacobinism now was only a mask. What miracle had so strangely changed the man who led the assault on the Tuileries on August 10 that he was now plotting to deliver the once-hated queen? No doubt the pathos of the silent group in the Temple—two helpless women and two children—had touched his quick, Southern nature. Disappointed ambition, too, counted for much. Others who had done less than he had risen to high posts; but he was still only a clerk

in the Emigrants' Property Office for the Paris district. He was of a combative nature; and to pit his wit against the comrades of whom he had grown weary, and whom he despised, was in itself a temptation. Then, to be the deliverer of the Queen of France! Yes, Toulan was heart and soul in the great enterprise!

The four conspirators, Toulan, Jarjayes, Lepitre, and Jean, met frequently at the room of one or other of them, and in these brief conferences Jean, somehow, came to play an important part. The look of dullness was only a veil for a keen and daring spirit. His shrewd, practical sense amounted almost to genius; and he knew one section, at least, of Paris—the Paris of alleys and slums—better than even his fellow-conspirators.

The plan that grew into shape was simple and daring—not to say audacious—but seemed likely to succeed. Certain officials could enter the Temple without cards and leave it without close scrutiny. Amongst these was the lamplighter, with his two lads, who came every evening about dusk, went the round of the lamps, and left about nine or ten o'clock. The sentries were familiar with the figures of the man and his lads, and passed them both in and out as a matter of course.

To attempt to buy the lamplighter was perilous. The very offer of a bribe would show that some disloyal design was on foot. But Toulon, a Jacobin of the Jacobins, was beyond suspicion. He could pretend that a friend—a good patriot—wanted to see the Temple and the queen, and without exciting suspicion could ask the lamplighter to give up his office for a single evening.

Public attention, as it happened, had for the moment ceased to be fixed on the Temple. The fierce duel betwixt the Girondists and the Mountain, now moving fast to a climax, turned the Convention itself into a field of battle, on the issue of which all Paris was hanging day by day. As a result, there was just then some laxity in the watch kept in the Temple; and the care of the prisoners, through the clever tactics of Lepitre and Toulan, had fallen almost exclusively into their hands.

There was much careless coming and going of commissioners at the Temple. On a given night Toulan and Lepitre would arrange to be in sole charge of the queen's room. The queen and her sister-in-law were to be disguised as municipal officers, with long cloaks and scarfs conspicuously showing. The broad-brimmed hats would hide their faces. There was no difficulty in procuring for them cards of entry, if by any evil chance they were challenged. The queen's daughter, Madame Royale, was to be disguised as one of the lamplighter's boys, and clad in a dirty pair of trousers and a carmagnole jacket. The little dauphin was to be smuggled out in a basket by Jean himself.

How could a child of eight be packed, it may be asked, into a basket? But the dauphin was little better than an attenuated dwarf. Long afterwards there used to be pointed out on the wall of the room in the Temple a mark showing the height of the boy, with an inscription by Marie Antoinette herself: '27th March 1793: 1 m. 026'—that is, exactly three feet two inches—less than the length of a clothes-basket.

There remained the two personal attendants on the prisoners—a sly and dangerous pair named Tison and his wife, hated and feared as spies by the queen. They were to be drugged, or, if necessary, seized, gagged, and thrown into the little tower-room opening from the queen's chamber.

The escaping party were to leave in pairs, with an interval betwixt each, Jean coming last, with his basket containing the prince. Once outside the gate they were to turn to the left, into the Rue de la Corderie—now the Rue de Bretagne—and Jarjayes had arranged for vehicles and relays of horses to the Normandy coast, whence a boat would take them to England.

Yes, the scheme was plausible, clever, daring. But Jean was no imaginative Frenchman. His stubborn English sense made him uneasy. There was a weak link in every chain. What was the doubtful human link in this? Not Jarjayes—he was a loyal gentleman. Not Toulan—he had nerves of steel and was whole-hearted in the plot. It was Lepitre. Jean, by a sure instinct, felt that behind the dim goggle eyes, the loose mouth, the shallow vanity of his old teacher there was neither courage enough nor loyalty enough to keep him unshaken in the tangle of perils through which the conspirators must pass, where a gesture, a careless word, a suspicious look, must bring arrest and death.

'He will fail you,' he said to Toulan with conviction; and Toulan could only answer with a fierce Southern execration.

The whole scheme stood ready to be put into effect. Each day of waiting increased the chances of failure. Of the four conspirators three were keen for action; but Lepitre doubted, hesitated, and day after day brought excuses instead of passports. Jean could hardly meet the queen's challenging eyes asking dumbly each time he entered her room, 'Is this the moment?' Each member of the little group of conspirators in turn tried to harden that lump of human jelly Lepitre into consistency, but in vain. The queen gave him a lock of her hair; the Princess Elizabeth knitted a cap for him. But the owner of the head beneath that cap had no intention of ever putting it beneath the steel of the guillotine.

And while the conspiracy thus refused to execute itself, the shock of external events changed the whole situation. There was a rising in Vendée. The little, sulky, stupid-looking boy was proclaimed as Louis XVII., and men were killing and being killed in his name. He suddenly became a supreme counter in the game of revolutionary politics, and a new vigilance stirred amongst his jailers. The allies were thundering on the frontiers of France.

Aix-la-Chapelle had surrendered. Dumouriez had played a traitor's part and gone over to the enemy. The sullen boom of the far-off guns on the frontier seemed to shake Paris with their vibrations, and the eyes of the crowd turned with new and gloomy menace on the Temple and its little band of prisoners who, in a sense, were the hostages of the Revolution.

Lepitre came with affrighted face one afternoon to Toulan's room.

'It is useless,' he said, with agitation; 'she is doomed. We shall only share her fate if we go on with our plan.'

He proceeded to explain that on his way to meet his fellow-conspirator that afternoon he had heard the cry, 'Death to the Austrian!' raised amongst the crowds *thirteen* times. He had counted; and though—like many other revolutionaries—Lepitre had emptied his mind of all religious faith, he had not cleansed it of superstition. And the number thirteen to him was fatal.

Toulan saw that to press Lepitre further would be dangerous, and he and Jarjayes began to weave plans which left their former comrade out. But their sole chance of securing the necessary passports rested with Lepitre, and his breakdown practically destroyed all hope of escape.

Such is the satire of history, however, that of this cluster of conspirators, Toulan, who was absolutely loyal, lost his head under the guillotine; and Lepitre, who destroyed all chances of success by his want of nerve, outlived the Revolution, saw the return of the Bourbons, and was made Knight of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour as a reward for his part in a conspiracy which his cowardice had defeated!

(To be continued.)

AN OCEAN BACKWATER.

THE steamer-route from England to India can be pictured, with no great stretch of imagination, as a six-thousand-mile river running through the sea instead of the land, with London, Marseilles, Port Said, Aden, and Bombay as towns on its banks. This ocean-river is as well defined as any other river as to breadth and boundaries; a veritable highway of commerce, where ships do not leave the beaten track. It is traversed by hundreds of vessels every year, and its familiarity as a traffic-stream may be gauged by the fact that the intermediate P. & O. which runs between Bombay and Aden is generally referred to by Anglo-Indians as 'The Ferry.'

Stretching away to the north and west from the beat of 'The Ferry' lies a great ocean backwater, remote, secluded, and full of interest—the Persian Gulf. Once one of the world's highways—thronged with perhaps more, though smaller, vessels than the great Indian traffic-stream of to-day—it is now a backwater; and how remote it is can best be grasped by following in thought the route of the traveller who would visit it. He must first take the six-thousand-mile trip to Bombay; then tranship into one of the fine British India turbine-steamers and make the run to Karachi—five hundred miles; then, transhipping again into a smaller vessel of the same line, he must go another five hundred miles westward, almost parallel to his eastward route of a week ago, until he comes to Muscat. Even here he has not come to the Gulf itself; but the same steamer will take him on right to the uttermost end of the backwater. And his trouble will be well repaid, for the Persian Gulf is one of the most interesting places in the world.

One reason, possibly, why this region is not much sought after, even by those who have heard of its wonders, is the fear of its hot climate. And certainly during the greater part of the year the Gulf is as hot a place as can be found on this globe. The thermometer does not, it is true, often reach one hundred degrees, and seldom exceeds that point; but, then, the thermometer is no true criterion of heat; and here the heat is so terrific in summer that the men on board the British gunboats which continually patrol these waters do not care about appearing on the upper deck more than they can help during the daytime; and even the nomad Arabs, who make a brief settlement for a few months in the year, and essay a little cultivation, are obliged to quit their valleys and seek the heights where there is a breeze, even though it is a hot one.

But it is not always like this in the Gulf. In the months of March and April the climate is almost ideal—hot enough, certainly, in the sunshine of the daytime, but never too hot for walking ashore or sailing a boat; while the nights are cool enough to require a couple of blankets on the bed. At such a time should the traveller visit the Gulf he would at once feel that he had reached a place which seems hardly to belong to this commonplace world. Even in the bright sunshine there is an eerie appearance about the waters of the Gulf, there is a gleam and a shimmer, mirage and mist. Distant objects appear distorted, the sky and the sea blend imperceptibly, and both appear equally unreal and impalpable. On the oily surface of the pale-blue sea swim venomous water-snakes, banded black and yellow, writhing slowly along; they have been known to climb the cable of a ship at anchor and make their way in through the hawse-pipe. One would scarce feel surprised to see a dragon flying overhead. And on land and sea there is stillness and silence. It is a place of Enchantments, a Land-where-anything-might-happen.

At the very entrance of the Gulf lies an island—

Ormuz—which shows in the distance like a fairy isle. On the seaward side it is composed of a mass of conical hillocks towering one above another, and each of these countless little hills is of a different colour—rose, orange tawny, pale blue, mauve, chocolate, purple, and dazzling white—mineral deposits, of course; but the effect in the sunlight is magical and intensely beautiful.

At the back of this same island, where it is more level, are the ruins of a very large fortification, a relic of the days when those wonderful early empire-builders the Portuguese made themselves masters of most of the coast-line of the Indian Ocean. There are other such ruins at Bushire, where to this day the most casual scratching of the earth will bring to light fragments of Portuguese pottery, coins, and such-like archæological treasures; and at Muscat the little harbour is flanked by two Portuguese forts still in very good preservation. Indeed, the Sultan of Muscat still uses the guns of these forts to return the salutes of men-of-war. But the ruins at Ormuz are the most perfect of them all, and the largest; for this spot commands the entrance to the Gulf, and had to be strongly garrisoned. It once mounted five hundred guns, of which a good number still remain; and the large fresh-water reservoirs are to this day in an almost perfect condition.

At Bahrein, about half-way up the west coast, there are traces of a still older civilisation—the oldest in the world, some think. Here there is a plain covered with innumerable tumuli, the graves of a forgotten race. Only very recently has the work of exploring these been taken in hand, and the result of the investigations points to a likelihood that the men who made these barrows were the forefathers of the human race. It is a curious coincidence that the alleged site of the Garden of Eden lies not so very far away. It has been proved that these ancient inhabitants of Eastern Arabia were akin to the Chinese in natural features and in language, but in both respects of a much earlier and more primitive type. It is, therefore, more than probable that Chinese civilisation, formerly believed to be the oldest in the world, owes its origin to that which is now being investigated at Bahrein. Up to comparatively recent times the Chinese are known to have kept up a regular communication with the Gulf countries in their sailing-junks. What a field for the archæologist lies here, almost untouched, and till lately unsuspected!

The coast below Bahrein is known by an ominous name—the Pirate Coast. In olden days the Gulf waters swarmed with pirate-vessels and slave-dhows. Now that the Gulf has become one of our 'spheres of influence,' and our gunboats patrol its waters with ceaseless vigilance, the state of affairs has vastly improved. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that piracy and slavery are totally suppressed; and a little gun-running may sometimes take place, solving the problem as to how the hill-tribes of the north-west Indian frontier obtain the weapons wherewith to fight our troops. But detection is difficult, as the most suspicious-looking dhow is always willing to be overhauled and to prove from her absolutely correct papers that she is an innocent trading-vessel, sailing perhaps under the protection of some foreign flag!

Bahrein itself is noteworthy also as being the head-quarters of the pearl-fishery (as well as the piracy) of the Gulf. Hundreds upon hundreds of pearling-dhows assemble here in the season, some of them beautifully built, with high, square sterns carved and windowed like that of the old *Great Harry*. The divers perform wonders in their art, staying under water for an almost incredible time. They work only in summer, for at other times the water becomes too cold.

Koweit—pronounced Kwate—at the head of the Gulf, affords a good example of the patriarchal style of living which prevails everywhere. The sheikh, or his son—for the sheikh himself is an old man—comes daily into the market-place to dispense justice to all comers. He takes his seat upon a stone bench which runs around three sides of a building open to the air in front, and there he listens to rival claimants in civil cases or decides the fate of criminals. His decisions are never questioned, and are carried out immediately. On these occasions, or in the afternoons when there is no judicial business, the sheikh receives his friends in the same place. Coffee is handed round, poured from a huge brass flagon with a long curved spout into small china cups without handles. Only a very few drops are poured out at a time, scarcely a teaspoonful, and the cup is constantly replenished; the idea being that each drink, or rather sip, shall be really hot.

The sheikh is a venerable old man who obtained his rulership a few years ago by killing his brother with his own hand. He ought, according to all precedent, to have proved a cruel and wicked tyrant; but as a matter of fact he is a wise and benevolent ruler, and governs his small dominions in an exceptionally able manner.

Koweit is on the edge of a desert; and just behind the town, at the time when the present writer visited it, was a large encampment of Bedouin Arabs, with their tents and camels. They had come hundreds of miles from the interior to sell the coarse black wool of their desert sheep. The camels lay knee-haltered on the ground or walked about awkwardly, but more quickly than one would imagine possible, on the three unfettered legs; and it was a difficult, not to say dangerous, matter to pick one's way amongst them.

The Bedouins themselves are small, wiry men, markedly Semitic in type, olive-complexioned, with keen hawk-like eyes and black ringlets, and are charmingly polite to a stranger. They have wonderful powers of endurance, and are able to sustain life for four days, or even longer, without water. This faculty stands them in good stead at times; for it occasionally happens on their desert journeys that

they reach a longed-for well only to find it occupied in superior force by a hostile tribe, when they are obliged to go on to the next well, perhaps a hundred miles farther!

Koweit has been mentioned as a possible terminus for the projected Bagdad railway. If ever it becomes so it will be an important place. Then, when the railway winds its way through Asia Minor, Syria, and Mesopotamia, there will be a real overland route to India; and it will be possible to travel from London to the Middle East all the way by land, save for the chops of the Channel and the blue Gulf waters. If ever this comes to pass, the Persian Gulf will once again be one of the world's highways, and no longer an Ocean Backwater.

THE GOLD OF THE 'GUNSIGHT.'

PART II.

THE fresh relay was awaiting him at the proper place; and, dragging his stiffened limbs from one horse on to the other, he galloped on. How that last ten miles was done Langton never knew. He had a confused recollection of urging his horse along the narrow trail and up steep mountain grades, of snow-laden branches hurling their white burden upon him as he passed under, of icy twigs cutting across his face as he dashed through them, of feeling a grateful warmth as he entered some sheltered valley where the sun shone brilliantly, making the white snow a blinding field of diamonds. He remembered flying beneath the great pines, and seeing their blue shadows on the snow race past him, and of plunging into the gloom of the cedars crowding the cañon up which the precious mine lay. It was all dream-like and indistinct; he only knew he was faint with hunger and chilled to the bone. He wondered if he would be able to make his way through the deep snow and put up his notices of location on the trees he had already blazed for that purpose.

The twelve hours had passed, and Rodda and Anderson—the former booted and spurred, and leading a saddle-horse—were waiting at the ferry.

Where in the morning there had been only a narrow trail through the snow was now a broad space, beaten smooth and hard by the feet of hundreds of men and horses who had crossed that day to the opposite shore in their mad rush for gold. Many had already put up their notices, and hurried back, to go galloping away to the county seat, fifteen miles distant, to place them on record.

'Do you think he has played off on us?' queried Anderson, as Rodda stopped for a moment to stamp his feet.

'No,' replied Rodda sharply; 'more likely if he and Palmer got on the ground together one or both of them were shot.'

'Well, there's no use in staying here to freeze. We may as well go up to the hotel, where we can be warm at any rate,' said Anderson; and, with a last look to the opposite shore, they turned away.

As they reached the hotel a rider reined up at the door. The horse stood with drooping head and trembling limbs as the man climbed stiffly down.

Rodda darted forward. 'Why, Langton, how did you'—— he began.

'Came by the upper ferry,' answered Joe laconically. 'Here's copies of your notices; take 'em and ride like fury.'

But Rodda was already in the saddle and galloping away on his night ride to get the precious papers on record.

'The "Gunsight's" ours,' said Langton as he tumbled up the steps. 'Give me a bowl of whisky. I'm dead-beat.'

The mirth at the 'Miners' Rest' was at its height; violins shrieked and groaned, mingled with the shuffling of heavy-booted men and the light slippered feet of women. The sound of shrill laughter blended with the clink of glasses from the gorgeous bar at one side of the room, and at the various small tables sat couples drinking and smoking or watching the flying feet of the dancers.

Suddenly, above the babel, another sound was heard, and a bullet went crashing through the immense mirror which made a background for the bar. Shrieks, no longer of mirth but of terror, arose from the women, mingled with oaths from the men, as all rushed for the nearest places of exit.

At one end of the room, where the light from the chandelier shone full upon him, stood a tall, powerful man, dressed in drab cords; his broad cowboy hat—or sombrero, as it is called out West—was pushed back, exposing his drink-flushed face and gleaming blue eyes. In either hand he held a six-shooter, which was pointed at the fleeing mob before him, pushing, struggling, climbing over each other in frantic efforts to get out of the door or windows before the next shot came.

'Go ahead with the dance! Don't be scared! What's the matter? You all know me, and that I can put a ventilator in your hat and never cut a hair. Come back, my pretty dears, and I'll show you how I can cut the heels off your little slippers and you never know it. What's your hurry? Wait and see me snuff the candle.'

Another report, and one of the lights went out. A fresh chorus of shrieks, and he had

the room to himself, the two bar-tenders having promptly dropped behind the counter at the first shot, and under its shelter worked their way to an exit.

'All gone,' laughed Langton. 'Don't want to see me shoot. I'll empty the guns, anyhow.' And a fusillade of shots extinguished the lights in the chandelier and brought a shower of its glass ornaments tinkling down. Then, shoving his revolvers into his hip-pockets, Langton staggered to a small red velvet sofa, and, stretching himself upon it, elevated his feet to a small table, which overturned with a crash, scattering glasses and decanters in all directions.

'Nothing steady in these yer places,' said Langton as he drew up his feet and settled himself to slumber. 'Ain't very steady myself.'

The lights flared in the breeze from the open door and windows, and shone red on a pool of claret that had poured from a broken decanter, looking like blood as it spread and dripped from the white marble bar. The murmur of the river came gently from without, and Langton slept.

The wind was blowing with terrific force across the high bridge at Forest City; but there was no one to feel its chill, as it was midnight, and the few pedestrians who were out avoided, if possible, that bleak and dreary way.

We said no one to feel it; for it is doubtful if the little, black-clad figure that stood grasping the iron railing with a clasp that instinctively tightened as a sudden wild gust made the bridge sway and quiver under its power gave any heed to the storm. The thin little fingers that clutched the iron bar were so cold that the numbness which was penetrating her chilled frame was unfelt, as she stood gazing down, as if fascinated by the black depths beneath her, where the river surged and tossed up ghostly arms of white spray, as the water of the great falls plunged into the chasm with a terrific roar.

She stood motionless, a shadowy little form, neither child nor woman, just revealed to sight by the rays of the pale winter moon. By the same fitful light a man might have been seen approaching from the other end of the bridge with unsteady steps.

The girl gazed a moment longer at the black waters, and then, putting her foot in an interstice of the ironwork, began with difficulty to climb the railing. She had reached the top, and was putting one foot over the side, when a hand grasped her arm and a voice exclaimed, 'What are you doing?'

She turned and looked at her questioner dumbly, and then began slowly to climb back again.

'What are you doing?' asked Langton—for it was he—when she stood once more on the floor of the bridge.

'Nothing,' was the response, as she leaned against the railing for support.

'Where's yer folks?' queried Langton after a moment's pause.

'Got none.'

'Where's yer home?'

'Got none.'

'Well, where yer staying?'

'Nowhere.'

'Was that why you'—— Langton paused.

The girl nodded.

Langton studied the matter a moment, while the bitter wind tore about them and snapped the thin folds of the girl's frock about his legs.

'Well, come with me. I can do better for you than that,' he said at last, laying his hand gently on her shoulder.

To his surprise, she moved a step away, still clinging to the railing, and struck his hand fiercely from her with all the strength of her small clenched fist.

'Don't you touch me. Leave me alone. You're bad. You're like that Fox woman. All men are bad. I hate you all!'

Her sudden passion exhausted, she dropped her head upon the cold iron rail and began to sob bitterly.

Langton was thoroughly sober now after his sleep in the saloon he had wrecked. He stood staring at her in amazement.

'You've been staying at Mrs Fox's?' he asked at length.

The girl nodded. 'Working for my board; but I sha'n't go back there,' she added. 'She's bad, and she'd make me as bad as herself, and I'd rather'—— She glanced down at the water.

Joe nodded. He knew the lodging-house kept by Mrs Fox.

There was a pause again. The girl rested her face on the iron rail once more, and trembled as an icy gust circled around her.

'See here,' said Joe at length, 'you was about right when you said I was bad. I am a bad lot, and there's a precious sight more like me; but I never was so bad and I never was so drunk that I'd so much as look crossways at a good girl; and if you want to trust me, and come with me, I'll help you, and you needn't be afraid. When did you leave Mrs Fox's?' he added.

'Last night.'

'Where you been since?'

'Nowhere.'

Joe looked at her keenly. 'And you're hungry! I know where you stand; I've been there myself. Well, you come with me and get something to eat. I'll take you to an hotel and get a room for you. To-morrow we'll talk it over and see what we'll do. Will you come?'

The girl raised her head and looked him earnestly in the face. The moon shone out again, lighting up both faces clearly. What Joe saw was a thin, half-starved, childish little face, with great eyes searching him with hope and fear—a face which

aroused in him a feeling he had never experienced before.

The girl saw a face rather bloated by dissipation, with a broad, square jaw, blue eyes somewhat bloodshot, but which looked squarely into hers. There was a look on Langton's face which had never rested there before.

The girl studied for a moment, and then said, 'Yes, I'll go.'

Langton drew her little cold hand through his arm to steady her faltering steps as they walked away, and she made no demur. Straight to a restaurant he took her. The warm air felt grateful as they passed in out of the keen night, but she was too thoroughly exhausted to notice her gorgeous surroundings. It was a typical Western restaurant of the gilded type; the white-and-gold walls set with mirrors, the tessellated floors, the rows of small tables set with silver and glistening with crystal down the centre of the room, and on either side private boxes with hangings of crimson plush screening their openings.

'Bring me some oysters raw, and a hot stew; later, everything you've got hot,' ordered Joe, as a waiter ushered them into a box and drew the curtains. 'A bottle of champagne too, and hurry up,' he added, as the grinning darky disappeared.

And there, after the champagne had given to her chilled frame a new and delicious warmth—there in the soft, subdued light, with the music of a mandoline quartette from the outer room among the palms, and the laughter and snatches of song from a gay theatre-party enjoying a midnight supper rising above the subdued hum of voices and tinkle of glass—Fannie told her pathetic little story: how her parents had died shortly after coming out west, when she was but a baby, and she was placed in an asylum, from which later on she had been engaged by a family to help in taking care of the children. They had moved out to Forest City, where, a short time before, the wife dying, the man had taken his children back east, leaving Fannie to shift for herself. Mrs Fox offered her a place to work for her board, but lately she had tried to force the girl into wrong-doing.

'And I'll die first!' she exclaimed, sinking back in her chair with a look of desperation. 'I'll not go back. I'll jump into the river first,' she sobbed.

Langton was deeply moved, and as he reached his hand across the table to Fannie, said, 'I thought, little girl, we might talk it over in the morning, but it's just as well settled right now. I've no kith or kin that I know of in the world. I was shunted off when a little kid something as you were—sent adrift to shift for myself—and I have been doing so all my life. I know what that means for a boy or man, but I don't like to think of a little weak girl like you being thrown on the world. If you want to go into partnership with me, here's my hand on it; and to-morrow morning my lawyer shall draw up the papers making you my adopted daughter. How old are you?'

'Fifteen,' replied Fannie.

'Well, is it a go?' queried Langton, a rare smile softening his eyes.

Fannie scanned his face earnestly, glanced at the hand which was outstretched before her—a large, broad-fingered hand with pale freckles, showing plainly as it rested on the white-covered table the marks of labour not yet effaced by time. For answer, she placed one little work-roughened hand in his, and as the warm, strong fingers closed about it a feeling of confidence and rest came to the child which she had never known before.

As Langton felt the small, weak fingers clasped in his a throb stirred his heart, and he registered a vow: 'I'll do this one good thing of a lifetime, so that the gold of the "Gunsight" shall not be all a curse, and this poor child shall never have cause to regret this night.'

At the interview with the lawyer next morning it was decided that the best thing to do with Fannie was to place her in a school which he recommended, 'If you persist in the idea of adoption,' he added. 'But don't you think that an adopted daughter would be rather an encumbrance in case you should marry?'

'Marry be hanged!' interrupted Langton. 'I tell you right here, Hardy, I never yet saw the woman I'd marry; or, at least, if I have once or twice, it was a woman who would never think of marrying a man like me. So there you are. Now, I want those papers all made out straight, so that the girl may have everything if I die. I don't want any relations I never heard of coming to gobble my money after I've gone. One thing more. You know I'm apt to be pretty free when I'm having my fling, and there's no telling where I'll stop, so I want to be sure she's all right whatever I do; so you have ten thousand shares of the "Gunsight" made over to her, will you?'

The lawyer gave a low whistle. 'That stock is worth five dollars a share, isn't it?' he asked.

'Yes, and will never be worth a cent less,' replied Langton. 'And now, if you'll give me the address of that school I'll be going;' and, taking the paper Mr Hardy offered, he strode out of the office.

Arrangements had been made to place Fannie in the school, and her room and desk awaited her; but the weeks slid by, and Langton, on the plea that 'her things weren't ready yet,' still kept her with him. He had installed her in rooms in the hotel, and so accustomed had she become to her luxurious surroundings that the past life seemed entirely blotted out. A pleasant state of affairs, but not to last for ever, for Langton was suddenly called up to the mines on business, and Fannie had to be placed in the school before he started.

They were sitting in their cosy parlour this last evening, Langton stretched in an easy-chair before the fire, whose red light illuminated the room and

played over the folds of Fannie's dress—a dress too rich by far for a girl of her age, as a mother would have known. She was nestled on the broad arm of his chair, not minding the big cigar, from which he was puffing clouds of smoke. Evidently she had forgotten or changed her opinion of the badness of men, and her hatred of them, which she had once so vehemently expressed.

'Uncle Joe,' she began, desisting from the operation of patting down his rough hair, which she had reduced to satiny smoothness on the crown, 'I've been thinking of what you said about my name. I think Langton is a nice name, and I'd just as soon take it, if it's truly mine now by your adopting me.'

'Oh, Langton's not so bad,' said Joe cheerfully; 'but your own name Melville is a sight prettier. And then, you see, you might have some relatives—real uncles or something—in the States or the Old Country, and they'd never find you if you changed your name.'

'I don't want them to find me, and I'd rather have your name than my own. Why don't you want me to take it?'

Langton laughed and turned the question; for the real reason—one he did not wish to explain to the girl—was that he knew it had been whispered around that the name of Langton was hers by right, and the adoption only an act of tardy justice on his part—so hard is it for some of us to believe in disinterested generosity; although a few persons believed Joe's story that she was his niece, and, her parents being both dead, he had adopted her.

'And mind you tell them in school that I'm your uncle, and be sure you let them know you're my heiress—not to blow, I mean, but just so that they'll understand you're not a girl they can tread on. That other uncle may be coming some day and taking you away from old Joe.'

The girl looked at him earnestly for a moment, and then flung her arms about his neck. 'I'll never, never leave you, Uncle Joe. If they come, I'll tell them they are nothing to me; and they are not. It's just the same as if I had died there that night on the bridge, and you were my good angel who came and took me to heaven. And there is no one but you and I, Uncle Joe—just you and I;' and she pressed her rosy lips to his.

It was the first time she had ever kissed him; and Joe, with his delicate sense of honour, would never have asked her to do so. He drew her closely to him, as she rubbed her soft cheek up and down against his rough face.

'Just you and I,' she continued to murmur.

After a moment Langton pushed her gently from him, and, getting up, began slowly pacing the room, the child's words, 'just you and I,' ringing in his ears. Langton had had white arms twined about his neck before, and red lips pressed to his, but none had ever stirred his heart as these had. Fannie's loving kiss and gratitude had burned more of the dross from the man's soul in those few moments than perhaps years of preaching could have done. Somehow he felt as he thought he might if he had married one of those whom he had mentioned to lawyer Hardy as so much too good for him; and now, as he could not drag her down, he must raise himself to her level.

'And how the deuce am I going to get there?' queried Langton of himself as he paced back and forth, glancing now and then at Fannie curled up in the big chair, and staring into the fire with wide, unseeing eyes.

(To be continued.)

THE BLACK OFFICER.

By the late ALEX. MACPHERSON, F.S.A.Scot.,
Author of *Church and Social Life in the Highlands in Olden Times*, &c.

OF all the personages living in Highland tradition, ancient or modern, there is no one, surely, who, less deserving it, has had more contumely heaped upon his memory than the long-deceased Captain John Macpherson of the Eighty-second Regiment, known in the vernacular patronymically and from his dark complexion as Iain Dubh MacAlastair, but far more generally as the Black Officer. Perishing as he did by an accident in his seventy-fifth year, while on a hunting expedition in the Forest of Gaick in the central Highlands, during the winter of 1799-1800, the captain's name has since that event—probably owing to the circumstances attending the disaster—been made the theme of the wildest and most improbable fictions, so that now there is no greater bogle in the Highlands than *Othaichear Dubh Bail-a-Chrodhain* (the Black Officer of Ballachroan).

Sir Walter Scott and Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd are amongst the earliest to give highly coloured versions of his life and death. These distorted and imaginative accounts, all apparently derived from superstitious native sources, naturally enough gave great annoyance to Captain Macpherson's family and friends; and the Great Wizard himself, as shown in his *Journal* (vol. ii. p. 150), was in 1828 brought severely to task by Mrs M'Barnet, a daughter of the captain.

The versions of Hogg and Sir Walter Scott, in an abridged form, are given by Mr Andrew Lang in his *Angling Sketches*. In these sketches Mr Lang also gives a still more curious version of the story from the lips of a Highland boatman at Loch Awe. According to the boatman, while the captain was

engaged with a British force in India fighting the French, 'he volunteered to make a tunnel under the walls' to enable our soldiers to enter 'a town they couldn't get into. There was no man alive on our side but the Black Officer, and he had a wall of corpses built up in front of him, and was fighting across it!' The French, it would appear, were on the alert, and, realising the object in view, blew up the tunnel in which, with such gruesome surroundings, the daring officer was the solitary worker. His body was afterwards found 'all black with smoke;' but by some supernatural agency he was miraculously brought to life again. It is added that the party accompanying the Black Officer to Gaick consisted, including himself, of the ominous number of thirteen, 'and they were never seen again, and their bodies not found indeed till this day.' It will come as a surprise to many of his countrymen to learn that the body of the Black Officer, and that of at least one—his namesake, John Macpherson—of the four attendants who perished with him, have, for the last hundred years, peacefully rested with their kindred dust in the old churchyard of St Columba at Kingussie.

By other romancers Captain Macpherson has been accused of living in a house built, of course, in the old baronial style, with the usual and proper adjuncts of gloomy dungeons and underground passages miles in length—requisites that would seem to have been peculiar to Highland farmhouses in the eighteenth century; of serving in the Black Watch as perhaps better suiting his character than the Eighty-second Regiment; of making profitable contracts with a sable gentleman of doubtful reputation; of forcibly enlisting well-proportioned parsons who might possibly fight better than they preached; of taking part in several engagements in the West Indies; of several times meeting suspicious-looking he-goats with horns and eyes; of wearing strange attire—to wit, homespun breeches on his legs, a cap of fur on his head, and shoes made of hide on his feet; of dying because he couldn't help it; and, when dead, of refusing to move unless he were lifted!

Though the original of the following story is given by Dr Dasent in his *Norse Tales*, and a similar tale is told by Rabelais, it would be doing injustice to the researches of one of the Black Officer's accusers to omit quoting the terms of the contract with the Prince of Darkness, which we give in the writer's own words: 'In a contract with the Evil One, who had agreed to give the captain whatever he might desire, the latter, as his first request, wished that the lands of Ballachroan should for their extraordinary fruitfulness be a wonder to all who saw them. To this Clooty agreed, provided he would get the *roots*. That year the captain laid down a grain crop only. He reaped his fields in the usual way, and when Clooty came for his share of the crop the captain coolly told him to take the *roots* according to agreement. Satan complained of this treatment, and insisted that he had been cheated. "Well, then," said the captain, "I'll give you the *crop* next, and I'll take the roots myself." To this Hornie readily agreed, and the following year the captain planted a green crop—potatoes, turnips, &c. At the proper time Satan again appeared and demanded his share. The captain mockingly pointed to the *shaws*. Clooty grinned with rage,' &c. Alas for human credulity and the wiles of the arch-deceiver! Clooty must have grinned in quite another fashion when our adventurous historian, after payment of the customary honorarium, and being thoroughly duped, took his leave of the nether kingdom with a vamped-up version of an old and time-worn story, told there oftentimes by Odin to his friend Nicholas, carefully secured in his singed wallet.

Let us now endeavour to vindicate the memory of this long-dead Highland gentleman, who, if the testimony of his neighbours and contemporaries is to be believed, ought to be revered for his great-hearted kindliness to friends and foes alike, rather than reviled as he was, and is, for attributes that might well make Goethe's Mephistopheles look to his laurels.

Captain John Macpherson, the second son of Alexander Macpherson of Phoness, was born at Glentruim, in Inverness-shire, in 1724. Contrary to popular belief, he was the offspring of mortal parents, and there is no record of any portentous omens heralding his birth or of second-sighted seers predicting his future wickedness. His mother was one of the famous Sliochd Iain Duibh Macdonalds of Lochaber.

Sprung as he was from these houses, it may be said of him, in Highland fashion, that the best blood of Badenoch and Lochaber ran in his veins. Both houses furnished the British army with many distinguished officers; and, inheriting all their military ardour, Iain Dubh MacAlastair, as he was then called, in course of time also obtained a commission. His military exploits have not come down to us, nor have we heard that he saw much service abroad; but be this as it may, certain it is that he attained to the rank of captain, and was employed for several years in his native district on recruiting service. This duty, often a disagreeable, always an unpopular one, Captain Macpherson discharged with so much judgment and success that no less than seventy of his recruits became commissioned officers. No doubt he had the less difficulty in the matter of selection from the fact that 'the genius of the Highland people was ever more inclined to martial enterprise than to the arts of civil life.' But fond mothers always will lament pet sons, albeit otherwise useless, who don the 'red coat,' and the Black Officer—the first recruiting officer they had seen other than the chief—reaped more than the usual measure of opprobrium. He has been accused of atrocities in this respect that are as incredible as they are unvouched.

An example of his heartlessness was given in a

Highland magazine some years ago, to the effect that one Sunday morning the captain found himself walking behind the reverend gentleman who was to preach that day—a typical Highlander of splendid proportions. 'You are too fine a figure,' muttered the captain, 'to be dressed in black clothes. A red coat would set you off to better advantage.' The captain went to church, but every time the preacher turned his massive chest in the Black Officer's direction the determination to enlist him at whatever cost increased. Although the young man was the 'only son of a poor widow,' the Black Officer, notwithstanding her piteous entreaties, never rested until he had attained his object by throwing 'a shilling into the minister's bosom.' The parson was then marched off to Edinburgh, where the Black Watch—a regiment, be it remembered, with which Captain Macpherson never had any connection—was then stationed. Being an intellectual and pleasant young man, the minister soon rose to the rank of lieutenant, and he was enabled—though a soldier—to keep his mother in easy circumstances all her days. The result in the long-run of the alleged forcible enlistment of the well-proportioned parson under pathetic circumstances did not turn out so unfortunate for himself and his mother after all, and rather fails as an illustration of the havoc wrought upon peaceful Highland homes by the ruthless Black Officer.

Eventually retiring from the army, Captain Macpherson betook himself to agricultural pursuits, and so successful were his improvements on the primitive modes of tillage then prevalent that the more unsophisticated of the peasants attributed the surprising results to nothing less than supernatural agency. Spreading sand on an adhesive soil, and so reaping an abundant crop, was looked upon as a feat worthy of Michael Scott himself, so often in their mouths.

More congenial, however, to the captain was the pursuit of the chase, a recreation in which he often indulged, and in which he had no rival. In his old age his passion for it cost him his life; and this brings us down to 1800, the date of the Gaick catastrophe, an epoch in Highland chronology.

The Forest of Gaick lies about a dozen miles south of the river Spey at Kingussie. One of the wildest glens in Scotland, its hills are bare and rugged, and such sheer declivities that in great snowstorms it has not been uncommon for herds of deer to be overwhelmed by avalanches. On the night of a terrific hurricane in the first week of January 1800, Captain Macpherson, who was on a shooting expedition, perished there with the four attendants who had accompanied him. Several other persons were to have gone on the fatal expedition, but various causes had prevented them; and on the morning preceding the disaster the rest had set out for the forest without them, and, intending to stay for some days, had taken up their abode in a stone-built hut which stood immediately under a long, bare slope. The night upon which the event happened was terrifically stormy even for that wild and mountainous district; yet, as the hut was known to be substantially built, their friends felt no anxiety until the third day after the tempest, when, as they did not appear, alarm began to be felt in the strath. Several people set out in search of the party, and upon reaching the glen they discovered that the house had disappeared, a vast volume of snow where it had stood sufficiently explaining what had happened. Next day all the active men in the country proceeded to Gaick, and upon digging into the snow the dead bodies of four of the party were found—Captain Macpherson, lying in bed upon his face; two of the attendants, also in bed; and another in a sitting posture. The body of the fourth attendant was not found until after the snow had disappeared, some distance from the house, having apparently been carried away in the general wreck of the building. The beds of the rest, having been simply heather spread on the floor, were protected by the base line of wall. The stones of the house had been carried a distance of several hundred yards, and part of the thatched roof was found nearly a mile away. The guns of the party were bent, broken, and twisted in every possible way.

The sad disaster gave rise to no end of awed speculation, and now it was that the Black Officer received his fame. Gaick, wild and remote, had an evil reputation of old as demon-haunted, for was it not here that the profligate Walter Comyn, centuries before, was torn limb from limb by two infuriated witches in the shape of eagles; here that a deluded hunter, sheltering in his bothy when mist and darkness encompassed the hills, met a similar fate at the hands of his unearthly paramour; and here, coming down to more recent times, that the more familiar Muireach Mac-Iain first met the famous Witch of Laggan, a single hair of whose head could shear the strongest beam of oaken timber asunder like cheese? Need we wonder, then, that at a place in the people's minds always so associated, the circumstances of Captain Macpherson's death should be ascribed to supernatural causes? The occurrence was discussed at every fireside in Lochaber, Strathdearn, Strathspey, and Badenoch—all sharers in the tragedy—and at each telling gained in horror. 'A judgment!—yea, a judgment!' was now the cry of the bereaved mothers and sweethearts of the captain's least fortunate recruits, in which they were joined by a chorus of superstitious Highlanders. The detention of those who had not accompanied the lost party was ascribed to warning dreams and other omens 'to save them from the wrath to come.' Even at the present day none but a Sassenach, or a rarely-met unimaginative Highlander, would dare to walk alone after nightfall through that awesome, eerie Glen of Gaick.

Having recapitulated the captain's reputed misdeeds, we shall now draw on more reliable sources

for materials to enable us to form a juster estimate of his character.

The celebrated Mrs Grant of Laggan lived only a few miles from Ballachroan, and the respective families were on intimate terms. This lady, a few months after the Gaick catastrophe, writes thus to a friend: 'I will not distress you with particulars of the death of your acquaintance. . . . He took a romantic fancy of going to hunt deer in the desert hills for a Christmas feast which he had projected. He and three or four attendants, sheltering in a hut, were surprised at night by something like a whirlwind or avalanche; in short, they were buried in the ruins of the house. You can have no idea what a gloom has overspread us. *Mr Grant was always partial to him.*' Mr Grant's pronounced partiality for Captain Macpherson would lose half its value without the following delightful glimpse the gifted wife has given of that husband's character. She says of him: 'He kept aloof from a world for which the delicacy of his feelings, the purity of his integrity, and the intuitive discernment with which he saw into character in a manner disqualified him—that is, from enjoying it; for who can enjoy the world deceiving or being deceived?'

Judge, then, if this good parson, this refined and cultured gentleman, living on terms of the greatest intimacy with him for a quarter of a century, could have been partial to Captain Macpherson had he been the wicked person he is in popular tradition said to have been. Another tribute to the memory of the Black Officer is from the pen of his erudite and much-respected clansman, 'Old Biallid,' whose name is ever mentioned with pride by every native of Badenoch. He speaks of the captain from personal knowledge; he was intimately conversant with all details, current opinions, traditions, and actual occurrences in which that much-misrepresented person figured, and this is what he writes of him in 1847: 'The memory of the Captain Dubh is still retained with deep regret and regard. By the few yet living intimates of his friendship he is esteemed as a man who in mental and bodily qualities had few equals; kind, generous, brave, and charitable; full of noble patriotism, and if a formidable opponent, none ever sought his aid or conciliated his enmity without receiving prompt assistance and immediate reconciliation. His purse as well as his talents was ever at the service of the poor and oppressed, and often he suffered considerable losses in supporting the rights of those who were unable to maintain their own. Active, intelligent, and superior in all things, his mind was full of generosity and kindness. In his latter days his liberality in assisting others embarrassed his own affairs; but in every trial his conduct was distinguished by honour and integrity. Amidst his misfortunes he was deprived of his wife, after which he went little into society, but in his old age spent many of his days, like the ancient hunters, alone on the hills of Gaick, with no other companion than his *cuilbheir* and his gray dogs. Such was one of the last true deer-stalkers of the old race of gentlemen.'

The Gaelic bard Malcolm Macintyre gave expression to his poignant grief for the death of Captain Macpherson in an elegy unsurpassed by any in the Gaelic language. Pity it is that so noble an ode has not attracted a competent translator! He speaks of Death as cutting down 'the very flower—the choicest corn-ear—of his clan,' and elsewhere says: 'Strongest pinion in the wing of thy clan, never didst thou set store by the sordid things of earth.' Does not the following stanza, bald and literal though the translation may be, testify to the real character of the much-maligned Black Officer?

> Fosterer and father of the needy!
> Succourer of the hungry and distressed!
> Thy leech, if I could I'd make me;
> I'd find thee the healing-cup of Feinne
> That mighty Fingal brought from Eirinn;
> From death I'd then reclaim thee;
> In Ballachroan gladness should reign then,
> Thy peers drinking thy welcome-cup!

A SONG OF GLADNESS.

> Bliss was in that dawn to be alive;
> But to be young was very Heaven!
> WORDSWORTH.

HARK, for the wind is calling—calling over the sea!
Hark, where the lark is trilling away on the heathery lea!
The skies are sapphire above us, and the sands are gold at our feet.
Better the wind-swept moorland than the dull, dim, crowded street;
Better the grassy hillside, where the browsing oxen stand;
The long, clear, clean-cut furrows, the warm, rich brown of the land.
And beyond lie the spring-clad thickets aglow with their earliest green,
The lance of the purple orchis, and the milkwort starred between,
The buds on the hawthorn breaking, the gorse with its spikes of gold,
The sight of the hazy uplands, the smell of the thyme-swept wold.
There's joy in the breath of the morning when the gossamer's hung with dew,
When the gray sky pales to saffron, the saffron deepens to blue;
And in the flaming midday, when never a cloud is seen,
But the whole broad landscape stretches ablaze with its gold and green;
There's joy in the dusky evening, when the long black shadows fall,
And the glamour of mist and twilight is sweeping over all.
Joy in the light and splendour, the sunshine and the flowers,
In the glory, the glow, and the rapture, the strength and the youth that are ours!

MARIE CHICHELE.

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SIXTH SERIES.

CANADA'S SUNSET CITY.

By JAMES KERR.

'ALL this wonderful province needs,' said Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, in a recent address at Vancouver, 'is population, for I understand there is abundant capital ready for investment in British Columbia as soon as there is an available supply of labour. This seems to be the only difficulty which prevents your province from becoming not only one of the most prosperous parts of the British Empire, but also the finest orchard in the world. It is also an ideal dairy-country, and it seems to me that it will be your fault if you are not able, when you have cleared sufficient ground, to export to Japan all the jam, butter, and cheese she may require. No other part of the world should be able to take more profitable advantage of the increasing foreign trade of China and Japan than British Columbia, both from the quality of its climate and its land and from its comparative proximity to Japan. The foreign trade of the Orient would then appear to be a natural asset of British Columbia, always available, like a balance at the bank, whenever you may desire to realise it.'

While the great North-west of Canada has been attracting for years past—and rightly, too—a large proportion of the muscle and manhood of our British population, British Columbia is at the same time calling earnestly for thousands of the sons and daughters of the Old Country, to whom the particular conditions and rigorous climate of the North-west Provinces may not appeal.

The climate here is undoubtedly attractive, sunshine predominating in summer; and, while the rainfall in winter is somewhat heavy, there are no severe frosts or snowstorms, the atmosphere is always mild, the grass green, and flowers can be seen blooming all the year round. Consequently, it naturally follows that in this genial and temperate climate fruit-growing and market-gardening should be conspicuous industries; and although these are yet in their infancy, the results already secured prove beyond doubt their future importance, and the man who is able and willing to take up these branches of labour to-day will assuredly in the near future reap substantial returns. Dairying, cheese-making, grain-growing, hop-culture, root and fodder crops, and all the wonderful possibilities of the fishing and mining industries are here in abundance, and the standard of what has already been done is of the highest.

One naturally asks what is the chief commercial centre—the main business city—of such a richly dowered province? Victoria, on Vancouver Island, is the Government capital, but the financial and commercial capital is Vancouver, the terminal city of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Little over a score of years ago there were only a few houses which went under the name of Granville on the site of what is now the well-known Hastings Sawmill; that little collection of buildings has now blossomed into one of the most important cities in the Dominion, and is increasing in population at the rate of ten thousand per annum.

Possessed of one of the most magnificent land-locked harbours in the world, Vancouver literally stands as the 'Gateway to the Orient.' The Orient is awakening, too, with a suddenness that even the most astute statesmen can hardly comprehend; the East is drawing aside the curtains of centuries, and looking out to new lands. Japan, a country already awakened, is building ships and harbours, and canvassing China, India, and other Oriental countries for purchasers of her goods, and if we are to get our share of the trade we must wake up and advance much farther than we have yet gone.

We already have the Atlantic well looked after, and the important strategic position of Vancouver gives us the key to our share of the Pacific trade. Every part of the globe is already—and must increasingly become—Vancouver's market. Her steamers carry the product of her lumber-mills to Australasia, South America, Great Britain, the continent of Europe, China, and Japan; shingles are sent by rail to eastern Canada, and lumber from the mills of the coast is to be found in every city

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of the prairie; salmon is shipped in immense quantities to the British Isles, and halibut to the eastern states. There is a large merchandise trade with the Yukon Territory, as well as with many of the cities of Alberta and Saskatchewan. The Canadian Pacific Railway has a service of steamers running to Chinese and Japanese ports; the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand has a line to Australia, the Alley Line runs to New Zealand, and there is also the Canadian-Mexican service, as well as the Blue Funnel Line from Liverpool and Glasgow *vid* the Orient.

The trade to the Orient has developed enormously, and the awakening in China which has just begun will cause the commerce between Vancouver and Oriental ports to increase beyond all bounds in the next few years. The shipments of wheat which have just started will, it is predicted, grow until the stream flowing west from the golden fields of the prairie will be as large as that which now goes east to Europe. Canadian agents in the Orient are already prompting manufacturers in Canada as to the character of the goods that will be wanted, and all the products of the busy cities of eastern Canada will find their way to Vancouver to be shipped. There will also be branch factories established in the terminal city when the volume of Canada's trade with China and Japan demands them.

The steamers from Australia and New Zealand are now regularly arriving with full cargoes, a large part of which is composed of raw sugar from the Fijis, consigned to the British Columbia Sugar-Refinery Company. The great development of the coasting trade of British Columbia should also be mentioned—to which a decided impetus has been given by the selection of Prince Rupert as the Pacific terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and the commencement of the construction of the section of the line from the Rockies to the coast.

Although for a considerable number of years now it has generally been conceded by eastern Canadians that this 'Liverpool of the Pacific' would grow in importance as a shipping centre, it was not until recently that the great possibilities of Vancouver as a manufacturing city were thoroughly grasped. The West has grown so rapidly that no one—whether eastern Canadian or Britisher—realises the potentialities of this section of the Pacific coast until he actually visits it. Then the facts of the situation stand out clearly—namely, Vancouver's ideal situation as an industrial centre, with markets in the north, the Orient, and the British colonies in the Southern Hemisphere. The city is already well served by railways, and every transcontinental line that is projected will build—even when Vancouver is not made the terminal port on the Pacific—branch lines to British Columbia's commercial capital.

The British Columbia Electric Railway has a fine system of cars running through the city and suburbs of Vancouver, and also owns and operates a system between the city and New Westminster, as well as the systems at North Vancouver, Victoria, and other places. The company has also a lighting and power business, and is altogether in a thoroughly prosperous condition, considerable extensions of the tramway system being at present planned.

The number of banks and financial institutions in a city may generally be accepted as indicative of its prosperity or the reverse. Vancouver can successfully stand this test. Rather over a score of years ago it was a small village with nothing so dignified in the way of an architectural structure as a bank building, and now there are twelve of the chartered banks of Canada doing business in the city, and a number of them have several branches within the city limits. Another of the large banks—the Dominion Bank—has just opened an office in Vancouver, and there is on hand at present a project to establish a purely western bank, with head-office here. The aggregate of the bank clearings in the city is going up by leaps and bounds, this year's total being expected almost to double that of last year.

All the leading trust and loan companies of the Dominion have branches established in the city, and there are also a number of important financial corporations that have their headquarters here. The financial standing of the city is excellent, and capital can always be obtained when wanted for its enterprises or legitimate development; and even at the present time, when the stringency of the money-market is keenly felt in other parts of Canada, the financial pulse of British Columbia as a whole is comparatively steady. A Stock Exchange was established in the city in August last, and, as business men of standing and experience are connected with it, it should do much to further the buying and selling of legitimate mining and other stocks, and at the same time serve to discountenance 'wild-cat' schemes, many of which have been issued in recent years under the category of British Columbia ventures.

Twenty years ago Vancouver possessed one little red schoolhouse; to-day, besides its well-equipped public schools, the city has the finest high school in British Columbia, and has also Vancouver College, in affiliation with McGill University, Montreal. The city is also well represented by churches of all denominations.

In concluding this necessarily condensed sketch of 'The Sunset City' of the Dominion, its future cannot be better depicted than in the words of Rudyard Kipling, who recently revisited the Pacific coast: 'This is not the former Vancouver I saw on my previous visit eighteen years ago; and yet, beautiful as it appears to-day, luxuriant and commanding, lying by your still waters and under your placid skies, I can hardly look at it as it is now for beholding your city as it is going to be.' The question of Asiatic labour is assuming some importance at present; but if white labour could only be brought here in sufficient abundance the problem as it exists now would soon be a thing of the past.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE DAUPHIN.

JEAN still clung to his post in the Temple; and one night, a little later than usual, he was summoned to carry the lamp up the stairs for the officials of the Commune. There were some new figures in the group, the chief being Ducreux, who belonged to the inner circle of the Commune. He had the eyes of a fanatic; the ghastly pallor of his face, his restless, twitching eyes, filled Jean with a vague sense of disquiet. Here was a man plainly bent on some cruel errand. The ex-priest Bernard, with eyelids redder than ever, was with him. Simon, an ex-cobbler, with horrible blear lip, malformed hands, and cruel eyes, strutted with an air of unusual importance in the little group.

As the door of the queen's room opened, the two hapless women were sitting at the table mending a boy's dress. The dim light of the candle on the table fell on the sad and downward-bent faces. At the tread of so many feet the queen lifted her head. Jean saw her countenance was drawn and thin; the old look of pride had quite gone.

She made a gesture towards the bed. 'My child sleeps,' she said gently.

'He must wake,' replied Ducreux in accents of authority. 'He is being brought up as an enemy of the people, and the Republic must take charge of him.' And he held out a paper in his hand.

As the astonished queen showed no signs of taking it, he began to read it. It was an order of the Committee of Public Safety directing the son of Louis Capet to be removed from his mother and placed under a good patriot as tutor.

"Here,' said the ex-priest with a grin of cruel humour, 'is the tutor;' and he thrust forward the ex-cobbler, who stood awkwardly twisting his malformed fingers.

The queen listened with a bewildered air, while Ducreux repeated in still louder tones his tidings.

'My son!' said the queen in a wondering voice. 'My son! You cannot take him from me. He is ill. He will die if taken away.'

Then her eyes ran over the evil faces that looked at her with stony indifference. She started up.

'You shall kill me before you take the child away.'

Her movement was so sudden and wild that it struck silence for a moment through the group of commissioners. Presently Ducreux commenced an address to 'the widow Capet' in rebuking accents; but the unheeding queen turned and snatched the wondering child, his eyes still drowsy with sleep, from the bed, and clasped him passionately to her breast. The ring of gloomy faces had no pity. Simon's bleared lips were twisted into a cruel grin.

'What!' said the queen in an undertone, as if to herself; 'give my child to *you!*'

Then she looked round. Against those pitiless wills the distracted woman felt that her passion and grief beat in vain. It was like the wings of an affrighted dove beating against a wall of granite. Ducreux presented his order again and again, at regular intervals, like a pistol, and repeated the phrase 'the decree of the Committee of Public Safety,' as though it were a charm. The ex-priest Bernard broke into jeers. He laughed with evil delight at the scene.

'The tutor of Louis XVII.!' he said, clapping the ex-cobbler on the shoulder. 'The tutor of a prince of the blood!' and he laughed afresh, as though at an exquisite jest.

The queen's eyes ran wildly round the room. They rested for a moment on Jean's face. There might be pity there, but there was no help; and her gaze turned afresh to the harsh and evil countenances of the commissioners.

For two frantic hours this strange conflict betwixt unpitying authority and a broken-hearted woman's grief lasted. The queen at last fell on her knees, with outstretched hands and streaming eyes—the last humiliation of that proud spirit—to beg, and to beg from such a group, her child. Madame Elizabeth and the girl-princess fell beside her.

The ex-priest, beyond even the other figures in the group, seemed to enjoy the evil triumph of the spectacle. He dwelt on it with dreadful relish. The Queen of France and two 'daughters of France' bowed in that sad humiliation!

'Come,' at last said Ducreux abruptly, 'the boy must be given up;' and he caught the child's arm. 'Better have Citizen Simon for a tutor than ride in the tumbrils.'

'Both your children will ride in the tumbrils,' whispered the ex-priest with a grin, 'if you resist. The girl would look well there;' and he turned his red eyes menacingly on the queen's daughter, who shrank back as if she were struck in the face.

Suddenly the queen grew strangely calm. She ceased to weep. Grief seemed frozen in her.

'He must go,' she said to Madame Elizabeth. She began to gather up with trembling fingers the boy's little garments. She brushed his hair, kissed him passionately again and again, and tried to speak. Then, with a shuddering gesture, she released him. The little figure of the boy was led away, Simon's crooked fingers holding his hand, the commissioners with their tricoloured scarfs grouped about him. He gave one backward look; it was a child's look, questioning and terrified, a look of uncomprehending reproach. The queen's eyes dwelt on him with an

expression of broken-hearted and wordless anguish—a figure so pathetically little and lonely set in a ring of mocking and pitiless faces. Then the mother's hands were suddenly extended to him with a gesture of despair.

As Jean closed the door he saw the unhappy queen, an image of speechless grief, turn slowly and look at the little empty bed, still warm from her child's body. So might Rachel have looked when Herod's sword had done its work.

Unhappy queen and mother! Here was grief more bitter than a lost crown or a dead husband.

Simon's quarters were on the floor above the queen's room, and every morning a group of commissioners went up to satisfy themselves that the dauphin was in safe custody. Great armies were threatening France in his name as Louis XVII., and the Revolutionists were not unwilling to revenge themselves for the terror these gathering hosts caused by mocking the unhappy boy who carried that title.

Some of the boy's jailers, however, had not the excuse of aggrieved patriotism for their ill-will towards the child; they were moved by nothing more than the luxury of cruelty. The ex-priest Bernard was always in the group that visited the little captive, and with two or three others he usually stayed for a long time in the room. Some dreadful fascination drew Jean to the door of the room at these times, and he could hear the crying of the little fellow and the loud laughter of the commissioners. They were baiting 'the little Capet,' and they came from the room each morning with a look of satisfied malice on their faces which made Jean clench his fists with honest anger.

The queen at first asked many questions about the boy, but they were never answered. It was as though he had been dropped into some gulf of darkness, or as if the silence of death had shut about him.

Repeatedly when he went on some duty to the queen's room Jean found her sitting in a listening attitude which puzzled him. What sounds from the outer world was she trying to catch? He presently found the key to her strange attitude. The room in which the little prince was confined was above that of the queen. At times the sound of a heavy foot could be heard—that of Simon, the boy's tutor; and the mother was listening to catch—or imagine—a lighter step following it.

The promenade at the summit of the tower was divided in two by a close balustrade. On one side the little prince walked for exercise, on the other the queen and Madame Elizabeth, but always at different hours. One day, however, when Marie Antoinette was walking listlessly to and fro, she caught the sound of feet and voices on the other side of the wooden barrier. It was the little dauphin and his tutor. The queen ran to the barrier and crouched, peering through a crevice through which she could see the group on the other side.

Yes, it was her son—her son, but how tragically changed! The black garments the little fellow had worn, signs of mourning for his dead father, were gone. His dress was ragged; his face was unwashed; he wore a cap of liberty. Simon, with a stick, walked behind him, shouting, 'Sing, little Capet!' and enforcing the admonition now and again with a blow. He was trying to make the unhappy lad sing 'Ça ira;' and the thin, wavering voice at last rose, a thread of tremulous sound, on the air. Then it broke in sobs.

'Sing, thou wolf-cub!' cried Simon with a blow.

Madame Elizabeth ran and stooped over the queen. The blood was trickling down the fence from her hand. She had pressed it into the splintered wood in her anguish till the flesh was pierced and the red, warm blood ran like water.

'You are hurt!' cried Madame Elizabeth.

'Nothing can hurt me now,' said the broken-hearted queen.

Two months afterwards, when taken to the Conciergerie, in passing the low door that led to her cell she struck her too proudly erect head against the lintel, and was asked if she were hurt. She gave the same answer, 'Nothing can hurt me now.' And it seemed as if, with that vision of her unhappy child, the capacity for suffering in her had exhausted itself. Pain has its merciful limits; and when the unhappy queen touched this dreadful height of suffering, some compassionate nepenthe seemed to steal through her brain and drug it into insensibility.

But the unhappy boy still suffered. When some of the commissioners were visiting him one afternoon a pitying curiosity drew Jean up the stairs. The door that led into the room stood half-open, and he saw what was taking place. The little prince stood, a white-faced, terrified child, with dazed eyes, in the middle of the floor. His skin was dirty, his hair uncombed; his feet were naked. His little wrists and knees were swollen.

'Dance, little Capet!' Simon was saying; and, stooping, he struck with his stick the tiny bare feet. 'Dance, you cub-wolf!' he repeated with an oath; and the little feet, under the argument of the threatening stick, lifted themselves tremblingly up in turn, while the group around laughed.

'Nay,' said the ex-priest, 'the descendant of St Louis must go through his devotions.'

He began to recite a blasphemous travesty of the Litany, and to compel the trembling lips of the boy to repeat the dreadful words after him, while the circle around exploded with laughter. The boy seemed to Jean like a little palpitating rabbit in the clutch of dogs. But the ex-priest, with a touch of malice beyond his fellows, wanted to taint the little fellow's mind.

'Sing!' called another of the group; but the boy, with his frightened eyes, was past singing. One of the men pulled a bottle from his pocket and made the boy drink, and drink again. Then the little white face flushed, and, following the thick voice

of Simon, his tutor, he began to falter out the 'Marseillaise.'

Jean stole away with flaming eyes, whispering execrations softly under his breath. The scene kindled him to a passion of rage.

Sometimes Simon went by himself to the room where the boy was confined, and then Jean feared for the lad more even than when all the commissionnaires joined in the sport. One day, as Simon went up to the boy's room, Jean, obeying a resistless impulse of pity and anger, followed him. He listened at the door, and could hear the gruff voice of the ex-cobbler and the whimpering of the boy.

He pushed the door back softly, slipped into the room, and closed it. The boy was crouched in a corner of the room. He had been set to clean the boots of the ex-cobbler's wife, and the helpless hands had failed in the task. The poor lad had fallen by this time, indeed, into a state of semi-idiocy. He was crouched in a corner of the room, Simon standing over him with uplifted stick in hand. He had not heard Jean enter.

Jean turned the key in the lock gently and stole across the room. But the ex-cobbler's ears were quick. He turned, and as his eyes fell on Jean his brow grew black with anger. He lifted his stick with a curse. Before he could strike, Jean leaped on him, caught the uplifted stick, and, tripping the Frenchman up, rolled him with one energetic push on to his face. Wrath was running, a wave of fire, through every drop of blood in his body. He put his foot on the cobbler's neck, grinding his face into the floor, and rained a torrent of blows on the broad expanse of his body. So silent was the approach, so swift the leap, so fierce the hurricane of blows, that Simon lay half-strangled under Jean's foot. Presently Jean stopped and plucked his victim to his feet.

'You brute,' he whispered, with white face and flaming eyes, 'to torment a child! You shall feel what you have made him feel.'

Simon opened his mouth as if to shout.

'Silence, or I will kill you!' and the look on Jean's face was so dark that Simon's voice died away behind his chattering teeth. Jean's eyes, on fire with anger, ran over the face and body of the ex-cobbler. His feet were bare.

'Dance!' he suddenly said. 'Dance, you slave!' and, stooping, he smote the sprawling feet so furiously that, with a whimper, the ex-cobbler lifted one of his stricken feet and then the other. 'Dance!' urged Jean, recalling the scene he had witnessed a few days before.

Presently he stopped. The tempest of anger in him was dying out, and he felt ashamed of his own performance.

'If you torture the boy again,' he said, 'you shall be massacred. Nothing can save you. Do you hear? Every blow you give with the stick shall be repaid with the knife.'

Jean's look was so fierce, his whisper so terrifying, that Simon's teeth began to chatter again. Jean flung him, battered and shaken, into a corner of the room.

'Lie still!' he said, standing over him for a moment with menacing gesture. Then he passed swiftly out of the room, went coolly down the stairs, reached the gate, slipped through without challenge, and disappeared in the network of dark alleys beyond.

(To be continued.)

SOME JACKS THAT BUILT HOUSES.

By ROSALINE MASSON, Author of *Edinburgh Described.*



HEN you enter old Greyfriars Churchyard in Edinburgh, directly to the left you will find a large sculptured monument, crowned by a coat-of-arms, supported by pillars, standing all by itself within railings against the wall, or rather against the backs of the houses of Greyfriars Place, which at this point form the churchyard wall. The little windows of the houses are to right and left of it; probably a washing is hanging out above it; and certainly a gray tabby-cat—old Greyfriars Churchyard simply swarms with cats—lies like a bit of gray sculpture inside the rails on the steps of the imposing tomb. Some of the inscription is in Latin; but the rest reads thus:

'Sacred to the memorie of Robert Mylne of Balfargie, Master Mason to severall Kings of Scotland; and Survieor to this Citie, who, duringe ane active life of honest fame, Builded amonge manie extensive warks Mylne's Court, Mylne's Square, and the Abbie of Halierud house, Leaving by ane Worthie Wife Eight Sonnes and Six Daughters, all placed in the World with Credit to himself, and consecrated this monument, To the Honour of his Ancestrie. Died Dec. 10th, 1710; aged 77.'

Robert Mylne of Balfarg is not the only Mylne commemorated on the tomb. On the pillar occur the names of his son and of his grandson, and below are four suggestive lines:

Reader, John Mylne, who maketh the fourth John,
And, by descent, from father unto son,
Sixth master mason to a royal race
Of seven successive Kings, sleeps in this place.

They were a marvellous family, the Mylnes. They were all, from father to son—once or twice from uncle to nephew also—architects, 'masons,' as they called themselves in those days of plain speaking as well as plain thinking. Moreover, they were Master-Masons to the Kings of Scotland, from James III. all down the Stewart dynasty: James IV.,

James V., Queen Mary, James VI., Charles I., Charles II., James VII., and then, when there were no longer any Kings of Scotland, to the last survivors of the Stewart dynasty—William and Mary and Queen Anne. The first Master-Mason, John Mylne, was appointed in 1482: in 1890 there died a Robert Mylne, architect and engineer. Twelve generations in direct descent—four centuries—all architects. A wonderful record!

James III. of Scotland, of most unhappy memory, was a patron of the arts and crafts. It was not in those days considered proper for the king to be interested in any craft or any art except the art of war, and the anger of the Scottish barons boiled over when James created Cochrane the mason Earl of Mar. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. If somebody is hanged it leaves a vacancy. Cochrane dangled over Lauder Bridge on a summer day in 1482, and Stirling Castle and other royal palaces and strongholds were thereby left unfinished; and so John Mylne was appointed Master-Mason to the Crown that same year: and he was the first of the Jacks who built houses.

The fifteenth century was the age of building, and the masons and wrights of Edinburgh were a very important body, duly incorporated, with the Aisle and Altar of St John the Evangelist in St Giles's Church assigned to them by the Edinburgh Town Council. As far back as the twelfth century we hear of masons, for it was in 1190, in the reign of William the Lion, that a Brotherhood of Masons was founded by Bishop Jocelyn. And right on through the early centuries skilled masons travelled in companies, like troupes of actors. These companies traversed all northern Europe, going from one great building, cathedral or abbey, to another, superintending its completion. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it was the Church that was the patron of architecture; all was inspired by religious fervour. But later on the idea of Monarchy crept in, and national enthusiasm became an active force; and then a body of Masons, presided over by a Royal Master-Mason, was attached to the Court. It was to this post of Royal Master-Mason that John Mylne was appointed by James III., and he held it on into James IV.'s reign, that golden time of Scottish history, when the country was prosperous, and the towns and Court were glorious, and Scotland was held in high honour among the nations, and was ruled over by a king whose 'step was first in peaceful' ha', his sword in battle keen'—James IV., the chivalrous knight-errant and the royal lover and patron of literature and art and of every kind of craft—of building, of shipping, of armament, of printing. And suddenly Flodden stopped everything; and what Flodden stopped above all was the noise of the masons throughout the land. For we know how much building was going on just before Flodden: was not the Palace of Holyrood begun by 'Maister Leonard Logy' about the year 1500?

John Mylne, the first Master-Mason of the name, died before Flodden. He left two sons, Alexander and Robert; the elder, Alexander, is perhaps the most noteworthy of all the Mylnes. He was prominent both in Church and State: an ecclesiastic, a statesman, a lawyer, an author—and of course an architect. He was educated at St Andrews, where he graduated in 1504. He took Holy Orders, became Canon of Aberdeen Cathedral, Prebendary of Monifieth in the Cathedral of Dunkeld, Scribe of the Chapter and Official of the Bishop there, and then Dean of Angus. But the family talent was his, and he was master of the works for building the Bridge of Dunkeld, one arch of which was completed in 1513, the year of Flodden. In 1515 he wrote a Latin history of the Bishops of Dunkeld, which has lately been published by the Bannatyne Club, and the illuminated manuscript of which is now in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh. This history was dedicated to Gavin Douglas, who was made Bishop of Dunkeld in 1516—and who was the son, by the way, of 'Archie Bell-the-Cat,' whose prompt judgment on Cochrane had prepared the way for the promotion of John Mylne. A year later, in 1517, Alexander Mylne was appointed Abbot of Cambuskenneth and Master-Mason to James V.; but from this day he seems to have been a statesman rather than an architect. It was he that was sent on the embassy to Henry VIII. to negotiate a marriage between young James V. and Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. This marriage James V. fought shy of, preferring to wed little Princess Magdalene of France.

Perhaps the most interesting fact about Alexander Mylne was that when James founded the Court of Session he appointed him its first President. The abbot was in all ways suited for the post, for it was necessary then that a President should be an ecclesiastic, as a large part of the revenues came from the Church; and also, incidentally, because the clergy were the only class thoroughly trained in law. There is a rich stained-glass window in Parliament Hall which has cast its coloured lights on the wigs of successive generations of Edinburgh advocates. It represents James V. seated on the Scottish throne, handing the Papal Bull to Alexander Mylne, Abbot of Cambuskenneth.

With the old ecclesiastic the family of Mylne would have ended; but he had a brother, Robert Mylne, Provost of Dundee, who, when he died a year after his brother, left four sons, Robert, James, Andrew, and Thomas; and Thomas was Master-Mason to Mary Queen of Scots. But in the time of the Reformation men's minds were occupied with other matters than the erection of beautiful buildings, and so Thomas Mylne was unemployed. He was succeeded by his son, another John, who must have been Master-Mason to James VI. and I. before 1584, for he is spoken of in the Somerville *Memoirs* as being in that year the King's 'Mr Meassone' and 'one of the greatest builders

of that age.' He seems to have built a good deal at Dundee, which was his native town and of which his grandfather had been provost, and where no doubt he had 'local influence.' In 1586 he erected the Market Cross of Dundee, and was made burgess and guild brother of the town. Afterwards he went to Perth to build a bridge over the Tay; but this bridge, begun in 1605, was destroyed by flood in 1621. Evidently the shock of that flood also destroyed John Mylne, for he died in 1621—the same year—and was buried at Perth.

His son, another John Mylne, helped his father with that bridge, and married Isobel Wilson, a fair maid of Perth, in the year 1610. Six years later he left Perth and settled in Edinburgh, where the first thing he did was to complete a statue of James VI. and I., to be set in the Nether Bow Port to greet His Majesty when it should please His Majesty to tear himself away from the fleshpots of Egypt—that is, to leave London and revisit, according to his promise, his royal and ancient capital of Scotland.

A little daughter, born in Edinburgh and christened Barbara, was afterwards, we are calmly told, 'from time to time accused of witchcraft.' However, as James VI. had a peculiar frenzy about witches, probably the royal interest made witchcraft an elegant accomplishment among idle ladies. But it may have been because of Mistress Barbara's tendency to get her name into the Canongate and Burgh records that John Mylne migrated again to Perth and to Dundee and to Aberdeen—always building—Drummond Castle, among other places. Ten years later he returned to Edinburgh, this time to serve Charles I. and not the Corporation, and his first task was to make a new water-pond beside Holyrood Palace. Soon after, he was appointed Master-Mason to Charles I., with ten pounds fee monthly 'and livery.' He had two sons who both carried on the family tradition, for the elder, John, was Master-Mason to Charles I. and to Charles II., and the younger, Alexander, was a mason and a sculptor.

The story of this younger brother, Alexander Mylne, was one of tragedy. He must have been singularly gifted, and in the more artistic branch of his profession, for he was an elegant sculptor rather than a solid mason. Both brothers helped their father and worked for King Charles; but it was Alexander who made the richly carved sun-dial (a familiar object now in the gardens of Holyrood Palace), sculptured the King's arms over the entrance door of Parliament House, and carved the two stone statues and the lion over the Royal Arms. His work must have been well thought of, for the sun-dial cost four hundred and eight pounds fifteen shillings and sixpence (Scots); for the King's arms over Parliament House door he was paid two hundred pounds; and for the statues and the carved lion he received two hundred and sixty-six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. He married Anna Vegilman when he was about nineteen, and he evidently bore no ill-will to his sister the witch, for he called his little daughter Barbara. It all must have seemed happy and prosperous; but then the plague came. The poor young sculptor, only thirty years of age, fell a victim. He was buried in God's Acre within Holyrood, when it was a private burying-place, before it became the parish burial-ground. But the ghastly part of the story came to light more than two hundred years after, in 1857, when Holyrood was being prepared for the reception of Queen Victoria. The Chief Commissioner of Works was going to destroy the tomb of Alexander Mylne, and William Mylne, F.R.S., his great-great-grandson (also an architect—we are coming to him), protested against the desecration, and Queen Victoria expressed her desire that his feelings should be respected. So the tomb was not destroyed, but was removed and fixed against the north-east buttress of the Abbey Church, a horizontal slab with the family arms and inscription being placed on the original site. In the doing of this the skeleton of Alexander Mylne was exposed, and found to be in remarkably perfect condition; but the skeleton was 'completely twisted, with the face downwards,' betraying the horrible fact that, in all the hurry and fear of the plague-scare, the young sculptor had been prematurely buried. It is a comfort to think that the wife and children and the successful brother had never known of that wrench of agonised awakening. For two hundred and fourteen years the carved sun-dial had met the rain and the sun in the gay pleasure-garden above, and the twisted skeleton of the young sculptor had lain below.

It is John, the elder brother, who is spoken of on the Greyfriars tomb as 'John Mylne, who maketh the fourth John.' He is known as John Mylne of Edinburgh, to distinguish him from his father, who was called John Mylne of Perth. He was born at Perth, for he was the eldest son, and must have been only five years old when brought to Edinburgh; but when he was two-and-twenty he was made burgess of Edinburgh 'by right of descent,' and the same day admitted fellow of craft in the Edinburgh Masonic Lodge. When twenty-five he succeeded his father as Master-Mason (that was fifteen years after his father's death in 1633), and the same year was made Deacon of Masons in Edinburgh and a member of the Edinburgh Town Council. About a year later he was appointed Master-Mason to the town of Edinburgh. All this was in the troublous years of the Civil War, and John Mylne was a loyal servant and adherent of Charles I. His portrait shows him as a Cavalier, with parted hair falling in long curls, a long-bridged nose, a still longer cleft chin, and one taper hand resting on the shoulder of a subdued feminine figure, presumably that of one of his three wives.

In spite of his loyalty, it is recorded that he was present 'on a stage of timber' at Perth on the occasion of the proclamation of Oliver Cromwell

as Protector. He continued as member of the Edinburgh Town Council during the Protectorate; but he evidently got into trouble for his habits of costly building, acquired in the happy days of beauty-loving royalty; 'ane Maisonne callit Johnne Mylne,' it is indignantly recorded, 'being persone of the Commoun Town Counsill, did misleid the rest and did hold the town in continnuale alteration and chaynges to the havy chairges, wrak, and expensis of the inhabitantes.' The old cry — the sacrificing of efficiency to economy!

It is true that John Mylne built much in Edinburgh. He built the old Tron Kirk. He repaired portions of St Giles's—first, most likely, in Charles I.'s time, when much money was spent on it to prepare the church for becoming a Cathedral when Edinburgh became an Episcopal See. Later on he had his hands on the famous crown-steeple of St Giles's, for in 1648 he was paid two thousand seven hundred merks for renovating 'the dangerous and ruinous estait of the stane wark of the Crowne of the great steiple.' In 1642 he visited and reported on Jedburgh; he worked on the pier and fortifications of Leith; and he was appointed master-mason to the unfinished Heriot's Hospital, on the death of a former master-mason to that work.

His wives were almost as numerous, and came in as quick succession, as his works. In 1645 his first wife, Agnes Fraser, died, and he married the following year Janet Primrose—probably one of the family of Primrose to which Lord Rosebery belongs. She died within the year, and the following spring he married a third wife. The Primroses apparently did not resent this haste, for later, at the christening of his only daughter, two of the witnesses were a Sir Archibald Primrose and a James Primrose.

But it was after the Restoration that John Mylne was given the work for which he ought to be best remembered in Edinburgh. Immediately he was restored to his throne, Charles II. thought of his father's intention toward Holyrood, the ancient home of their race. A plan for the magnificent extension and restoration of the palace was drawn up by John Mylne in 1663. This plan is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford—it ought to be in our Advocates' Library — endorsed 'The Survayes and plat mead by Johnne Myllne His Majestie's Mr Messone.' A small scrap of paper is attached to the plan by sealing-wax, and on it is written: 'This was His Majestie's blessed fatheres intentione in anno 1633.' Better times these under Charles for John Mylne than the grumbling of the Town Council during the Protectorate, when he was so roughly alluded to as 'ane Maisonne callit Johnne Mylne'!

John Mylne seems to have turned his attention to politics, and in 1662 he was elected Member of Parliament for Edinburgh in the Parliament of Scotland, and attended the second and third sessions of Charles II.'s first Parliament in Edinburgh. Five years later he died, on Christmas Eve 1667, a wealthy and important citizen of the city for which he had done so much; and he was buried in old Greyfriars Churchyard.

If Charles I.'s kingly and artistic ideas had been carried out, our Holyrood would indeed have been a worthy royal palace. And it is pathetic that poor Charles I. had chosen as the text to head his 'intentione,' 'He shall build ane house for My name, and I will stablish the throne of his kingdom for ever.' When our present King Edward, who is the great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-nephew of Charles I. (eight greats), visits Edinburgh, he is obliged to stay at Dalkeith Palace.

John Mylne, however—in spite of his riches, and his three wives, and his royal honours, and his property in the Canongate, and his tomb in Greyfriars—was not the one to build Holyrood or to hand on the family traditions.

Poor young gifted Alexander the sculptor, who had been buried alive at Holyrood, had left a son Robert, who afterwards became Master-Mason—perhaps the most famous of all the line. For this Robert Mylne was Robert Mylne of Balfarg, Master-Mason to Charles II., and the builder of Holyrood. He had been ten years old when his father died, and he was afterwards apprenticed to his uncle John, who had no son of his own, and whom, in 1668, when he was thirty-five, he succeeded as Master-Mason to Charles II. He assisted in the designs from which the foundation-stone of Holyrood was laid by himself on July 15, 1671, and he directed the rebuilding of the palace for eight years, till its completion in 1679; and his name and the date 1671 are cut on a pillar just inside the big courtyard, to the left as you enter. The six original drawings done by him for Charles II. have remained in the Mylne family, and show how the modern Holyrood grew, with the tower to the right of the entrance matching the older tower to the left sacred to the memory of Queen Mary; and the quadrangle behind; and the Doric columns; and the great picture gallery where Prince Charlie gave his ball, and where, since the Union of 1707, the representative Peers of Scotland are elected, and the Commissioner of the Church of Scotland holds his levees.

After Holyrood was complete Robert Mylne was busy all over Scotland, but chiefly in Edinburgh streets and closes. He built Mylne Square in 1689: he assisted in the repairing of Edinburgh Castle, (one of the bastions is called Mylne's Mount after him); he built Mylne's Court in 1690, and many buildings in Edinburgh under the new regulations which prescribed stone instead of timber for building material; and he carved the statue of Heriot over the archway within the court of Heriot's Hospital.

Two years after he had completed Holyrood he acquired the estate of Balfarg, in Fifeshire, from 'David Weems.' The 'ane worthie wife' spoken of on the tombstone was Elizabeth Meikle;

and, as they had eight sons and six daughters, it is little wonder that in 1708 Robert Mylne petitioned for twenty years' arrears of salary due to him as Master-Mason—which means, if we come to think of it, that he had not been paid since James VII. was dethroned, although he had been Royal Master-Mason to William and Mary and to Queen Anne. It is to be hoped his petition was answered promptly, for he died two years later, in 1710; but, anyhow, we have the authority of the tombstone for saying that his eight sons and six daughters were all 'placed in the world with credit to himself.' The eldest of the eight sons, William, was an architect and Master-Mason; he died in 1728. And one of *his* sons, Thomas, was an architect—a Master-Mason; he died in 1763. And two of *his* sons, Robert and William, were both architects—Master-Masons. This Robert, who brings us to the tenth generation of Mylnes, was born in Edinburgh in 1734, and began his studies under his father, and was admitted 'Prentice or honourable member' to the Grand Lodge in January 1754, and made Master-Mason the same year. So far he trod in the footsteps of his forebears, and then he suddenly made a stride for himself. He left Edinburgh in April 1754, went to Rome, studied there for four years, and gained the gold and silver medals for architecture in St Luke's Academy in Rome—never before bestowed on a British subject—and was elected a member of St Luke's Academy and a member of the Academies of Florence and Boulogne. He visited Naples and Sicily and Switzerland and Holland, and reached London, on his way home, in 1759, just when designs for Blackfriars Bridge over the Thames were invited. He, a stranger in London, submitted one; and, out of sixty-nine sent in, it was chosen. The English jealousy of the successful Scot was immediately shown in a thunderstorm of criticism. Articles, and even ballads, scoffing at Mylne's design were circulated, and the great Dr Samuel Johnson took his share, for he growled like a lion, and wrote three letters to the *Daily Gazetteer* full of abuse of Mylne's elliptical arches, and stating that he preferred arches to be semicircular. Nevertheless, Mylne's elliptical arches slowly formed themselves until they gracefully spanned the Thames, and the sole result of Dr Johnson's letters was that they began an acquaintance between him and Robert Mylne which grew into a warm friendship. The much-criticised bridge was afterwards greatly praised and often engraved, and it stood till 1868. Mylne built it at less than his estimate (one hundred and fifty thousand pounds)—an extraordinary achievement for an architect; but, in spite of that, he had to go to law before he could get his pay.

Afterwards Mylne returned to Edinburgh, and built St Cecilia's Hall there on the model of the Opera House at Parma—St Cecilia's Hall, that beautiful oval concert hall where the music-loving élite of Edinburgh society in the eighteenth century—that famous Edinburgh society of the eighteenth century!—gathered to listen and criticise, and where Lord Cockburn reports he saw 'most of our literary and fashionable gentlemen predominating, with their side-curls and frills and ruffles and silver buckles, and our stately matrons stiffened in hoops and gorgeous satin, and our beauties with high-heeled shoes, powdered and pomatumed hair, and lofty and composite head-dresses.' St Cecilia's Hall still stands; you will find it, if you look for it, down in the Cowgate.

Robert Mylne built over the length and breadth of Britain. He built the bridge of Welbeck for the Duke of Portland, the wings of Northumberland House in the Strand, and 'Almacks,' the famous club in St James's, and a house for Dr John Hunter the great Scotch surgeon (who was his brother-in-law; Mrs John Hunter, author of 'My Mother bids me Bind my Hair,' being Mrs Robert Mylne's sister). He built Blaise Castle in Bristol, a manor-house in Herts, a bridge in Glasgow, and he altered Roseneath Castle and Ardincaple House, and produced a hundred other works. In October 1766 he was appointed surveyor of St Paul's, and in 1767 he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society. With his death in 1811 the family's ancient connection with the Edinburgh Masonic Lodge, maintained for five generations, ceased. He was buried in the crypt of St Paul's, near to his hero and predecessor, Christopher Wren. He left two sons, one of whom was a soldier and the other an architect and engineer; and the eldest son of this architect was again an architect and engineer, and died only eighteen years ago, in 1890. A wonderful record, surely! And, curiously, it exactly coincides with the records of the Royal House of Stewart, for each can show twelve generations from father to son of one name and one trade. The Stewarts come down from Robert II., son of Marjorie Bruce and Walter the High Steward of Scotland—right down through the five Jameses, Queen Mary, James VI., the two Charleses, James VII.—down to his children, William and Mary and Queen Anne—one name and one trade—that of Monarchy. And the Mylnes come down from John Mylne, Master-Mason to James III., right down—Dundee, Perth, Edinburgh, London—to Robert Mylne, the grandson of the Robert who succeeded Christopher Wren, and the great-great-great-grandson of the builder of Holyrood—one name and one trade—Jacks that built houses.

THE GOLD OF THE 'GUNSIGHT.'

PART III.

FIVE years have passed since Langton was pacing Fannie's parlour; they had been short years, as happy ones always are. Fannie had left school, and was installed in the beautiful home Langton had built for her, and incidentally for himself. The wan, desperate little girl had bloomed into a beautiful woman, the pride and joy of Langton's heart.

He had just been talking of her to his partner, Philip Rodda, as they rode along the rough trail—the same trail over which he had made his terrible ride to win the 'Gunsight.' In and out the shadows of the pines they cantered slowly on their return from looking at a mining property a few miles from the little town where they had first met. Langton stopped in what he was saying, exclaiming, 'Hurry up. There is the ferry on this side, so we can catch it.' And, putting spurs to their horses, they galloped down to the water's edge.

'River's rising pretty fast?' queried Langton of the ferryman, as they rode on to the boat, sprang from their horses, and proceeded to tie them to the rail.

''Bout two foot a day, and lots of drift coming down,' answered the man as he walked back to cast loose the line, which was fastened to a stump some distance up the bank. The boat swung slowly round to the current as the rope slackened. The man came leisurely down, dragging the loop after him, when the boat suddenly felt the current and began to move out. 'Wait! Hold on!' shouted the ferryman, beginning to run, as some people do although they see it is too late. At the same instant, as the boat reached the full current, a snapping sound was heard, and the heavy steel cable suspended above them fell with a splash into the river.

Fortunately they were so near the broken end that the pulleys and guy-ropes cleared themselves from the broken cable; but the boat began rapidly to drift down-stream.

'Well, here's a go!' exclaimed Langton as he scanned the wide, rushing river, swollen to a yellow flood by the spring rains and melting snows of the mountains. Huge logs and trees, with masses of débris, were shooting rapidly down in the current. 'Not even a paddle!' said Joe, looking around. 'May as well do what we can, though. Here, break off this railing, and we'll see if we can make oars of it.'

Suiting the action to the word, the two men tore off pieces of the light boards, and set to work vigorously with their impromptu paddles.

'No use,' said Joe after a few moments' work; 'a straw would as soon stop a flywheel, an' it'll only use us up. This is getting serious,' he added. 'It's only two miles to the falls, and nothing ever went over them and lived.'

He leaned up against the railing, meditatively biting his moustache, while Rodda gazed over the rushing waters in despair.

'Rodda,' said Langton as the boat continued to move rapidly down the river—turned by an eddy now this way, now that, but always moving down—'Rodda, I've a notion that you'll come out of this all right, but I sha'n't; and I've been thinking perhaps it's as well if I don't. I know I've been making a fool of myself for the last few years. I've seen how you tried to hold me up; but it's no use. I'm breaking Fannie's heart, and I know it. I've tried to brace up, but the drink is too much for me; whisky is too much for me. Perhaps it's the early training. The first thing I remember is the taste of gin, so I guess it's in the blood. I'm not strong enough to fight against it, and I go on disgracing Fannie and all my friends; so I think it's just as well that it ends right here. I ain't afraid. The Lord knows I've tried to be the man Fannie's father ought to be, but it ain't in me. Otherwise, I've always played a fair game and given every man a square deal. And someway I've a fancy the Lord ain't so hard as some of the preachers make out; and if a man ain't a hull hog here, and keeps a little good agoing in him, He'll give him a chance in the next world. I ain't expecting much, but I may just get a chance, and I'll work it up; and whatever good is in me is all owing to Fannie. You tell her so—won't you?—and she'll not feel so bad.'

Rodda reached out and wrung his hand. 'Don't belittle yourself, old boy. I know you for what you are—one of the best-hearted men that ever lived.'

'I believe you think so, lad,' said Langton, a pleased look passing over his face. 'I wish I knew Fannie thought so.'

'She does,' said Rodda. 'We have often spoken of it, and she loves you with her whole heart.'

'Yes, she loves me,' murmured Langton, a tender light shining in his eyes; 'but she'd do that anyway, her heart is so big with gratitude. But it's the being unworthy of her love, and a disgrace as her father—it's that that cuts.'

'If it's the liquor you mean, there's time enough yet,' said Rodda cheerfully. 'Why give up so, old boy? The boat's under us yet, and you have a hundred chances to my one to get out, for I am a poor swimmer.'

Langton shook his head. 'No; I'm right. I feel it,' he said. 'But, as you say, there's no use giving in.'

Rodda grasped his arm and pointed silently over the side of the boat. Langton's face paled as he

saw a huge log bearing directly down upon them, and coming with the speed of a racehorse. Without a word, the two men grasped the side of the boat and awaited the shock.

It came. The heavily built flat boat quivered through every timber and surged through the water at a tangent to its former course, for the log had struck the upper rear corner as they drifted sideways with the current.

'A close shave,' said Langton, leaning against the railing; 'but, see! it has sent us clean through the main current. You are right, my boy; there is a chance yet.'

It was true; the boat had left the current, and was moving more slowly in the water of the eastern shore.

'The water is like ice; but when we reach as near shore as we are likely to get we'll have to take to it,' he added. 'And here comes help.'

A score of horsemen, giving shouts of encouragement, appeared on the bank, one of the riders holding a lariat loosely coiled in his hand, ready to throw if they should draw near enough to make it of any use. The accident to the ferry had been seen at the town, and the riders started to be of help if possible.

The boat swung slowly toward the bank until only about a hundred yards intervened, then began to move out again on the smooth, oily-looking eddy.

Langton began to untie the horses. 'We must start them out,' he said; 'they'll make the shore at this distance, and if you cling to the saddle he'll float you all right.'

Rodda and Langton led the animals down to the end of the boat; but there an unforeseen difficulty arose, for neither coaxing nor blows could drive the brutes off the solid floor. They snorted and drew back, planting their legs firmly as they saw the swift-moving flood into which they were expected to plunge.

'It's no use,' said Langton at length. 'They won't take it, and we're only losing time,' as the boat had drifted farther out. 'Throw off your coat.'

'I never swam a stroke in my life,' said Rodda quietly.

Langton gazed on him for an instant. Then, 'Help me to pull up this plank,' he ordered.

'Go on; save yourself, Langton; never mind me,' said Rodda.

'Help me, I say,' said Langton sharply; and with a mighty effort the two men managed to tear up a plank from the floor of the boat.

'Go on. Don't wait,' urged Rodda again.

'Off with your coat,' commanded Langton, 'and remember what I said. You're coming out of this all right. And one thing more, old boy: be good to Fannie. She loves you. It's no harm to tell you so now; but she can't say so before you speak. And I'd rather know her to be your wife than that of any other man living.'

Rodda's pale face flushed. 'If that is the truth, Joe, you've given me new life, and I'll fight to the last breath now I know life means Fannie.'

They had drifted so far down that the roar of the falls thundered all about them. The two men clasped hands, then Langton shoved off the plank, and in an instant more they plunged into the rushing water.

Langton struck out bravely for shore, and pushed the plank before him. Rodda, clinging to the board, did what he could to help, but the plunge into the ice-cold water had been a greater shock than his frame could bear, and in a few moments he felt his arms growing numb and the plank slipping from his grasp. In an instant more his head sank beneath the water; but Langton had seen, and with a powerful grip caught the young man as he went under, and drew him to the surface. As with a gasp he breathed again he heard Langton's voice saying, 'Don't give up, lad. It's the cramp, but for God's sake don't give up! We're nearing shore, and they're there with the lariat ready to throw.'

With an effort Langton raised himself and his helpless companion higher on the plank. As he did so the lasso came circling out, and the loop settled directly over his shoulders. With a quick jerk, before it could be drawn tight, he drew it off, and placed it about his helpless friend. 'Pull, lads; pull!' he cried.

And pull they did with a will. As they did so, and Rodda's senseless body was drawn slowly through the water to safety, the plank, being caught in another eddy, turned out again toward the current.

'Hold on!' shouted the men; 'we'll take you in a minute.'

Langton heard, and, resting on the plank, paddled bravely toward the shore. But the end of the board touched the current, and in an instant that resistless force drew it out and on with a swift, smooth glide toward the falls.

Those on the bank saw Langton leave the plank for a moment, and strike for shore, then turn again and make for the plank.

'Come on! come on!' they shouted.

'It was the cramp he felt; that was why he did it,' they said later. But Rodda, in after-years—remembering Langton's words: 'Perhaps it was as well to end here'—sometimes wondered if it was the cramp.

Reaching the board again, Langton drew himself up on it till his head and shoulders were out of the water. They saw him raise one arm and wave a farewell; then the board with its living freight disappeared behind a small rocky islet that divided the main stream from the eastern shore.

Leaving some of the party to attend to Rodda, the others put spurs to their horses, and rode to the rocky point beside the falls, and a moment after reaching there they saw the plank tossed high in the air at the bottom.

For hours they waited along the shore to see if Langton's lifeless form might not appear; but the icy waters of the Columbia hide well their dead, and it was not until days after that he was found in that gruesome spot called Dead Man's Basin, where the waters, shut in by a rocky escarpment on one side and straight walls of crumbling sand on the other two, move endlessly round, bearing on their dark bosom the flotsam from the outer current which drifts in.

Above Langton's resting-place a slender white column points to the blue sky, bearing only his name and the inscription: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.'

THE END.

PISTOL-MAKING: A LOST SCOTTISH ART.

THERE are, of course, lost arts as well as lost causes, but perhaps none the loss of which can be looked on with more equanimity than that of pistol-making. For over a century and a half this industrial art seems to have flourished in Scotland with great vigour, and, judging from the specimens that remain, appears to have reached a high degree of perfection. It was probably originally brought from France, our ancient ally; but the Scottish artificers appear to have taken so kindly to the work as soon to have rivalled, if not outshone, their Continental competitors. The chief centres of their operations appear to have been Doune, Perth, Stirling, and Dundee; and it is not without significance that these places are all contiguous to the Highlands. No doubt the principal demand would be from the Highland clans, as, in addition to their use as weapons of defence and offence among these turbulent bodies, pistols were also largely used as articles of adornment by the kilted Highlander. The law of supply and demand would, therefore, naturally lead to the armourers having their depôts conveniently situated when the Highland drover brought his cattle to the southern market. Money, too, for this purpose must have been plentiful, for there is evidence that the weapons in many cases bore a high price.

These reflections arise from the perusal of a small brochure now before me, entitled '*Notes sur un Pistolet Écossais, suivis d'une Liste de Noms et Marques de Fabricants Écossais de Pistolets de 1515 à 1835*, par M. Georges Stalin, Beauvais, 1907.' This consists of a paper communicated to a historical society in Beauvais early last year. What the author does not know about pistols is not worth knowing. After a few preliminary remarks on French pistol-making—there were at one time as many as one hundred makers in Beauvais, and examples remain as old as the fourteenth century—and some general remarks on the Scottish variety, of which examples exist in the museum at Dresden dated 1598, he proceeds to describe a very fine example now in his possession. This beautiful arm, of which M. Stalin gives an excellent engraving (obverse and reverse), bears on it evidence not only of its place of origin, but also of its date, its maker's name, and that of the first owner. Its maker was Thomas Caddell, Doune, whose date was 1646, and the arms engraved on one side are those of the Drummonds, Earls of Perth. From a close study of the weapon, M. Stalin has arrived at the conclusion that the first possessor of the pistol was probably James Drummond, sixth Earl and titular Duke of Perth, who followed the fortunes of Prince Charles Edward in 1745, and commanded the left wing of the Prince's army at Culloden, where he was wounded, but, escaping to the coast, set sail for France in *La Bellone*, which was lost at sea with all hands. M. Stalin passes a high eulogium on the work of Thomas Caddell as exhibited on this weapon, which he calls a *chef d'œuvre* of the art, at once an efficient weapon and an object of the finest *vertu*. It cost probably twelve hundred francs.

With laborious research M. Stalin has compiled a list of no less than seventy-eight Scottish armourers, dating from 1585 to 1833, of whose work examples exist either in museums or public or private armouries. Of these fifteen were in Doune, eight in Perth (shades of Hal o' the Wynd!), five in Dundee, and three in Stirling. The remainder were singly in places like Aberdeen, St Andrews, and Edinburgh. It is a curious reflection that the sequestered village of Doune, now quite out of the way of everybody but the ubiquitous motorist, must once have resounded merrily to the sound of hammer and anvil under the hands of Thomas Caddell and his successors. There is little doubt that the legislation regarding the wearing of the tartan and the carrying of firearms which followed the rebellion of 1745 gave the *coup de grâce* to this industry, and sent whatever remained across the border to the congenial neighbourhoods of Sheffield and Birmingham, and the products of the Scottish armourers to museums and the collections of antiquaries. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* J. D.

VILLAGE CRICKET A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO.

By CATHOGUE.

IT happened to me during the course of last summer to revisit that particular nook of England where I had spent the happiest days of my boyhood. Twenty-five years ago I knew every face in the village by heart just as well as I knew every corner of the place itself. Happy memories crowded into my mind. In spite of the lapse of years, I could have pointed out the place where I received a black eye or that other spot where I shot my first rocketing pheasant. It was, indeed, the old village that I had known. Every scene in it was familiar and pleasant to the eye. Changes, no doubt, there were, but they seemed to me few and insignificant.

Thus musing, I came upon the cricket-field, and here familiarity gave way to astonishment. I found a ground where the wicket was 'plumb,' where umpires wore white coats and signalled correctly to the scorers, where there was a telegraph with legible numbers, and a capital pavilion. And a professional cricketer was in charge of the whole thing! They still talked of the 'village cricket;' but this was not the village cricket as I knew it—yes, and loved it too—twenty-five years before. The ground was in the same place certainly, but that was the sole thing that remained; everything else was new. But I wondered if the cricket was keener or more amusing.

The ground at X. was on the top of a hill, a mile and a half from the village proper. We used, therefore, to have great difficulty in sparing time for the preparation of the wicket. There was no groundman, as the word is understood nowadays; but two or three of the players would go up the evening before the matches and do what they could in the way of preparing for the next day. This preparation generally consisted of a somewhat sketchy mowing with a scythe, and then a certain amount of rolling with an ancient stone roller which was not strictly round. Water was never provided. Rain or shine, the procedure was identical. And yet, odd as it may seem, the wickets were seldom really bad. The ground was on old down-land, with sound, good turf; and, though it was never fast in the modern sense, it played at a nice easy pace, and a ball that really got up dangerously was quite the exception.

All our matches were half-day, seldom beginning before 2.30 P.M. Shortly before that hour a few members of the home-team would arrive and proceed to erect the pavilion. This was an exceedingly disreputable old bell-tent; but it served to keep the coats, &c., of the fielding side more or less dry during rain, and to shelter the scorer. The crease was marked in very primitive fashion, and was invariably some six inches wide. Occasions are on record when the chain was forgotten and the pitch measured by pacing. 'Plenty near enough,' they would say.

And now for the players. They varied very little from match to match, practically the same side often turning out, with few exceptions. The vicar was captain, a grizzled old gentleman who, although no great performer at the game, yet by his keenness and example did much to win our matches. Moreover, by the exercise of his tactful powers, he often prevented unduly heated arguments between the opposing teams, and soothed the injured feelings of a bowler who considered that he had been unjustly taken off—for our men liked bowling, and there was often considerable jealousy on this point.

It was easy for the opposing teams to fall out with one another. On one occasion an eleven arrived, bringing with them a man from a neighbouring village who was a fairly good bowler but did not belong to their club. It soon became clear that something was amiss. The home-side were seen to be collected in an agitated and murmuring group, and finally one of the oldest members approached the vicar and said that his team would not turn out if the opponents played the 'foreign' bowler. Argument was of no avail. Their minds were absolutely made up on the subject, and the unfortunate foreigner spent the afternoon as a spectator, a small boy being requisitioned as a substitute for him. The joke of the whole thing was that, in spite of taking these somewhat strong measures for the simplification of the attack, the home-side lost the match.

Our side was made up of the various village tradesmen and their sons, of boys home from school during the holiday-time, and almost invariably the butler from a neighbouring house. The trades represented were fairly numerous. There was a baker, there were two blacksmiths, a stonemason, a plumber, a carpenter; and, in fact, as the mason—who was a great local character rejoicing in the name of Daniel, always abbreviated to Dan'l—once remarked, 'Our little lot could build an 'ouse 'tween 'em as well or better'n they can play cricket.'

These excellent fellows did not boast many pairs of white flannels between them; in fact, the plumber, one blacksmith, and the butler were the sole possessors of the orthodox garments—of course, in addition to the boys and the vicar. The remainder of the side always appeared garbed in decent black or something very near it—in short, in their Sunday best.

The blacksmith above referred to, who was known by the name of Guy, somewhat discounted his

otherwise immaculate appearance by invariably wearing a shirt of the same tint as the brownest form of Jaeger, which was innocent of a collar; and although no doubt it was exceedingly healthy in the wearing, it had a most comical effect. This man was our wicket-keeper, and for absolute gallantry in that position he could have had few equals. It should be mentioned that one large cricket-bag contained the whole outfit of the club. These men had no bats of their own, and there were only some two pairs of pads—which were, of course, always greatly in request. But it mattered little to the blacksmith if all the pads were in use: he was prepared to keep wicket with or without such aids to comfort. His voice would be heard saying, 'Where be they gloves?' but never a word about pads. Indeed, some said that he considered their use a sign of weakness, or even cowardly! Be that as it may, he would stop the fastest bowling, standing in the most difficult position a wicket-keeper can select—that is to say, not quite 'up' and not quite 'back'—and occasionally (the assistance of our umpire, of whom more anon, not being always denied him) he would bring off a most brilliant piece of work. He did not take the ball very clean, but allowed hardly any byes, and his absolute indifference to physical pain was marvellous to see. I have known him to receive the fastest ball on the shin or the knee, and occasionally on his chest, without giving any further sign than a bland smile. He seemed to be made of the metal in which he was accustomed to work. On one occasion he made a really brilliant catch, low down on the leg side; the umpire—not ours—gave the batsman not out. Old Guy smiled perhaps a shade more sadly than his wont, and said, 'Dang it, if I 'ouldn't sooner stop six running with my 'ead than 'ave that catch *refused*.' I have no doubt this was true, for he dearly loved getting a wicket.

Of the others, the plumber was a dashing hitter and a fair field; the baker could be relied upon to appeal whenever the ball hit a batsman's leg, but unfortunately for little else, except to drop every catch that came his way. The other blacksmith was quite a good bowler, above medium pace, and a very useful batsman; and the butler, though slow in the field, often made twenty or thirty runs in very fairly good, though somewhat dignified, style. Guy always accompanied the butler to the wicket first, and between them they frequently gave the side a good start, until Guy, owing to his delight in the shortest possible run, was run out. This disaster invariably happened sooner or later.

The vicar was a good judge of the game, though his best days were past, and a master of diplomacy; whilst the boys, who completed the side, often did a great deal towards winning the matches both with bat and ball.

But I am forgetting Dan'l! He was a bowler pure and simple; sad though it may be, more simple than pure. He bowled underhand, at a terrific pace, and was left-handed—a combination that is rarely met with. He had no idea of length. One ball would be a full toss at the batsman's body; the next would take the ground at his own feet. He relied entirely on his pace and extraordinary straightness. Whether his daily work as a mason with plumb-line, &c., gave him the knowledge of direction, or whatever other reason there may have been, the fact remained that he very rarely bowled a ball more than an inch or two off the wicket. His jealousy of our other bowlers was great, and the vicar often had an anxious minute when it was necessary to take him off. He had two marked tricks. One was the habit of expectorating freely before beginning an over, and the other the art of putting on an expression of extreme ferocity as he took his run, or rather walk, of five steps up to the wicket. If he was being severely hit his face would relax into a grim, sardonic leer as each stroke was made, and he always tried to convey the impression that he intended the ball to be hit. On one occasion a public-schoolboy hit three consecutive full pitches off Dan'l for four apiece; the fourth ball bowled him neck and heels. 'There now,' observed Dan'l, 'I bowled 'e they three full-dap to get 'is 'ead up, an' sort o' tempt un, an' *then* I puts one 'andy to the carpet, an' 'e 'ad to go.' One reckless youth ventured to suggest that two, or even one, of the 'tempters' would perhaps have answered the purpose, and proved less expensive to our side. Dan'l looked at him gravely for a second, and remarked, 'I don't 'old wi' nippers playin' in matches.' In his day he was sometimes very successful, and would hit the wicket continually; but he always avoided the display of surprise or elation whatever success, or otherwise, he might meet with. He never smiled unless the batsman hit him, and then merely the smile of superior knowledge. Poor Guy found him very difficult to take at the wicket, as may easily be imagined. Dan'l always batted last, except on one memorable occasion, when his son was playing. He watched the vicar uneasily whilst the latter was writing down the order of going in, and finally said, 'Sur, I'd be glad to go in number ten to-day, if it doan't make no odds, an' let my nipper bat last. *Rats afore mice*, you know, sur.'

Our umpire, who was known as George, was a man of about sixty years of age. He had a fair knowledge of the rules, and generally gave more or less satisfactory decisions. At times, however, either the exceeding closeness of the match, or his sympathy with the individual appealed against, would prove too much for him, and his morals would fail him. He gave guard in broad Gloucestershire, and would say, 'A little nigher to 'e,' or 'You do want to get furder away for middle,' and so on. He was a delightful old man, and paid the closest attention to the game, which is more than can be said of many modern umpires. He always carried five large 'smooth stones,' by which to count the

over, which corresponded to the description of those with which David slew Goliath, except that they were too big for any sling. And he would drop one of these from his right-hand coat-pocket into the left-hand one after each ball. After about two had been so transferred, the remainder would make a clatter that could be heard in the slips.

George once gave a celebrated decision in a case of stumping. Our side was batting, and the son of the owner of the big house (who supplied the butler also) came in. He jumped out at his first ball, missed it, and was palpably stumped. 'How's that?' shrieked the wicket-keeper. George shook his head gloomily, but said nothing. 'What!' said the unhappy stumper; 'not out?' George took no notice. At the end of the over the wicket-keeper went up to the old man and said, 'George, you *know* that young gentleman was out.' George replied 'Well, sur, *'twas as much as ever.*' This cryptic utterance was subsequently translated to mean that 'it was a very near thing,' and consequently George had given the batsman the benefit of the doubt.

There were many tales told of the old fellow's doings as umpire; but, taken all round, he made wonderfully few mistakes, and the visiting side was always glad to see him. He never missed a match for years, until a final and glaring lapse from the paths of fairness caused such a rumpus that he retired from the post. We were playing a desperately keen match—our test-match, in fact—against the neighbouring village of A. We had won the toss and collected 103. A. went in, and the hundred went up for the loss of nine wickets. George, seeing the telegraph show—very faintly, for our numbers were villainous—100, became manifestly uneasy. Dan'l was the bowler, and having expectorated with even more violence than usual owing to the excitement of the moment, he scowled at the batsman as if he were going to cut his throat instead of bowl at him, and proceeded to deliver one of his very fastest, an absolute daisy-cutter from start to finish. Now, as I have already said, Dan'l was generally wonderfully straight; but on this occasion, possibly recollecting that one four would lose us the match, and consequently being a trifle anxious, he bowled a ball that should certainly have been well outside the batsman's legs. The latter, however, jumped in front of it, and it hit him on the outside of the pad, although it would have missed the wicket, as Guy told me privately afterwards, by quite two feet. Even the baker would not have had the face to appeal; but before any one had the chance, 'Hout!' roared George. 'Leg afore wicket!' So saying, he pulled up the stumps and shambled off to the bell-tent. There was terrible trouble, and the vicar gave the old man such a dressing down that he refused to 'stand umpire' again; but for years he came and looked on at the cricket, and supported the club by cheering a good hit or a catch instead of by immoral decisions in times of stress.

. . . . . .

Yes, the old village match was immensely amusing; and although I must admit that the class of cricket has greatly improved, and that what has been done is in the best interests of the best of all games, yet I doubt whether the present players at X. get more enjoyment from their game or are keener than we were in the days when our cricket was so primitive.

TOYS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

By Edith L. Elias.



ome few months ago the authorities of the British Museum decided to collect together their specimens of ancient toys. The work was accordingly done, and now the toys are to be seen grouped together in a large glass case in one of the Egyptian rooms. It is a small but wonderful collection, at once interesting and pathetic. Looking at it, one is most forcibly reminded of the perennial sameness of children's playthings. These battered remnants of the nurseries of long ago may be very different from the gorgeous possessions of the modern child, yet their essence is the same. Here are the self-same jointed dolls, the identical tops, the rattles, the ornamental figures, the countera. To-day we elders play diabolo; yesterday it was ping-pong; to-morrow it may be hop-scotch. But whatever it be, it will be something different. That which pleased but a year or two ago will not please now. The fancy of children is happily not so fickle. The jointed doll, the top, the rattle, have all come down in unbroken succession; but their favour has not grown dimmer because of their long lineage.

Judged by the specimens in the British Museum, the earliest instinct in toys was for dolls. These are not only of the stiff, immovable sort, but there are others that are jointed, and even one made of rags dating back to the second century. There is naturally a wide difference in appearance between modern Parisian beauties and these old, carved bone other-day favourites, but the class is the same. The early dolls are very small and more or less featureless, but they have at least endured; the dynasty of wax and sawdust is of a more ephemeral kind, whilst the dignity of having belonged to the second century puts to blush more passing charms. Many of these toys have been found in the tombs of children; and there is a touch of pathos in the sight of a dismembered doll or

battered rattle, poignantly expressing the taste and age of the child to whom it was once a treasure.

> Golden lads and lassies must,
> Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Next in interest to the dolls is the dolls' furniture. These substantial little tables, chairs, and sofas have still the power to charm a youthful gazer; and who can doubt the wisdom of employing a material so much more durable than wood? Their painted wooden descendants of to-day, with their glued-on legs and rickety backs, may make a braver show at the first, but not at the last.

Next to the little group of what are purely toys are the games. Here boys are better represented. The first collection, with the exception of a top and a good many ornamental figures, is characteristically feminine; the games are as characteristically masculine. In this division are draughtsmen, knuckle-bones, dice. Counters, too—some of crystal, some of bone, and evidently used for games such as our modern ludo—are there; whilst the tesseræ or long rectangular blocks are covered with hieroglyphics standing for—so runs the card—epithets, 'usually of an insulting nature.' Can these have been used in something the same way as our old-fashioned reading sweets? The epithets on these latter, it is true, were as a rule of a flattering, not an insulting, nature; but it is not impossible that between the two may be some subtle link. The boys of the Roman Empire, at any rate, were little different from the boys of modern England. Slang is no recent upstart, but of very ancient family. A curious dice with fourteen sides lies amongst others of the ordinary six-faced square type; but its use is left a matter for speculation.

In the same glass case, but judiciously placed apart from the toys and games, are things for school use. A slate amongst these is startlingly modern. Blackened and stained with years since its youth in the second century, its wax surface has all the appearance of slate. It is made in that now obsolete double shape, in which two slates framed in wood were fastened together by hinges, and, being shut up, formed a sort of book. One half of the Roman slate is gone; but the other, with wooden frame complete, is there, and the hinges remain. Its date is the second century, though the caricatures and rough figures scratched on its surface give it a much more modern appearance. Lying near to the slate are reed-pens, long and narrow in shape, and not dissimilar from our quills; inkpots, too, very much like those in present use, are represented.

A collection of this kind has a twofold interest. Apart from a significance merely curious is one that is purely human. If it is interesting to be able to contrast toys of so ancient a date with those of to-day, how much more interesting is the evidence of the unchangeableness of childish taste! Little fingers were stretched out as eagerly then as now for a rattle; dolls were as tenderly fondled; tops were as vigorously spun. Moreover, that strain of humour which perennially marks the juvenile mind was as strong in the days of Nero as now, and insulting epithets were already a joy—the 'bally fat-head' and the 'beastly rotten' of to-day are only survivals.

A RIVER SONG.

Down among the river mosses,
By the willowed tide,
Stands a giant oak, and tosses
Branches far and wide,
Where the bridge of ivy crosses
And the shadows glide.

Underneath, the water passes
With a gentle flow,
Washing through the slender grasses
And the lilies low;
While the weed in verdant masses
Swayeth to and fro.

Rushy coves and sandy shallows
Tempt the lingering tide,
Where at morn the early swallows
Twitter by the side,
And the fish in deeper hollows
Dart and glance and glide.

Blue forget-me-nots are braiding
In a garland sweet,
Where, in flush of summer wading
With uncovered feet,
Children tend the merry lading
Of a tiny fleet.

Be the future joy or sorrow,
Seek they not to know—
Innocent of thoughts that borrow
Shade of coming woe;
Only meeting every morrow,
Like the river's flow.

River washing through the rushes,
Bring them joy to-day;
Bring a fount of love that gushes
Round their gladsome way;
Bring them mothers' love that hushes
Slumber after play.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

SOME grumble to the effect that there is not enough 'magnetism' in the personality of Mr Asquith, not as much as they would like in a man who has risen to his eminence. Able and brilliant he is admitted by all to be; but some of them qualify their admiration by saying that, like the times, he is a little drab, and that he will too seldom stir emotions in the breasts of followers or opponents. But are the magnetic personalities tolerated in these days as they used to be, or indeed are they even possible? In this overcrowded, highly cautious, and very jealous age we do everything to kill individuality and personality, and then when we see them less frequently we complain of the lack of them, and are occasionally inclined to attribute their absence to a certain decadence of the race. You had the 'magnetism' in Palmerston, in Disraeli, and in Gladstone; but would quite that kind of thing be possible again? We sometimes find ourselves scarcely admiring it now. In the general policy of suppressing individuality because there are so many more people now than there used to be who need and demand a little celebrity, we find ourselves giving what is colloquially termed 'too little rope' to our statesmen—too little at all events for the propagation of bold and active genius. Only the other day in these pages we were discussing the times of some former Prime Ministers, and showing how the young man might finish his schooling, and very shortly thereafter solve the great problem as to what was to become of him by achieving the premiership still in his early twenties. No doubt it is an excellent thing that, despite the most abnormal sagacity and genius, we do not make men into Prime Ministers at the present time until they are on the farther side of forty, and we are fully content in a placid disregard of what Disraeli himself said, that almost everything that is great has been done by youth. What we ask for is experience and great sobriety and stolidity. We do not admire it rapturously when we get it, but we think it is quite a safe thing in these tense times of extreme international rivalry and desperation through taxes. In an earlier age Mr Asquith might have won a place in the gallery of the greatest statesmen; as it is he is the natural political concomitant of the age, developed in its highest form. He has great impulses if they were permitted to play freely instead of being half-stifled. We remember that a few years ago, before either Mr Balfour or he had any definite ideas about premiership, the two went down one day to the Earl's Court Exhibition; and Mr Balfour, who had been there before, introduced his friend and rival to the delights of the water-chute, to the end that they both got thoroughly wet by a wave from the artificial lake breaking over the bows of their plunging craft. Both of these eminent statesmen enjoyed this immensely, and then they went off to the switchback railway. Some people of this age will say at once that of course this was very ridiculous on the part of statesmen; but there are others who will put it to their credit for individuality, strength, bewitching irresponsibility, and something approaching to a mark of genius, seeing who they were; the fact being they betrayed, despite their eminence, that they were simple humans, and that is everything in times when Governments and worlds go by machinery. In his early youth Mr Asquith scintillated not less than did the men whose careers have dazzled most when they were young. Indeed, he gave full promise of greatness. When he went to the City of London School he took a leading part in the school debating society, of which Dr Abbott, the headmaster, was president. The Doctor used to correct exercises while the boys debated; but he said himself that he always ceased and listened when young Asquith was up. 'Whenever he entered the lists of orators,' he said, 'I resigned myself to a willing attention, and was content to take my exercises away with me uncorrected.' Even in those days Mr Asquith was a coiner of arresting phrases, which by some is taken to be a hall-mark of genius. Probably no living statesmen has invented

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more that have lived than he has done. Some people entertain a curious notion that Lord Rosebery made the phrase about ploughing the sands of the sea-shore, probably by way of complement to his famous 'lonely furrow.' As a matter of fact, the phrase is nothing but a revival, Ovid having the credit of addressing misguided folks who 'vainly plough the shores of the sea with your oxen,' and Mr Asquith was certainly first with the revival. But apart from his *bons mots*, his wit is constantly quick and sparkling. Every day in the newspapers we see the perpetual '(Laughter)' affixed to the quotation of some crude piece of judicial humour; but was ever a neater thing said in the courts than what Mr Asquith said to Mr Justice Wright when the Anti-Gambling League case was being argued there? 'Now, Mr Asquith,' said his lordship, 'suppose I were to give you an area marked by the meridians of the longitude, would that constitute "a place" in your opinion?' Instantly came the answer, 'That, my lord, would be a matter of degree.' Politics apart, one must feel that Mr Asquith is one of the best possible products of the time.

* * *

The Franco-British Exhibition, which comes to be opened in London in the month of May, is, no doubt, to be considered as a perfect consummation of the *entente* between two nations happy in each other's friendship and goodwill, and a pretty touch is to be given to it by the spectacle of King and President going hand-in-hand to the opening ceremony. The Metropolis will be a little more Gallic this coming summer than it has ever been, and the number of French ladies and gentlemen who will be in evidence at the hotels and elsewhere will only be exceeded by the Britishers on the *boulevards* and in the *bois*. The week-end in Paris may soon come to be a popular diversion of the Londoner. Though Presidents wear no crowns, the general British interest in the chief of such a state as France is not less than it is in a foreign king or emperor, as was amply demonstrated when M. Loubet crossed the Channel on a visit to us; and there seems constantly to be such a touch of natural homeliness about these French Presidents as appeals with force to the strong domestic instincts of our people. British folk who had grown up with the curious fancy that in the half-unfriendly France home-life was generally a poor thing, and that there was less marriage and giving in marriage than there ought to be, found a great delight when Loubet came, in contemplation of the stories of his great devotion to his aged mother and of the simple life that he loved most to lead on his country farm. If you set a young person in this country without previous preparation to write a Life of Loubet, this would be the central and quite likely the only point of the story. It must be the same with President Fallières when he comes; and, viewed in this manner, it happens most happily that there is a side to his life which will appeal strongly to the multitude, and which we may expect to hear much talked about when he comes. The grandfather of this M. Fallières who will walk round the exhibition with King Edward was a humble blacksmith, and he was a typical Gascon, living in the village of Mezin. He was thrifty, and, as such hand-workers went, he became well-to-do, and had a praiseworthy desire that his children should live a point higher in the social scale than he did. So he arranged that his son was made clerk to the magistrates at Mezin, though that did not mean quite so much as the office of such a name in this country would do. Then this younger Fallières married the daughter of another magistrate's clerk, and so became associated with a whole family of officials. The young couple lived with the blacksmith, whose home was above his forge, and it was here in 1841 that the present President of the French Republic was born. In due course he was sent to Paris to study for the law; but in those early days there was nothing that was bookish, scarcely anything whatever that was serious, about this young man, and he plunged somewhat recklessly into the gay life of Paris. Such casual thoughts as he gave to other matters than those of pleasure led him somewhat towards agnosticism and the whole way towards Republicanism, and it happened sadly for his parents that the end of this era was that he went back to his village-home a failure at his examinations, an advocate of theories which were detestable to his family, and a very anxious problem for them to consider. It was then, to his credit, that he realised to the full that this was a crisis in his life, very likely the most serious he would ever have to encounter, and he grappled with it. Suddenly there was a complete transformation! All the old, idle ways were given up, and he applied himself with the utmost earnestness to the study of his law-books. Working with feverish anxiety, he passed his examinations and became a lawyer, married, and settled down to a simple and careful life, and speedily rose in his profession until he was regarded as the chief lawyer in a considerable provincial centre. In 1876 he became a deputy; and, rising on the flood-tide of Republicanism, he soon achieved office, and so came at last to the presidency. In the times of his great success he still abides by the simplest life; indeed, the President of the French Republic now, as was the case with his predecessor, sets an example to the industrious classes of his people in his mode of life. His happiest retreat is to his little country farm at Loupillon, in the department of Lot-et-Garonne, where he has a little pasture-land and a vineyard whence comes the wine that is laid on his own table. When he was a youth he was a dandy; now the malicious sometimes say that he has worn the same cravat for eight years. Certainly he has an abiding affection for an old umbrella with a crook handle that has seen many winters' campaigns. He rises at seven, takes a light breakfast, does a little work, and then goes for a walk lasting an hour and a half. Then it is hard toil all day, and he goes to bed at ten o'clock every night. He has a son and

a daughter—the son a lawyer and the daughter a deeply religious lady. There is so much in common between him and M. Loubet, his predecessor, that an account of a conversation when the change of Presidents was made two years ago is interesting. M. Fallières, the first day after his election, rose at seven as usual, and after breakfast and a glance at the newspapers strolled out, dressed in the simplest clothes, with a small hat on his head and his old umbrella under his arm. First of all he walked across to the Palace to see M. Loubet, and for a little while they chatted in the library. 'In four weeks' time from to-day,' said Loubet, 'I will give up the house to you.' 'I am sure it will not want doing up,' responded Fallières. 'Ha!' observed Loubet, with an eye-twinkle, 'the repairs are at the charge of the outgoing tenant.' 'There will be nothing I shall want to replace,' pursued the new President; 'our tastes are the same.' 'What pleasure it will be to me,' went on Loubet, 'to be the first citizen to congratulate you when I retire from office!' And so the talk went on. The necessary strenuousness of presidency was not altogether agreeable to M. Fallières at the outset, even if it is so now. Despite all his displayed energies and achievements, he still likes a slippered ease, and has a *penchant* for putting off until to-morrow what need not necessarily be done to-day. Once when he held a ministerial portfolio four thousand private letters were found unopened in one of his drawers, and he shuddered at the story that Loubet had accustomed himself to reading sixty letters an hour, had established a record of eighty-four, and had signed two hundred and forty in an equal space of time! Certainly we shall be glad to have this M. Fallières in England for a day or two.

* * *

Quite likely it is a grossly unfair exaggeration; but somehow, when the anti-Socialist begins to ponder on the possibilities of the idea which is plainly making such headway, his thoughts often drift on easily into anarchic waters, and then, with the bursting of an imaginary bomb an ugly scene in his mind is blown up, and he gets back to the comparatively pleasant contemplation of Licensing and Education Bills. A party of men sitting round a table in the smoke-room of a celebrated club the other evening moved a little uneasily in their chairs when a man of some authority in affairs gravely said that there were people in very high places in this country who had strongly anarchic tendencies, and were not always afraid of admitting the fact. Listeners began to think of the *camorra* of Naples and of the famous *mafia* in Italy, secret societies numbering almost the highest as well as the lowest and most desperate among their members. An imaginative young man suggested that by anarchism or out of it there might arise in happy Britain a secret society which would have its ramifications everywhere, and which would result in the sure and certain advantage and advancement of the members, each according to his deserts! A pretty idea, indeed, was this for a world of strife and unreward; but such imaginers leave out of consideration that knives and dynamite are not merely accessories to such societies and schemes, but are quite essential adjuncts, without which such organisations would be inept and meaningless. Cultivated to the point of the *mafia*, the secret society is undoubtedly a wonderful and most terrible thing. They say that the secret of the success of Crispi himself was that he also was one of the *mafia*, and that he too, like all the others, had gone through the awful initiation ceremony when blood was drawn from his body, and with it he smeared an image of his favourite saint, which image was then set on fire the while the candidate repeated the words of the oath that he had to take: 'As this saint and the drops of my blood are destroyed, so will I shed all the blood I have for the fraternity.' The candidate draws a revolver, shoots at a crucifix, and is then a *mafiosi*, and he is soon known to all others, despite that his name is not entered on any books but is simply told by word of mouth to district superintendents and by them repeated to the brotherhood. The *mafia* has no books, and its headquarters are constantly changed. We can have no *mafia* in Britain, and we trust that our statesmen may be free of anarchic ways of thought; but it is declared boldly, with the name spoken in conversation, that a popular author is a thorough anarchist though he does not write of it. The fact of the matter is that there are many more of this brotherhood in the country than readers may think, and the number is fast increasing. A year ago there were six thousand eight hundred of them, and now we learn upon a reliable authority that there are over eight thousand. It is understood that there are three thousand eight hundred in London alone. In the various centres the propaganda is carried on by means of weekly lectures and discussions, circulating libraries of standard works on anarchism, and the publication of pamphlets and books. As a body, the British anarchists are believed to have in the front of their policy the ousting of the Socialists from their present position of trade-union leaders, and, to apply the words of a once popular song, to a certain extent no doubt it is true that they are not particular what they do. This may be a light way of treating a serious and gloomy subject; but this eight-thousand-man-power British anarchy is not quite so dreadful as facts and figures might make it appear to be. We have seen anarchists who make the most delightful companions, who would not under the greatest provocation harm a queen-bee or beat a dog called 'Prince.' They are merely anarchists searching for an ideal, and find their search more engrossing than that for other ideals because they have not come to an exact determination as to its character, and so do not know what they are looking for.

* * *

Are these hard and strenuous times—the hurry, the noise, and the motor-cars—resulting in a gradual and certain change in the facial appearance of the

people who live in towns? A few days since the men of an old-established society in London met for their annual assembly, and were photographed together. Afterwards there was produced the photograph of a group of their predecessors who had assembled some thirty or forty years previously, and it occurred to certain curious minds to bring out magnifying-glasses and make close comparisons between the visages of the middle-aged men of the sixties and those of corresponding years engaged in exactly the same walk of life—one that needs much hurrying about the town and through the streets—to-day. And it certainly did seem that the look of care and anxiety was more plainly written on the face of the present-day man. He was shrivelled more, and his nerves seemed on the surface. When you come to think of it, is not the townsman as you see him in the street a very different kind of person from his predecessor of one or two generations back, or of even more recent times than that? Watch the average man walking down the Strand, and you perceive that he has a highly nervous gait; that his head is momentarily turning from side to side, obviously on the lookout for motor-cars; and that his eyes are screwed up until the pupils seem to protrude from out of them to assist his efforts to find a road through the mass for himself and to prevent anybody or anything from bearing down upon him. You may even notice how he commonly holds his hands waist-high as if on guard. All this is only natural, inevitable. It is merely man at the beginning of the petrol age of evolution. Think of the millions of times that London streets have to be crossed daily by Londoners, of the ordeal that each single passage now is, and of the instincts and energies that have to be brought to the acutest activity, and reflect on the impossibility of this not having a permanent effect upon the characteristics of the people, both physical and mental. Environments much less forceful are making their marks on people all over the world. The likeness of the white American to the Indian whom he has supplanted is certainly increasing, and our colonial types in Canada, Australia, and South Africa are quite distinguishable, although they came so recently from the common stock at home. But it might not be pleasant to speculate upon the appearance of the overworked middle-class English townsman a few ages hence, when petrol and electricity will themselves have receded into a past of comparative barbarity, and no insurance company will accept the life of a man who undertakes his journeys by any other means than subterranean roads and passages.

* * *

Is it not something of an anomaly that for once in a way, as a most agreeable diversion, the gentle American should come to lead us back to the archaic simplicity of coaching along our lovely country roads? Of all the roads of Britain there is none that the thin blue haze of exploded petrol more constantly hangs over than the famous Brighton road, which has associated with it a rare wealth of romance. Old tales of the roads are fine things to read of, and everybody from princes downwards has aspired to make records on the Brighton road. In 1784 the Prince of Wales rode from Brighton to London and back in ten hours; that is to say, he was that length of time on the road, taking four and a half hours on the up-journey, and an hour longer to return. A month later his Royal Highness drove from Carlton House to the Brighton Pavilion in four and a half hours with a phaeton drawn by three horses harnessed tandem fashion. And since that time dozens of other records, scores of them, have been made by horse, by rail, on foot, by bicycle; and at last there came a new fever for making records by motor, and the Brighton road became busier, but not more beautiful, than it had ever been. And now we come to a throw-back, and it is an American Vanderbilt that is doing it for us, for in the May of this year the most sporting member of that wealthy house, Mr Alfred, will himself be holding the ribbons and driving along that road perhaps the finest coach with the best horses that have ever been tooled along it. Coach and horses, enormously valuable, have been brought over from America for this special purpose, and it is to be said for this American gentleman that it is the pure love of sport, and the love for the good horse and the desire to see him exercising his best functions in the most appropriate circumstances, that prompt him to these doings.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXIV.—IN LONDON.

JEAN had not intended to interfere when he followed the ex-cobbler to the dauphin's room, still less to interfere in a fashion so dramatic; but anger had leaped up in him full-grown at the sight he witnessed. It ran like a flame along every nerve in his body. It mastered him. It crystallised into avenging purpose as with a breath, and without the consent of his brain. It was clear he could not return to the Temple, and whether he had helped the unhappy lad or harmed him he could not tell. Perhaps he had made his fate worse. But at least he had frightened Simon, and he had certainly thrashed him; and at that delicious recollection Jean smiled softly to himself with a tingling sense of delight.

As a matter of fact, after an experience so terrifying, Simon felt as if some invisible power watched

over the little dauphin. The unhappy lad was no longer tormented, though the neglect into which he fell was almost as cruel as the more active torment of previous days. For nine months he was at the ex-cobbler's mercy—a neglected, unwashed, unpitied drudge. For six months after Simon gave up his charge the boy-prince was practically a forgotten child. He was shut into a room the outer door of which was built up, with only a square hole left, covered by a grating lifted by his jailer two or three times a day to thrust in a little food and water. This heir of all the Bourbons, sitting muttering in the darkness for months, grew blind and semi-idiotic. His room was foul as the den of a wild beast.

Something of the ape and of the tiger survives in human nature, and the cruelty shown to the little dauphin was compounded in about an equal degree of the filthiness of the one and the cruelty of the other.

Jack felt that Paris had now grown too dangerous. He had been many weeks in the city, and had become known to too many people. His reports to London had been valuable, but with the breakdown of the plot for the queen's escape a new situation was created. This was realised by the British Foreign Office, and, to his own relief, he was peremptorily recalled.

'You have done well, Lawrence,' said the Permanent Secretary when, after he had reached London, he reported himself to the Foreign Office. 'But it is clear that nothing more can be done at present, and it would be hardly fair to ask you to risk your life without some clear purpose to be served.'

Jack was welcomed as a hero with loud beating of metaphorical timbrels by his aunt; his uncle received him with a warm grasp of the hand which was more gratifying than even his aunt's admiring exclamations. But, to Jack's astonishment, there was no Denise in Portman Square. Mrs Robert Lawrence explained that she was now teaching French and music and painting to the children of several good families. She had a room of her own in the house of a widow lady in Duke Street, and was shaping her own life.

Jack had heard nothing of M. Duclos's reappearance, of Denise's discovery of the truth about the elder Lawrence's will, and of her resolve to earn her own bread; and when it was all explained to him he stormed furiously at the whole story.

'My future wife,' he cried, 'has no need to earn her own bread!'

'She is not your wife yet,' replied Mrs Lawrence; 'and if you do not show some common-sense and some intelligent sympathy she never will be your wife.'

'Sympathy!' cried Jack with astonishment.

'Yes, sympathy. You must try to see things from her point of view. The poor girl is fighting for her own self-respect. Her mother's history makes her sensitive; and do you wonder at it? Be patient with her.'

'I will be as patient as she wants me to be. Patient!' he went on with rising voice; 'of course. Who would not be patient with the brave girl? But hang that five thousand pounds!'

Jack's first interview with Denise left him furious. She wanted to talk about his experiences in Paris, but he refused to discuss anything except her reasons for leaving the home circle in Portman Square; and Denise, since the subject had to be discussed, spoke with a decision that took her lover's breath away. She had, she declared, the most tender sense of the goodness of Robert Lawrence and his wife, and her eyes filled with grateful tears as she spoke of them; but she was resolutely angry with poor Jack.

'You deceived me,' she said; 'you shamed me by the gift of money. Was it frank not to tell me that it was a gift? You ought to have known I could never take it. I had no legal claim to it. It was charity.'

'It was not charity; it was justice. The money was meant for you by my father. It is yours morally.'

'Yes, but not legally. Would you have done the same with an English girl?'

'Yes, if she had been *you*.'

'How,' asked Denise, ignoring Jack's qualification, 'could a self-respecting girl take five thousand pounds as a gift from one who'—here she hesitated, and the colour stole into her cheeks—'who pretended to love her?'

'Pretended!'

'Well, who claimed to be her lover. It was kind, but,' she went on relentlessly, 'it was clumsy. It was unfair. It put me in a cruel position.'

Jack looked at her with wondering eyes. This was a new Denise, no longer a docile, sweet-natured maiden, with nothing but tenderness on her lips. Here was a woman with chivalry in her ideals and a very human fire in her blood. Just then, too, the fire was scorching Jack badly. There was, he admitted, no ignoble element in it. It gave Denise herself, indeed, a fresh charm. There was a new glow in her cheeks, a keener decision in the curve of her lips, a deeper gravity on her brow. This angel of gentleness, shaken with anger, strangely moved him. Never before had he felt so tingling a desire to take her into his arms. Yet her unrelenting eyes wounded him.

'I did not think,' he said at last sadly, 'you would have been so unfair.'

'I am not unfair,' she replied as she turned away; 'but you have been unfair to me.'

When Jack told the story of his interview to his aunt and uncle that night he was met with only doubtful sympathy.

'She is absurd,' said Robert Lawrence with masculine impatience.

'But what makes her so sensitive,' contended his wife, on fire to defend Denise, 'is the knowledge that there *was* some attempt at fraud with regard to your father's money. The fraud, besides, was in her mother's interests, and you would have been its

victim. She is, at bottom, angry on your behalf. Some of the stain of the business, too, she thinks, clings to her. Do you wonder that she is so sensitive? She wants to keep her hands clean.'

'Yes; but I wonder that she can be so unjust to me,' persisted Jack.

'Well,' said his uncle philosophically, 'justice is not a woman's strong point. She has not the legal mind. She is a first-class partisan, but a very bad judge. A woman has no neutral tints; she knows nothing of suspended judgments.'

'Women,' said his wife indignantly, 'feel more than men, and they see things that men are too blind to see.—I warned you,' she went on to her nephew, 'that you would have to be patient with the poor girl, and you are quarrelling with her already.'

'Quarrelling!' cried Jack in astonished tones.

'Yes, quarrelling. You will have to see things from her point of view. You must win her by sympathy; and if she is worth having she is worth winning.'

'She is worth all the winning in the world, but I thought I had won her. And now to lose her by what was meant to be an act of justice is hard.'

Denise wept passionately after the interview with her lover, and she wept afresh on her aunt's shoulder as she told the story. Jack, on his side, had the capacity for slowly kindled but long-enduring anger characteristic of his race; and Mrs Lawrence grew anxious as she realised into what unhappy relations the two were drifting.

(To be continued.)

BEHIND THE SCENES IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

By T. H. S. Escott.

KNUTSFORD in Cheshire no doubt supplied Mrs Gaskell with the original for her Cranford; but about the middle of the nineteenth century other localities in provincial England could have advanced some title to a real identity with the spot in which the scene of the story was laid. Amongst these claimants something might have been said in favour of a Devonshire village that, amid the changes of more than fifty years, still preserves the particular features which quietly impressed a shrewdly humorous literary observer who visited it about the period of the Crimean war. The social traits of Budleigh Salterton that amused and interested A. W. Kinglake may probably be found there still. The prim little coteries of maiden-ladies, rather proud than otherwise of personal circumstances enforcing a close regard to economy in daily expenditure, flourished formerly in the soil of the south-coast watering-place as much as in the pages of *Cranford*. Their successors may be found there still. The latter-day representatives of the race are not less quick than the earlier to resent as ill-bred the intrusion of any appearance of wealth into the little community. At Budleigh Salterton it undoubtedly was that sometime in the last fifties, while the guest of his aunt, then a resident in the village, Kinglake discovered the typical small shareholders in the great newspaper which of late has been going through a whole series of transformation-scenes. Kinglake lived long enough to see the Walters buy up most, if not all, the 'widows and gentlemen' to whom 'deeds and testaments, births, deaths, and marriages,' had given a diminutive interest in the great journalistic estate. Here, quietly living amid the myrtles and violets of the Devonshire shore, were the spinsters who, with some male friends or relatives, were destined to exercise 'a great sway over the conduct of the Crimean war.' They had become, through no act of theirs, members of an ancient firm or company whose business it was to collect and disseminate news; they were wise enough to engage active and gifted men to manage the concern for them in London. How the company got into the way of issuing a paper 'daily containing an account of what was going on in the world, together with letters from men of all sorts and conditions who were seeking to bring their favourite subjects under the eye of the public, also with a few short essays upon the topics of the day,' may, with much more delightful drollery of the same kind, be read in the fourteenth chapter of *The Invasion of the Crimea*.

The great diurnal product of the Printing-House Square, now controlled by strangers, made its mark during the wars following the French Revolution. Its Continental despatches reached it so early as to enable the paper to forestall the Government of the day. In this way and from this time it became the foremost journal of the world and the oracle not only of the English people but of the civilised globe. In his gentle and stately manner complimenting the Devonshire maiden-ladies on the world-wide authority really vested in them, 'your creatures,' Kinglake would say, 'are the great and clever men who preside over the London tribunal before which come appellants from every portion of the planet, from the statesman out of office to the page out of place. When,' he added, 'I was on my *Eöthen* travels the Sultan called himself the asylum of the world. With far more colour of truth,' he would continue to the puzzled spinster, 'that style belongs to your journal.' Gradually it dawned upon the administrators of Printing-House Square that, in addition to the letters from correspondents abroad and at home, the public would welcome some indication

of the lines on which popular opinion was shaping itself. This, it was said, would make the newspaper at once the mirror and the embodiment of national thought. It was, no doubt, merely a chance coincidence; but the Devonian possessors of an infinitesimal interest in the *Times* took a parental pride in the fact of one who had been a South of England resident being chosen to keep the editor in London in close touch with the irresponsible critics of policies and events at the remotest places where English men and women most did congregate. Fraser had at some time held a living not far from Budleigh Salterton. Now unbeneficed, a 'shrewd, idle clergyman,' he was to make it his duty to loiter about in centres of common resort and to find out what people thought on current topics. Obvious and extreme foolishness he was to disregard. Cleverness was also too little representative to be of much importance. His instructions were to wait until he found some common idea repeated in various phrases and localities by numbers of persons who probably knew nothing of each other. So soon as he had lighted upon the same notion pervading the talk of widely different companies or individuals, he stalked down his quarry. The spoils of his chase became what 'stock' is to soup; in other words, it formed the foundation on which leading articles were built. Clever pens were employed to illustrate and enforce by arguments of fact and appeals to common prejudice or common-sense the propositions based upon the substratum of Fraserian facts. Those who read the comments thus produced, if they happened to agree with the writer, were gratified and confirmed in their opinion when they found that opinion stated with such ability. If, on the other hand, they had their place in a different class or had not yet made up their minds on the matter, they were gradually persuaded to take the same side as the newspaper, which, as has been seen, was sure to be the side also of average Englishmen. As long as the mind and the entire being of the nation were interrogated and noted down by this process the newspaper seldom went wrong.

Meanwhile had appeared upon the stage of Printing-House Square the greatest newspaper editor of the nineteenth century. In 1841 there were living in the same house in the St James precinct of London two particularly intimate friends. One of these was the late John Blackwood, the other John Thadeus Delane. Young Delane's father, himself connected with the great newspaper, had a Berkshire country house which made him the neighbour of the chief proprietor, in the Ascot district. 'Congratulate me,' exclaimed Delane, radiantly entering his comrade's room; 'I am the new editor of the *Times*.' 'On that,' as Mr Blackwood used to tell the story, 'we danced, in our delight, a saraband.' The man who thus filled the chair left vacant by the death of the famous Barnes was in no sense learned; he could scarcely be called, apart from his associations, a literary man. He was, however, already even in his youth, and became increasingly afterwards, a shrewd, genial, open-minded man of the world, naturally honest, impartial, and fair, with a matchless knowledge of human nature and an insight nearly infallible into political motives at work on the Continent as well as in England. One of the most famous men on the *Times* under Barnes had been Edward Sterling. His were the slashing articles which won for the paper the name of 'Thunderer,' but which, compared with the leaders introduced by Delane, were very poor stuff indeed. The veteran publicist and diarist Crabb Robinson had worked for Barnes; he devoutly congratulated Walter on the better literary tone at once secured by Delane. The most historic among the earlier achievements of the editor of 1841 was not, however, literary or political; but the paper's services to finance and commerce impressed the business classes throughout the world. A gang of knaves, led by a certain Bogle, had concerted a scheme for a gigantic swindle which, if successful, would have defrauded every bank in Europe. Within a few months of Delane's having entered on the editorship every branch of the paper's business department had been put into the highest efficiency. Sure of his facts down to the smallest detail, the editor in his correspondence and leading columns had laid bare all the ramifications of the vast and complicated fraud. The incriminated persons brought a libel action against the newspaper; the jury returned a verdict of a farthing damages. The Judges refused costs. Not only at the Mansion House but upon every Stock Exchange in the world subscriptions were started to indemnify the costs incurred by the *Times* in this business. The proprietors rejected the money-gifts for themselves, but founded with it a *Times* scholarship at Christ's Hospital, the school of its first editor of fame, Thomas Barnes. An incidental consequence of this episode was that thereafter, abroad and at home, the *Times* became known as 'the organ of the City.'

Another decade, or a little more, passed; the *Times* had now become the force in international affairs that caused the Crimean historian Kinglake to pen the lively and entertaining account of the paper's inner life already glanced at. The first of war-correspondents was assuredly that disciple of Socrates, Xenophon, who wrote 'The Retreat of the Ten Thousand;' till 1851–54 he was without any English successor. Then the *Times* sent forth W. H. Russell, the famous prototype of all latter-day 'specials' to the seat of war in the Tauric Chersonese. In its general outlines and results the work done by this Napier of newspaper writers is too familiar to need recapitulation now. Out of his labours grew not only the mission of Florence Nightingale, the founder of modern nursing, but the *Times* fund for the relief of all sufferers in body or estate from the war at home as well as abroad. The vivid military narratives of the *Times* stirred as with a bugle-note the collective heart of the nation, as

Captain Marryat's and Charles Lever's novels made many boys sailors and soldiers. Conned in playground or schoolroom, the despatches from the seat of war published in Blackfriars sent up the applications for direct commissions by thousands daily. Especially did the *Times'* accounts of the hard, close, hand-to-hand fighting at Inkermann swell the list of the recruits. Recalling this period, his voice tremulous with emotion and a tear glistening in his eye, Kinglake said to the present writer, 'Forward came these brave boys, each life in hand, in more ample number than when fortune's smile was all sunshine.'

Some words may be given to the methods as well as personality of the great editors who for more than a generation not only ruled the *Times* but were themselves the *Times*, in the sense in which a great political leader like Disraeli or Gladstone is the party which he commands. Delane had no special gift of personal magnetism; his genius for editorship showed itself in giving his writers the work each was suited to do, and so getting their very best out of them. Every day at 10 A.M. he began his duties, generally at his office, sometimes at his 'dingy, shabby little house,' to quote his own words to me, in Serjeant's Inn hard by. With a few short breaks, he continued at work till 4 A.M. on the day following. In this way breakfast and lunch often were united in a single meal; afterwards came a ride in the Park and business interviews. The next day's paper had to a great extent been arranged for before the editor had left Printing-House Square in the small hours. The best notion of Delane as an editor would be gained from a collection of his six-line notes to his writers, suggesting subjects and a line of treatment. These letters, when he could see clearly at the time his way so far ahead, might be written after the paper had gone to press, before he got back to his abode in Serjeant's Inn; in that case they were posted. More frequently the instructions were delivered at the residence of the selected writer by hansom-cab in the forenoon.

Of the men who received these communications something may now be said. Though the *Times* had not become really a national force before the Delanian epoch, there were famous writers for it under Delane's predecessors, and its conductors were among the intimates of great men in Church, State, and Society. In 1811 S. T. Coleridge left the *Courier* in consequence of some unpleasantness arising out of an article he had written on the Duke of York. The poet-philosopher's friends wished to secure him a place on the *Times;* its then editor, Dr Stoddart, replied that Fraser's infinite powers of productiveness left no room then for a new-comer. This Fraser was the divine originally deputed to collect evidences of popular feeling in the manner described above; he had been lately promoted to the position of article-writer. Of Barnes, who followed Stoddart, and whose assistant J. T. Delane himself began by being, countless anecdotes—the most familiar being, perhaps, the most apocryphal—are told. So far as could be done in those days, he organised for the first time the reporting department of the newspaper. In doing this he occasionally had reason to give his employés a bad quarter of an hour. Barnes had wished to have a leading article written on a certain charitable society whose report was to be read at the anniversary dinner. A stenographer sent to report the proceedings returned to the office very late at night. 'Let me,' impatiently exclaimed the editor, 'have the facts and figures at once.' 'I am very sorry, sir,' stammered out the unhappy man, 'but I have been able to bring back nothing. The fact is, the whole company became so drunk that no business could be done.' 'Surely,' rejoined Barnes, 'the secretary gave you some details?' 'Alas, sir!' was the reply, 'the secretary was quite the most tipsy of the lot.' The other member of his staff of whom the editor fell particularly foul was a parliamentary reporter who had 'taken down' one of Daniel O'Connell's most impassioned speeches; it contained a famous peroration in which occurred the expression, 'Then the Genius of Ireland uplifted her bloody hand.' The speech, as copied out and published next day, printed the epithet as if it had been a profane word. The connection with the *Times* of both these editorial subordinates came to an abrupt end. The greatest as well as the last passage of arms between the newspaper and a public man of the first eminence took place also under the Barnes régime, in 1830–31. Commenting on the absence of the Duchess of York from the coronation of William IV., the *Times* with spiteful minuteness attributed it to pure pique. Lord Brougham sent his secretary to Barnes with a peremptory demand that he would at once disclose the authorship of the article. The editor point-blank refused; on the secretary's remarking that his chief would probably call himself on the subject, Barnes sent back a message to the effect that such an invasion would, if necessary, be repelled with force.

The great feature in the newspaper's management during its prime under Delane was the mystery that shrouded all the details of its daily production. To quote a phrase then current in Fleet Street and Pall Mall, the editor 'kept his beasts in different cages.' In other words, when late leaders had to be written on the premises the different contributors did their work each in his own room, rarely seeing and never recognising one another in Printing-House Square. When an article attracted special attention, speculation may have been busy out of doors as to the pen from which it came. From the *Times* men themselves never did a word of suggestion, still less of revelation, leak out. This dispensation of judicious reserve immensely enhanced the importance and the effect of what was published; it continued to be the rule of the place under all those successors who had been personally trained by Delane. That the secrets of Printing-House

Square should have been kept with absolute inviolability during so many years is the more surprising because its literary controllers mingled unreservedly with every section of contemporary social life. Of course there never existed much doubt as to the connection of a few prominent public personages with the newspaper. Such was the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, the intimate and confidant of Newman and Pusey, Frederick Rogers, the Oxford Anglican who died Lord Blackford. To him may be added a man still better known in his day, Robert Lowe, Lord Sherbrooke, who in private life never seemed to show to such advantage as at Delane's little dinner-parties in Serjeant's Inn; the other most notable guest on the occasion now recalled being Gallenga, the Italian refugee, who was indebted for his first introduction at Printing-House Square to Bulwer Lytton himself. Charles Dickens and Anthony Trollope were the two other novelists of the time who represented literature at Delane's dinners. There was a special propriety in each of these being a guest. It was a correspondence in the *Times* about an absentee clergyman that suggested to Trollope the earliest of his fictions, *The Warden*, which first made him famous. In 1838 the *Times* had published some paragraphs about the cheap Yorkshire schools; one especially, near Barnard Castle, was mentioned. In those newspaper passages Dickens first saw the germs of *Nicholas Nickleby;* the particular establishment to which attention was specially drawn appeared in the book as 'Dotheboys' Hall.' Twelve years later Robert Lowe was enrolled as one of Delane's men. His earliest articles were on the subject of Chancery reform. By none were these leaders pondered more carefully than by Dickens. The articles were yet appearing in the *Times* when Dickens issued the numbers of *Bleak House* dealing with the case of 'Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce.' Yet another popular novelist found inspiration from the *Times*. Robert Lowe by his writings in the newspaper sought to direct English fortune-seekers from the overcrowded goldfields of California to the more profitable and comparatively unworked treasure-centres of Australia. Lowe also it was who in the *Times* drew the picture of the evil effect of the convict element in the colonies which suggested to Charles Reade his attack upon the transportation system in *It's Never too Late to Mend*.

It was not merely by its editorials that, during the years now looked back on, the *Times* maintained in perpetual freshness its sympathy with all the interests of the day, political, social, material, and intellectual. It was then habitually supplied with occasional articles from writers who combined an expert's intimacy regarding some particular aspects of questions 'in the air' with a capacity of popular treatment. This knowledge was seldom clothed with the leader form, but appeared in the headed article or in the leaded or even double-leaded letters. With a delicate humour for which, among his contemporaries, he stood alone, Kinglake, on the occasion already referred to, would compare the English habit of recourse to the correspondence columns of the *Times* on all difficult or pressing subjects with the periodic consultations at critical conjunctures by the old Greeks of the Delphic oracle. Long before it dreamed of connecting itself with the literature of the day, the *Times* constituted a sort of finishing school for readers in all parts of the world. One instance of this within the experience of the present writer may be mentioned. Some years ago, when staying in the north of Italy, I accidentally encountered, and afterwards visited at his house near Pallanza, an English gentleman who had settled on Maggiore. It would have been impossible to find a host more extensively or accurately informed on the science, letters, and politics of the time or of the 'day before yesterday.' Some words of surprised compliment from me drew from him this reply, 'The secret of it lies on that table;' and he pointed to an enormous pile of the *Times*. 'Since I left the university I have read very few books of any kind. I receive the *Times* every morning. I go through it thoroughly, from the opening advertisement to the printer's name on the last page—getting it up, in fact, as one might get up one's books before going into the schools, and I never find it so useful or readable as when, at this moment' (for the month happened to be September), 'the Long Vacation opens its columns to miscellaneous articles.' Delane was beyond doubt the modern founder of journalism. Nor did he only place his paper at the head of the daily press. He made it, in respect of variety of contents, early and first-hand authenticity of intelligence, a pattern, on their degree of practical fidelity to which has depended the capacity of other newspaper editors to convert their journals from speculations into properties. The success of Printing-House Square must ever, one would think, inextricably associate itself with loyalty to unique and national traditions.

A regular biography of Delane has never been published. It never will be. But the narrative now given may supplement the *Life and Letters of John Thadeus Delane* (1817–79), arranged by his nephew, Mr Arthur Irwin Dasent, and published by John Murray.

AN ADVENTURE WITH 'GRAY NURSES.'

By Louis Becke.

THE man who thinks that he knows everything is very widely dispersed. One such I knew in Samoa. He was a rich young Englishman who came to the South Seas to buy land for cotton-growing. He so irritated the natives by his gross disregard of their manners and customs that he not only got himself badly mauled about, but involved a number of the white residents in serious trouble as well. He was continually making blunders, some of them of a highly diverting character, and yet nothing could convince him that he had done anything wrong or absurd. He was enwrapped, not in a mantle, but in a sheet of chilled-steel self-conceit and arrogance. But one day, through an act of unparalleled folly, he received such injuries that for some time there were but faint hopes of his surviving them. Briefly, it was this: he pestered me into lending him my whaleboat and crew to board a trading-vessel hove-to outside the reef in bad weather. Knowing him to be inexperienced, I at first flatly refused; then he blustered and cajoled in turn, and finally I told him to take the boat and 'go hang.' My crew of natives managed to get the boat safely alongside the vessel, though the 'man who knew everything' twice let her broach-to through his inability to handle the long steer-oar, although he had the physique of a working bullock. Then, in coming back, he stormed and bullied them into letting him discard the steer-oar and ship the rudder. And then, under her lug-sail, the boat spun over the seas for the reef, on which a very heavy and dangerous surf was breaking. Result: the boat (worth fifty pounds) capsized and was smashed, and so was 'the man who knew everything.' He was very repentant after this, and ended up by becoming a general favourite in Samoa, for at heart he was a good fellow.

But for crass pig-headedness and self-conceit I never met a man whose exploits in idiocy could rival those of the subject of this story; and the particular incident which I relate, though I can now recall it with amusement, at the time quite unnerved me and filled me with terror, for I was only a boy of twelve years of age.

Between the mouth of the Hastings River (New South Wales) and the little port of Camden Haven there are several conical-shaped hills, or rather miniature mountains, which start sheer upward from the sea, and are connected with the mainland by narrow necks of dense scrub-covered land. Two of these hills are locally known as Big Nobby and Little Nobby, and in fine weather my brothers and I frequently went there to catch that most beautiful of all Australian sea-fish, the schnapper. The sea-face of Big Nobby was noted for a great cave which penetrated some hundreds of feet into the interior of the hill. Access to it could be gained by a boat, which in fine weather could be taken between two walls of rock which extended some distance seaward; and on exceptionally fine days, when the tide was low and no sea was running, we boys had several times swum into the cave, lit a fire with the driftwood we found wedged in among the crevices, and imagined ourselves pirates or smugglers. But we never attempted this without leaving one of our number behind on the northern side to look out for sharks, for in the summer months the coast was infested by the most ferocious of all—the dreaded 'gray nurse.' In fishing from the wall of rock either for schnapper or the monstrous brown groper we took every precaution against slipping or being dragged over by a powerful fish; for whenever the bright-hued schnapper were plentiful in the narrow passage the sharks were sure to follow, and one required to be very quick indeed in hauling up a fighting schnapper of ten or fifteen pounds to prevent it from being seized either by a 'gray nurse' or its equally active companion in sin, a 'blue pointer.' To be dragged over meant death, for the sides of the rock overhung the water, and to climb up even on a calm day was a matter of time and difficulty. Sometimes, without wishing it, we would hook a groper, and then there was nothing to be done but to cut the line or make it fast and let the fish break it, for it would have been impossible for our united strength to have hauled up a monster of perhaps over three hundred pounds. Occasionally, when we got fast to a groper, and had made the line secure to a knob of rock, a shark, or several, would come along and relieve us of all trouble by biting the huge fish in halves, or carrying it off bodily, with part of the line as well.

The place was seldom visited by any one but ourselves and a few wandering blacks. The people of the town—Port Macquarie—believed it to be haunted by the ghost of a poor convict who in 1841 escaped from his guards, secreted himself in the cave, and perished miserably of starvation; for bad weather came on, and he was unable to leave his retreat. I well remember how, years afterwards, his skeleton was one day found, and the mouldy bones brought into the little township for burial.

My brothers and I used to call the spot 'The Death Hole,' and it now well deserves the name, for a terrible tragedy occurred there in 1886, on New Year's Day. The annual school-treat was given at a little sandy beach near by, and one of the school-teachers foolishly attempted to swim into the cave in the presence of some scores of his pupils and his own wife and children. The back-wash carried him out, and a fellow-teacher jumped

in to his rescue. Both were drowned, and their bodies were never recovered.

Now to my story.

A few hundred yards from the peninsula that connected Big Nobby with the mainland a landslip had occurred, which had revealed the presence of a supposedly valuable copper-lode. It was on the face of a lofty, well-wooded spur which terminated almost at the water's edge. My father and a gentleman named Rudder decided to work the lode. A party of miners came from Sydney, and operations were begun by driving into the face of the spur, and the drive had been timbered for about one hundred feet, when operations were suspended on account of the Christmas holidays, the Cornish miners emphatically insisting on their right to have a 'spree.'

The manager of the mine was a big Prussian named Zaabe. He was no doubt a good manager, and knew all about copper and copper-mining, but in other respects he was not a success. The rough Cornish miners detested him for his haughty, domineering manner; but in a way they respected him, for he was always ready to fight, although he had no more idea of how to use his hands than has a cow of playing the flute. Consequently he was generally knocked out in the first round, and I really believe that the 'Cousin Jacks' purposely gave him impudence so as to make him assault one of their number for the mere pleasure of 'layin' un out.' He had never before been placed in charge of British miners, and soon found out that the hot-tempered Cornishmen were a very different class of beings from those he had formerly 'bossed' in his native Prussia. Another reason why he was disliked by the local people was for his brutal treatment of horses and animals generally. He was a heavy man, and never showed the horse he rode any mercy. A poor rider, he would start off at a gallop, and always brought his mount back to the camp in a state of exhaustion; and when I add that he had a most irritating and bullying manner of speaking even in ordinary conversation, the reader will readily conceive that he was the wrong sort of man to come to Australia and be placed in a position of authority over men who were not used to dictation even from their employers.

The miners, of whom there were fourteen, had made their camp of four tents on the beach just above high-water mark. My brothers and I were great favourites with them, for we would sometimes, after a day's fishing, spend the night at the mine, and we not only gave the miners all the fish they wanted, but used to provide them with game as well, and every Saturday some of them would come fishing or shooting with us. I shall always remember how, one day when three of the Cornishmen and one of my brothers hooked and almost landed with a bowline a groper of over three hundred pounds on the rocks above the 'Death Hole,' a 'blue pointer' shark leapt at the struggling fish, seized it across the back, and hung on. The weight of the shark added to that of the groper was too much, so the three "Cousin Jacks" and my brother all tumbled in together off the slippery rocks, and away went the shark with the groper, the bowline, and a hand-made fishing-line and hook worth over two pounds. None of the Cornishmen could swim, and it was a marvel that they were not all drowned.

Before daylight on the day before Christmas my brother and I were sent by my father—who was the resident police magistrate for the district—to the copper-mine to see if any of the miners were at the camp. Two days previously the whole fourteen had come into town and proceeded to enjoy themselves at the low public-houses by assaulting the mounted police or any one else who tried to restrain them. Eight of them, with the assistance of the townspeople, had been locked up, two others had been shut up in the priest's stable to sleep off the effects of the poison they had swallowed, and the other four were missing; and so, fearing that they might have met with a serious accident on the dangerous track to the copper-mine, my father was anxious about them.

On arriving at the mine we discovered the four men in one of the tents—all in a semi-stupefied condition and almost unable to rise. We made them some tea, and hid away several bottles of rum we found in one of the bunks, and were putting the tent in order when Mr Zaabe appeared. He swore freely at the men in German for some minutes, and then sat down and had some tea and damper with us—it was not yet seven o'clock. He asked us how we were going to spend the day, and we told him that we intended to wait for low-tide to catch some crayfish, then fish for schnapper in the 'Death Hole,' and spend the rest of the day shooting wallabies in the scrub, returning home in the evening. He said he should like to join us, and suggested that it would give us all more time for shooting if he went and caught some schnapper whilst we got the crayfish. Now, he had never caught a schnapper in his life; but we did not know it, and so we cheerfully lent him one of our best heavy lines, strong enough to hold a porpoise, told him where to fish from, and warned him of the danger of hooking a groper, especially if sharks were about.

Lighting his huge meerschaum, off he went round the north side of Big Nobby, and we set out for the crayfish rocks, which were quite half a mile distant along the coast to the south.

It was a glorious morning. The blue Pacific was sparkling in the bright sunshine, and a gentle breeze was rustling the leaves of the trees that clothed the mountain spurs from their summits to the water's edge. The tide was low when we began operations, and in two hours we had all the crayfish we wanted—six big fellows weighing from eight pounds to twelve pounds each. Then we went back to the camp, had another drink of tea, and waited

for Zaabe. An hour passed, and then my eldest brother began to feel slightly anxious.

'We had better go and see how he is getting on. He is such a great, clumsy bullock, and is wearing hobnailed boots—just the thing he should not wear when fishing off smooth, slippery rocks. Anyway, he must have caught quite enough schnapper by now, unless he is a rank duffer.'

The 'Death Hole' could be reached in less than ten minutes from the camp, and we were soon clambering over the rocks on the north side of Big Nobby. Although there the sea was fairly smooth, the cave was making its usual rumbling as the swelling seas rolled in between the walls of rock. Suddenly we heard a cry—unmistakably the call of a person in distress. In a few seconds we were round the side. Zaabe was not in sight!

But again we heard a cry: 'For God's sake come here and save me!'

Rushing to the edge of the wall, we looked over into the Hole, and there, on the opposite side, halfway up the rocks, was Zaabe, his feet planted on a small, square surface of rock which stood about a foot out of the water, and his body bent almost double. His face, chest, and hands were streaming with blood from a terrible wound on the right side of his face, which from the eye down to the jaw was cut through to the bone. But what filled us with horror was the presence of three huge 'gray nurse' sharks which were swimming to and fro in the clear water of the Hole, passing every now and then so close to the wretched Zaabe that he could quite easily have touched them with his foot. Wiping the blood from his mouth, the agonised man huskily begged us to save him, and pointed with a shaking hand to the terrors at his feet.

Shouting to him to keep quiet, we hurriedly consulted as to what was to be done. To drive the sharks away with stones was impossible; there was not a loose stone anywhere near, and every moment Zaabe's piteous appeals for help served to distract us. We knew that if he fell in he would be devoured instantly, for the sharks could not only see him but were literally tasting the stream of blood that ran down the rocks and tinged the water at their base.

All this we saw in a few seconds, or at most a minute, and then a happy inspiration came to my eldest brother.

'Run to the camp and get the guns,' he cried to my brother Will and me, 'and tell the men to bring a rope. For God's sake, make haste!' and then, as we rushed off, we heard him shouting encouragement to poor Zaabe.

Tearing over the rocks, falling and cutting ourselves, but taking no heed of such things, we gained the camp, and panted out our news to the miners, who were now sufficiently sober to be of some help. Fortunately our three guns were loaded, and, seizing them and our shot-belts and powder-flasks, we tore pantingly back to the 'Death Hole,' followed by the four miners, one of them carrying a coil of windlass rope, and the others buckets which they filled with heavy stones as they staggered after us.

When we returned Zaabe was in the same position, but had somewhat recovered his nerve, and had managed partly to stay the flow of blood from his cheek by holding one hand against it.

The sharks were still there, and the excited miners were about to begin to pelt them with the stones, when my eldest brother implored them to wait; he feared that stoning would only cause the brutes to sheer off temporarily, and Zaabe would be no better situated. Zaabe himself was not forty feet away from us; the sharks, as they passed to and fro beneath us, were still nearer—so near, in fact, that we could have struck them with a sixteen-foot oar.

Our guns were muzzle-loaders, and were charged with heavy shot No. 1, for wallaby-shooting.

Waiting till one of the brutes came within ten feet of us, we all fired together—we all knew how to shoot fish—and one charge at least struck it, for the 'gray nurse' gave a mighty splash, turned completely over, and then made a bee-line seaward, followed by the other two. A few seconds later there was a tremendous commotion in the water about a hundred yards distant—the wounded shark was being 'wolfed' and devoured by its mates.

No time was to be lost. Zaabe could not swim, and none of us had courage enough to go to him with the rope, and every time we cast it he failed to catch it. But at last he succeeded, passed the loop over his shoulders and under his arms, and let himself fall. In less than two minutes we had dragged him across and up over the rocks. He was a heavy man, and it took our united efforts to haul him up with such a slippery and dangerous foothold. Almost as soon as we had him in safety he fainted, and I nearly followed suit.

When he had recovered we all returned to the camp, and I showed the miners where I had planted their bottles of rum. Zaabe, who was glad of a large dose, told us that he had slipped over into the Hole in trying to haul up 'a fish as big as a cow' (a groper), and that he got tangled with the line, and was dashed against a rock, his face being cut open and his thumb dislocated. He managed to climb up to where we found him, and then for the first time noticed the 'gray nurses.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE EVILS OF CHEMICAL PRESERVATIVES IN FOOD.

THE investigations that have been carried out by Dr H. W. Wiley concerning the actions of various food-preservatives have recently been supplemented by another voluminous report issued by the United States Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture. It is a tome of some three hundred pages, and deals exclusively with the effects produced upon the human body by the preservation of food-stuffs with sulphurous acid and sulphites. The value of this investigator's researches is that they are the outcome of practical experiments upon an elaborate scale, there being a small corps of volunteers at what has been facetiously termed 'Wiley's Poison Factory,' who submit to the ordeal in the interests of science and the general welfare of the community. Formerly the most common mediums utilised for food-preserving purposes were boron compounds and salicylic acid and its salts, but these have now been almost entirely abandoned in favour of the sulphurous and sulphite substances. Consequently this latest report is very welcome, owing to the extensive resort that is made to these materials. Dr Wiley states very firmly that the sulphurous acid and sulphites exercise a distinctly harmful tendency upon the human frame, more especially as they possess no nutritious value in themselves. While refraining from advancing the decisive opinion that the materials are responsible for the propagation of disease, he strongly deprecates their utilisation for any purposes whatever where articles of food are concerned. In his experiments the subjects were supplied with the sulphurous acid in the form of gas dissolved in water, while the sulphites were administered in the form of capsules. The publication of this report comes at an opportune moment, and no doubt will strengthen the hands of those who are deputed to superintend the preparation of our comestibles in a preserved form.

NEW PROCESS FOR BLEACHING LINEN YARN.

An important invention which is of great interest to the textile industry has recently been patented by an Irish inventor. This relates to the bleaching of linen yarn in hank, a process which is already being widely adopted for both dry and wet spun yarns. In this process large quantities of one or more numbers up to twenty-two hundredweight are immersed, after boiling, in a large tank, and treated with the usual chemic sour soap and size, then washed and thoroughly dried without any handling whatever. The result of this system is that work which formerly occupied several weeks can now be accomplished in a few days, and without broken ends. The material winds easily and with better weight after bleaching, the colour throughout being uniform and free from spots. Not only is the process a rapid and safe one, involving a great economy in labour, with a greatly reduced risk of damage, but it can be carried out without any stoppage of the works owing to frost. Under these circumstances the method should be extensively adopted, the experience in the Irish mills where it is in operation having emphasised its value.

A NOVEL ELECTRICAL WIND-INDICATOR.

An ingenious device which should prove eminently useful for hotels, clubs, and similar institutions has recently been placed on the market. It is electrically operated, and the direction of the wind can be instantly detected any time of the day or night within the building. On the roof of the premises or some other convenient point is placed a weather-vane of the usual pattern mounted on a short pedestal. At the base of the pedestal sixteen electrical contacts are spaced equidistantly in a circle. The lower end of the axis, upon which the vane itself is carried, has a small contact-piece which revolves synchronously with the vane, and establishes connection with one or other of the contacts. From this pedestal extend seventeen wires—one the return-wire for completing the electrical circuit—to the wind-indicator placed in the most convenient point within the building, such as the entrance-hall or public-rooms. This indicator resembles a compass boxed at sixteen points around its periphery with small incandescent lamps, each of which corresponds to one of the contact-pieces in the weather-vane pedestal on the roof. If the wind is blowing from the north-west, for instance, the vane assumes that position, and the electrical contact in the pedestal corresponding thereto is established, lighting up the lamp indicating north-west on the compass within the premises. Directly the wind changes its direction the fact is immediately communicated to the indicator-board. The device is small, compact, strongly made, so that liability of breakdown is very remote, and is withal inexpensive. It can be operated either by means of a two-volt accumulator or primary cells giving two volts, so that the consumption of current is very low.

NEW RAILWAY SHUNTING-POLE.

The dangers attending the coupling and uncoupling of railway trucks in the marshalling and shunting yards are well known, since it is in this particular phase of work that the greatest number of injuries and fatalities among railway servants occurs. The hazardous nature of the work is especially increased at night. To overcome these dangers a new type of shunting-pole, which only weighs one pound more than that now in use, has

been devised, the feature of which is that it carries a small electric-lighting device to assist the shunter in his work, and at the same time enables him to dispense with the hand-lamp he usually carries. This light, which is of the flash-type, is carried in the extremity of the coupling-hook, the latter being recessed for the purpose. Consequently, at the moment of coupling or uncoupling the trucks, the man has the light thrown directly upon his work. At the butt-end of the pole is carried a small battery with a contact-spring to establish and break electrical circuit with the lamp at the opposite end, the shunter having only to depress this spring slightly, which is done as he grips the butt of the pole. For signalling to the driver of the engine, the lamp is also fitted with two signalling-lights, red and green respectively, having two small oval bull's-eye projectors. The battery carries sufficient energy for ten thousand electric flashes at one charge, and can be easily recharged when desired.

FIGHTING CONSUMPTION AMONG THE POOR.

Though extensive efforts are being made to combat the 'white man's scourge' among those classes of the community who are in the fortunate position to assist financially in their cure, the attempts to extend the same facilities to the poorest members of the social scale are somewhat spasmodic. Yet one of our greatest authorities, Dr Bulstrode, of the Local Government Board, has strikingly pointed out the remarkable relation between poverty and tuberculosis. Under these circumstances it is surely incumbent upon our Poor-Law authorities to undertake measures to arrest the ravages of this disease among the inmates of the establishments under their control. That this beneficial work can be carried out inexpensively and efficaciously is shown by the results of the erection by three or four unions in the country of special phthisis hospitals as an adjunct to their ordinary premises. In this way much valuable work can be accomplished, as the Kettering Union has conclusively demonstrated. Here the sanatorium was erected at an outlay of a few hundred pounds, and yet is a model of its kind. The hospital is divided into two sections, for men and women respectively, and is essentially used for the cure of the malady when in its incipient stage. The hospital has a southern aspect, and is quite open on that side, though sliding panels are provided to secure protection in inclement weather. Here the inmates live and sleep in the open air, and are able to participate in open-air work of a light nature by attending to the flower-gardens laid out in front of the hospital. The hospital, together with its staff and their accommodation, is completely isolated from the remainder of the union buildings, only the food being prepared in the latter, so that the sufferers are not brought into contact with the healthy members of the community. In view of the fact that much useful work has been accomplished in curing or relieving paupers afflicted with the malady, and the slight expenditure that such a hospital entails in regard to its maintenance, there would be a far-reaching effect if other establishments followed the example, and thus rendered the fight against consumption complete. It is of no material benefit to an afflicted tree if only the smaller affected twigs are treated while the disease is allowed to flourish unchecked in the larger and more extensive branches. And it is the same with the treatment of consumption.

TROPICAL CLOTHING.

In the course of a lecture delivered before the Royal United Service Institution in London, Colonel Maude, late R.E., in the course of his remarks pertaining to the question of health in tropical climes, pointed out the relation between actinic rays and their effect upon the great nerve-centres running down the spinal column. If these rays are excessive the disturbance of the nerve-centres reacts upon the stomach, upsetting digestion as well as provoking the dangerous malady of sunstroke. Consequently, it is obvious that if a non-actinic material were used next to the skin the effect of the actinic rays would be nullified. Colonel Maude personally tried the experiment some twenty-five years ago, and the relief thus secured was remarkable, since he was able to prosecute his duties in the hottest sun without inconvenience or experiencing any ill effects. The same phenomena have been observed by other sufferers, who by lining their wearing apparel and also their helmets with a red fabric have secured instant relief from the afflictions incidental to working in a torrid, blazing sun. Under these circumstances it is somewhat strange that our manufacturers have not seized the opportunity and produced various textiles answering these requirements. Even red shirts are not readily obtainable, and that distinct benefits accrue from their use is borne out by the experiences of friends of the writer, who, when engaged upon the shadeless plains of Nevada, in the United States, where the summer temperature is sufficient to raise iron to an unbearable heat, yet suffer no bodily pains, though they pursue their tasks for hours on end in the broiling sun. Considering the exodus from this country to the tropical climes of India and Africa steadily goes on from year to year, with a corresponding demand for clothing adapted to such regions, there should be a ready and profitable trade in non-actinic clothing such as is possible by the use of red lining.

A NEW GAS-LIGHT.

One of the latest developments arising from the struggle between gas and electric light for supremacy has been the devising of the high-pressure system for the former illuminant, which in conjunction with the incandescent mantle yields an exceedingly powerful light at a low cost. In Germany this latest improvement has been carried to a further degree. In this case the gas is compressed for the supply to the burner by means of a simple machine driven by the waste-heat of the lamp transformed

into electric energy. The result of this device is that each lamp is replete with its own compressing apparatus instead of being dependent upon some central compressing station, as is the case with the present high-pressure system. The light derived from this new invention is claimed to be very powerful, while it is said to be very economical in gas consumption, and occupies but little space. The main objection to any such system, however, would appear to be in connection with the compressing device, but this is stated to be so simple and has proved so reliable after a prolonged test that no apprehensions need be entertained regarding its reliability and working.

A UTILITARIAN TYPEWRITER.

One of the most remarkable outcomes of the demand for time-saving devices of the present day in facilitating office-work routine is the improvement of the typewriter. From a writing-machine pure and simple it has blossomed into an all-round adjunct of the counting-house. The latest of these commercial auxiliaries is almost human in its action. It writes upon a flat surface, such as a page of the ledger or cash-book, the writing mechanism travelling up and down the sheet like the hand in writing, and will work equally well upon any size of page or paper of any thickness. As a labour-saving device it is probably without parallel. One large industrial firm which has adopted the appliance has to make sixteen records of an order. Formerly this required no less than ten separate operations; now the typewriter does it in two. Similarly, a London bank uses the machine not only for posting the books but adding up the money-columns as well; while one machine will not only post up the ledger but prepare the customer's statement at one and the same time.

THE INFLUENCE OF MOTORING ON HEALTH.

What is the effect of motoring upon the human body and health generally? High-speed travelling, it is maintained, disturbs the nervous equilibrium, while other dire ill effects are popularly stated to arise from rapid movement along the highway. But scientific research proves the contrary; and that it tends to cure many disorders which otherwise defy treatment or the palliation of which is only temporary is shown by the investigations of Mons. A. Mouneyrat, who recently read an interesting paper upon the subject before one of the learned societies of France. As a result of his experiences, he finds that motoring improves the skin, acts as a powerful stimulant to the blood, is an excellent means of toning up the blood-circulating system, the nervous system, respiration—in fact, is a course that should be extensively followed by persons suffering from several common complaints, such as anæmia, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, &c. For the purposes of his investigation he embarked upon several motoring-tours, lasting on the average over eight days, and covered from sixty to one hundred and twenty-five miles per day, at an average hourly speed of twenty-five miles, in all seasons of the year. The result he found to be a decided increase in the number of red corpuscles in the blood. This augmentation was decidedly striking in character, the number of corpuscles in one anæmic case rising from four million three hundred thousand at the time of starting to five million six hundred thousand corpuscles per cubic millimetre at the end of eight days' motoring; while other results were no less striking, the average increase being approximately 26 per cent. It is noticeable, the investigator points out, that a motor-trip exercises the same effects upon the human body as a stay in the mountains at a height of from four thousand to six thousand feet above sea-level, and the effect is as striking upon normal as upon anæmic persons, though naturally in not so striking a degree. Sleep is induced both in neurotic and normal persons, the former, who invariably sleep but little, rapidly becoming normal. That the sport also acts as an appetiser is well known, and the motorist always partakes of his meals in the height of summer, when the tendency is to lose the appetite, with more enjoyment than the ordinary individual.

EXTINGUISHING FIRE WITH A POWDER.

An interesting demonstration was recently given in London with a new fire-extinguishing medium. Unlike the majority of such substances, the novelty of this invention is that the extinguisher consists of a dry powder which is merely thrown on the flames. In the trials, pieces of wood were placed in a shed measuring ten feet in length by five feet in breadth and three deep, and the whole, after being thoroughly saturated with petroleum, set alight. The resultant blaze, as might naturally be supposed, was terrific. When the structure was well alight the extinguisher was thrown upon it, and in a few seconds the fire was put out. Experiments were then made with blazing petrol, which was instantly extinguished by the powder, though the application of sand in a comparative test failed to quench the flames. The powder, though a potential fire-destroyer, is perfectly innocuous to the most delicate fabrics, since it contains no acid or other corrosive ingredients, and, moreover, being stored in a metallic tube, can be conveniently stowed away in any position.

SELF-OPENING DOORS.

Visitors to our large hotels and emporiums fully realise the disadvantages of the ordinary type of doors. For the former the revolving door is generally used, being divided into four sections, so that one on entering has practically to 'follow my leader,' while in the latter the swing-door is popularly in vogue. The inconvenience and dangers attending either variety are well known, while at the same time no little physical effort is required to operate them. With the new 'sesame' door, however, this disadvantage is completely overcome, and owing to its efficiency and utility its universal adop-

tion should be secured. In appearance it resembles the ordinary type of swing-door. As you approach, however, and tread on the mat, the door quietly and steadily opens for your admittance, closing as mysteriously immediately you have passed through. No action whatever is required to secure its opening, the whole operation being performed automatically by mechanical agency directly you place your foot on the mat. The operating gear is placed beneath the mat, and its simplicity and compactness may be gathered from the fact that the pit necessary for the accommodation of the latter is only eight inches in depth. Noise from slamming, draughts from quick closing or swinging, and danger of being struck by a door pushed open from the side opposite to that by which you enter are entirely avoided. Moreover, what is of far greater importance, the door always opens away from you, no matter whether you are passing in or out.

A REMARKABLE STEEL DISCOVERY.

Steel and iron trade circles are at present deeply interested in the new process which has been discovered by an Italian inventor for converting the worst description of iron into high-class steel economically and inexpensively. It is anticipated that the process will work as great a revolution in this industry as did the introduction of that evolved by Bessemer. 'Steelisation' it is called, and by its agency the old process of 'cementation' is dispensed with, thereby involving an enormous saving in labour, time, and cost of production. The inventor is at present in this country, and arrangements have been completed to enable him to demonstrate the possibilities of his idea in connection with the manufacture of armour-plates, which at present is a tedious and laborious undertaking, occupying several days, but which this inventor claims to accomplish in a few hours, while the armour thus produced is stated to be far and away in advance of any steel that has yet been evolved. Hitherto the process has been confined to small articles, with which striking success has been secured. Naturally, the process is a secret one.

A VALISE TROPICAL TENT.

Travellers and explorers in sparsely populated countries fully realise the necessity of reducing their personal impedimenta to the irreducible minimum in order to facilitate their progress from point to point. At the same time, a tent is an indispensable part of their equipment to afford them shelter at night, though it constitutes the most bulky and troublesome portion of their outfit in regard to transport. To overcome these deficiencies an ingenious traveller's tent has been devised, which can be packed into a valise for carriage, and yet only weighs fifteen pounds. Despite its light weight and compactness, it is highly serviceable. It is so designed that it can be unpacked and the tent erected, without any assistance, in two minutes, while it can be struck and stowed away in the same time. It offers complete protection from rain, and even the torrential downpours of the tropics fail to penetrate the material, so that the sleeper is always assured of a waterproof covering to his head. Although it may stand in two inches of water, the inmate will be warm and dry within. For use in tropical climes it is provided with a mosquito-curtain to protect the sleeper from the attacks of insect pests, while it also resists the ravages of the white ant. In malarial districts it can be set up on an ordinary camp-bedstead. No waterproof ground-sheet is necessary, nor a portable bedstead, pillow, or bag, for it is quite self-contained; and during the heat of the day it can be made to afford protection from the sun by setting up one side to throw a little shade. It is an excellent all-round kit for tropical work, substantially made, of great durability, and can be converted to a variety of purposes; while, owing to the small space into which it can be packed, no difficulty is experienced in regard to portability.

THE UTILISATION OF PEAT.

The claims of peat as a fuel have received considerable support from the results of experiments carried out by two firms of gas-engine and producer makers. These investigators have proved, independently of each other, that peat will produce, firstly, a gas which is in every way suitable for use in gas-engines; secondly, a considerable amount of sulphate of ammonia worth about twelve pounds a ton; thirdly, a very good coke which may be used for all kinds of heating purposes.

THE YELLOW SAND.

The peat-bogs full of asphodel, or clay where coltsfoot grows;
The chalky downs, whose traveller's-joy binds fast the guelder rose;
Gray limestone, spreading multitudes of flowers o'er the land—
I love them all, but better still the glowing yellow sand.

The lizard and the adder lie and bask through sunny hours,
The yellow broom, the yellow gorse, the yellow hawkweed flowers,
The chinking chestnut stonechat, and the myriad insect-band—
They live their lives and love their lives upon those hills of sand.

The wide and sandy common, the deep and sandy lane,
Rich blends of buff and orange, with red and brown again;
That warm, deep glow of colour, where bracken croziers curl,
And the ragworts of the autumn their yellow flags unfurl.

I lay and dreamt of magic, then woke and gazed around,
And gold seemed spread on every side, upon a golden ground;
And what I thought were fairy hosts once more upon the land
Was the dancing of the shadow-world upon the yellow sand.

M. FOWLER.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

ÆNEAS OF THE FORTY-FIVE.

By the COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE.

CHAPTER I.

CULLODEN was lost! Who knew it if not I, who had seen most of my clan blown to pieces by the English guns as we tried to break the enemy's line by sheer brute courage? I wondered in a vague sort of way why I had not been killed, with many a better man, instead of sitting here in a wet ditch, with the head of Coll, my foster-brother, on my knee. Coll had lagged behind the retreat, being wounded, so it was my business to stay behind too; for, even if he had not been what he was to me, he was one of my men. I had dragged him with me as far as I could, and now we had taken refuge in the last resource of the hunted beast—a ditch.

The strange part of it was, I did not feel either the sorrow or the shame of defeat. I was too stunned. Coll and I had hunted and fought, played and worked, together since we were boys, and now Coll was dying, and I could not even feel sorry. The principal sensation I had was the knowledge that everything we had held dear, everything in the world, had been wiped out as with a sponge, and that I, Æneas MacColla, had been wiped out of existence too, only leaving some one who sat in a cold and very damp ditch trying mechanically to pull his plaid round another figure that once long ago had been dear to him.

Far-away dreams were in my mind: my father's deathbed, the fierce old chief lying back in his great bed with blue curtains. He had waved away his weeping clansmen, and pulled me to him by the wrist. We had loved each other in our fierce, silent way; but we MacCollas of Inch Bala had little time for softness in our lives. My father had said that our remote island, and our castle perched like an eagle's nest on the side of a ravine, had left us a thousand years behind the new ways that were growing in the world beyond us. And he had scorned any clan but his own. 'Always remember,' he growled at me as he lay dying—'always remember that *our* ships came to this land, and we held our heads high and rode our own horses when the Saxons, whom we are now trying to imitate, were naked barbarians.' I had nodded and stroked his hand, a lump in my throat, and he went on wandering to the old tale that the clan hears from its infancy: how Æneas the Milesian got the land from the King of Erin for bravery in war. My father traced his descent so, son from son.

My mother had died when I was born. Twice he had mentioned her to me—once when I was a youth and had praised some girl to him, and once again on his deathbed. 'You've got her mouth,' he said to me; then, using the familiar *thou* in Gaelic, 'her mouth and her smile; may'st thou know such good love, Æneas dear!' Then he had turned, a smile on that fine dark face of his—such a smile I had never seen there before—as he stretched out his arms towards where the storm outside was battering the window. 'My little one!' he said, and that was all, for he fell back dead. And so I was chief in his stead, and naturally lived a life as near to his as I could—a wild life, a happy life, a life that would never come again—never again. Hares and foxes would breed, and eagle and raven would flap over the ruins of the old castle, and the last descendant of Æneas the Milesian sat shivering in a ditch.

I tried to lift Coll's head to an easier position against my knee. He did not seem able to breathe easily, and a thin trickle of red showed at one corner of his mouth. I thought of Coll's wife, a pretty little woman, and his mother, white-haired and brave, both waiting in the little thatched house by the sea. Well, many mothers would be waiting in Innis Bala. The thought stirred that stunned numbness of my heart into pain.

'Coll!' I said; then, 'Brother, speak to me.'

His eyes opened wearily. He looked very young and very tired. I was the same age as he was to a

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day, but I am sure I looked old. I felt as if I had sat in that ditch for years upon years.

His voice came in a husky little whisper: 'MacColla!' Then he choked and stopped, but his eyes spoke to me piteously. They said quite clearly, 'No more shall we hunt on our hills, thou and I, for the old days have departed.' He clasped my hand feebly. I bent my head and kissed his forehead. Even as I did it he shivered, stretched, and lay still, and I—I sat dry-eyed.

In past days, had Coll died in my arms like that, I believe I could have howled like a dog; but now I could not feel. Everything was dead—why not Coll? Again I thought of Coll's wife at home. Mixed with the thought of her came the thought of wild little Eelin, daughter of Fergus MacFergus, Lord of Rathmor, with whom my father had had a quarrel that led to a feud between our two clans; but now proud old Lord Fergus lay stiff on Culloden Moor.

My first meeting with Eelin had been in this wise. I had been hunting near Rathmor's country, when I saw a flutter of red among the rocks on the top of a great corrie; so I sank down and crawled, hidden by the heather. The flutter of red was a girl's dress—a short homespun kirtle. Above the red skirt she wore a deerskin doublet like a boy's. She lay flat on the heather, taking shots at a rock with a long silver-barrelled Spanish gun. The brown curls of her hair had blown loose from the snood that fastened them. She was evidently shooting badly, for, with a gesture of vexation, she suddenly tore the snood off her head and rose. The curling dark-brown hair fell in a great cloud down to her waist and over the sweetest face I had ever seen. She reminded me of tales of the Sidhe-folk the first moment I set eyes on her. I arose and faced her. The next instant the gun was levelled square at my chest. I looked down at her; her head came about to where the skean hung at my belt.

Then she spoke. 'You are Æneas MacColla?'

'I am; but I thought it was truce between us,' I said. 'If not, I am sorry.'

She lowered the gun, and looked me up and down apprehensively. Then we both laughed.

It was thus Eelin's shooting-lessons began. It all came back to me now—that odd, stolen friendship of ours. She was as unlike the usual run of women as wine is unlike water; she was as innocent and as brave as the wild, free life we both led could make her. Likewise, she was wise in all sorts of knowledge that is leaving the world now. She could read the twisted, crabbed Greek and Latin of the old books that lay scattered about my own home and about Rathmor as easily as I could myself. She knew every tradition and old belief—God knows how old—about her folk and mine. Often, as I searched for her among the scattered rocks, I have heard her singing, in that sweet little piping voice like a lark, some strange song, with the splashing pull of oars in it—such a song as the rowers of Æneas the Milesian might have sung when they crossed the seas.

It had all begun with those lessons in marksmanship. At the beginning I thought of her as a man would think of a pretty child or a little boy in whom one took an affectionate interest. Then our clans were on the verge of fight again.

'I can't come any more, MacColla,' she said one day.

'No,' I answered, 'I suppose not;' and my voice was hoarse.

Suddenly I knew I could make it open battle. She was there at my mercy. I could take her to my home, and then old Fergus would storm and my father would laugh. But then something stopped me, and we went on shooting at a piece of upstanding rock far below us.

'Look,' I said grimly when she had made a very bad shot; 'pretend that rock is Æneas MacColla riding past down there; you could shoot me easily so far.'

Her chin quivered like a child's when it is going to cry.

I flung myself down beside her and took the gun. Then I spoke again: 'Why are your hands trembling so, little one? Are you cold?'

'I am shooting badly to-day,' she said piteously.

'Listen to me,' I said. 'What shall I do without thee? I want thee more than the world wants the sun!' It sounds strange in English; but that is what I said.

When I recovered my wits we talked. I spoke of the coming skirmish with her people; and then, 'Come!' I said; 'come!'

'I should like to,' she said wistfully; 'but—my father'——

'Very well,' I said; 'you settle your father, dear, and I will speak to mine.'

. . . . . .

It was pitch-dark when I got home that night.

'I can't make peace, Æneas. I am sorry,' said my father. 'I won't make peace; and be pleased to keep your son off my land,' said Fergus. And so it was either a wedding by capture or no wedding at all.

Then my father had died. Of course we met again more than once, and I had meant to take her with me next time, when down upon us came Culloden, and blood-feuds had to be swallowed. At least ours were; others were not, more's the pity.

And now it was all over I must go home. So I arose and went. In a vague sort of dream I had covered Coll's body as well as I could with earth and dead, wet bracken—poor Coll!—yet my eyes were dry, and my heart like lead in my breast.

CHAPTER II.

MY going home was so like the going home of many others that I will not describe the long journey. It was the journey of a hunted wolf, hiding by day and travelling by night. I got home, to see our old castle on the rock still smouldering; and among the far hills what

was left of my clan awaited me. My heart was sick when I crossed the threshold of Coll's house. I felt the trembling arms of my old foster-mother round my neck; her voice came with the fierce bravery that our women could show then.

'My boy fought well, chief?' she asked.

'Well!' said I. 'Oh mother, if it had only been me instead!'

But she shook her head, stroking my cheek. The poor little wife rocked herself to and fro, weeping softly. What could a man say to her? I did what I could. But she only said, 'Men *will* fight; but why has my man gone?'

They gave me food and drink, and I departed, though the old woman begged me to stay. But I would not. Through that icy numbness that held me I could see little Eelin—her father dead, her kinsmen dead or scattered. She would be all alone. From the scared host of a roadside inn I borrowed a horse and rode to Rathmor.

Rathmor was not burned—not yet. I beat with the butt of my pistol on the barred door. It was opened furtively by an old woman. She cursed me, for the clansfolk of Fergus hated us MacCollas. But I entered with never a word. It was growing dark. The hall looked unspeakably dreary. I thought I could see the ghost of old Fergus glaring at me out of the darkness.

Then *she* came quietly, like a little shadow. I had often thought of my coming to this place with armed men at my back—not like this. Never a word we spoke; but I took her into my arms and dropped into one of the chairs by the hearth, where a fire smouldered fitfully.

Then she spoke, with a sob. 'Æneas! poor Æneas! I am sorry—so sorry.'

Not a word for her own trouble, only sorrow for mine. That hand of ice round my heart seemed to snap. I hid my face against the little figure I held, and wept—wept for the horrible, bitter shame and defeat of it all. And she stroked my hair with tender hands, murmuring soft, sweet words of pity and comfort.

'Thy dear black curls are all tangled,' she said tremulously. 'I must take care of thee, Æneas. I will get old Sheen to make the guest-chamber ready for thee, and we will eat together, and'—— The brave, sweet voice broke and stopped.

I pulled myself together and looked up. 'I am not fit to touch thee, darling, and I have made thy pretty dress all wet,' I said, thinking of my own disreputable appearance.

. . . . . .

With a very ill grace old Sheen got me a bath and clean raiment. Almost I shrank from putting it on. It had belonged to old Lord Fergus. 'Perhaps he would not mind—now,' I thought as I made my way down the winding stairway into the hall, where a hundred men could feed.

To-night there were only Eelin and myself. She had put on a white dress, tied with a black ribbon about the slender waist; another black ribbon tied back the curly hair. I knew that the black was for her dead father, her ruined clan. The white dress was for me. Against the shadows in the old hall her little face shone as white as her dress, and there were dark shadows under her eyes. But her eyes!

We had each other; that was enough, even amid sorrow, we both knew. It was a strange meal. Old Sheen served us, and—Holy Saints! how the old woman hated me! She could have plunged a knife in my back if it had not been for Eelin's presence. We took little notice of her. As I spoke of that black day of Culloden, Eelin clung to me and hid her face against my breast. I heard a hissed curse behind us, very low, but deep. And the poor child shivered. I think she had been afraid of Sheen when they were left alone in the house.

I turned and spoke sternly. 'Is not the feud over between us *now?* Her clan and mine marched shoulder to shoulder, so why hate me still?'

The old woman answered simply, 'Your father killed my man, Æneas MacColla. Is that no reason for hate? Sooner would I see the child here dead than in your arms. Nothing but a curse can come of it.'

'Then the curse I will take, if it is his,' said Eelin very quietly. 'Go thou to bed, Sheen, and let us be.'

She nodded grimly and went.

. . . . . .

I suppose it was about midnight when one of my men stumbled into the hall, gasping, 'The soldiers! Come, MacColla, to the hills!'

'Yes, go,' said Eelin, and tried to push me to the door.

'Is it likely I go and leave you alone here?' I said. I looked at old Sheen, who had entered. For very little she would give me up—I knew that.

Then she spoke. 'There's the hiding-place, MacColla; it will hold three men. I will wait here, for I shall come to no harm. I am old.' She showed me the glint of a knife under the plaid she had thrown about her. She looked down at Eelin with a sneer. 'When I was young as my lady here I killed a MacColla like a dog with this very knife,' she said.

'Oh woman!' said little Eelin, 'even so shalt thou die if he comes to harm through thee.' Then she clung to Sheen's arm suddenly. 'Sheen, for my mother's sake'——

'Hush, dear!' I said. 'I do not think Sheen will betray me.'

Sheen did not betray me for all her hate of me. She lifted the trap of the hiding-place near the stairway, and we scrambled into it—Eelin, my clansman from the hills, and I. It was pitch-dark and very cold. We heard the clatter of horses come to the door, heard the officer in charge

of the troop shout that there was a horse in the stables.

Then the search began. I heard old Sheen say, 'They are all dead,' to any questions. They tramped over our hiding-place, then obviously settled down for the night in the hall. Sheen had flung the remains of our repast into the fire. So the horse was the only witness against me, and possibly they thought his owner was dead by battle or rope by now. We heard distinctly every word spoken below us in the hall. They discussed my life and character—also my death, if I was not yet dead—with a freedom that, I felt, was not fit for Eelin to hear. I had never known before what a dangerous, vicious, and untamable barbarian I was considered. I felt Eelin shivering against me, and I suddenly realised how this bitter defeat had broken her fearless spirit, at least for a time. My clansman had resigned himself to the inevitable, and gone to sleep. He snored once, and I kicked him, so that he awoke with a start.

'Sleep quietly, or not at all,' I said, and he obeyed me. Either he kept awake or slept quietly. I could not see in the black darkness.

I sat in a corner of the hiding-place, my back against the stone wall. Being so tall was a disadvantage in there. I had taken Eelin on my knee and wrapped her close in my plaid. I told her to sleep, but she could not, being too anxious. At last came day, and they departed.

. . . . . .

The next morning we took to the hills. Sheen went to a daughter who lived in the glen below us. Eelin was once more outwardly the little wild thing that had levelled her gun at my heart on the hillside of Rathmor. She wore the same red skirt, the same boy's doublet. The rest of her belongings Conan, my clansman, carried on his back, for we were bound for the great hill-cave, three hundred feet above, where the sea had splashed the foundations of Innis Bala. Poor Coll and I had often camped there when we hunted among the hills. It was invisible save to those who knew it, for the birches grew so thick over it that in autumn its door was covered with curtains of gold and in winter with the bare hanging branches of the birch-trees and the bracken that grew waist-high.

In this hole we installed ourselves, little Eelin and I. Forty men out of my ruined clan camped in the smaller caves that flanked the big one. For the rest, it was the wildest wedding that ever chief of my race had had when Eelin put her little hands in mine, and I kissed her and called her wife under the crossed swords of two of my cousins, who had ridden, with their lives in their hands, to the wedding of the last MacColla of Innis Bala. Some days before we had seen the far-off smoke of the burning of Rathmor. We had been after game, Eelin and I, among the pathless hills, where we knew our enemies would never come. If they had, they would have to come in single file by the narrow ravine below us. I could have shot them as they came easily. From there we saw a faint line of distant smoke.

Eelin would not go. She watched, very quiet and pale, her tiny hand gripping mine. 'Æneas!' she whispered—and I put my arms about her and held her close—'*thou* wouldst not have burned it if the feud had not ended?'

And I answered, 'No, dear, no; but I would have taken thee.'

She smiled a little through the tears in her eyes.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. Lehmann, M.P.

PART XIII.

MY father was the son of an artist and the brother of two who followed the vocation of their father. Of these two brothers, the eldest, Henry, was a pupil in the studio of Ingres, and spent the greater part of his life in Paris. He became a Membre de l'Institut, and was employed to design and execute the mural paintings in the Hôtel de Ville and the Palais de Justice. These beautiful monuments of his skill and labour were destroyed by the incendiaries of the Commune.

The other brother, Rudolf, also older than my father, married my mother's sister, Amelia Chambers, and eventually, after some years spent in Rome, settled in London, where he became well known as a portrait-painter. A selection from his drawings of celebrated people was published as a book, and the original collection was, after his death, bought for the nation by the British Museum. Such being the family antecedents in respect to the art of painting, it is not, perhaps, surprising that we were privileged to meet a considerable number of painters on terms of familiar friendship. Many of these I can myself remember; but it is only with regard to two of them, Landseer and Millais, that I have sufficient material for the purpose of these 'Memories.'

Sir Edwin Landseer was a frequent visitor to our house in the old days when we lived near Highgate. On one occasion—a Sunday, I think—the terrible Lord Chief-Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn and Landseer were my father's guests, and Cockburn had driven Landseer down from London in his own phaeton. The dinner began cheerfully enough; but towards its close, after the ladies had left the

room, the conversation not unnaturally—but, as it turned out, very unluckily—turned on stags and their habits. Sir Edwin happened to remark that Shakespeare had made a curious mistake about stags, for the stag much marked of the melancholy Jaques in *As You Like It* had wept:

> The big round tears
> Coursed one another down his innocent nose.

'Now, I happen to know,' continued Sir Edwin, 'that tears are impossible for stags—they can't weep;' and he was proceeding to give his reasons for this fact in natural history, when Cockburn suddenly broke in, and, fixing Sir Edwin with a rhadamanthine glare, said in a loud voice, 'Don't you think, sir, that you are committing a most unwarrantable impertinence in criticising Shakespeare?' There was no mistaking the quarrelsome intention. Everybody—and Sir Edwin more than any one else—was taken aback by the explosion, and my father hurried the party from the room into the garden, where the ladies had gathered. My father now applied himself to effect a reconciliation. It was desirable on all grounds, but chiefly perhaps because if Cockburn proved implacable it might be difficult for Sir Edwin to get back to London. We were six miles from London; there was no railway, and no flies were available. Landseer at last agreed to make friends, but Cockburn refused. No arguments prevailed against his temper. He drove away alone, and some other guest, I think, managed by dint of crowding to make a place for Landseer and to convey him home.

The following letter from Landseer to my mother evidently refers to this incident, and approximately fixes its date:

> *Thursday*, 13 *July* '65,
> St John's Wood Road, N.W.

'Dear Mrs Lehmann,—I have great pleasure in thanking you for your lovely roses. It is most amiable of you to scatter flowers in my path! I think I know why just now you left your rosy tints at my gate. I much regret being out when you called, and sincerely hope *I* may never meet that ruffian again!—Truly yours, E. Landseer.'

The Millais family and our own were very old friends. 'Do you ask me how long we have known one another?' I once heard John Millais say to my mother. 'Why, we used to rock one another's cradles!' and one of his great jovial laughs followed to emphasise the declaration. I cannot remember any man who seemed to enjoy life and fame more whole-heartedly than Millais. His magnificent, stalwart frame, with the noble head set splendidly on his broad shoulders, his resonant voice, and the rollicking, boisterous good-humour of the man, would have made him remarkable in any gathering quite apart from the genius that has given him his place amongst the great painters of the world. He seemed to breast the waves of life like a strong swimmer rejoicing in his strength.

The letters that follow are all addressed to my father. I have to thank the Millais family, and especially Mrs C. B. Stuart-Wortley (the 'Carrie' of the letters) for permission to publish them here.

> 'Erigmore, Birnam, Perthshire,
> 24*th September* 1878.

'Dear Frederick,—The Viper Hills is with us, and has sloped off to his bedroom to breathe some of his poisonous words into your ear, through the post; and as it is raining outside (no wonder, say you, in Scotland) I will also send you a line to say Heaven knows what, for the pen already falters and my brains are dry. The Commodore was here two days ago, and was reduced to a shadow with the exertions of Lawn Tennis, but is on the whole a healthy-looking Tar. He let go the painter, and is cruising south to incubate more Loans, and to increase that colossal fortune in which we all participate. Alas! all my pretty chickens are leaving us. George and Carrie go this afternoon, and only Mary and Tot will be left with us. Education, education, and when they are finished behold they know *nothing*. Talk about Foreign Loans being a swindle, how about family instruction? But my poor dear Fred, you have a regiment of Vulcan Sheffielders hammering out a fortune for you, whilst your poor dear, poorer friend can only turn out a fancy article occasionally, subject to the fickle approval of an insensible public. Why should you go to America? What is the use of telegramation but to keep friends at home? We must dine again together and have more whist. Give my love to your wife and Nina, and if you do go to the dismal swamp bring me a canvas-back duck.—Your affectionate friend.'

Here is added a pen-and-ink sketch of a knickerbockered artist painting the portrait of an all but inverted ballerina.

The next letter shows Millais clamouring (in verse) for the return of his daughter Carrie. She was staying with us at Dunnichen, Forfar:

> 'Erigmore, Birnam, Perthshire,
> 24*th September* 1881.

'My dear MacLehmann
Why this delay man?
Næthing can be plainer
You mauna marry
My sonsy Carrie
Wherefore then detain her?
I ken I oughter
With anither daughter
Rest and be satisfeed,
But somehow she
On the piano fortee
I'm wanting by my seed; *Note*—side.
I'm sure you dinna
Permit your Nina,
To gang awa for weeks
And kick her heels,
Wi' pawky Chiels
In kilts, and Southron breeks.

Look to it frind
And quickly sind
My daughter back to Birnam.
Or Mister Apilles,
Like the Machilles,
Will smite thee on the Sturrrnum.
The Mither's gane
And left me alane,
Nor fashed hersel' for the Lassie,
But if ought gaes wrang
She'll no be lang
Before she ca's me Assie.
So send me my bairnie
My bonnie ane Carrie
To gratifee my lugues (lugs)
Wi' Rubinstein and Auld Lang Syne
And Bach's immortal fugues.
Wae's me, I'm auld
And feel the cauld
Nae wonder I'm dejected
When she bides wi' ye still
Sae silent and chill
What Father would feel but neglected;
For never a word
Has the familee heard
Of what the Creetur's aboot,
And it's just on the cairds,
She's aff wi' the lairds,
To find oot the mon whae will shoot.
A bawbee at maest
Would ha' sent through the Paest
A letter to keep us frae frettin',
But thoughtless and asy
The Cutty's too lazy
To write, or is aye noo forgettin'.

'Remember me, Freddie,
To your ane gude leddie,
And forgie us this ebuleetion,
I am no that daft
But I ken my craft
And can paddle it wi' discreetion.

'If it's no in your poower
To read this, be sure
To speir her for information;
You'll find her profeecient
Wi' learnin' suffeecient
To interpret the verse of her Nation.

'And let me just say
They bodies wha hae
Sic a chance as to cross the Tweed,
Wha visit auld Reekie
And eat cock a leekie
Are fortunate persons indeed.

'Wi' sic beautiful weather
And dry bloomin' heather
We're a' of us boond to be happy,
For the burns though on spate
(Which seldom abate)
Are never mair than a "*wee drappy.*"
—Yours as before,
Foo Erigmore.'

Here follows a sketch of a waste of waters with a mountain peak projecting from it in the background, an umbrella floating handle up in the foreground, and a head—Millais's own—showing above the waves on the right. Underneath is written, 'All that is left to tell the tale.'

'DALPOWIE HOUSE, MURTHLY, PERTHSHIRE, N.B.,
29th September 1882.

'DEAR FREDERICO,—Will you, will you, come and see me (us) here? Welcome will you be. Perhaps a game of whist if you can hit it off with Sir Henry Thompson, who comes here early next month, October. I tell you fairly I am all day on the river fishing, casting, casting, sometimes *blasting* that the fish won't rise. Yet have I been successful; a 21 lb. yesterday and many other 20 lb. and one 24 lb. last week, so I can promise you salmon at all times for your *tummy*.

'It would do your wife good to have a crack with mine on the perfidy of man.

'Here comes Carrie!—With love to all, yours ever,
J. E. MILLAIS.'

'2 PALACE GATE, KENSINGTON,
1st December 1882.

'Dear Freddy, will you come and eat,
Next Sunday WEEK your dinner here,
At seven sharp, and you will meet
Some friends to both of us most dear?
One, a certain Robert Browning,
Too late, the latest Oxford Doctor,
The other always cap-and-gowning,
Ever dear, *young*, Mrs Procter.
And if your Missus is in Town,
And will come too, how glad I'll be,
To welcome here my very own
Ere she had cast an eye on thee;
Say "Yes, dear Millais, certainly."

'*P.S.*—
You owe this doggerel to fog,
Which fills my studio even now,
So as you call me lucky dog,
Don't spurn his little rhyme. "BOW-WOW."'

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

By W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D., Author of *Deeds that Won the Empire*, *How England Saved Europe*, &c.

CHAPTER XXV.—A WHIFF OF GRAPE-SHOT.

JACK LAWRENCE had risen fast in the esteem of his superiors in the Foreign Office, though his rise was due to an unusual combination of circumstances. France and England were at war, and diplomatic relations of an official sort betwixt the two nations had come to an end. But the British Foreign Office felt the want of trustworthy secret agents in Paris, and they wanted such agents all the more because changes in the forces ruling France were so swift and sudden. Some one in Paris was needed, with cool eyes, to watch the witches' dance of parties there—an agent with insight enough to detect the forces behind events and shaping them.

And this youngest clerk in the service of the Office was discovered to possess these qualities in a surprising degree. He knew Paris from its gamins to its politicians as a Cockney knows the streets within sound of Bow Bells. He had a cool head and a certain histrionic gift which enabled him to act a part charged with great risk with perfect skill and even a relish of enjoyment. And in French politics and about French politicians he had a clearness of vision that astonished wiser heads. Again and again he had been sent on a secret errand to Paris, to get into communication with some conspicuous politician or to carry a message to some member of the Royalist party, and on each occasion he had done the work committed to him with a completeness and skill which won him praise and new tasks of the same kind.

He was in Paris late in 1795 on one of these secret errands, when, as he was crossing the Place Vendôme, his eyes fell on a figure in meditative attitude in the centre of the great square, where the statue of Louis XIV. had once stood. There was something in the attitude that seemed familiar, and as Jean—to use his Paris name—came closer he recognised it. It was his old comrade of Brienne. Jean's steps grew slower as he approached, and he studied the meditating figure with keen curiosity. Bonaparte—to use the name by which he was now known—looked ill and haggard. He was very thin; the dead gold of his complexion in younger days had changed to a bilious yellow. He was visibly older than when Jean saw him last; his dress was neglected. Fortune apparently had not smiled on him.

Bonaparte turned as Jean stopped; his eyes ran with one keen flash over Jean's face and figure. But, swift as was the glance, Jean felt that it had all its old compelling power; it was keener and harder, indeed, than ever. Bonaparte's whole look suggested to Jean some fierce bird of prey whose field was the wind-blown air, but whom adverse fate had set walking with ungainly steps on the prosaic earth. The hawk-like eyes deepened that impression; and Jean was conscious that the feeling his old comrade's look always produced—the sense that he was being assessed, summed up, valued as a tool, perhaps flung aside—was as irresistible as ever.

Bonaparte had instantly recognised Jean. His eyes kindled for an instant; perhaps they even softened.

'*L'Anglais*,' he said 'in Paris!' Then his eyes narrowed with sudden suspicion. 'What are you doing here?' he asked. The penetrating eyes dwelt for a moment with their characteristic fire and swiftness on Jean's face. 'Bah!' he said, 'you are harmless.'

The pair fell into conversation, and it was at once clear that Bonaparte had no curiosity as to the good or ill fortune of his companion's affairs. He dismissed that subject as irrelevant, and went on in quick—not to say fierce—and broken sentences to talk of himself: what he had done at Toulon, at Genoa, at Corsica. Jean knew the main facts. Toulon had given him a moment's fame. He was something more than a good artillery officer; he had a genius for command. He had been sent as special agent to the Genoese Republic, had joined the army of Italy as general of artillery, &c.

But reputations in those fierce and crowded days were short-lived, and political alliances were dangerous. Bonaparte was known as the friend of the younger Robespierre; he had belonged, indeed, to the inner ring of the Jacobins. In the language of Salicetti, 'he was their man, their plan-maker.' The 9th Thermidor, which put the heads of Robespierre and his immediate circle under the knife, might well have ended the career of Bonaparte. He had been arrested, and ordered to appear before the Committee of Public Safety in Paris. If Antibes had been nearer Paris the history of Europe might have been changed by a stroke of the guillotine. Who can imagine Europe with no Napoleon, no Marengo, no Trafalgar?

Bonaparte, however, had been released and employed again. He was offered the command against the Royalists in Vendée, but some wise instinct made him refuse. Civil war such as raged in western France bred evil memories and offered few prizes. He was here in Paris, a hanger-on upon the skirts of chance, or (more ignoble still) on the coat-tails of Barras. No wonder discontent burned in the dark eyes. The early days of the Republic, it may be added, threw up many great soldiers; Moreau, Pichegru, Kléber, and others were winning fame on every frontier. But Bonaparte was fretting his fierce spirit out in Paris. France, it seemed, had no need of him and no career to offer him.

He went on to tell Jean, in bitter accents, how cruelly on the very day previous fortune had dealt with him. He had applied to the Committee of Public Safety to be sent on a mission to the East to organise the artillery of the Turkish army. The section of the committee in charge of this business had granted his request and empowered him to start for Constantinople. And on the same day the Central Committee, on the ground that he had refused to proceed to his appointment in Vendée, struck his name from the list of general officers! He was thus appointed and dismissed—his request granted and his career apparently wrecked—at one and the same moment. Fortune was mocking him.

'But,' he went on, 'Paris is the stage. The Convention will need soldiers. There are great opportunities here.'

The scheme for the new constitution had just been promulgated. The Convention was a single Chamber of seven hundred and fifty members. Under the new law there were still to be seven hundred and fifty representatives, but two hundred and fifty above a certain age were to form the Council of the Ancients; the remaining members would be the Council of Five Hundred. The larger Chamber had the power of initiative; the Council of the Ancients was to serve as a check. The two Chambers would be the brain of the nation, the Directory of Five its executive. Nothing could be more scientific and symmetrical.

Bonaparte's criticism of it, however, was fierce and scornful.

'Bah!' he said. 'It is pretty; but what France wants is a chief. A Republic of thirty million people—what an idea! How is such a thing possible? France wants, not phrases, talk, theories of government, but a chief covered with glory.'

The Convention had decreed that the new constitution should start with itself. Of its present members two-thirds were to constitute part of the new Chambers; the electors might choose the remaining third; and Paris was furious at the proposal. A fresh rising of the sections was threatened—a new and more tragical September 2.

The talk betwixt the two eddied round this point, and Jean argued that the Convention was in real danger. Its armies were distant; there were thirty thousand National Guards in Paris who would march upon it.

'The Revolution is safe,' said Bonaparte with emphasis. 'The peasants have the land, and they will stand by the system which has given it to them. All they want is a head. As for the Convention, this is not August 10. The sections have no guns; the Convention has.'

'Will you turn your guns upon the people?' asked Jean with a smile. 'You are, or were, a Jacobin. Have you turned against the Club?'

Bonaparte cast a swift, suspicious glance on him. It was like scrutiny by a spirit of fire. 'There must be an end of chaos. But what are you doing?' he asked, as though to escape a dangerous subject.

Jean told as much of his story as he deemed prudent; and while he talked Bonaparte looked at him meditatively, and evidently with some new thought in his mind.

'I have a career,' he said at last, 'and can make careers. Will you link your fortunes to mine? You are not in the least clever, my poor Jean, but perhaps for that very reason you would be useful. One could trust you.'

'You think,' was Jean's answer, with a cheerful laugh, 'that I have not wit enough to lie. It is a useful sort of dullness, you must admit, that does not know how to deceive. If I had your views as to the stupidity of not telling a convenient untruth my value to you would be destroyed. Don't you think that the quality which makes it impossible for any one to trust its possessor is hardly cleverness?'

'Ah, you are obstinate. The English blood in you makes you heavy-witted. You will never have a career.'

'I suspect the career for which a gift for lying is a necessary qualification,' said Jean with great bluntness; 'and you ought to suspect your own principles when you confess that what would make me useful to you is the fact that I don't possess them. Your theories, you imagine, are going to give you power; but it would ruin you if all the people about you shared them.'

'For once,' said Bonaparte, 'you are almost clever. Yet,' he added with emphasis, 'you are a fool, and will never rise;' and without a word of farewell he turned abruptly away.

Jean breathed more freely, for his old comrade's personality dominated him; and yet, in an inconsistent fashion, he felt sore that he could be dismissed thus as with a gesture. He felt sure that he had dropped completely out of the landscape of Bonaparte's plans.

Jean was in Paris during the stormy days that followed, and saw the fighting on the day of Vendémiaire, including the 'whiff of grape-shot' which, in spite of Carlyle, did not 'blow the thing we specifically call the Revolution into space.' As a matter of fact, it crystallised that strange human ferment into a new and enduring form.

Meanwhile the star of Bonaparte rose fast and high. He came to Paris in May 1795 with his career apparently ended. He had narrowly escaped the guillotine. In March 1796—only ten months later—Jean saw him start on his journey to take command of the army in Italy. He was not yet twenty-six.

'You are too young,' said a member of the Directory when Bonaparte was urging his claims to this particular command.

'In a year,' he replied, 'I shall be old—or dead.'

In a year, as a matter of fact, this astonishingly youthful general was able to say, 'The Committee of the Directory have no concern with my policy; I do what I please.'

Jean stood in the Rue Honore as the new Commander-in-Chief flashed past. It was a brilliant sight—the galloping horses, the thin, falcon-like face, the dark eyes under the level brows. His old comrade of Brienne was on his way to win victories greater than Cæsar ever won—and to dim fates beyond. Waterloo was only twenty years distant. And beyond Waterloo, set in the gray wastes of the Atlantic, was St Helena!

(To be continued.)

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CENCI.

By GEORGE PIGNATORRE.

PART I.

THOUGH three centuries have come and gone since the grave closed on the beautiful but hapless Beatrice and her kin, her sad fate and the awful misdeeds of her father, Count Francis Cenci, will always be remembered, as one of the darkest episodes of even her blood-stained and sinful annals, in the history of Papal Rome.

The lovely and pathetic figure of the Roman maiden, as limned by Guido Reni, moves across the pages of Shelley and many others, with the halo of her sorrows and sufferings, of her courage and constancy, as she passes on to her doom.

The Cenci family had been for centuries one of the most noble houses of Rome, and were already powerful in the tenth century, when, according to tradition, they had the questionable honour of giving a Pope to Rome; for John X., if a Cenci, was also one of the most infamous Pontiffs of an infamous epoch. Other Cencis are mentioned here and there incidentally as turbulent nobles, who were neither better nor worse than their compeers, and who have long passed into oblivion—the best fate that could await them.

The father of Francis or Francesco Cenci, that embodiment of evil, was for years the *camerlengo* or treasurer of Pope Pius V., in which capacity, according to Guerrazzi, he displayed the same zeal and acumen in clearing the crowns out of the treasury as his Holiness evinced in clearing the heretics out of the land. Certain it is that he left what was then an incredible fortune in money and estates, the rental of which was estimated at rather over than under one hundred thousand crowns, an income which very few possess even at this day in Italy. His son Francis Cenci, wealthy, noble, endowed with no ordinary mental gifts, might have been a blessing to his native city, but he preferred to become its curse. He seems to have been one of those absolute moral monsters whose nature is all evil, and whose dark souls are unlit by one single ray of pity or kindliness. Compared with him, the bandits of the Campagna and Apennines were angels of light. Cruel and fearless as a tiger, unchecked by scruples or pity, he purchased impunity through his rank and wealth. No woman was safe against his lust, no man secure against his hate. Incapable not only of affection but even of those evanescent better impulses or momentary relentings which are at times felt by the most hardened, he revelled in wickedness for its own sake. No single trait of goodness is recorded of Francis Cenci, no years of better promise; of him it could truly be said, 'Evil, be thou my good.'

Francis Cenci married twice, and his first wife bore him five sons and two daughters. Of the first, two were assassinated in Rome, and one died of disease, accelerated by neglect and ill-treatment at home. Of the remaining two, one, Giacomo or James, had wed a Roman lady, by whom he had four children. He and his wife had been driven from home by the old Count, who now withheld from his son the yearly allowance he had been forced to grant by the former Pope, and, rolling in wealth himself, heeded little his son's misery. The other, Bernard, the last of the sons, was a mere child of about twelve when the terrible events occurred which were to have their direful ending in the Square of Saint Angelo.

Beatrice and Bernard dwelt with their father in that palace of gloom which still frowns by the 'yellow Tiber.' Olympia, the elder sister of Beatrice, was the only one who escaped from the hell of which Francis Cenci was the arch-fiend. She owed her deliverance from insults, privation, and ill-usage to her own energy and intelligence. Unable to endure any longer the revolting treatment and cold-blooded cruelties of her unnatural parent, she addressed a petition to the Supreme Pontiff, so carefully worded but at the same time so powerfully written that (when she had succeeded in transmitting it to the proper quarter, notwithstanding bars and bolts) the Pope, reading between the lines, was, to his honour be it said, so touched by this affecting appeal to his protection that he delivered her at once from her father's tyranny by placing her in a convent, where she remained until she married a worthy gentleman of Gubbio. Cenci was beside himself with wrath at losing one of his victims, and proffered, 'tis said, a large reward to whoever would bring him back his daughter alive or dead; but she was under the ægis of the Pope's protection, and all his offers were vain.

Among the ill-fated inmates of the Cenci Palace, one who shared the destiny of Beatrice was her stepmother, Lucretia Petreni, whom Cenci had wed to avenge himself on her for having said that she would as soon mate with the foul fiend as with

Count Cenci. He having, thanks chiefly to his surpassing hypocrisy and other arts, succeeded in luring the poor woman into the belief that he had been slandered by evil-speakers, she was persuaded to marry the man who, apart from his reputation, was the richest patrician in Rome. As she was led to her new home by her husband he said to her, jestingly as it were, 'You would have rather mated with the foul fiend than with me? I have taken you to prove to you that you are right;' and he kept his word. He spared her no outrage, no privations; to all which Lucretia opposed a placid resignation, against which his poisonous shafts fell blunted.

But with Beatrice it was different. Modest and loving, but high-spirited and high-minded, she often shielded her younger brother, Bernard, from the brutal fury of her father, receiving the blows intended for him. She even strove to recall her father to sentiments of humanity, but all her strivings were vain; they were met by savage taunts, unspeakable blasphemies, and worse. Wearied at last of a hopeless task, sickened with the scenes of wickedness and orgies she had to witness, Beatrice bethought herself of entreating the intercession of the same high power who had rescued her sister from a life of infamy and misery. She penned and addressed in her turn a petition to Clement VIII.; but the petition never reached the Pontiff. Count Cenci, made wary by the successful attempt of his other daughter, intercepted the petition; and, fearing lest Beatrice might escape him after all, he set out accordingly in the autumn of 1596 for his fort of Rocca Petrella, taking with him his wife, Beatrice, and Bernard, and escorted by a motley company of armed followers—retainers and bravoes, peasants and foresters—for the ways were unsafe and bandits harried the whole country-side, as they had been wont to do from time immemorial. They reached Rocca Petrella safely, notwithstanding the perils of the road. Thus the grim company of swarthy ruffians, headed by the grimmer Count, the worst bandit of them all, at sundown arrived at the castle without let or hindrance.

The Count, unchecked by the thought of any possible interference, proceeded in his fell design of breaking the spirit before destroying the body of his unhappy daughter, who had become the chief object of his hatred through the uniform resistance she had from the very beginning opposed to his unspeakable conduct towards her; while all the others had bowed more or less to his iron will, either cowed, like Bernard, into submission, or passively unresisting, like Lucretia. Beatrice was immured in a narrow cell, bereft of light, bereft of fresh air, and lived in darkness and solitude only broken at rare intervals by the occasional presence of one of her father's ruffians who brought her a daily dole of bread and water, or by the dreaded visits of one whom it seems a mockery to call a father, and who came to enjoy, like the fiend that he was, the misery of his own child inflicted by himself, to taunt and revile with foul language or to insult with fouler thoughts.

Bernard, though subject to his father's brutality, fared somewhat better, not being actually incarcerated. Lucretia Petreni, whose less sensitive temper had enabled her to bear outrages and blows with less suffering than others, was the best off of all. She had to endure less from her demon husband, who, regarding her perfect indifference to his gibes and abuse, to his open violation of all decencies, even to such as by the very elastic code of Italian morality at the end of the sixteenth century were recognised as an evidence of incurable stupidity, had tired sooner of inflicting pain and contumely than she had of suffering both; thus he had left her of late comparatively unmolested. There was no pleasure in trying to torment one who seemed proof against pain.

Beatrice's sole remaining hope of deliverance from the living death she was enduring—and, faint though it was, her refuge from utter despair—now lay in the courage and love of a young Roman gentleman by name Guido Guerra, to whom she had plighted her troth at Rome. He had been forbidden the house by Count Cenci, but had contrived, through the friendly or interested assistance of one of the numerous hired cut-throats in the Count's pay, to obtain tidings of Beatrice's martyrdom at Rocca Petrella. He had vowed to himself to leave no means untried to rescue her and avenge her sufferings. He left Rome for Rocca Petrella on his errand of rescue and vengeance without any clear plan of action. He must have foreseen the possibility—nay, probability—of being compelled to slay the miscreant in self-defence, as it were, to preserve both their lives from the revenge of a man who was almost all-powerful for evil. But beyond this point conjecture cannot go. As we approach the second act of this fearsome tragedy the personages seem to loom out of semi-darkness and to move dimly round one stark and silent form. For on the ninth day of September Francis Cenci was assassinated, according to some in his sleep, according to others in his daughter's prison-cell, with the knowledge and connivance both of Lucretia and Beatrice, or without the complicity of either, by Guido Guerra, with the assistance of two hired assassins. The body was seen by some peasants on the following day hanging from the branches of a lofty elder-tree. It had been placed there by the murderers, and the sharp ends of the twigs thrust into the gaping wounds to conceal the real cause of death, if possible, by making it appear as if it had accidentally fallen from the turret of the castle. Many did believe, or at least feigned to believe, in an accident; or, as the elder-tree is also a witch-tree, some were of the mind that the wicked Count in returning from the Sabbat had uttered the name of Jesus inadvertently, and had forthwith been dashed to earth from mid-air. The body was taken down and duly buried within two oaken coffins, and alms were distributed to all who would follow the funeral, and prayers said for the rest of the soul of Francis Cenci. Nor was this intended as

a mockery, inasmuch as Lady Lucretia, who had ordered the manner of the funeral, was a devout gentlewoman of the time; and, whether she had shared or not in the guilt of the slaying, she would have shrunk from killing the soul, as one slain unassoiled and unprayed for was lost for ever, in the creed of the Lady Lucretia. And this was the end of Count Francis Cenci, whose name has been handed down to us as an incarnation of wickedness, more so than even the dread figures of the Borgias or of the Maréchal de Retz.

The version of the death of Count Cenci through mischance was accepted without demur at first, notwithstanding that there had been some suspicious circumstances which would have provoked an inquiry had the event occurred within the States of the Church; not from any greater perspicacity or wish to enforce the law and exact retribution for a crime, but rather, as we shall see, from far less worthy motives. The murder, however, had been committed within the confines of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, then governed—and very ill-governed, too—by Spanish viceroys who had no particular or personal interest in tracking out the murderers or their abettors; and both they and the Cenci family might have escaped the fangs of the law but for their own reckless folly in remaining in Naples, where they soon squandered in gambling and drink the two thousand ducats they had received from Guido Guerra or others. Over their cups they may have let fall some words which gave a clue to the Neapolitan officers of justice; or, agreeably to one account, the assassins fell out among themselves, and one was stabbed by his confederate, who, being arrested for one murder and put to the torture, confessed to the other. However this may be, it is certain that through some indiscretion of the hired instruments of the crime or hired accomplices the facts leaked out, and coming to the cognisance of the Roman Curia, Giacomo or James, Bernard, and Beatrice Cenci, together with their stepmother, Donna Lucretia, were arrested. Guido Guerra, thanks to the timely warning of Cardinal Maffei, who sent him a pair of spurs in lieu of a verbal or written message, was able to escape disguised as a charcoal burner or vendor. Beatrice and the others were conveyed to the Corte Savella in the Via Giulia, where they were immured in the squalid, dark cells of the prisons of the still half-barbarous times. Beatrice was at first confined in one of these, but was soon transferred to a cleaner and lighter cell, where she had, in the words of Guerrazzi, 'a small loaf of wheaten bread and sunlight,' on which a human creature may live while awaiting the end by the axe of the doomsman or by privations and hardships.

For three days Beatrice was left alone; on the fourth two men entered her cell. One was the notary and the other the leech of the prisons, who had come to ascertain and certify under legal instrument whether she was physically able to endure torture. The splendid youthful strength and health of Beatrice left the physician no alternative, and the young maiden was declared duly qualified to bear the pangs of the rack and cord. Accordingly she was brought before the criminal court of Rome and charged with having caused her father to be assassinated at Rocca Petrella, in conjunction with her stepmother, Lady Lucretia, and her younger brother, Bernard, a boy of twelve, and others. The charge was indignantly denied by Beatrice.

The account of the trial left us by the able and courageous Farinacci, who defended her at some risk to himself, and in spite of covert threats from those who were thirsting not so much for the lives as for the inheritance of the Cenci, bears witness to the noble constancy of this young girl, who in consequence of her refusal to acknowledge herself guilty was subjected to the most atrocious torments, the sickening details of which have been preserved, and can be read in the chronicles of the epoch or in Dumas' *Crimes Célèbres*, and in many other works. Suffice it to say here that she endured with unshaken fortitude all the ghastly pangs inflicted by the public tormentor.

The horrors of the torture-chamber as described by many writers are too harrowing to repeat here; but it has been left on record that no device of the devilish ingenuity of the law of that barbarous age to create criminals by wringing avowals from tormented bodies was omitted. Rack, screw, cord, and splinters of wood, the vigil and so-called torture of the hair (*capillorum*), were all employed in turn, and were all employed in vain, on Beatrice; though her fellow-sufferers, her brothers and the Lady Lucretia, showed less constancy. Again and again was the hapless girl racked and wrenched until she swooned, and yet no avowal could be extorted from the pale lips. But the judges had received their instructions to find all the accused guilty at whatever cost, by whatever means, and these were not to be disregarded. A humane judge had already been removed because he had shown himself human, and had been replaced by one whose tiger-nature was fitted for the task of bringing all to the block. It was only after long and protracted tortures that a confession was drawn from Beatrice, in which she incriminated herself only, acquitting her brothers of all share in the crime, which she had alone committed in self-defence. It has never been made clear whether this avowal of guilt had been forced out by the *questionnaire*—whether, that is, nature had given way at last—or whether it had been voluntary, and made by Beatrice of her own free-will, by the advice of her counsel, the advocate Farinacci, in the hope of saving her kinsmen certainly and herself probably (as having acted in self-defence) from the block. In either case, it had been induced by outside agencies acting on a weakened frame and spirit. Nor did it avail them or her aught.

(*To be continued.*)

AFGHANISTAN: THE BUFFER STATE.

OWING to the mutual jealousy of two European nations, whose ambitions and methods of realising them are as wide as the Poles apart, there exists in the very heart of Asia a semi-independent state to which we have given the name 'Afghanistan.' Its divers peoples are bound together by no common tie save this jealousy on the part of powerful neighbours, which has herded some four million souls in a territory almost twice as large as the British Isles under a common name and a common ruler. This state, with its congeries of uncivilised, ignorant, superstitious, and fanatical inhabitants, may be regarded as the pivot on which the peace and possibly the whole future of Southern Asia depends.

The late Amir—the title which Afghanistan gives to its potentate—once likened his kingdom to a lake on which floated a swan. On one bank there lay, watching and waiting, an old tigress; on the other was assembled a pack of greedy wolves. When the swan, by which presumably he symbolised himself, approached too near to one bank, the tigress clawed out some of his feathers. When he neared the opposite bank, the wolves tried to tear him in pieces. He resolved, therefore, to keep secure from either foe in the middle of the lake, which, he thanked God, was still deep, and in His mercy would never dry up. The wolves represented the Russians, whose Central Asian khanates march with the northern frontier of Afghan territory. The old tigress was the British power in India.

For its safety as an independent state we have made ourselves responsible. But the conditions in Central Asia have completely altered from those which obtained a quarter of a century ago, and the rôle of Afghanistan has correspondingly changed. That rôle is now one which is of considerable import to the Empire as a whole, independent of party or creed; and it behoves us, therefore, to see that this state duly fulfils in the proper spirit the obligations imposed upon it.

It was in accordance with this purpose that a mission from the Indian Government was despatched from Peshawur on 17th November 1904, to discuss various outstanding questions with the Amir Habibullah Khan. That mission, after a five months' stay at Kabul, returned with an agreement which has been published *in extenso*, and which involves mutual obligations. Since then Afghanistan and its ruler have figured prominently in the political arena, and under these circumstances a brief survey of the country and its peoples may be opportune.

It may be well to explain at the outset that Afghanistan, as we know it, is not the land exclusively of Afghans, nor do Afghans inhabit only that tract of country which bears their name. The term was originally applied, like the term 'Afghan' itself, by foreigners, and applied erroneously; and it denotes the territory over which the Durani chief holds sway. In that territory the Afghans are neither the most ancient, nor the wealthiest, nor the most powerful section; but, owing to the common use of the term by Persian and Indian authorities, the Amir now styles himself King of the State of Afghanistan.

This state consists of a square, mountainous, irregular plateau, about two hundred and twenty thousand square miles in area, at an altitude varying in parts from three thousand to five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Owing to its geographical and political situation, it is known as a 'buffer state,' being sandwiched between our Indian possessions and the Asiatic dominions of the Czar. Roughly speaking, it extends four hundred and fifty miles from north to south, and six hundred miles from west to east, with a narrow arm in the north-east corner which projects some three hundred miles farther east. It is intersected by ridges of great height and valleys of varying breadth, which render the greater part of the country valueless for agricultural purposes, difficult to traverse, and almost impossible to govern satisfactorily. Its climate, as may be gauged from its physical characteristics, is variable, with extremes of heat and cold very trying to those not inured to such variations. Many of its valleys are as uninhabitable in the hot season, when the deadly simoom is prevalent, as are the mountainous districts during the winter months. For this reason the population outwith the few towns is largely nomadic, the pastoral section of it being necessarily so. To these natural disadvantages, and the enormous difficulties in the way of surmounting or circumventing them, it owes in great measure its continued existence as an independent kingdom.

Afghanistan is divided into five provinces or districts, each of which is ruled by a Governor, to whom the various tribal chiefs and *jirgahs* are responsible. These Governors are appointed by the Amir, and are removable by his sovereign will. The whole system of government is feudal, and only the iron hand of the Amirs, ruthlessly employed, has kept the heterogeneous elements composing the state in proper subjection. Internecine strife has been the chronic condition of the country from its earliest times, and the long and ceaseless struggle for mastery has frequently had far-reaching consequences both in Europe and Asia. North of the mountain belt and between it and the northern frontier is the province of Afghan Turkestan. Northeast of the Turkestan province is that of Badakshan, the ancient Bactria, long coveted by Russia and added to Afghanistan by Dost Mohammed in 1859.

The three remaining provinces are named from their principal towns—Herat, Kabul, and Kandahar, names familiar in history. Herat, on the extreme

west, has passed through many vicissitudes of fortune, and has long been designated 'the key to India.' Whether or not it merits that distinction is matter of opinion, and conflicting views have been from time to time set forth by military and political strategists. Its importance has of recent years been considerably discounted by our improved position in Baluchistan; but the possibilities attached to its possession have formed a bone of contention which has on more than one occasion involved us in a costly war with Persia, and on other occasions has brought us to the verge of a European conflagration. The fact remains that it lies at the mercy of Russia should she ever deem it advisable to move against it. The move would assuredly be a *casus belli*, as a direct menace to our interests in the Middle East, independent of our agreement with the Amir. The whole province is a fertile granary capable of supporting a considerable force, and the fortress of Herat commands the road which leads to Kandahar and Kabul, and thence to India. The Herat valley extends for two hundred miles, and is watered by the Hari Rud. The city, like other Afghan cities, is dominated by a citadel on a central eminence, and the town proper lies around the base between it and the external surrounding wall. In its present state resistance for any length of time to an army equipped with modern appliances would be futile. The inhabitants are Iranians, and quite alien to the Afghan rulers and to their Turkoman neighbours in the adjoining province on the north.

Kandahar is the southern province, and of most importance to this country. Its chief town is the largest in Afghanistan, though not the most populous, and is but seventy miles from our frontier station at Chaman, which is connected by one hundred and twenty-five miles of railway with our great fortress of Quetta. It has been occupied on more than one occasion by British troops, and at Maiwand, just beyond it, occurred one of the greatest disasters to the British arms when Burrow's Brigade was overwhelmed by the hordes of Ayub Khan, necessitating that brilliant march of General Roberts from Kabul to Kandahar. The province is generally open country, but dry and parched, except in the valleys watered by the numerous streams which go to form the Helmund river. The caravan-track to Herat passes by Girishk and Farrah, the former fort being in the rich alluvial district of Zamindawar, noted as being the most fanatical centre and the home of Ghazidom. South of the irrigated region along the Helmund valley is open desert of sand and scrub. The distance from Herat to Kandahar as the crow flies is about two hundred and eighty miles; but the only route is the *khafila* track, which leads south from Herat to Farrah along the Persian frontier, and thence to Girishk, where it crosses the Helmund, the whole route extending to over three hundred and sixty miles.

From Kandahar north to Kabul there is an excellent road, and on this line prosperous Afghanistan may be said to lie. Here is the country of the Ghilzai tribes, the *powindahs* whose trading-caravans traverse the frontier passes and spread over the Punjab. On this route is the strong fortress of Kalat-i-Ghilzai and the famous city of Ghazni, once the capital of a mighty empire and the seat of two dynasties. It is situated on a tableland of the Paghman range, a branch of the Hindu Kush, and all that remains of its former glories are the ruins of its forts and the tomb of its greatest ruler. Near Ghazni is the Sher Dahan Pass, the only formidable part of the route.

Kabul, the capital of the remaining province and of the kingdom, and the seat of its sovereign and supreme Government, is about one hundred miles north of Ghazni and in almost the same latitude as Herat. The three cities, indeed, form the points of an isosceles triangle whose base is about four hundred miles and sides two hundred and eighty miles. Kabul is built on a plain at an altitude of over seven thousand feet, and is a dirty, insanitary city, surrounded by high mountains, with the gorges of the Kabul river leading into fertile valleys beyond. It has also supplied its dark pages in our history, and has been occupied by our troops. It is approached from India by the Khyber Pass, the most famous of the defiles which connect Afghanistan with the Punjab. The province has several valleys noted for their fruits, and the available agricultural ground is extensively irrigated by canals. The whole of the Kabul basin is exceedingly fertile.

The boundary-lines of Afghanistan have undergone so many alterations and rectifications both north and south that the parable of the swan attributed to the late Amir Abdurrahman Khan is not without significance. Feathers have undoubtedly been freely abstracted; but the present boundaries as fixed by various Commissions and treaties were finally ratified by the Anglo-Russian Commission of 1885, after the Russian occupation of Merv; and during this demarcation the historical Panjdeh sensation occurred which brought us to the verge of a Russian war, but which nevertheless resulted in Russia obtaining all she had bargained for. Between the actual frontiers of India and Afghanistan from the Gumal to the Khyber are the tribal lands of the Waziris and of the Orakzais and Afridis of the Tirah, who still retain their independence.

Reference has already been made to the heterogeneous character of the inhabitants. The original Iranian stock is found in the Tajiks, who are closely allied to the Persians in language and habits, and are hence known as Parsiwans. They are found in western Afghanistan, principally in the Herat province, usually as agricultural labourers subservient to their Afghan masters.

The true Afghans, as distinguished from the 'affiliated Afghans,' as they have been termed, are those of the Durani tribes, who, calling themselves Ben-i-Israel, claim descent from the lost ten tribes who were carried into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar. In his traditions, his family nomenclature, and even

in his characteristic features, the Durani betrays a trace of Hebraic origin. They are the most numerous of Afghan tribes, and inhabit southern Afghanistan chiefly, and particularly the district of Zamindawar. The section was originally known as Abdali, the term Durani dating only from the days of Ahmed Shah. The tribe has three main divisions, and to one of them, the Barakzai, the present royal house, founded by Dost Mohammed, belongs. The Duranis are the most warlike and most fanatical of the tribes, and have always retained the supreme power by reason of their prowess, their religious enthusiasm, and their control of the best arms and ammunition. They have always been our bitterest foes.

Next to the Duranis, or true Afghans, are the Ghilzais, who are of Turkish extraction. They form, as already indicated, the trading part of the community; and while they have never given a ruler to the land they now inhabit, they have provided occupants for the throne of Persia. They are a powerful section, and without their support no Amir could long retain the throne of Kabul.

The tribes which occupy the central mountainous zone are of Mongol origin, relics of the invasion of Genghis Khan. These Hazaras, as they are termed, have always maintained an amount of independence which has been troublesome to the Afghan Amirs, as their mountain fastnesses are so difficult to penetrate. They, too, are Shiah Mohammedans, and their language is a Persian dialect. They are a sturdy, wiry race of Highlanders like the Gurkhas and Dogras of Northern India, free from the fanaticism of the Pathans, and favourable to the British power. They are excellent workmen and soldiers, and large numbers of them have enlisted in our native regiments on the Indian frontier. The Afghan corps of sappers and miners is recruited from the Hazara tribes.

Another section of the population which, until nearly decimated by the armies of the Amir a few years ago, always retained its independence is that occupying Kafiristan between the Kabul and Chitral rivers. These tribes are in reality tribal remnants of divers kinds speaking many dialects, and having absolutely nothing in common with the Afghans or Ghilzais, and little with each other. They are of Aryan stock, and have never as a people embraced the Mussulman faith. Hence their name 'Kafir,' which signifies 'infidel.'

Reference has been made to the chronic internecine strife which has ever prevailed in Afghanistan as a result of the mixed character of the population. After the Afghan war of 1878 Shere Ali fled, and died in exile. His son Yakub Khan, who succeeded, gave us the Treaty of Gandamak. The Cavagnari mission went to Kabul, and was wiped out by the fanatical Afghans, a procedure which necessitated another war, and Yakub was deported to India. But meantime Ayub Khan, marching from Herat on Kabul, attacked a British force at Maiwand, annihilated a brigade, and entered Kandahar. The result is recent history. Ayub Khan, always a popular hero, was worsted by General Roberts and deported to India, while Abdurrahman Khan, the eldest grandson of Dost Mohammed, was offered the throne. His position was by no means a bed of roses, and he had a rebellious cousin, Issak Khan, to deal with, against whom he was fortunate enough to be successful through no tactics of his own. He soon, however, proved himself a wise and strong ruler, and was given a subsidy from the Indian Exchequer. The original purpose of this grant was defined in a letter from Lord Ripon, in which, after discussing the difficulties besetting the situation, and accepting the Amir's protestations of loyalty and assurance of good faith, he continued: 'Impressed by these considerations, I have determined to offer to your Highness personally, as an aid towards meeting the present difficulties in the management of your state, a subsidy of twelve lacs of rupees a year, payable monthly, to be devoted to the payment of your troops and to the other measures required for the defence of your north-western frontier.' The reply of the Amir was in grateful and cordial terms. Ten years later an addition of six lacs was made, and it was agreed to assist the Amir with material and munitions of war. That the arrangement proved a wholly one-sided affair may be gauged from the opinion subsequently expressed by Lord Roberts, who in Afghan affairs could speak with authority: 'Abdurrahman Khan appeared to have entirely forgotten that he owed everything to us, and that but for our support and lavish aid in money and munitions of war he could neither have gained nor held the throne of Kabul. He mistook the patience and forbearance with which we bore his fits of temper for weakness, and was encouraged in an overweening and altogether unjustifiable idea of his own importance.'

The situation, therefore, during the rule of the late Amir may be summarised thus: During the twenty-one years he held the reins of power he provided a welcome halt to incessant turmoil by methods thoroughly in accord with Durani precedence. Every possible enemy was simply 'removed.' He profited by our every difficulty, received some three millions of our gold, and gave nothing in exchange. Tracts of territory which he allowed us to absorb owed him no real allegiance, were indeed but thorns in the flesh; their inhabitants could never be controlled, and proved a constant source of trouble. While with our money and moral support he consolidated his own power, built factories for arms and ammunition, made roads, and trained his army, he gave absolutely no facility for British trade with his dominions. Few Europeans were admitted within his realm; railways and telegraphs were rigorously excluded; education was at a standstill. Our frontier foes were ever accorded an asylum; our traders were subjected to prohibitive dues. At his death trade with Afghanistan was less than on his accession, with no hope of betterment, and we who clamour for the open

door in China and elsewhere were compelled by the exigencies of the political situation calmly to acquiesce.

To-day the situation is somewhat improved. Abdurrahman has been gathered to his fathers, and his eldest son, Habibullah Khan, reigns in his stead. Habibullah has broken several traditions since he ascended the Afghan throne. Despite the rule that the heir should not leave the country, his eldest son, the Sardar Inayatullah Khan, paid a lengthy visit to the Viceroy at Calcutta. This was followed by a visit from the Amir himself which cannot but be productive of ultimate good. No wholesale massacres have been found necessary to establish Habibullah's throne, and he has encouraged the return of political refugees, high personages whose lives in Afghanistan would not have been worth a day's purchase in the time of his wily father. He is imbued with a desire to further the interior trade and communications in his country, and he is willing to improve his relations with the Indian Government. So far good.

But of infinitely more importance will be the future policy of Habibullah towards Indian trade and commerce. Upon this his sovereign existence must eventually depend. Hitherto he has manifested an antipathy to such commercial development as did his forebears, but it is possible that he may be educated to see the folly of this course. Our frontiers have been strengthened on scientific lines, and our former helplessness has been minimised. It is impossible for the *status quo ante* to be indefinitely maintained, by which India pays the Amir to stifle her trade. Times have changed in great measure since the days of Shere Ali and Ayub Khan—times and also men; and the question will sooner or later come to be considered on a commercial basis whether the enormous subsidy granted to the Amir is justified by results under the new conditions which have arisen. The terms of the original subsidy to his father are very clear. Were the new Amir sufficiently enlightened to grasp the situation, he might firmly secure himself on his throne by permitting the gradual establishment of a telegraphic service throughout his kingdom, the extension of the Indian railway system from Chaman to Kandahar, and from Jamrud to Kabul, and eventually the union of these cities by a line through Ghazni. By such means he would obtain the earliest possible and most accurate information of impending troubles, and be able to mass and maintain his troops where and when occasion required; he would provide employment for a great mass of his subjects, encourage trade with the Punjab and Central India, and conduce to the wealth and welfare of his people. Otherwise, what the future may have in store for himself and his country is one of those vexing problems whose ultimate issue we cannot speculate upon without the gravest anxiety.

BIG TREES OF THE UNITED STATES.

By D. A. WILLEY.

THE big trees of the United States are not all in the groves of California by any means, although many people have the idea that the sequoias are the giants of the forest world. It is true that they are the largest in circumference; but many of the red firs around Puget Sound, in the state of Washington, grow to as great a height, for specimens have been felled which measured three hundred and twenty-five feet from the point where they were cut to the topmost branch. They were really eight or ten feet longer, as they were measured only along the fallen trunk. Such is the size of the red fir in some parts of the state of Washington that timbers for bridges a hundred and fifty feet in length have been sawn from a single trunk, while ship-spars more than a hundred feet long are often taken from them. They are far more graceful and symmetrical than the sequoia, their admirers say, because they taper upward more gradually.

The sequoia, such as is seen in California, bulges out for seventy-five or one hundred feet from the ground up, which gives it a bulky and ungainly appearance compared with the fir. This bulge is so large that some of the trees have holes cut into them in the form of arches big enough to allow a two-horse team to be driven through.

When a fir is fifteen feet in diameter at the butt it makes a big tree. On some of the islands of Puget Sound, as well as in the country north of the city of Seattle, trees of this size have been found among the smaller ones. The timber-men consider the felling of a tree of this sort something to boast about, especially when the trunk is so large that seven or eight men can sit side by side in the cut made by the axes without crowding. As already stated, however, the trunk of a fallen fir does not represent its entire length, for the stump left is sometimes more than ten feet in height. This is due to a custom which the lumber-men in the Pacific North-West have of hewing at a considerable distance from the roots. This is done for three reasons: for convenience, for safety, and to avoid hitting any decayed spot which may be in the heart. Sometimes the larger trees begin to decay in the centre at a point near the roots. The bad spot, as the lumber-man calls it, may become so large that perhaps only a rim of sound wood a foot or two in thickness is left next to the bark; but the fir is so tough and vigorous that this will support the great weight above it.

When one of these big trees is being cut down, unless borings are made with augers or other tools, the axemen cannot tell whether the heart is decayed or not. If it should be, they may cut away so much of the sound portion that the tree will fall before they are ready. It may also topple over in the wrong direction and before the cutters and swampmen can get out of the way. When one of these forest monarchs comes down in the wrong place it is liable to make trouble, crushing down smaller trees which may be in the way and hurling branches in all directions by the tremendous force of the fall. It is also easier work to cut with the axe if a man has something springy to stand upon instead of the solid ground. Notches are made in the trunk and boards driven into them upon which the axemen stand while they are making the undercut. Standing six or eight feet above the ground on this frail support, two men who know how to handle their axes will soon open up a gash in the trunk in which half-a-dozen people can find seats.

As a result of this method of getting out timber the waste is enormous. Government forestry experts who have investigated the logging industry in Washington and Oregon calculate that only about 65 per cent. of the timber available for building and other purposes is actually sent to the sawmill. Much of it fit for lumber is left in the woodland, either in the stumps or the branches, which could also be cut into boards and planking. There is enough wood left in some of the larger stumps to build a small house, if it were secured; but the forests are so vast and the trees so large that the loggers leave much of the small timber or use it for skidways on which to haul the bigger logs to the railroad or timber-boom. When a settler clears his land for farming there is a saying that he sometimes burns its cost in the timber left on it by the loggers, which goes up in smoke.

It is because of these wasteful methods of cutting down the great forests, especially in Washington, that some of the settlers live in trees, so to speak. The region in the foothill country and in the valleys near Puget Sound where the trees have been cut off is called the logged-off land. The soil is fertile, so that it will produce good crops of grain and vegetables, and orchards can be planted on it; but as it is dotted with stumps, the problem of clearing it entails not a little labour as well as expense. Such land can be bought for a very small price compared with land which is entirely clear of the stumps and trees.

The people who are taking up the 'logged-off' lands are usually accustomed to getting along in a small way, and do not mind living in rather crowded quarters, so quite frequently one of the biggest stumps is kept for a temporary home. After the tree has been cut down, if the heart of the stump is rotten, exposure to the weather rapidly increases the decay, so that in a few years it may become merely a shell with the outside only a few inches in thickness. Then it is an easy matter to cut a hole in one end for a door and two or three small holes for windows, to clean out the inside, to cut down an adjacent cedar and split it into shingles for a roof, and the house is ready for occupation when the stove, dishes, and furniture are put in. A trunk fifteen feet in diameter will give a surprising amount of room. Some of them contain nearly a hundred and fifty square feet. If the stump is so sound that it would be too much of a task to cut away the inside of it, the settler sometimes uses one end for a wall of his house, placing logs or planks against it and making a sort of roof lean-to, which is covered with shingles or boards. Then he nails some cleats against the sides of the stump for a step-ladder, and it is used for a variety of purposes. Children may take it for a playground. It is handy for the mother to spread out her clothes to dry in the sun where she has no other backyard. It also serves for a front porch, the family sitting on it in the summer evenings.

After the farmer gets enough money to build a larger and more comfortable home the old stump is generally preserved, for it can be used as a shed, sometimes as a stable for the ponies, or as a storehouse. One of the biggest stumps in the North-West is utilised occasionally as a dancing-platform. It is more than fifteen feet in diameter, and there is room enough on the top for four couples to dance a quadrille.

The decayed wood is so rich and fertile that plants will readily grow in it, and some of the people who can find time to have a dooryard and a few flowers will leave one of the stumps, after the land has been cleared, to be turned into a flower-bed, sometimes planting vines, which run up about the base and make a very pretty effect.

The way they get rid of these ruins of the forest is by blowing them up or burning them. Holes are bored to the roots, and dynamite cartridges are inserted and exploded. If the holes have been bored in the right places and deep enough the stump is shattered to the roots, and is thrown out in such small pieces that one will make a fine supply of kindling wood.

EVENING IN OSAKA.

A SONNET.

A COLOUR-FRAGRANCE—permeating, fine—
Floats from the west, where distant mountains lie
In purple bloom, 'neath such a sunset-sky
As seems to say that *colour* is divine.
In the tea-field of patterned shade and shine
A girl bends to a well, and bends anew.
E'en now the little street's an avenue
Of softly shaded lanterns—twilight's sign.
Too often scenes more beautiful than dreams,
Saddened with so much beauty, I behold—
The limits of the heart too plainly told!
This broken beauty rests with joy my eye.
The cat'ract overleaps where slender streams
Can find a way to bless and beautify.

L. A. RAWLINGS.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE NEWSTEAD ROMAN STATION.

IN travelling between London and Edinburgh on the Waverley Route, the railway approaches the valley of the Tweed at the station of Newtown St Boswells, which commands a fine view of the three peaks of the Eildon Hills on the west. Dryburgh Abbey (which holds the dust of Scott), beautifully set in woods, is about a mile to the east. Bemersyde (with its memories of the Haigs) and the Black Hill above Earlston are passed on the right, and the promontory on the Tweed at Old Melrose, with its hallowed memories of St Aidan, St Cuthbert, and St Boisil, whose name survives in the village of St Boswells. St Cuthbert was born somewhere on Leader Water in Berwickshire. Old Melrose, Jedburgh, Kelso, Melrose, all had Border religious houses. What an eye these old religious pioneers had for beauty of surroundings and fat, fertile lands! No bend of the Tweed is more beautiful than that at Old Melrose; but of its monastery and St Cuthbert's Chapel nothing remains. We have Bede's narrative of St Cuthbert, with his glowing faith evangelising the Borders, and of the monk Drithelm standing in Tweed to the middle in the coldest day of winter as a penance. Some of these things are mentioned in Mr Vernon's paper, 'The Monks of Old Melrose,' in *Chambers's Journal* for 1905.

At the village of Newstead, just before Melrose is reached, and where the skirt of the Eildon dips towards the Tweed, a great Roman station has been unveiled, some fourteen acres in extent, the largest yet explored in North Britain. It is still matter of controversy if this is the Trimontium of the Romans on Watling Street, which comes north through the Cheviots to the Forth. There was a bridge over the Tweed at this point, the foundation of which remains to be dug up. Meanwhile the spade of the excavator has turned up much of value and interest—in particular, a great many unique fragments of Roman armour, coins, tools, and military weapons. The station has been measured and mapped by Mr Thomas Ross, and will in due time be described in its *Proceedings* by the Society of Antiquaries, which has been at work here since the beginning of 1905. The work has been superintended for the society and will be described by Mr James Curle, Priorwood, Melrose, a zealous local antiquary, with Mr Alexander Mackie as master of works, who has had experience of a similar kind at Birrens, Ardoch, Lyne, Inchtuthill, Camelon, Castlecary, and Roughcastle, the other stations explored. Bremenium or High Rochester, on Watling Street, on the south side of the Cheviots, was the subject of an article in *Chambers's Journal* for 1890, 'A Roman City in the Cheviots.' Other articles on 'Roman Remains in North Britain' and 'Buried History in Roman Remains' appeared in 1903 and 1904.

There is one disappointing thing about Newstead station, that after inspection it has again been covered in. Sowing and reaping will go on above as has been done for centuries. Owing to the nature of the remains it was impossible to make a show-place of the camp. It would have gone to wreck in a few years. Besides, a large annual rental would have been incurred. The visitor must be content with the knowledge of its site, a glance at the plan, perusal of a printed description, and a sight of the remains in the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh. Many stations on the great wall in Northumberland lie bare to sun and wind and the gaze of the visitor, such as Housesteads, and Chesters at Chollerford on the North Tyne, with its delightful little well-arranged museum of articles found on and near the station, and an excellent printed catalogue.

The name of one of the fields at Newstead, Red Abbey Stead, and the presence of building stone, had suggested to some writers that here was situated an ecclesiastical building intermediate to that at Old Melrose and modern Melrose. This notion has been dissipated for ever. In 1783, while ploughing, Thomas Vair, weaver, found an altar, which was passed on to the Advocates' Library; another was found in 1830—a Roman votive altar to Silvanus, the god of the woods. Before that time the cause-

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wayed Roman road had been struck, and a stone on which a hog was sculptured was turned up, symbol of the Twentieth Legion. In making the railway here, pits of circular form were cut through containing ashes, pottery, remains of the wild white ox, and silver and brass Roman coins. In a pit ten feet deep and three feet in diameter a human skeleton stood erect, with spear beside it. The stones of the station by some have been identified with the narrow upper strata of the Dryburgh sandstone, of a coarse red colour, inferior to the broad sandstone strata which they overlay, and out of which Melrose Abbey was built. General Roy in his *Military Antiquities of the Romans in Britain*, in following Watling Street from the Cheviots northwards, believed that here at the base of the Eildons was Trimontium, and not at Birrens in Annandale; only he places it on his map near Eildon a mile away. He is followed by Alexander Jeffrey in his *History of Roxburghshire*, who is more in favour of Newstead, and by Robert Stuart in *Caledonia Romana*. Sir George Douglas in his *History of Roxburgh and Selkirk* follows suit.

One cannot help admiring the military skill and foresight shown by Agricola in choosing the site of the station. It commanded a bridge over the Tweed, and the eye sweeps up the beautiful vale of Melrose, watered by the Tweed, and rests on the hills that guard Ettrick and Yarrow. Ralph Richardson pictures the relations that possibly existed between Romans and Celts as like those between the French and Indians during the conquest of Canada. The altars of the Celtic Druids at Dryburgh may have reeked with human sacrifices, whilst the Roman altars at Newstead were smoking with bulls and rams. He says: 'Around him are the temples of his gods. Before him are the votive altars of his race. Behind him is the triple mountain, the Trimontium, which the barbarians call the Eildean. He has a splendid view up and down the Tweed, and can mark the approach from afar of any foe. Roads from north and south pass through the camp, and he hears the steeds neighing of one of the finest cavalry regiments in Europe, for this is its headquarters.'

To-day Tweed flows a silver thread past Abbotsford, fair Melrose, and Gattonside. Thomas the Rhymer's prophecy that

> At Eildon tree, if there you be,
> A brig over Tweed you there may see

is true, for there is Leaderfoot Bridge, built by the father of Adam Black the publisher, and the viaduct (1866) of the Berwickshire Railway. Scott has given imperishable renown to the whole valley by his residence there and his romance of the *Monastery*. It is a ballad-haunted and storied land. 'I can stand,' says Scott, 'on the Eildon Hill and point out forty-three places famed in war and verse.' The view from the Eildon on a clear day is a never-to-be-forgotten pleasure. James Hogg has written *The Hunt of Eildon;* Thomas Aird, a late bard, was born at the village of Bowden, to the south. Dr George Wilson, author of *The Five Gateways of Knowledge*, was in Melrose when he wrote: 'The country is wonderful! wonderful! such a country as even Adam and Eve, when the fiery-sworded angel drove them forth, might have wandered into with delight.' The houses on the Borders, as a rule, are well and soundly built of stone. Newstead village is no exception; neither is it so in irregularity. It used to be noted for masons, and has the Fairfax Hall, a hospital, and a series of interesting old sundials. Long ago a successful experiment was made here in growing tobacco. In future it will be mentioned as the site of one of the most important Roman stations in Scotland.

In the spring of 1904, while draining operations were in progress in a field east of Newstead, called Gutterflat, the drainers cut through foundations of buildings, and disclosed pottery, bones, tiles, and black fetid matter which showed the presence of a Roman rubbish-pit. The attention of the Society of Antiquaries was drawn to this, and (as had been done in the case of other stations) excavations were begun in February 1905. A diagonal trench cut across the field revealed the north-west angle of the station and the foundations of roads; and in the fields to the east, the Well Meadow and the Red Abbey Stead, the spade of the excavator cut into the great rampart, forty-five feet in width, which surrounds the camp, faced with a stone wall eight feet thick, with three parallel lines of ditches. Within the fortifications, on the east side of the camp, are long barrack-like houses broken up into stone huts, a heavily buttressed storehouse building, the commandant's quarters, and the Prætorium with pillared courtyard. The huts are quite unique, nothing like them having been found in Scotland; they are in twelve rows, each row nearly two hundred feet long, with an open space of two feet between each hut. Neither Mr Ross nor Mr Curle knows of any British camp where the soldiers were lodged in separate huts. There were two buttressed buildings, one on each side of the Prætorium.

A great pit yielded interesting remains. The upper part was a mass of building-stones; eight feet below were human remains, beads, and a bronze brooch. At twelve feet an altar was found dedicated to Jupiter by G. Arrius Domitianus, a centurion of the Twentieth Legion, the same individual, evidently, whose altar to the god Silvanus was dug up in a neighbouring field in 1630. A corroded brass coin of Hadrian was found below the altar, and fragments of Samian ware, leather, bones of the ox, horse, sheep, pig, and reindeer. At twenty-two feet a human skull was discovered, and three hundred and fifty metal scales (part of a soldier's armour), the brass of a bright golden hue. At twenty-five feet there were fragments of earthenware jars, a bucket, shoes, knives with horn handles, and portions of a corslet of iron with bronze mountings and fragments of the plates or greaves for the protection of the arms and shoulders

Other finds in the Prætorium were spear-heads, a stylus, intaglio gems, and pottery.

Fourteen pits or wells near the railway yielded tools, weapons, armour, pottery, portions of leather garments, an iron helmet with visor attached, the headpiece embossed, with locks of curly hair and attachment for a plume, and a visor in the form of a human face. The gem of the finds is doubtless a helmet of brass richly embossed with figures in high relief, with punctured inscription on rim, 'Lucani.' Other finds included a plain iron helmet, pieces of bronze armour for the protection of the shoulders and pieces for the arms (with name Sinovenius), swords, and spear-heads. The tools included a saw with handle of deer-horn, chisels, gouges, smith's tongs, hammers, pick, mattock, two small anvils, four pioneer axes, two axes, four scythes, a bill-hook, and two staple mandrels, finger-ring, bridle-bit, stirrup, twenty-nine hub-rings of chariots, and a bronze kettle. Two chariot-wheels were found, three feet in diameter, the fellies made of a single piece of ash rimmed with iron, the hubs of elm bushed with iron. There was also an oak bucket with iron handle and mountings, and a yoke. The whole is pronounced by Mr Curle as the most important find of ancient armour made in Great Britain for many years. Most of these may now be seen in the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh.

A second helmet-mask, found later, has been placed in the same Museum. There has been only one other specimen found in Great Britain, though Benndorf notes twenty as having been found on the Continent. Dr George Macdonald, in a paper in the *Scotsman* of 26th February 1908, draws attention to a passage in Arrian, a Greek historian, describing the gymnastic exercises of the Roman cavalry in which these helmets of bronze or iron were used, with yellow plumes attached. These gymnastic exercises, Dr Macdonald says, were borrowed by the Romans from the Celts of the Continent. A level expanse of ground was selected, and in this was marked out a great square, excavated to a convenient depth. Outside, at one end, was a raised platform reserved for high officers and distinguished spectators. Arrian writes: 'The riders enter the arena arrayed in helmets of bronze or iron, gilded to attract the particular attention of the onlookers wherever the wearers are specially conspicuous for rank or for skill in horsemanship. These helmets, unlike helmets for real battle, are not designed to protect merely the head and the cheeks; they are made exactly like the faces of the soldiers, with openings at the eyes wide enough to afford a view of what is going on, and yet not so wide as to involve exposure. Attached to them are yellow plumes, . . . and when the horses gallop the plumes show to great advantage.' The horsemen carried light shields gaily decorated. Although blunt javelins only were used, the foreheads of the horses were screened by frontlets. The description reads like that of a more modern tournament, with the horsemen wheeling in circles, darting in lines, now in this direction, now in that, and never drawing rein for an instant. The purpose of the face-helmet is thus sufficiently explained.

The mansion of Priorwood commands one of the finest views to be had of Melrose Abbey, and here, in the billiard-room, the finds from Newstead were displayed, rust or clay covered, before being examined by Mr Curle and sent to the Edinburgh Museum. The work of examination as we saw it was interesting and engrossing. Here is a sword-hilt with the blade rust-covered and doubled up; a short sword lies beside it, a file, and stylus. Here are antlers of deer, glass, pottery, tent-pegs, a copper jug beautifully chased, with a head suggestively Egyptian below the handle. Here are coins, including a Marcus Aurelius. Over one hundred and fifty coins have been found, not in one place, but scattered over the fort, the earliest being a denarius of Rome of the year 132 B.C., and the latest a denarius of Crispina, the wife of Commodus, 180–192 A.D.

This rectangular fort, greater in length than breadth, between two public roads to the east of Newstead, had outside three annexes, one of which contained a suite of baths. One was to the south side of the North British Railway. A road led away southwards from the camp (cut by the railway), and these annexes are defended by ditches at a distance of nearly seven hundred yards south of the camp buildings, which are entirely of stone. The squared masonry of the defences no doubt proved a handy quarry in the building of Melrose Abbey. The fort was occupied in the first century, and in all likelihood formed a stage in the advance of Agricola to the north. The latest occupation was not beyond the limits of the second century. The excavation shows that there have been four occupations. Tacitus relates how, when Agricola marched northwards, the country as far as the Romans advanced was secured by forts and garrisons. Not one of the stations fortified by his direction was taken by storm, forced to capitulate, surrendered, or abandoned to the enemy. Our written history began when the Romans touched the shores of Britannia. Gazing at the relics disclosed after seventeen centuries, we are amazed at the evidences of a civilisation so far beyond the barbarous tribes the Romans came to subdue, who may have been responsible for the ruder camp on the east Eildon. To the descendants of the conquered now belongs the greater Empire.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXVI.—A WOMAN'S IDEALS.

THE work Jack was now doing exactly suited his temperament. It was rich in the element of adventure; it carried him out of the commonplace; it needed subtlety, resource, initiative. He would have made a bad clerk, but he was of a cool and daring spirit which found in danger a tonic; and the work he was doing was certainly dangerous. His life hung in peril every moment while he was in Paris. Detection meant instant and shameful death. The missions on which he was sent needed more than a soldier's courage, for they knew no comradeship and lacked the tumult and excitement of actual battle. But it kindled all his faculties, as wine might have kindled his senses, to feel that he was pitting his wit in a deadly and constant duel with a whole city of foes.

His work brought him more than once into contact with Pitt himself, who told the Permanent Secretary that his new agent should never be sent on errands so perilous except as a volunteer. 'The business,' he said, 'is too dangerous to be made compulsory.'

'The young fellow enjoys the work,' was the Secretary's answer. 'He looks on it as a game of chess, and is as cool over it as if Paris were only a chessboard and he a player.'

'Yes,' said Pitt; 'but his head is the stake he risks.'

Jack was in this way steadily drifting into what may be called the subterranean work of the Foreign Office. He discovered, however, that Denise at this point had a disconcerting lack of sympathy with him. She fell silent when he talked over this part of his work. Her brain was so quick, her response to every mood in his mind so sure and swift, that this silent breach of interest puzzled him. Here was some subtle discord of judgment betwixt them, but why he could not guess. Then he remembered that France and England were at war, and he could hardly expect a generous-hearted French girl like Denise to sympathise with enterprises intended to injure the France she loved so much.

One afternoon Jack intercepted Denise as she returned from giving a lesson, and persuaded her to stroll with him in the Green Park. It was late in autumn. The day had been hot, but the great trees threw long black shadows on the soft turf, and the pair found a cool and quiet seat under a roof of whispering leaves. Jean looked at his companion as they sat in the deep shade, and thought how the perfect oval of her face, the delicate brows, the deep, quick eyes, the pure cheeks in which the colour came and went so swiftly, made a picture to kindle the imagination of an artist, still more that of a lover.

'Denise,' he said presently, 'I must go to Paris again. The Office wants some new work done there, and does me the honour of thinking I am the fittest person to do it.'

Denise was watching with dreamy eyes the glory of the setting sun, the piled splendour of the clouds; but as he spoke she turned and looked at him, and he saw a sudden gleam of purpose come into her eyes.

'Jack,' she said with decision, 'I do not like it. This is not the work for you. It is unworthy of you. What the Office asks you to do is to play the spy, and the spy's work is base. You must act a part, use lies as your weapons, and only succeed by deceiving everybody.'

'Well, Denise, it is war; and I must do what a soldier would do. I must obey orders.'

'But you are not a soldier. A soldier, too, fights with honest weapons; but a spy fights with tricks. Yes,' she repeated, with emphasis, while her face flushed; 'the work is not worthy of you.'

'If I do not go they must use French agents, and they can get them readily enough.'

'Yes; amongst so many millions of Frenchmen there are base spirits who would sell their native land for a few francs. But why should you do their work?'

'I cannot refuse with honour.'

'You cannot accept with honour.'

They had drawn a little apart, and were facing each other. Jack saw the kindled face of the girl, with purpose and conviction in every line of it. It seemed to him more beautiful than ever, and yet it stung him, and his nature was stubborn.

'I should risk being called a coward,' he said with a touch of anger, 'if I refused to go.'

'It is better to be called base than to be base,' she replied with spirit.

'And do you think me base for the work of this sort I have already done?' he asked with a still deeper note of anger.

'Oh John!' she cried, illogically enough, while her sensitive lips quivered and her eyes grew suddenly wet with tears, 'how can you ask me that?'

Jack, however, sat biting his finger-nails. Here was another gulf suddenly revealed betwixt himself and the woman he thought the fairest in the world. Must he put his duty in one scale and his love in the other? If so, whichever way the scales inclined meant disaster.

'It is my duty,' he said at last; 'and duty is final.'

Denise hesitated. 'Don't you misread your duty?' she asked softly. 'If you were a soldier, and were setting out on an expedition against France—the France I love—I should think it cruel, but I could

not bid you stay. But to go to Paris to crouch, to hide, to wear a disguise, to tell lies, and to act lies—this,' she said, rising to her feet energetically—'*this* will soil your conscience.'

Jack was strangely silent that night as he sat in his aunt's drawing-room; and that lady, whose quick eyes few things escaped, noted the smileless face, the clouded brow, the long intervals of brooding silence. Presently she startled him by asking sharply what had happened. Jack stared and hesitated, while Robert Lawrence looked at him with an amused glance; for an aggrieved lover—to the dispassionate observer—always has a somewhat absurd aspect.

'He has had a talk with Denise,' he said shrewdly, 'and does not want to waste speech on less interesting people.'

'Don't tease him, Robert,' expostulated his wife, while she clicked her knitting-needles with emphasis. 'Something has gone wrong.—Tell us what it is.'

With an effort Jack shook off his mood of gloom. He was ashamed, indeed, that his trouble had been so quickly read.

'Well,' he said, 'Denise has a new quarrel with me; at least not with me, but with the work I am doing. She declares it is not honourable.' And he told the story of the talk in the park.

His hearers listened in silence. The click of his aunt's knitting-needles was more energetic than ever for a few moments after he finished.

'I think Denise is right,' said that lady at last. 'I never liked the work you have been doing. A spy! The part is mean! They should get dirty tools for this dirty work, and not your father's son.'

Jack repeated all the arguments he had used to Denise. 'A man,' he concluded, 'must serve his country in the way his country asks.' And this particular work he could do perhaps more safely than any one else.

His aunt, however, listened to his arguments with a series of impatient sniffs. 'Do not blame Denise,' she said at last more gently; 'at all events she is jealous for your honour.'

'I can guard my own honour,' Jack answered sulkily.

His uncle, meanwhile, sat puffing his cigar in silence—a silence that at last exasperated his nephew.

'What do you say, sir?' he asked.

'The work has to be done, I suppose; but, to be frank, I do not like my brother's son doing it. And Denise is wiser for you than she knows. This kind of work won't really serve your career. It can bring you no public recognition. And you do it so well that they will keep you doing it, and so you will be doing underhand work to the end of your days. You are missing the great prizes of your profession. You have done enough of this sort of work to show your quality, and you are entitled to ask to be transferred to some other branch of Foreign Office duty. If you do not take some such step you will do the work of a mole to the end of your days, and you will get the reward of a mole.'

'What is that?'

'To be buried before you are dead; to live underground; to work under conditions that soil you.'

Jack Lawrence paced his bedroom that night for long hours in a very undecided mood. He was vexed at bottom that Denise had a more sensitive regard for his honour and a clearer vision of what that honour required than he had himself. She saw the flaw in his career with quicker eyes than his own. But he began presently to analyse his own feelings. Why was he so reluctant to refuse the task offered him? Was it the dread of seeming to be a coward? But that feeling itself was only a subtle form of cowardice. Yes, he would accept Denise's reading of duty, and ask his chief to exempt him from this particular task.

He felt next day that to walk in some disguise through a Paris mob was a less trying experience than to go to the room of his chief and explain his request. That gentleman, however, listened quietly.

'You have earned the right,' he said at last, 'to say "No."'

'If you tell me it is necessary to go, sir,' replied Jack, his face flushing, 'of course I will go.'

'No; we must use our own agents on the spot, and perhaps we can make some better use of you.'

He reflected a moment. 'We want to send a Foreign Office agent,' he said, 'to Egypt. Sir Sydney Smith has tangled up things there, for a good sailor may be a bad diplomatist. You shall take the despatches we are sending to the Capitan Pasha. The transport sails at the end of this week, so you must go at short notice, and you may have to stay there some months, as sooner or later we shall be sending an expedition to the East.'

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE NORTH POLE.

By the Rev. D. GATH WHITLEY.

ABOUT forty years ago some American travellers were sledging in the depth of winter over the snowy wastes of northern Siberia, and one of the party portrays the awful desolation of that land of everlasting winter in the following words:

'It was a land of desolation. A great level steppe, as boundless to the weary eye as the ocean itself, stretched away in every direction to the far horizon, without a single tree or bush to relieve its white, snowy surface. Nowhere did we see any sign of animal or vegetable life, any suggestion of summer or flowers or warm sunshine, to brighten the dreary waste of storm-drifted snow. White, cold, and silent, it lay before us like a vast frozen ocean, lighted up faintly by the slender crescent of the waning moon in the east, and the weird blue streamers of the aurora, which went racing swiftly back and forth along the northern horizon. Even when the sun rose, huge and fiery, in a haze of frozen moisture at the south, it did not seem to infuse any warmth or life into the bleak, wintry landscape. It only drowned, in a dull red glare, the blue tremulous streamers of the aurora, and the white radiance of the moon and stars tinged the snow with a faint colour like a stormy sunset, and lighted up a splendid mirage in the north-west which startled us with its solemn mockery of familiar scenes. The wand of the Northern Enchanter touched the barren snowy steppe, and it suddenly became a blue tropical lake, upon whose distant shore rose the walls, domes, and slender minarets of a vast Oriental city. Masses of luxuriant foliage seemed to overhang the clear blue water, and to be reflected in its depths, while the white walls above just caught the first flush of the rising sun. Never was the illusion of summer in winter, of life in death, more palpable or more perfect. One almost instinctively glanced around to assure himself, by the sight of familiar objects, that it was not a dream; but as his eye turned again to the north-west across the dim blue lake, the vast tremulous outlines of the mirage still confronted him in their unearthly beauty, and the "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" seemed by their mysterious solemnity to rebuke the doubt which would ascribe them to a dream. The bright apparition faded, glowed, and faded again into indistinctness, and from its ruins rose two colossal pillars sculptured from rose quartz, which gradually united their capitals and formed a titanic arch like the grand portal of heaven. This, in turn, melted into an extensive fortress, with massive bastions and buttresses, flanking towers, and deep embrasures, and salient and re-entering angles, whose shadows and perspective were as natural as reality itself.'*

This grand mirage, in which trees, plants, and flowers seemed to float above the snow, is typical of the mystery of the North Pole. The present ice and snow which bury so much of the North Pole did not always exist in the Aretic regions, and only originated *recently*. Long ago there was a magnificent and a *warm* climate all around the North Pole. Then great forests with noble trees and beautiful flowers covered the whole of the Arctic regions. Then the brilliant and golden sunlight glowed with a tropical heat over those Polar regions which are now covered with snow. This is the mystery of the North Pole. Let us examine the evidences for this marvel.

We will begin by stating the well-known fact that the greatest cold at present in the Northern Hemisphere *is not at the North Pole*. The two regions where the most extreme cold now prevails in the Northern Hemisphere are in north-eastern Siberia, about two hundred miles to the north-east of the city of Yakutsk, and in the Parry Islands, which lie in the Arctic regions to the north of North America. From these two points the climate becomes *warmer*, and the temperature *rises* as we journey northwards towards the North Pole. Thus it was that Peary in the extreme north of Greenland found a region with a milder climate and a better vegetation than he had met with farther to the south. The occurrence, also, of large spaces of *open water* in the extreme north of the Arctic regions, while the southern portions are still fast frozen, is an astonishing fact. When Nordenskiold was shut up in the ice on the coast of northern Siberia in the winter of 1878–79, he could always tell by the colour of the sky far to the north that, while the vessel in which he was confined was shut up in the ice which extended as far as the eye could reach, far away to the north the sea was *open* and unfrozen all through the winter. Admiral Wrangell's experience is still more extraordinary. Again and again, in the depth of winter, he left the coast of Siberia in sledges and journeyed northwards over the frozen ocean on vast sheets of ice. The farther northwards he advanced the thinner the ice became, until at last there stretched away to the north the boundless, open, and unfrozen sea. This was in the depth of winter. The amazing spectacle is thus described by Wrangell:

'We climbed one of the loftiest ice-hills, when we obtained an extensive view towards the north, and whence we beheld the wide, immeasurable ocean spread before our gaze. It was fearful and magnificent, but to us a melancholy spectacle!

* *Tent-Life in Siberia*, by George Kennan, pp. 253-255.

Fragments of ice of enormous size floated on the surface of the agitated ocean, and were thrown by the waves with awful violence against the edge of the ice-field on the farther side of the channel before us. The collisions were so tremendous that large masses were every instant broken away, and it was evident that the portion of ice which still divided the channel from the open ocean would soon be completely destroyed. Had we attempted to ferry ourselves across upon one of the floating pieces of ice, we should not have found firm footing upon our arrival. Even on our own side fresh lanes of water were continually forming and extending in every direction in the field of ice behind us. We could go no farther.' *

This discovery was confirmed by the investigations of Anjou, Hedenström, and Tartarinoff.

It appears, then, that at the present day there exists all through the winter in the heart of the Arctic regions a vast expanse of *unfrozen sea*, the size of which is unknown. This open portion of the ocean is surrounded by a region of thick ice and intense cold; but where the open ocean extends, in the extreme north, a milder climate prevails.

Let us now go back to the state of things in the Northern Hemisphere which *immediately preceded* the present condition of the Arctic regions. This chapter in the earth's history, which in northern lands occurred immediately before the present climate prevailed, is called the Mammoth Period. At that time, during which man appeared on the earth and spread over Europe and Asia, the Northern Arctic regions had a mild climate. At the present time all the northern parts of Siberia near the shores of the Polar Sea are destitute of trees and even of bushes, while the islands in the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia are utterly desolate, and only grow mosses and a few diminutive grasses. But in the Mammoth Period great trees grew all along the coast of northern Siberia, although no vegetation grows there now. The skeletons of these ancient trees, dry, withered, and dead, may be found now standing up erect in the frozen cliffs, where there are no *living trees* until one reaches a point nearly two hundred miles to the south. Far out in the depths of the Arctic Ocean, to the north of Siberia, lie the Liakoff and the New Siberian Islands. No trees or even bushes grow on these icy wildernesses now. Nevertheless these desolate islands are full of *dead* trees, which stand upright although they are *perfectly lifeless!* These icy islands were covered with forests during the Mammoth Period. At that time so mild was the climate of northern Siberia that a vigorous vegetation of trees, grass, and bushes covered the plains where now there is *no vegetation whatever*. Then animal life swarmed in those regions which are now empty and lifeless. The mighty mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the strange musk-ox, the great buffalo, and the wild horse, all roamed at that time over the plains of northern Siberia. Nor was this so very long ago, for it occurred since man appeared on the earth.

In the Arctic regions, to the north of North America, the same warm climate prevailed during the Mammoth Period, and a vigorous vegetation of great forests flourished then where now neither trees nor bushes will grow. Sir Edward Belcher many years ago, in the heart of the Arctic regions north of North America, discovered traces of these ancient forests of the Mammoth Age. Whilst exploring the dreary and sterile shores of Wellington Channel (latitude seventy-five degrees thirty-two minutes north) he found the remains of a large tree which was in the exact place in which it grew. 'I at once perceived,' he says, 'that it was no spar, and not placed there by human agency; it was the trunk and root of a tree which had apparently grown there and flourished, but at what date who will venture to say? It is, indeed, one of the questions involved in the change of this climate. As the men proceeded with the removal of the frozen clay surrounding the roots, which were completely cemented as it were into the frozen mass, breaking off short, like earthenware, they gradually developed the roots as well as what appeared to be portions of leaves and other parts of the tree which had become embedded where they fell. . . . Two neighbouring mounds were also dug into, but they proved to be peat—doubtless other stumps and vegetable matter—the only remaining traces of what might at some distant period have been a forest.' † The tree was found to be a pine. During the Mammoth Period, therefore, the Arctic regions were covered with great pine-forests. How came the climate to change, and why did the forests disappear? We do not know, and we cannot even conjecture.

Geologists describe a period of ice and snow which prevailed over a large portion of the Northern Hemisphere, and which immediately preceded the Mammoth Period, and this great winter has been called the Glacial Period. It is singular, however, that this great era of ice does not seem to have prevailed in the regions around the North Pole. In the Arctic regions north of Siberia there are no traces of huge glaciers or of huger ice-sheets, and the climate which prevails now is the *coldest* that has ever existed in the Polar Sea which lies to the north of Siberia. It is the same with the Arctic regions of North America. M. Schei, who lately made most elaborate geological explorations in these Polar lands, has declared that they contain no traces of any colder climate than that which exists there at present, and that he found no indications of a Glacial Period in these Arctic regions.‡ M. Schei's geological discoveries are most valuable, and were carried on in connection with Captain Sverdrup's expedition which took place in the years

* *Siberia and the Polar Sea*, p. 333.

† *The Last of the Arctic Voyages*, vol. i. p. 380.

‡ *Geographical Journal*, July 1903, pp. 64, 65.

1898–1902. We reach this remarkable conclusion, therefore, that while the northern parts of Europe and of North America—that is, Sweden, Great Britain, and Scandinavia, as well as Canada—were covered with huge glaciers and ice-sheets during the Glacial Period, around the North Pole *at the same time* a far milder climate prevailed, and there were no ice-sheets in the Arctic regions at that era.

But we are as yet only on the threshold of mystery, and are only beginning the investigation. We will now go back to the next earliest chapter in the history of the earth, which is called the Tertiary Period. *

At that time the climate of Iceland was so warm that the vine and the tulip-tree grew in that desolate land, and the presence of these plants, the remains of which have been found in Iceland, prove incontestably that at that time this Arctic island possessed a climate fifteen or twenty degrees Fahrenheit warmer than it does to-day. The great desolate island of Spitzbergen, which now has no vegetation, and is often made the starting-point for Arctic expeditions, was covered with splendid woods of poplar, hazel, beech, plane-tree, lime, and cypress, the remains of which have all been found in great abundance in Spitzbergen. As this land is a wilderness of ice and snow for the greater part of the year, the discovery has created the greatest amazement among scientists, for that such a vigorous vegetation should have flourished in latitude seventy-eight degrees fifty-six minutes north—that is, within twelve degrees of the North Pole, where there is now scarcely any vegetation whatever—is truly astonishing. In Greenland also in those days, in latitude seventy degrees north, there grew forests of poplars, oaks, and walnuts, which imply a high summer temperature. So wonderful are the remains of the Polar vegetation that Professor Heer very correctly concludes that at that time forests of pines, alders, poplars, and willows covered the North Pole itself, if there was land there. The trunks of these great trees in Greenland can still be seen standing upright but quite dead. In the islands in the Arctic Ocean to the north of Siberia, the remains of trees which now only grow far to the south have also been found. They were not *washed* to their present position, but grew where they have been discovered. How came this warm climate to have prevailed at that time all over the North Polar regions, where now there is ice and snow, and six months of total darkness? We do not know.

We take a farther step backward into the past ages, and we read a *still earlier* chapter in the earth's history. This chapter is called by geologists the *Secondary Period*. What does it tell us about the Arctic regions? It shows us that at that far-distant time the climate of the regions all around the North Pole was not only warm but *hot*—in fact, as hot as the climate which now prevails in the tropics! This is proved by the fact that at that time enormous reefs of coral grew in the seas around the North Pole. We know that the reef-building corals are now confined to the hottest parts of the ocean, and cannot live beyond a short distance north or south of the Equator. So hot were the waters around the North Pole during the Secondary Period that not only did corals build reefs in the Arctic Seas, but a *tropical vegetation* then flourished in the Arctic regions! In Prince Patrick's Island, latitude seventy-seven degrees ten minutes north, and in other parts of the Polar regions to the north of North America, numerous remains of plants and animals and large reptiles have been found, such as only now live in *hot* countries. The magnificent cephalopod shells, the ammonites (allied to the nautilus), have been found there and in the Arctic islands in the sea to the north of Siberia. Here, then, we have the amazing fact that long ago a *hot* climate prevailed all over the North Polar regions, a climate as hot as that of the present tropical lands. How came this about? We are in utter ignorance.

We go back one step farther into the past ages, and we discover that, in an entirely new and still *older* order of things, a hot climate existed in still more remote days—that is, Palæozoic times—all over the North Pole. Enormous beds of coal have been found in many places in the Arctic regions of the north, and these belong to the true Carboniferous Period. Coal, as even the children at school know, is formed of vegetable matter, and originated from the decay of immense forests. These forests were formed of trees, bushes, and shrubs which required moisture and *heat*, and the luxuriance of the coal-forests must have been indescribable. 'In no other age,' says Hugh Miller, 'did the world ever witness such a flora. The youth of the earth was peculiarly a green and umbrageous youth, a youth of dusk and tangled forests, of huge pines and stately araucarias, of the reed-like calamite, the tall tree-fern, the sculptured sigillaria, and the hirsute lepidodendron. Wherever dry land or shallow lake or running stream appeared, from where Melville Island now spreads out its ice-wastes under the star of the Pole, to where the arid plains of Australia lie solitary beneath the bright cross of the south, a rank and luxuriant herbage cumbered every foot-breadth of the dank and steaming soil; and even to distant planets our earth must have shone through the enveloping cloud with a green and delicate ray.' †

The remains of these wonderful forests of the coal-measures have been found *all over* the Arctic regions—in northern Siberia on the Lena, in Melville Island in latitude seventy-five degrees, at the extreme northern point of Siberia, in Bear Island in latitude seventy-four degrees thirty-six minutes north, and particularly in Coal Fiord in latitude seventy-eight degrees north, in the very

* More particularly the Miocene Era of the Tertiary Period.

† *Testimony of the Rocks*, pp. 135, 136.

heart of the Arctic regions, where remains of the coal-forests were found by Captain Sverdrup in 1900–1902.

We pursue the investigation no further. We have seen that the Arctic regions never had their climate of snow and ice until *recently*. In every stage of the earth's history except the *present* the Arctic regions had a warm and even a *hot* climate. How came the climate to change? What extraordinary revolution in nature caused the present conditions of ice and snow to prevail over the regions of the North Pole? Science is dumb. We may conjecture; we do not know.

The coal-beds found by Captain Sverdrup were found in the heart of the Arctic regions, and were covered with great trunks of fossilised trees which once grew there.* These trees resembled the famous 'Big Trees' of California. In Bennett Island, which lies in the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia, and is even farther to the north than the New Siberian Islands (which contain remains of the mammoth), the American explorers found the remains of a former luxuriant vegetation.† This was in the form of a bituminous coal, which was very abundant and burnt rapidly. Still more remarkable is the discovery of true coal, formed from the decay of a grand vegetation, by Mr Hart of the English expedition in 1876. This coal was found in the extreme north of the Arctic regions, in latitude eighty-one degrees fifty minutes north and longitude sixty-four degrees west.‡ When these forests were growing the Arctic regions must have had a warm climate. Why did it pass away? We cannot tell.

ÆNEAS OF THE FORTY-FIVE.

CHAPTER III.

IT was the hottest summer we had ever known. We were almost too wildly happy to remember our sorrow, Eelin and I. News came to us now and then. The Prince had gone to France, and many with him. I was glad he was safe, the poor lad; I would fight for him again if need be. But my heart and soul were in the cave above the waves of Rathmor. My wild forty would have put their shock-heads under her little feet for love of her beauty and her sweet ways.

'*Dia*, but why didn't we carry her off when we had a castle to put her in? This is not fit for her,' said old Diarmid MacColla, who always spoke his mind to me if he thought agreeably of me or otherwise.

. . . . . .

One evening, I remember, I came home alone to our cave. From inside I heard her singing, in her sweet, soft way, an old song the women of my clan had always sung. Perhaps women had sung it before Columba crossed the Moyle. It is hard enough to translate, but thus it went:

Oh Master of Love! victorious, terrible, tender,
Hear of thy mercy the cry of the women that love maketh mothers!

Something went through my heart like a knife as I listened at the cave-door. I could see her face as she sang. It was alight with a sort of glory that made her look more unlike a mortal woman than ever. Next instant I was in the cave and had her in my arms, saying God knows what wild words of love, with wilder fear for her in my heart which I did not show.

She put up one little hand and stroked my face. All she said was, 'Oh Æneas, Æneas, I am very happy!'

'Remember,' I said, 'that I have nothing else in all the world.' I stopped, for I could not go on.

She laughed very softly. 'I think I am too happy to go,' she said simply. 'But even so, I would never leave thee, Æneas.'

I remember we sat and talked long by the cave-fire that night.

It was winter. The thought of that winter makes me shiver even as I write in the sunshine of Provence; for, like most of my kin now, I wear the uniform and subsist on the pay of Louis of France. I remember a woman touching my shoulder, and the words she spoke, with our grim fatalism that never changes: 'God pity thee, MacColla; thy son is dead!' Did I care for that? I only thought of Eelin. Dying, they said. But I swore to myself savagely that she should not die. And yet there were blue shadows about her mouth and under the closed eyes, as she lay on the couch in the inner cave. Many a modern so-called Christian would have resigned himself to a higher Power, but I would not. My father had often said that we of Innis Bala had never accepted Columba or Patrick. 'A cowherd,' the old chief would remark, referring to the latter saint. And perhaps the hot pagan blood of Æneas the Milesian and others of his kind counted even as late as now. 'Go out!' I said to the woman there. She looked at me once, crossed herself, and went. Then I knelt down and put my lips against the little ear under the soft curls.

'Eelin!' I said. There was no response. 'Eelin!' I said again insistently. There was the faintest

* *New Land; or, Four Years in the Arctic Regions*, by Otto Sverdrup, vol. ii. pp. 272, 402, 460.

† *The Voyage of the Jeannette*, by Emma de Long, vol. ii. pp. 680, 682.

‡ *The Great Frozen Sea*, by Captain Markham, pp. 394. 395.

flutter of the little hand in mine. Then I spoke on. 'You will not leave me? Come back! come back!' Heavens, how I longed to take her in my arms! But I knew that I must not, for it would have weakened my will at once, and then I should have lost her. So I only held her hand and repeated monotonously, 'Come back! come back!' As I did it I knew that I was not in the cave; neither was Eelin. I was in a strange, gray shadow, and I was trying to find her, even as she was trying to find me.

Suddenly a far-away small voice came to me: 'Æneas, where are you? I cannot find him; what *shall* I do?'

And I answered steadily, 'I am here, close to you.'

'Æneas,' said the sad, sweet voice, 'the water is cold on my feet.'

I set my teeth and gripped the two tiny feet in my hand, as I bent over her closer. Then I knew that I was drawing her back to me, and knew more than ever that our love was no weak thing.

'Æneas,' sighed the soft voice contentedly, and somehow it sounded nearer now, 'the water has slipped back. I am so sleepy.'

From that moment I knew I had dragged her back to me by the power of love.

All night I knelt there. The power in me seemed locked, as it were, round the one desire so tightly that now it would not break. As she slept I felt the little figure grow warmer and warmer against my heart. At sunrise I knew that I could leave her safely for a while, and I thought I had better leave her, because the cave was beginning to spin about in an odd way. Every bit of strength seemed to have been drained out of me. I had not felt so exhausted even after Culloden. As I went out I staggered into the arms of old Diarmid. I hardly saw him or heard him speak as he made me sit down and forced a glass of French brandy down my throat. I suppose I was pretty near fainting, like a woman. Then I heard old Diarmid's words: 'Ah, ha! it takes a strong man to do *that*, chief. The old woman told me, and—ran; she said you were not canny, but that sure you would save *her*.' I sat up, feeling better, as he went on, chuckling: 'She said you had the Old Knowledge in the black eyes of you, and that this was no place for a Christian woman. She was no MacColla, see thou?' ended the old man, sniffing and wiping his eyes. 'Thank God!' he said.

'Yes, Diarmid, thank God!' I said.

So I did not lose my love. For long afterwards I felt fierce and watchful, as if death might part us even as she grew better. It was then we got warning that if I wished to save my neck I must go. Outside the haven lay a French ship.

It hurts to write this part. Old Diarmid and Conan we took with us. The rest of my boys went to their homes. 'While thatch can hide gun and knife, while heather grows, we'll wait for you, MacColla,' they said. It was hard work to stand it calmly. It made it worse when a piper on the shore struck up a lament. Eelin went white and trembled. But she gave her little hands to the men who swarmed about us, and tried to speak cheerfully, to put some heart into them. One of them, a young one, had dropped on his knees and wept. She patted his shock head with her thin little hand, and that made him worse. I heaved him on to his feet by the shoulders and shook him roughly. 'Pull thyself together, fool!' I said, or words to that effect, adding a nowise pretty oath. God knows I was near enough to tears myself. Then I pushed him back to make room for others who wished to say farewell.

CHAPTER IV.

SOMETIMES I wonder what I should feel or do without the love that is the sun in my sky on the darkest day. No more children have come to us, and better so. It would only remind me that the Castle of Innis Bala is a ruined mass of stone. Had life been as it was! But that will be never again. My luck here is good; for some reason or other the King took a fancy to me, more than I did to him; but I am ungrateful. I have got this dwelling in Provence among the roses and the sunshine entirely by his favour.

Sometimes we go to Paris, Eelin and I. It was in Paris I took upon myself nearly to cause the death of Monsieur le Vicomte de Longville. It began by my having extraordinarily sharp ears; it also began by my having a pretty wife. Poor, sweet little Eelin! She looked like a white flower among those powdered, painted, and patched dames of the Court. She hated powder as much as I did. My father had loathed the custom; he called it effeminate. But some of the ladies said that Eelin was lovely. Her dark curls set off the whiteness of her skin more than powder would have done. Her life in the hills had made her supple as a boy, and therefore more graceful. That and her pretty ways made not only the ladies admire her.

Thus, one night at a Court ball, I found myself standing with others some short distance behind His Majesty. He and De Longville were discussing—me. I tried hard not to listen; but soon enough I felt bound to listen, right or wrong, when I heard another name coupled with mine.

'I like him,' the King was saying half-fretfully. 'Barbarous he may be, but he is a good soldier; and, *mon dieu!* I did not know men like that came out of Scotland. He is handsome as a black Greek, and I won't have him harmed, De Longville.'

'Handsome!' I thought. 'If they had only seen my father!' But then suddenly I felt the blood drum in my ears, for De Longville spoke.

'Sire, I would not harm him, this amiable pagan of thine; but—she is ice towards me. I doubt if she would ever hear reason, and he is jealous.

Almost one wonders if at home they do not keep a harem, these *Écossais sauvages*, and shut up their women.'

I felt the taste of blood in my mouth. I had bitten my lip. Not far off I could see Eelin, and I knew, as we often knew each other's thoughts, that she was longing to speak to me.

I strode up to the King and De Longville. I spoke to the King first. 'A thousand pardons, sire, but I would ask your Majesty's leave to speak a few words to this gentleman.'

The King looked at me uneasily; from where he stood De Longville looked at me so intently that I was almost uncomfortably conscious of my height.

'Say what you wish here, monsieur,' said the King, looking out for a new sensation, as usual.

So I spoke to De Longville stiffly: 'I must ask your pardon, monsieur, for unavoidably listening to words not meant for my ears. But they referred to madame my wife, and towards such words there is only one answer from me—this!' I slashed him across the face with the back of my hand. It hurt him, and it did me good. I heard some women near us scream.

The King suddenly rose to the occasion. 'There is only one answer to that, De Longville,' he said; and De Longville bowed and went to look for a second.

I found a friend of mine, Armand de Gascon. When we had arranged matters I went back to Eelin. She was very quiet, and very pale, as we stood and talked in the antechamber of the great room where the dance still went on. Suddenly I realised that if I happened to die she would be utterly alone, and here worse than alone. The place now felt unclean and unsafe to me; and, God knows, no MacColla of Innis Bala was ever named a saint! But I realised that to us both the place was alien and artificial, therefore evil. Against it stood two souls, Eelin and myself. Presently it might be Eelin alone. In our wild past days she would have seen me go and fight unafraid, but here she did not seem able to let me go. I talked lightly, and said I would be with her in the morning, and tried to loosen the clinging little hands.

A woman with an enormously high powdered coiffure suddenly entered quietly. 'Monsieur, if you will, I will take charge of your wife till you come back. With me she will come to no harm,' she said in a low voice.

I looked at her. It was the Marquise de Pompadour, and I knew she spoke truth. So I bowed and said, 'Madame, I cannot thank you enough.'

She fixed her eyes on me—beautiful eyes they were—in a look that was a challenge I could well have done without. Then back she looked to Eelin, expecting, I could see, disdain or dislike or fear. But she got neither.

'Thank you, madame; you are very kind,' said the poor child, and she put her hand gently into La Pompadour's.

Then I saw a strange thing. I saw La Pompadour flush scarlet under her paint; then she looked at me. 'I will take care of her, be sure of that, monsieur,' she said, and her eyes said, 'If you live or die.' So I went.

CHAPTER V.

IT appeared that I had wounded Monsieur le Vicomte severely. I believe he was a better fencer than I; but I was stronger, also I was coldly furious. Afterwards (it was then about five o'clock in the morning) I asked admittance to the apartments of Madame de Pompadour for the purpose of taking Eelin away. I found what I expected. Eelin was sitting alone, twisting and untwisting her little hands. Madame was in bed in the next room, shouting consolation from time to time. I could hear the brave, pitiful little voice choking over some courteous reply to madame's condolences. 'Yes, he is a brave fighter, madame. You will excuse me; but I was ill before I left home, otherwise we are used to swords.' Then silence. The yawning lackey admitted me. We forgot madame and everybody else for a time. Eelin was telling me how, last night, De Longville had spoken to her—had said he loved her. 'Love!' said little Eelin. 'As if *they* knew what love was!'

'What didst thou say, child?' I said, wishing sincerely I had finished De Longville once and for all.

'I?' said Eelin. 'I curtsied and I said, "Monsieur will do well to repeat his words to the MacColla; otherwise I myself will repeat them."'

'I did hear them from him,' I said. 'I was furious. I am very proud of thee, darling.'

'A very pretty scene,' said madame, appearing in the doorway in a state of elegant undress. She insisted upon our remaining to breakfast with her. So we drank her excellent coffee gratefully. She talked all the time. Eelin was very quiet. I talked to madame, but somehow my eyes kept wandering to the eyes I loved, and I saw that the soft colour was coming back to the pale, sweet face.

Madame laughed suddenly, and her laugh did not sound quite real. '*Mon dieu*, what lovers!' she said. 'It is as one reads in the old stories with you two.'

Eelin's eyes met hers softly. 'Madame understands?' she said.

'No,' said madame simply; 'I do not understand. I can wonder at it, but that is all. It is not for me—eh, Æneas the Greek?' She turned to me sharply, giving me the King's nickname, as she often did.

The look in her eyes seemed to frighten Eelin in some way, for she turned to me; and—what did madame matter?—I took her in my arms, and she hid her face against my breast. Then I spoke to

madame. 'I will take her away. Thank you again for your kindness, madame.'

'Yes,' said madame slowly, 'it will be best—to take her away.'

Then suddenly Eelin seemed to recover herself, and she thanked her also, then put up her face to kiss madame. I heard madame choke back a sob as she bent and kissed Eelin. Then she turned to me, and I bowed and kissed her hand.

'With your wife's permission, not my hand, Æneas,' she said, laughing unsteadily.

So I bent and saluted La Pompadour. Then we turned and left her.

Thus, whatever the world may say of La Pompadour, she has my homage, for she is a fair woman, and kind, because she had goodwill towards the one whom I love above all things.

. . . . . .

Next day we went to Provence. When we do go to Paris now things are rather different. As Armand de Gascon said once, 'There is something in being six-foot-five and looking like a fury when one is insulted.' Through all things La Pompadour is our friend. So we live. Some day, perhaps, we shall go home, little Eelin and I—who knows? But I know it will be changed for the worse. For the rest, 'Mayst thou know such good love,' were my father's last words to me. And I know it! I know it! She is sitting among the roses now, and her thoughts are among the sea-washed crags of Rathmor, where we met that day. In spite of our sorrow for our lost land, we know that wherever love is, that is home. For me, I know that without little Eelin, Paradise would be hell, and with her hell would be Paradise. And for her I know it is the same.

So with this, the last descendant of Æneas the Milesian, who now is Æneas of the King of France's army, bids you farewell.

THE END.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CENCI.

PART II.

WHEN Pope Clement heard that Beatrice had finally confessed her guilt, he is reported to have said in an outburst of wild fury (we must hope, for the sake of humanity, not knowing the true facts), 'Let them all be tied to the tails of wild horses and dragged along the streets until they are dead. Let their bodies then be cast into the Tiber.' But the cardinals, in the interests of their order, united with Farinacci to dissuade the Pope from such insensate cruelty, and Clement himself when calmer did not persist in his savage resolve. Farinacci wrested, also, at last a reluctantly granted permission from the Pontiff, in behalf of himself and his colleagues, to plead the cause of the four Cenci before the criminal court.

Beatrice, James, Bernard, and the Lady Lucretia Petreni Cenci were therefore arraigned before the court on their own confession of having encompassed the death of Count Francis Cenci by hired assassins. Pale, worn by moral and physical anguish, they stood at the bar of that ruthless tribunal wan spectres of their former selves. Long and eloquent were the speeches of the three defenders of the accused, but longest and most eloquent of all was the speech of Farinacci as he pleaded passionately for the life of Beatrice. The turpitude, the insane cruelties, the unspeakable crimes of Francis Cenci were all set forth in winged words of scathing obloquy, and the trials so patiently endured for so long, the nobility of character of her who stood now before them, were forcibly dwelt upon by the great orator. As period after period rolled forth in thrilling accents, even the case-hardened judges who sat there to condemn were stirred to unwonted emotion. His concluding words were: 'Yes, Lady Beatrice has confessed to having slain her father with her own hand, but also in self-defence, and to save life and honour. She slew her father, 'tis true—how we have seen, and who the slain man was we also know. He was one who had rejoiced at the death of three of his sons, and longed for the death of the others; one who, far from protecting or loving his children, persecuted and hated them, and strove to corrupt both mind and body. Can such a man be called a father? Assuredly not. Nay, the worthier of death from his disregard of his duties and his violation of all laws human and divine. It were a profanation of the name to call Francis Cenci a father, and such my lips refuse to call him who was the jailer or executioner of his children. No, my lords; Beatrice, the pure Roman virgin, loving daughter, is no parricide, but the defender of her own outraged modesty, of her menaced life. She only struck in the last extremity, after having sought and implored the aid of man in vain. No, you cannot doom Beatrice Cenci, for if this ye do ye condemn innocence and virtue in the same breath.'

A murmur of admiration—checked, it is said, only by the presence of the Pope from breaking out into loud applause—followed the conclusion of the orator's speech, to which the commanding stature, sonorous voice, and delivery of the speaker lent additional force. Applauded on all sides, confident in the justice of the cause he had pleaded for, on hearing that the sentence would be given late at night Farinacci went home—not to rest, indeed, but to give himself up to one of those nights of dissipation in which this singular and inconsistent man was wont to indulge between his hours of

study and professional work. The dread news reached him there, if we are to trust the old chronicle, that all had been found guilty, and had been sentenced: Lucretia, Beatrice, and Bernard to be beheaded; James to be maced or brained; all were to be torn with red-hot pincers and quartered, and to forfeit their estates to the apostolic treasury.

The only grace granted by the descendant of St Peter was to remit the penalty of being torn by pincers and quartered in the case of Lucretia and Beatrice, and life was granted to Bernard, a boy of twelve, on condition that he should be present on the scaffold during the doing to death of his brother, sister, and second mother. Such were the mercies of the Head of the Church, of the so-called Holy Father.

Lucretia and Beatrice were to be beheaded, though the sole evidence against them was a confession wrung from the former by torture, from the second by the pangs of the rack and cord, or made in the hope of saving her brothers and the Lady Lucretia, of a deed which was done at most in self-defence, certainly to escape shocking ill-usage and constant brutality.

Bernard, with an atrocious mockery of justice, was condemned to assist at the execution of Beatrice and Lucretia and at the butchery of his brother, and to the galleys for life, although a mere child, who, even if he had had a knowledge of the crime beforehand, would have been powerless to prevent it.

James, the last, whose barbarous execution as related with all its ghastly particulars by the powerful pen of Guerrazzi, was residing in Rome at the time of the murder, and, though living in straits, had not been reduced to desperation like Beatrice or Lucretia. He too had confessed under torture, but had recanted later on, and he had been exonerated by the compelled or voluntary confession of Beatrice.

The sentence, however, was not carried out immediately; rumours even had begun to circulate of a reprieve or further commutation of the punishment. Public opinion, such as it was, had been stirred up by the incidents of the trial, and great pity was felt for the accused throughout Rome—especially for Beatrice, whose youth, beauty, and courage had moved all hearts. The Romans might well hesitate before the tide-wave of compassion and indignation which was sweeping over the city, which would subside shortly, but which was very high and threatening at that juncture. While the balance was perhaps wavering for a conditional pardon of one or two of the accused, an event occurred which dulled the edge of the pity of some and awoke fears or doubts in others, and gave the authorities the pretext they wanted; it may really have influenced some. This event was the murder of a noble Roman lady by her son, a kinsman of the Cenci. There could be no pardon for the matricide, whose hand had dealt the blow merely that he might come into his inheritance; but the deed, though differing so essentially from that attributed to the Cenci, resembled it outwardly, and no pains were spared in order to confuse the two deeds. The die was cast. The Governor of Rome received on the 10th of September the warrant for the execution of the sentence.

The 11th of September, which was to be the last day on earth for Beatrice and the two others, dawned in that gorgeous Roman sky which is so frequently to be seen even in midwinter. Beatrice and the Lady Lucretia prepared themselves resignedly and courageously to meet their end.

From the Via Giulia to the Square of St Angelo, where the scaffold had been erected, the condemned had to wend their way slowly through the city. Guarded by soldiers, pikemen, and horsemen, accompanied by hooded forms of the brotherhood of the Misericordia whose duty was to attend and comfort the dying, followed by thousands whom pity or curiosity or both had attracted, they reached the Chapel of St Celsius, where they were to await and be led forth one by one for execution. The two ladies had been joined on the way by James and Bernard, who had been confined in another prison, that of the Torre di Nena. Sister and brother embraced and parted for the last time in the Church of St Celsius; but James was to die last. The Lady Lucretia Cenci was the first to be led out. She displayed constancy and composure in her last moments, only shrinking from the polluting touch of the executioner when he approached to divest her of her veil and mantle or cape; she shrank also from the gaze of the multitude when exposed thus half-dressed, but she never shrank from death. With the pious exclamation, 'O Lord, have pity on my soul, who is coming before Thee for judgment!' she was adjusted, but with difficulty, on the fatal plank. Her last words were, 'This is truly a hard bed to lie on.' Her head fell the instant after, and, according to custom, was held up by the doomsman, who showed it to the people, saying, 'This is the head of the Lady Lucretia Petreni Cenci!'

Beatrice was next led to the scaffold, accompanied by the members of the Misericordia. The executioner accosted her with unwonted reverence, for as she stood there, the fairest maiden in Rome, even he felt reluctant to undo nature's handiwork; and as the people round realised that all that loveliness, and in their opinion all that innocence, was about to perish under the axe, they gave vent to their feelings in sighs and groans, and a rush was made to rescue her; but the ill-concerted attempt was easily baffled. The rescuers were held back by the pikes of the footmen, and charged by the grim horsemen, who rode them down and closed round the scaffold again, where Beatrice was standing still, waiting for the tumult to subside before speaking her few last words to her brother Bernard, whose punishment was to witness the death of all those he loved. She spoke to him gently, and lovingly kissed him, and then turning to the headsman, asked him what she had to do; and being told,

she laid herself in her turn on the plank, and the axe, descending, cut short the life of one who, young in years but old in sorrow, is still remembered by the people of Rome as one of the most tragic figures in her tragic history. According to a popular tradition, the head was not held up by the executioner, but by Beatrice's confessor, who crowned it with a wreath of roses, and, showing it to the people, cried, 'This is the head of Beatrice Cenci, a maiden of Rome.'

The third victim, James Cenci, walked swiftly to his dreadful doom, which, awful as it was, he welcomed as a relief from his unendurable sufferings. Not one particular of the disgusting and cruel sight was spared the younger brother, and Bernard swooned away with horror.

The dismembered remains of James Cenci were buried in the family vault of St Thomas's Church; those of Lucretia were delivered for burial to her brother, who had them inhumed in the family Church of St Gregory. Beatrice's resting-place was St Peter in Montorio on the Janiculum.

The vast estates of the Cenci were declared forfeited to the apostolic exchequer, and for the greater part were eventually bestowed on members of the Aldobrandino family, the blood-relations of Pope Clement VIII. Some were granted to the Borghesi. Partial restitution was made to the destitute orphans of James Cenci—that is, of some entailed freeholds which had been confiscated contrary to law—but only on payment of a considerable sum.

These surviving members of their once proud and princely house long continued to battle for their rights against the rapacity of their plunderers, but with little success. The contest continued for centuries, and the Roman tribunals about the beginning of last century had to pronounce judgment between the Prince Borghese and the Count Bolognetti Cenci.

The guilt of the Cenci has been maintained by some and denied by others in whole or in part. But even those who have admitted the complicity of Beatrice have been compelled to admit also the intolerable maltreatment, insults, and privations to which the unhappy girl was subjected by her brutal and evil father, and also to bear witness to her otherwise blameless life, to her constancy under trials more than mortal, to her intelligence and innate goodness. They base their conviction on what we should call presumptive evidence and on the direct proof furnished by the confession of the accused. But this proof rests entirely on the confession of the accused *under torture*, or, as was asserted in the case of Beatrice, after torture had been employed in vain.

The part James Cenci played is somewhat obscure; his absence from Rocca Petrella would nowise absolutely exclude his moral participation—in other words, his being an accessory before the fact; for, according to the infamous custom then prevalent all over Italy, the nobles were wont to hire ruffians to execute their vengeance, and James would only have been following the general usage had he despatched two or three of these hirelings to stiletto his father. But there is no direct proof of this.

Guido Guerra, the betrothed of Beatrice, who, alone or in conjunction with two others, seems to have been the actual slayer, was the only one who escaped. Warned in time, he succeeded in leaving Rome disguised as a charcoal-seller. He and Beatrice never met again, though it is said that he headed the daring attempt to rescue her as she was being conducted to St Celsius, and that she waved to him her last farewell from the scaffold. He survived many years the death of his betrothed, leading the wandering life now of an outlaw, now of a soldier of fortune, fleeing from his own thoughts, but unable to find the peace of mind which he had lost on that dreadful 9th of September, when by his act, instead of saving, he had destroyed the hapless Beatrice and his own happiness. Wearying at last of broils and bloodshed, he was led by a sudden impulse to join the holy brotherhood of the monks of St Bernard; and in this case the title of holy is fitly given. On these snowy heights Guido lived out the rest of his existence, displaying in saving life the same undaunted courage that he had shown in facing danger as a bandit or a soldier.

The Cenci Palace still frowns vast and gloomy near the banks of the Tiber; but within all is changed and modernised. It is at present divided into flats, which are duly partitioned into small modern rooms in the usual Italian style of the day. But externally it bears much the same aspect as it did of yore. I was informed that some parts of the building have remained intact, but have not been able to verify the fact.

[Since Mr Pignatorre wrote this article in Rome, the main theatre of the tragedy, Mr F. Marion Crawford has published in the *Century Magazine* of January 1908 a paper entitled, 'Beatrice Cenci, the True Story of a Misunderstood Tragedy: with New Documents.' These new documents include two letters by Francesco Cenci, Beatrice's father, and a third letter by her brother Giacomo. Mr Crawford points out what he believes to be of mythical and legendary origin in the story, and establishes the age of Beatrice as exactly twenty-two years and seven months when she died. Shelley's tragedy, he thinks, is largely responsible for the Cenci legends, as the poet drew his information from inaccurate and untruthful sources. The story of Guido Reni's portrait in the Barberini Gallery, Rome, is discredited for many reasons, the chief of which is that the painter did not begin to paint in Rome until nine years after Beatrice's death. Mr Crawford traces the origin of the various mistakes made in Beatrice's story, and concludes thus: 'Divest the story of the Cenci of what has grown upon it, and you have a great love-drama, less noble, but even more human, and surely

far more awful, than the *Bride of Lammermoor*. There is the tragedy of the sins of the father inherited by the children—sins punished by his death and theirs. Upon his soul is the dire horror of knowing that their birthright of evil is from himself; of seeing them do again what he has done, and worse; of feeling from afar off the coming of their vengeance upon him for having brought them into the world to sin and suffer, to slay, and in their turn to die. There is over all his life and theirs the shadow that overhung the Priest of Nemi, the darkness of inevitable doom.']

SPAIN'S GREATEST HUMORIST AND HIS MASTERPIECE.

EARLY in the year 1605 was published at Madrid the first part of *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha*. For the last three hundred years it has been read by people of all nations, and its popularity is amply proved by the fact that, perhaps with the exception of the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*, no work has gone through so many editions and been translated into so many languages.

The author of *Don Quixote*, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, was born at Alcalá de Henares on St Michael's Day (25th September) 1547. In common with many of the foremost literary Spaniards of his day, Cervantes belonged to a very ancient and distinguished family. In early days an ancestor had adopted as a surname Cervatos, the name of a castle in the possession of his house. On his death he left two sons, the elder appropriating the name; to which the younger objected, and, setting up a new branch of the family, called it after an old castle on the banks of the Tagus at Toledo, San Servantes or Cervantes.

Alcalá, situated on the road from Madrid to Saragossa, was at the time of Cervantes' birth an important university town, very different from the decayed, deserted place which travellers now see; and while residing there the future author would have many opportunities of seeing the numerous books of chivalry which poured from the presses of those days. As he confessed to being a great reader in his youth, one can picture with what eagerness he would devour the tales of romantic and adventurous chivalry which later he so cleverly satirised in *Don Quixote*. The strolling players who visited the town were very probably the cause of arousing his interest in the drama, and up to the very last his great ambition was to be a successful dramatist.

As far as can be ascertained, Cervantes did not receive much education; but, like our Shakespeare, he was a keen observer, and in his works, particularly in the *Don*, he drew very largely from experience, his varied and wonderful adventures furnishing plenty of material for the purpose.

In 1568 he accompanied a mission to Rome, but shortly resigned his post and joined the army, then chiefly engaged in fighting the Turks. He was wounded severely at the battle of Lepanto, and remained for some time in hospital at Messina, but eventually, in September 1575, his brother and he sailed from Naples for Spain, bringing back a letter of recommendation from Don John of Austria to the king. Unfortunately the vessel was attacked by a fleet of pirates and, after a stubborn resistance, captured, and all on board were carried as slaves to Algiers. This town was then notorious as the home of a great number of renegades and scoundrels of the worst description, who made a regular trade of capturing Christians, to be disposed of to the Turks to supply the demand for rowers and dockyard labourers for their great Mediterranean fleet. The prisoners were distributed among the pirates, Cervantes being handed over to one Ali or Dali Mami, a captain of one of the galleys. The brother, Rodrigo, was fortunate in soon being ransomed, and he promised to return to Algiers with a vessel to attempt the rescue of Miguel. In the meantime the latter tried several times to escape, but unsuccessfully. To make matters worse, just as he and some of his fellow-prisoners were being taken off by the vessel sent by Rodrigo, they were suddenly surrounded by Turkish troops, and Cervantes, as leader of the runaways, was brought before the Dey Hassan. Although threatened with torture (and the Algerines were famed for their ingenious cruelty), Cervantes nobly shielded his companions, and took upon himself the whole responsibility for the attempt at escape. His conduct seemed to have impressed the Dey, for the latter purchased him from Dali Mami for five hundred crowns, returning the other prisoners to their respective masters. A letter sent by Cervantes to the Governor of Oran, then a Spanish port, asking for assistance, was intercepted, and the letter-carrier promptly impaled. Miguel was condemned to receive two thousand blows of the stick; but the punishment was, however, not carried out, as some persons interceded on his behalf.

After this he was more closely confined; but still he never despaired, and at last his courage and cheerfulness under such cruel conditions were rewarded, for he was ransomed and set free on the 19th September 1580, after a captivity of five years all but a week.

He arrived in Spain penniless, and finding his old regiment just about to march to Portugal, he rejoined it. He took part in an expedition to the Azores in 1582, and the next year returned to Spain. Having a crippled left hand, he found promotion in the army impossible, and as Don John, his friend and patron, was dead, his prospects were anything but bright. During his captivity he had beguiled the

time by writing poetry, and he now succeeded in getting it published. While this was in the press he married Doña Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vermediano, a friend of the family and a lady of sufficient means to keep him from actual want, but nothing more. Soon afterwards he was appointed a collector of revenue for the kingdom of Granada; but being robbed of the money he had collected by the merchant to whom he had entrusted it for delivery to the Treasury, and unable to find a sufficient amount to replace it, he was for a short time imprisoned in Seville.

Not long after his release the first part of *Don Quixote* was issued. Very probably it had been in manuscript for some time, as it was referred to by several writers before its actual publication. The work proved such a success that the publisher, who had only retained the rights of publication in one or two districts of Spain, soon took steps to secure the copyright for the remainder of the kingdom. Nine editions of the first part appeared before Cervantes' death, and a tenth shortly after. The nine editions published during his life consisted of about thirty thousand copies. Of the second part four editions were issued before his death, and since then edition after edition of the complete work has been called for. The earliest translations appear to have been made or published in the following order: English—Shelton's, made about 1608, published in 1612; French—Oudin's, appeared about 1616; German—appeared about 1621; Italian—Franciosini's, appeared in 1622. That within such a short period *Don Quixote* should be translated into the four principal languages of Europe shows conclusively the immediate and striking success of the work. The dramatists of the time and the writers of books of chivalry, however, did not relish their works being held up to ridicule; and Lope de Vega, Gongora, and a host of lesser lights vented their indignation upon the book and its author in a torrent of virulent abuse.

It is doubtful whether Cervantes would ever have completed the second part of the *Don* had he not been forestalled by the issue of a spurious second part by a strange hand. The author of this, by name Avellaneda, had in his preface inserted so much personal abuse of the author of the first part, pretending that the reason of the non-appearance of the real second part was due to the failing powers of Cervantes, that the latter was perforce compelled to finish the work, if only to prove the untruthfulness of Avellaneda's sneer.

The two parts differ somewhat in form and substance, the first being almost broad farce, the second consisting of humour more restrained and dignified. For this reason, perhaps, one reader considers the first part superior, while another may prefer the second. Generally speaking, however, the first is much oftener read than the second. Of the work itself it has been well said: 'This, the most cosmopolitan book in the world, is one of the most intensely national. *Manon Lescaut* is not more thoroughly French, *Tom Jones* not more English, *Rob Roy* not more Scotch, than *Don Quixote* is Spanish in character, in ideas, in sentiment, in local colour, in everything.'

Of the thousands of readers of *Don Quixote* at the present time who laugh over his tilting against windmills, or at Sancho Panza's quaintly practical sayings, it is doubtful whether many ever give a thought as to the cause which prompted the writing of the book and the follies which the work so wittily and successfully burlesqued. In England, at any rate, we are indebted to the *Don* for a word which has become part and parcel of our language, and when we use the expression 'quixotic' we are paying a tribute to the genius of Spain's greatest humorous writer.

Of his other works, the best known are the Exemplary Novels; but nothing of his, whether plays or tales, can approach *Don Quixote* in ability, interest, or humour.

Fortunately in his last years his circumstances were greatly improved, for the popularity of his book brought him not only friends but also money, the sale of the work being for that time unusually large. He was in a position to live in what was then the most fashionable quarter of Madrid, and it was in a house in the Calle de Leon that he died on the 23rd April 1616, the day on which (according to the English calendar, which had not yet been reformed) Shakespeare passed away.

What Cervantes was like in appearance is very much guess-work, as the portraits now in existence are not considered by competent authorities to be reliable likenesses. If his work be any guide to his disposition, he may be pictured as one who went through life—a troubled, hard, and painful one—with a joke and a smile; a firm friend to those in distress (to which his companions in exile at Algiers could testify), but a hard hitter and uncompromising foe to men like Avellaneda.

Spain has been blamed for not honouring Cervantes by any statue worthy of the man; but it may fairly be said that he needs none, for the greatest monument to his genius is that which he has left to posterity—*Don Quixote*.

THE HIDDEN WORD.

Listen! Behind that dear contralto of the thrush,
The mystic passion-dream of moon-fed nightingale,
The homely chat of nesting rooks aloft,
And moorland plover's strange, suggestive wail,
There is a voice that has no speech to mix with ours.
The pillared wood with starry primrose floor,
And cloud of misty hyacinthine blue,
These mark the way to shrines where angels guard
the door.
Oh, once to hear with understanding love!
Oh, once to have that door unlocked and look behind!
To see the glory clear, that vaguely now and then
In pearly dawns for briefest space we think we find!

Mary E. Martin.

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BRIDGE AND ITS PROGRESS.

By F. KINLOCH.

IT is now more than ten years since bridge began to be played in this country. It is generally believed to have come, like the Wise Men, from the East, and Constantinople is vaguely spoken of as its birthplace. It is more probable, however, that the game was evolved at Vienna; for it is certain, to the writer's knowledge, that at least twenty-five years ago the fashionable game in that city was whist, with the dummy hand exposed. From this it is easy to imagine how bridge of the present day came to be thought out.

Bridge made its appearance at a time when all was favourable for the début of a new card-game. Whist, the favourite game in respectable clubs and family circles, had been undergoing a long and painful death at the hands of what were called the American leads and conventions, which sought to raise it to the height—or, if you like, reduce it to the level—of a game of mechanical certainty by an elaborate code of signals. Now, the essence and the charm of a game of cards is that element of luck which, in varied degree of course, always enters into the game. Which makes the bad player at times think he is as good as the good player, and which heightens the enjoyment or intensifies the disgust of every one, good or bad, whether he plays for a stake or for love. Therefore, modern whist, with its endless and ever-changing conventions, by which every card was supposed to be located, was moribund. It bored because it was too much of an intellectual exercise and too little of a recreation.

Thus the ground was all ready for a new card-game, for it is really remarkable how many of mankind, and womankind too, yearn for a card-game of some sort (not necessarily to be played for stakes). Enter bridge. At first it was played tentatively in the more advanced clubs, one table only being allotted to it, and the old whist-stagers vowed that they would have none of the innovation; but soon, very soon, the bridge-tables increased and the whist-tables proportionately diminished in number. Then the fame of the new game spread to society, ever ready to greet a new excitement, and was eagerly taken up. People who had never touched a card before became mad about bridge, some because it was the fashionable thing to do, others because of the gamble. Truth to tell, the stakes that were played when bridge first came in were very much higher all through than are played now, probably because many of those who played had little idea of the intrinsic worth of the game, and regarded it simply as a gambling medium. The gambling players who took the trouble to master its intricacies made a regular income, but these were comparatively few in number; and, curiously enough, many whist-players, even those who had been accounted quite good, took a long time to learn proper bridge. They were, indeed, hide-bound by whist and its conventions, and had, so to speak, to unlearn whist before they learnt bridge, because much of the play (especially that of the second hand) is different when a hand is exposed. The worst of it, for these whist-players, was that they were inclined rather to look down on the new game, and it took them a long time to find out that some of the old whist maxims were inapplicable to bridge.

As we have said, stakes were high as compared with those played now, penny or twopenny points seeming small to those who had been accustomed to think of half-crown or crown points, which were the general club whist points. So, even in the quiet clubs, one never saw a table where halfpenny or farthing points were played, as is generally the case now; while in some of the larger clubs in London, especially among the *jeunesse dorée*, absurdly high points were played. There is a story of an old stager who belonged to one of the senior clubs where play was supposed to be pretty high in the inner circle. While the club was spring or autumn cleaning, the members were admitted *pro tem.* to one of the most fashionable junior clubs. The man in question had been in the habit of playing the highest stakes, and being a good player, valued his play accordingly. He did not, therefore, anticipate

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getting a rubber which would satisfy his predatory instincts in the comparatively junior club. However, he made his way to the card-room on chance one evening, and there found three beardless youths waiting for a fourth. They hailed him with joy, for time was beginning to hang heavy. The elder man hesitated at the sight of the boys. 'I may say,' he said, 'that my points are'—so much, naming points which are to our notions very big —'and I do not wish to play for others.' This he said in perfect good faith, in order to keep matters quite straight. To his surprise, one of the youths got up, and, slapping him on the shoulder, said, 'Never mind, old cock; we'll "carry" you.' It should be explained that the term 'carry' means that the partner of the man who does not play as high as the others will make good the difference in the stakes if he loses, or, *vice versâ*, receive the difference if he wins. It turned out that these gilded youths were in the habit of playing three times the points of the older man.

Of course, that kind of thing could not last, and by degrees bridge-players became much more sensible; the points dropped as the gamblers dropped out; the professional bridge-player found that his occupation, or his profit, ceased to exist. And be it said that at one time there were very many of these gentlemen--quite honest players of course. Some of them, who could not afford to play high, were 'run' by a syndicate; that is to say, if a man was a good player but poor in pocket, a private company would be formed to supply him with funds to play in circles where the bridge was bad and the stakes high, and the dividends resulting from the venture were often very good. However, with the elimination of the gambling element and the increasing popularity of the game, points gradually became lower all round, until the game of bridge assumed the present position of being a pleasant recreation to all who care for card-games, with a certainty that wherever they play they can join in a table to suit their means. At most clubs there are two, if not three, gradations of stakes, so it cannot be said nowadays that bridge is in any way a gambling game.

It is, however, from the days when stakes were high that two at least of the bridge conventions or usages date—namely, the 'heart convention' and the 'spade convention.' Previously, it has been said, 'conventions' killed whist, and it is most sincerely to be hoped that conventions will not kill bridge. But a certain number of ordinary conventions are absolutely necessary for a card-game into which skill enters, because players must gain at any rate an elementary knowledge of their partners' hands. Without that, science of any kind disappears. Therefore, by all means let us have the ordinary conventional leads which every beginner must learn by heart, and about which there should be no dispute. But, fortunately perhaps for the game of bridge, the 'heart' and the 'spade' conventions are not universally followed. There are two schools, which is just as well; otherwise bridge would be in danger of suffering the same death as whist. Both the 'heart' and the 'spade' conventions had their origin in the days when play was higher than the purses of the players warranted; but they have both survived to the present day, and have many followers.

To those who are comparatively uninitiated in the game, be it said that the 'heart convention' means that when 'no trumps' are made by the adversaries, and your partner doubles, it is *de rigueur* that you lead him a heart. Now, there is safety in this method, for the mode of attack is clearly defined; in fact, its supporters claim that it constitutes a certainty—though in rare cases it has been known to fail—and, therefore, when men were playing for very high stakes it was reasonable, if not right, to adopt it. On the other hand, those who are opposed to it argue that it cramps the play, and limits all possibilities of the third hand bringing in a long suit unless he have the ace, or king and queen of hearts; indeed, the longer the suit the more certain is it that his hand will be useless. It is said that this 'heart convention' is going out of fashion, though there is a good deal to be said in its favour.

But the 'spade convention,' which also dates back to the days of high points, is, to the writer's mind, of infinitely more importance, whatever the value of the points be. Briefly it is this: If the declarer be dealt a very bad hand he should (except on rare occasions) declare spades in his own hand, and that whether or not he have spades in any quantity. What constitutes a proper original spade-hand is the difficulty, but the general idea seems to be that a hand with nothing but the value of one queen or two knaves (unless there be five meagre hearts) is an 'original spade.' This convention is very universally played now, though it took some time to come by its own. The idea for long was that it was not 'sportsman-like,' and any theory that can stand that criticism and yet emerge triumphant, in this country at any rate, must possess a deal of merit. The writer well remembers a certain occasion when he was upholding the benefit—nay, the necessity—of an original spade declaration. One of his opponents differed very decisively. 'It is,' he said, 'a confession of weakness, and I never hesitate to double; in fact, I may say I always do if I have got anything at all in my hand.' It so happened that almost the next deal there fell to me eight spades to a queen, with the king and queen of clubs. Needless to say, spades were made, the fish rose to the fly, and doubled, and of course was redoubled. I found my partner with one or two good cards, and eventually we made five by tricks in redoubled spades. The man who said he made it a practice to double an original spade had a lesson which, though somewhat unpalatable, he took in very good part.

The chief reason why an original spade declaration is such a useful thing is that it gives the partner so much more confidence on a left declaration. If

seems to say, 'If I leave it I must have something of value in my hand, and you may rely on that, and take it into consideration when making your choice.' Of course there are bitter moments when, after making spades, you find your partner with all the aces, kings, and queens in the pack; but it must be remembered that overwhelming 'no trump' hands are rare—*very rare*. And so it may be said that out of evil came good; from high play, necessitating cautious play, has come a convention of the first importance, and one which adds materially to the interest and the play of the game.

It would be interesting to keep a record of all the curious hands one meets with. The following incidence is worth recording, not only for the actual hands themselves, but for the coincidence which befell. Some three years ago I cut in at a table for the first rubber in the afternoon. The cards—new packs of course—were shuffled and dealt. I happened to be dealer, and on picking up my hand found seven spades with the four top honours, and six clubs to a ten. I left it, with some qualms, to my partner, who shuffled uneasily in his seat, after the manner of some men when they have a difficult declaration to make or card to play. Eventually he said, 'I must make clubs,' and put down seven clubs with four honours and the six remaining spades. We had not a red card between us! That hand was remarkable, but the coincidence was more so. Three years later I cut in at the same table, also the first rubber, and this time our opponents, who had first deal, declared clubs on almost identical hands save that they had one red card between them.

In the old days there used to be a great deal more doubling, especially of spades, than is seen now, and some men were positive nuisances to play with. The following remedy was devised by an ingenious man to give a well-deserved lesson to an inveterate 'spade-doubler.' It so happened that four men, including the 'spade-doubler,' were almost invariably the first to arrive in the card-room, and the proposed victim was generally the last of the lot, so that there was plenty of opportunity to hatch the conspiracy. The deviser of the scheme, being a skilful prestidigitator, so 'cooked' the cards as to contrive that the dealer in the first game of the rubber should have the seven smallest spades, and the rest of his hand should be six clubs to the ace, queen, knave, ten, nine, eight; to the doubler were dealt the six best spades, the ace, king, queen of hearts, the ace, king, queen of diamonds, and the king of clubs single. Of course spades were to be declared, and this was duly done, and then the fun began. It was double, redouble, and redouble until the limit of one hundred per trick was reached. To what they would have been carried had not the rule imposing the limit just been passed by the Portland Club no one can tell. The doubler, who had the lead, swelled with pride as, all unconscious of his coming downfall, he led out his big trumps. Not until his ace of hearts had been ruffed and the king of clubs had fallen to the ace did he realise the trap into which he had been lured. Somehow, he did not seem to enjoy the joke as much as some of the others; but he was more chary after that experience of doubling spades.

Nowadays men are rather inclined to go to the other extreme, and are too timid about doubling spades, for so many have been caught that courage seems to have deserted them. Yet there are opportunities. For instance, if you have, say, four spades to a queen, are good in diamonds and clubs but poor in hearts, and a spade is made by the adversaries on a pass, spades should, if the score allows it, be doubled, for the inference is that your partner is strong in hearts, so that you may assume that, between you, you have all the suits guarded; and yet that is a chance which is often let slip.

Another legacy from the days when bridge was played more as a game of chance than anything else is the practice—a reprehensible one—of not playing spades unless the magical number twenty (why twenty?) has been reached. The ostensible reason for this is that if spades are played the rubber takes a long time to finish; but the real reason may be found in the fact that there is little or no chance of 'getting out' on an undoubted spade-hand. To 'get out' as quickly as possible used to be the aim and object of those who treated bridge as a mere gamble, and so the end of the rubber was sought to be hastened by agreeing not to play spades. This proceeding is a mistake, probably in theory and certainly in practice. It is doubtful whether time is ultimately saved, though there is no hard-and-fast line of comparison by which one may judge of this; but undoubtedly a great deal of play and enjoyment is lost. There is as much play in a spade-hand as in any other, and indeed sometimes more, for often one has to adventure a good deal to arrive at the first milestone on the 'thirty' road. People affect to say that playing spades is dull; but what can be duller than throwing the hands unplayed on the table time after time? The other day I saw nine consecutive spade-hands, seven of which were not played. 'Not playing spades' is a disease which is rather difficult to eradicate once it has thoroughly impregnated a bridge circle; but a firm stand is now being made against it, and the practice is disappearing.

It is very remarkable how the bridge craze has taken hold of ladies. Bridge-parties, which begin early and continue late, are common wherever four enthusiasts can be got together; and be it said that a lady-player who is thoroughly bitten with the game is much keener than the average man. The writer is inclined to think that it is the excitement of the cards more than the enjoyment of the science of the play which appeals to most of the fair sex, even to those who are really good players; and for this reason, that when ladies have their bridge-parties they like to play straight on, rubber after rubber, never 'cutting out.' Now, among men you will

generally find that there is nothing they dislike more than a set rubber of four, and very rightly; for it is difficult, if not impossible, to concentrate one's thoughts on the proper play of the cards for more than three rubbers of the ordinary length without the play becoming mechanical. Directly that happens the real interest is gone; all depends on the luck of the cards, an interest which reduces the game to the level of pitch and toss. Therefore, a rest from the strain of thought is essential.

Bridge is now so popular that it may be safely predicted that unless it is ruined, as whist was, by absurdly attempted conventions, it will stay with us as an innocent amusement for many years. It is a game of skill, and yet the fortune of the cards often tempers the wind to the lamb who would otherwise be shorn; the stakes for which it can be played can be and often are nominal, so as to bring it within the reach of any one who cares for a game of cards; and it is a game which is at once a recreation and an intellectual enjoyment to many after their day's work is done.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXVII.—ON THE WAY TO EGYPT.

THROUGH all these months, Jack, as may be imagined, had watched with ever-deepening amazement the career of his old comrade, the '*Paille au nez*' of schoolboy games and conflicts at Brienne. Was there ever before in human history such a career; a rise so swift, so sure, and to such heights? It was not the steady and ordered rise of a star in the night heavens, but the rush of a comet through space and darkness—Milton's comet, 'with fear of change perplexing monarchs.'

Jack had seen with wondering eyes his old comrade driving, with horses at the gallop, from Paris to take the command of the Army of Italy. On April 12, 1796, the opening battle against the Austrians at Montenotte was fought; a month afterwards came the fight at the bridge at Lodi, where Bonaparte won the nickname of 'the Little Corporal,' and became visible to all France. On February 12, 1797, came the capitulation of Marshal Wurmser and the final defeat of Austria. The campaign lasted ten months, and saw the overthrow of an empire.

In this campaign Bonaparte's battles were, perhaps, the least wonderful part of the amazing story. He learned to talk with the accents of a Cæsar. He made war and peace, set up republics, annexed provinces, overthrew kingdoms; kindled a revolution in some historic Italian state with a whisper, or suppressed it with a gesture.

A year after the capitulation of Wurmser, Bonaparte set sail from Toulon on some great and mysterious adventure in the East. The proudest fleet that ever left a French port carried an army afloat, the men that had overrun Italy and broken the strength of Austria, the most terrible fighting force in the world. For a time Europe could not guess towards what goal that mighty expedition was sailing. Then followed the wonders of the Egyptian campaign.

A career that in a space so brief had reached a height so dazzling might well be thought to have exhausted the gifts of fortune. No one could foresee the still greater events to follow. In August 1799 Bonaparte returned a semi-fugitive from Egypt. His fleet had been destroyed in Aboukir Bay; he had left the flower of his soldiers outside the shattered walls of Acre. But in less than three months he became the First Consul. The imperial crown was at his feet.

To step in a few weeks from a tent in Egypt to St Cloud, this—measured by the test of the almanac—is a history without parallel. The mere dates at this part of Bonaparte's career are an incredible romance. At the end of 1795 he is an artillery officer, with an arrested career, fretting with discontent in Paris. The Italian campaign takes a single year. The adventure in Egypt takes another year. Then come three months of obscure plotting in Paris—and the First Consulship!

The wondering interest with which Jack followed this chain of dazzling events can be guessed, and the story interpreted his old comrade to him. The pride, the majestic self-confidence, the assurance of a 'destiny' which always characterised his schoolmate, when embodied in a little, spindle-shanked, unknown artillery officer, were no doubt matter for laughter; but now '*Paille au nez*' became intelligible. Bonaparte's face and character were ciphers to which these tremendous events were the key.

That fretting discontent, that assurance of a beckoning destiny—what was all this but the self-consciousness of genius? Seen through drifting battle-smoke, that falcon-like face had quite a new significance. The challenging eyes, that aroused the noisy scorn of the cadets at Brienne, Jack felt were fit to look at kings with equal gaze. Yet still he knew there was in the character of his old comrade that fatal taint of ice-cold selfishness, that fundamental want of steady moral principle, that sooner or later must bring disaster.

Bonaparte, however, was still in Egypt fighting Arabs, storming ancient cities, and dreaming wild, unconfessed dreams of conquest—dreams that would have shaken half the thrones of Europe with alarm had they been known—when Jack Lawrence sailed in the *Sylph* for Egypt.

Ill-fate assigned to him perhaps the most crazy

ship at that moment in the employ of the British Admiralty. The absurdly named *Sylph* was a transport, ill-found, unseaworthy, foul with barnacles without, and fouler still with rats and vermin within. She sailed from the Downs in February, the month of wild winds, and was whipped with storms across the Bay of Biscay, past the coast of Spain, and through the whole length of the Mediterranean.

Jack, fortunately, had steady nerves and a sea-going stomach, or the experience might well have killed him. For three days the leaky transport hovered off Malta trying in vain to make that port, a tremendous sea breaking over her all the time. The attempt to reach Malta was abandoned, and the *Sylph*, with torn canvas and shattered bulwarks, went wallowing through the wild seas eastward. The captain was a rugged old salt, in whom a sort of sea-instinct or such unconscious and inherited faculty as a sea-bird possesses took the place of any scientific knowledge of navigation; and against the buffeting of sea and wind he armed himself with perpetual doses of rum till his whole body seemed drink-sodden.

The only consolation Jack had was the company of the second mate, named Grant, a seaman of the finest type, with a courage whose serenity no danger shook, and a smiling philosophy whose cheerfulness no hardship quenched. The sight of his wind-beaten but cheerful face, the sound of his unfailing laughter, was a perpetual tonic. Some inner and exhaustless fountain of mirth made him, on the deck of that storm-whipped ship, a bit of embodied sunshine.

Jack asked him one day as they stood under the break of the poop, while the green waves broke in a cataract of foam over the labouring ship's battered nose, what was their exact situation.

'The old man,' said Grant with a laugh, as though it were an exquisite jest, 'doesn't know. The only observation he has taken for the last week is through the bottom of a rum-bottle. Never mind, sir,' he added, as Jack's face grew grave at his words; 'it is all a sea-experience. We shall come through all right.'

But the next morning land was seen dimly through the drifting gusts of rain on the starboard bow. The captain pronounced it to be Rhodes. Towards evening land was discovered on the other bow too, and the astonished captain frankly declared he did not know where he was. Rhodes was on one side of their ship or the other, but on which, he declared with an oath, nobody could tell. Grant was still able to see the humorous side of the situation.

'The old man,' he told Lawrence, 'can often see two bottles of rum when only one is on the table, and cannot make up his mind which to take; and now he is not sure whether he really sees two capes when only one exists. But the capes are there right enough,' added Grant, with a new laugh, 'and we must claw past them both as best we can.'

All that wild night the ship lay to, labouring heavily. The next day at noon Grant took an observation, and was able to persuade the old man that they were at the entrance of the Gulf of Satalieh, and that to run on was to be lost. The leaky old transport, by some miracle of good luck, rounded the cape to starboard, and went ploughing its slow course eastward towards the coast of Syria, where it was to join Sidney Smith's squadron outside Acre.

On the fifth night after passing Rhodes Jack had turned in, weary of balancing himself on the wave-swept deck or of trying to read in the reeling cabin. Towards morning he was awakened by a tremendous shock, a crash that seemed to shake the old transport in every timber. Then came the tramp of hurrying feet overhead, the wild cries of the seamen, the roar of breaking seas. Jack had lain down half-dressed. He was hurriedly slipping on his coat, when he heard the sound of running feet outside his cabin. The door of his bunk opened, and Grant put in his head, with cheerfulness still visible in every line of his sea-wet visage.

'The old man has run us ashore, and the ship may break up any minute. Come on deck;' and with a pleasant nod as though he had just communicated some ordinary bit of intelligence, Grant vanished.

Jack strapped his despatches round his waist and hurried on deck. It was the darkest hour before daybreak; the sea was like ink under the black skies. But as he looked aft he could see, high in the air above the stern, a faint, uncertain, but swiftly travelling edge of grayish white. It was the crest of a great wave riding in on the ship. It broke and swept past him, as he clung to a ringbolt, a tumult of sound and foam. He heard the crash of broken spars and torn bulwarks as the rushing hill of water tore its way along the whole length of the ship; and above other sounds could be heard one still more dreadful—the cry of drowning men swept away in the gloom.

Fortunately the break of the poop still sheltered the spot where Jack stood, or a dozen times through the hour that followed he would have been carried away by the furious seas. Presently through the darkness he saw a figure struggling up the slanting deck to where he stood. It was Grant.

'The old man has gone with most of the crew, and unless the sea quietens the *Sylph* will soon be churned into chips.'

Their faces were close together, and Jack caught a gleam of the mate's white teeth. The reckless sailor could smile when telling tidings such as these as if he discerned a flavour of humour in them, and Jack felt the gloom and horror of the scene grow a little lighter from the contagion of Grant's courage.

'Can nothing be done?' he asked in a momentary quiet of the rushing waters.

'Nothing, except to hold on. The *Sylph* is an

old tub, but she has something of the solidity of a tub, and may hold together till the sea goes down. God is merciful,' he added cheerfully, 'and that is our hope.'

'Yes, Grant, this is the time to remember the mercy of God. But we oughtn't to wait till a time like this to remember it.'

'And do you think,' asked Grant in wondering tones, 'that a good seaman ever forgets the mercy of God? Living on God's sea, how can a man forget its Maker?'

And Jack felt rebuked by the note of astonishment in his voice.

Morning at last came, as it will come after the longest and darkest night; and with the breaking day the sea commenced to go down. Presently the two bedraggled figures, stiff and sore with the buffeting of the last three hours, were able to creep from their shelter under the break of the poop and look about them. The ship was fast; her masts had gone by the board; her bulwarks were a fringe of splinters; her bows were stove in. Evidently they were the only survivors. The black skies, the hurrying clouds, the empty, desolate horizon, the measureless stretch of leaping waves, the dim contour of the land (low and gray and half-obscured with drifting scud), all this made a scene enough to chill even a brave man's courage.

The shore was visible at a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The sandy beach was a tumult of racing foam; the low cliffs beyond were treeless, and showed no sign of human habitation. Grant had climbed up the sloping deck and was looking keenly to windward.

'No sail is in sight,' he said, 'and no sail could help us while this sea lasts. But the clouds are lifting, and before noon we shall see the sun. But the old craft shows signs of breaking in two amidships, and we may yet have to take our chance of riding ashore on a spar;' and he smiled cheerfully at the prospect, as though it were an ordinary, and on the whole not an unamusing, incident in a sailor's experience.

(To be continued.)

WALVISCH BAY.

By Rev. M. T. HAINSSELIN, R.N.

AN isolated little tract of British territory, barely seven hundred square miles in area, a mere bite on the edge of a large German slice of bread-and-butter—this is Walvisch Bay, on the south-west coast of Africa.

'The Earth'—so our first geography-book taught us—'is composed of land and water.' Substitute *sand* for *land*, and you have a perfect description of Walvisch Bay. It is an oblong patch, than which the Sahara Desert itself could not be sandier, indented on one side by a deep circular bay.

It is a simple matter to deal in gazetteer fashion with this little territory—as thus: productions *nil;* exports and imports *nil;* population *nil*, or very nearly. The great ocean liners do not stop there, even the lesser steamers as a rule disdain it, and its only communication with the outside world is by means of a small German boat once a fortnight. It is not a favourite tourist locality, and the average man who comes out to South Africa for a couple of months, and then writes a book about the country, probably never even hears the name of Walvisch Bay mentioned. Yet it is an extremely valuable and important possession, and one which there is every likelihood of our holding fast.

It may not be generally known that the vast German territory of Damaraland which surrounds Walvisch Bay was at one time held, more or less loosely, by ourselves, and even administered by our magistrates and officials. But in those days the possession of colonies—especially of South African colonies—was looked upon as rather a nuisance, and there was little desire to add to our burdensome responsibilities. Consequently, in 1884, the whole country was allowed to fall into the hands of the more far-seeing Germans. We did make, it is true, some sort of diplomatic struggle to retain it, awaking too late to the proper estimation of what we were letting slip; but it was only a half-awakening after all, and the struggle was as half-hearted as it was brief.

Nevertheless, we were not so totally short-sighted as to give up Walvisch Bay, the one spot where we had maintained a permanent station. Damaraland we gave up, a country well suited in the interior for grazing and agriculture, and enjoying a climate agreeing well with Europeans; Walvisch Bay, a barren tract, we retained. But it is the only harbour on the whole coast, the natural outlet of the vast hinterland. What Delagoa Bay is to the Transvaal, that Walvisch Bay is to Damaraland, the sole port of the country, a most desirable possession in the hands of an alien power.

Not even the dullest of politicians could fail to see the advantage of retaining such a spot, though it is difficult at this date to say what was the precise motive for so doing. Possibly there was the idea of securing the Customs dues of the country at the natural point of entry for all internal trade. Or it may have been that we wished to hold goods which we might exchange at some time with some other German possession; although one who ought to know has said that there is not a single square mile of German territory on the face of the globe which Great Britain covets or would have as a gift. Reasons such as these could only have been based upon the doubtful

events of the future; much more to the point, as a reason for our retention of Walvisch Bay, is the fact that it would become a danger to ourselves if it became German property. Developed into a naval base, as it might easily be, with docks, stores, and the other appurtenances of naval warfare, it would be a constant menace to our West and South African colonies in the event of war. We hold it, therefore, not because it is of any use to ourselves, but because of the use which might otherwise be made of it against us. The only practical use to which we put the harbour is that of making it the headquarters for the heavy gun practice-firing of the ships of the Cape Squadron. For this it is admirably adapted. The harbour is formed by a long sand-spit which runs northwards for about five miles; behind this the mainland is scooped out into an almost circular basin some twenty square miles in extent, where the water is calm and the anchorage good.

A few miles to the north a tiny river forms the boundary-line between British and German territory; and here the Germans have built the little town of Swakopmund, which they use as a make-shift port for their country. There is absolutely no shelter, except for the smallest vessels, from the huge Atlantic rollers, and a steamer recently took forty days in unloading her cargo there. From Walvisch to Swakopmund there runs—or used to run—a light railway, built by some enterprising and trustful person who hoped that our neighbours would make use of the British harbour for importing and exporting their goods. It would have been a most convenient arrangement; ships could have lain in Walvisch Bay in perfect security, and worked cargo in peace. A long pier was built out, with the railway lines laid to its very end, to facilitate such work. The Customs duties would have made a little revenue for the British settlement, and both countries would have been mutually convenienced. Unfortunately, however, the Germans preferred their own harbour, poor though it might be, to ours. And so the railway has fallen into a miserable decay. At some places the sand-drifts have raised their yellow hills to a height of twenty feet above it; at others the sand has fallen away and left yawning chasms beneath the line, where sleepers and rails, all rotten with rust and corroded with sand and salt, sag downwards and break with their own weight.

I walked for a few miles along this line. No view could more completely present the idea of desolation and decay. On all sides nothing can be seen for miles except a waste of sand, sometimes in flat stretches, more often in heaped-up dunes whose almost perpendicular sides had been exquisitely carved by the wind into the semblance of fortresses, with long walls, rounded bastions, and escarpments, all of the same monotonous dull yellow. The line of the railway is marked out on both sides by thousands of empty gin-bottles, the trade-mark of the West Coast, thrown aside by the natives after their abominable and poisonous contents had been consumed.

There are but few signs of animate creation. Chief amongst these few are the flamingoes, which line the shores of the bay in countless flocks. So numerous are they that, from the deck of a ship three or four miles away, the pink markings of their wings make a distinct line in the centre of the thicker line of white. There are a good many eider-duck, also solan geese or gannets. These fly around at a great height, 'quartering' the sea as a hawk does the land. Every now and then the gannet falls on his prey, not swooping as most gulls do, but dropping straight as a plummet, with tremendous speed and force. He disappears beneath the water for several seconds, but when he comes up again he is seldom without his prey.

The waters of the bay are frequented by a large claret-coloured jelly-fish, with streamers over a yard in length. Nowhere else have I ever seen these creatures in such vast numbers. They swarm in myriads, like a solid mass, and often one cannot see the water between them, so densely are they packed. Fragile as they are, in such numbers as these they are sufficient to check the way of a boat. Presumably the sea-floor of the bay must be covered with the remains of these beautiful but noxious creatures; for when a ship's anchor is weighed the mud which is brought to the surface has a most loathsome stench of corruption which is 'seldom equalled and never excelled.'

The settlement lies close to the landing-place, and consists of some half-score buildings, including the magistrate's and doctor's houses, the police-barracks, a couple of stores, and a small wooden church with an adjoining manse occupied by a missionary whose work lies chiefly amongst the natives. The European population amounts to about thirty, children included. With admirable enterprise, golf-links have been laid out on the sand, and there are a couple of tennis-courts. These recreations, with an occasional gallop along the beach, comprise the sum-total of the attractions of this seaside resort.

Some three miles to the rear of the settlement there is a straggling collection of squalid native huts dignified by the name of Sandfontein. Having heard of this place, I was anxious to see it, and made my way across the undulating sands till I came upon a few outlying huts. I asked if this were the village. 'This is *Little* Sandfontein,' was the reply; '*Great* Sandfontein lies over there'!

The natives are a mixed race, chiefly Hottentots of the lowest type, with a few Hereros amongst them. Some of them, however, possess a certain amount of education. Outside one filthy hut I saw a native woman squatting upon the ground and rubbing with gentle hand a little brown child who looked sickly and ill. Thinking, in the usual English manner, to adapt my language to the under-

standing of my hearer, I inquired, 'What de matter wid de pickaninny?' Great was my surprise to receive the answer, spoken in excellent English, with a perfect accent, 'She complains of pain in her stomach, sir.'

At the close of the recent German war with the natives, a good many Herero refugees made their way to Walvisch Bay, and it was noticeable that most of them were clothed in German uniforms.

No account of any place can be considered complete, from an Englishman's point of view at any rate, without some remarks concerning the weather. At Walvisch Bay, though well within the tropics, it is so cool that for the greater part of the year a fire is very welcome. Frequently the whole view is obscured by a dense white fog which chills one to the very marrow and deadens every sound. There is one good point about it, however: it drops for a while a kindly curtain over the relentless vista of everlasting and ubiquitous sand.

THE DUC D'ENGHIEN'S LOVE-STORY.

By M. Betham-Edwards.

I.

STRANGE links with the past will occasionally attract the literary *flâneur*. None surely were ever stranger than the following.

In his memoirs, Henri Rochefort, 'the stormy petrel of French politics,' who still lives and edits his once famous paper, mentions having as a child visited the Duchesse d'Enghien. For true it is, although the fact has been contested, that the last of the Condés left a widow, and to this widow her youthful relation, Victor-Henri, Comte de Luçay-Rochefort, was presented by his father, the Marquis, before his eighth year—that is to say, between 1833 and 1841, dates of his own birth and of the Duchess's death.

There can surely be few men or women living who have had a similar experience, and who have come in direct contact with personages of the *ancien régime!* That aged, grief-stricken lady in widow's weeds was the once vivacious, captivating Charlotte, Princess de Rochefort-Rohan, favourite companion of Marie Antoinette in her halcyon days, and niece and goddaughter of her evil genius, Cardinal Louis de Rohan, of the Diamond Necklace. Who can say? Perhaps the story of the Duchesse d'Enghien may have had something to do with her kinsman's implacable hatred of Imperialism, a hatred in no small degree contributing to its downfall. To her dying day Charlotte never forgave her husband's assassin. Gentlest of the gentle, devotee of devotees, her forgivingness could not go so far.

Blackest deed in the black Napoleonic annals, the crime of Vincennes has been recounted again and again. Less familiar is the sordid history of the *émigrés* and of Condé's army so called, a band of desperate men living upon the charity of their country's foes, one and all sworn to restore feudalism and the *ancien régime*. And wholly unknown to English readers is doubtless the one redeeming feature of the Coblentz campaign. No more pathetic love-story ever relieved blood-stained and dissolute chronicles than that I am about to relate.

Roy ne puis, duc ne daigne, Rohan suis, was the proud motto of the Rohan house, allied by marriage with royal blood. It was in 1762 that the beautiful Charlotte Gottfriede de Rohan-Soubise was married to a grandson of the hero of Rocroy; and just as her great-aunt had been fallen in love with at first sight by a Condé, so the first meeting of Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort and Louis de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, seems to have decided their future existences as far as passion was concerned.

Girlhood in France of the *ancien régime*, as at the present time, played no part in domestic life. Until she became marriageable, the daughter of a princely or noble house remained as entirely a recluse as if shut up in a Turkish harem.

In the fashionable convent of Panthemont, Rue de Bellechasse, Paris, with others of the same rank, Charlotte had held her state, having a maid of honour, several attendants, and a daily cover at the abbess's table. From masters she took lessons in music, dancing, and other accomplishments of the day; but the school was essentially one of devotion and manners. The traditions of St Cyr and Madame de Maintenon were strictly kept up. First and foremost, the young ladies were made devout Catholics. Next they were formed for playing their part in society. No recluse or ascetic was the lady abbess; and at her hospitable board Charlotte early acquired the arts of conversation, deportment, and also worldly wisdom—*savoir faire*, as it is called in France.

On her education, or what passed for such, being completed, in her eighteenth year she took her place in the sumptuous family *hôtel*, aiding her mother with the honours of her *salon*, and joining the coterie of the unfortunate Princess Elizabeth, her junior by three years.

The youthful hostess of the Hôtel or rather Palais Rohan had inherited neither her mother's great beauty nor her brilliant social qualities, but those even more endearing—a rare winningness of character, and a depth of feeling proof against time, change, and bitterest ordeal. With Thekla she could have summed up her life in the sentence,

'*Ich habe gelebt und geliebt*' ('I have lived and loved'). She also could have penned Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse's famous line to her lover: '*Chaque instant de ma vie je vous aime, et je vous attend*' ('Every moment of my life I love you, and wait for you').

Rather Schiller's heroine her portrait suggests than D'Alembert's Egeria and the writer of perhaps the most impassioned love-letters ever penned. Almost Madonna-like in its suavity and pensiveness is the fair face set off, as fashion ordained, with long elaborate curls. For a brief—a very brief—space, however, her existence was radiant.

What a change from convent routine to the gaieties of a court and the attractions of a much-frequented *salon!* In her memoirs Madame Vigée Le Brun describes the *réunions* of the Hôtel Rohan: half-a-score of intimate friends, chosen for their amiability and sprightliness, sitting down to a late supper, Charlotte aiding her mother in doing the honours. The grace, affectionateness, and vivacity of the young hostess added a new attraction. Charlotte, moreover, was an heiress; her marriage naturally occupied many minds; suitors more or less desirable solicited her hand. Among these was a certain possible heir to the throne of Poland; but Charlotte's pretty head was not turned by the somewhat chimerical prospect of a crown. Paris, her mother, her friends, were not so lightly to be parted with. The possible heir to a northern kingdom was rejected, and a little, yet a little longer daily life answered to girlish dreams.

II.

THE storm broke with cataclysmal suddenness and fury. In less than three days after the fall of the Bastille the unfortunate Louis and Marie Antoinette found themselves abandoned alike by kinsfolk, friends, and the favourites who had been covered by them with wealth and honours. Never in the history of civilised nations was displayed such poltroonery and animal-like sense of self-preservation. The disgraceful stampede was led by the king's brothers; and on the 17th of July two carriages, stripped of their armorials, started post-haste for the eastern frontier, the inmates being the three Condés, its unworthy head called Monsieur le Prince; his son, the no more respectable Duc de Bourbon; and his youthful grandson, Louis, Duc d'Enghien. So overwhelming was the prevailing terror that Condé's daughter, the austere Princess Louise, afterwards Sister Marie-Joseph de la Miséricorde, accepted as travelling companion her father's mistress! Both vehicles were crowded to suffocation, ten persons occupying the room designed for eight. In torrid heat and desperate scurry the fugitives rattled several hundred miles, reaching Turin by way of Belgium, the Rhine, and Switzerland. A few months later the Rohan-Rochefort family joined the *émigrés* at Worms, for the time being Condé's military headquarters, those of the king's brothers being at Coblentz.

Charlotte de Rohan was now twenty-five, and, as might be expected from her bringing-up and surroundings, she had become a warm partisan of the royalist cause. Her cousin and junior by several years, whom she had only once seen as a boy, entered no less ardently into his chief's campaign. Animated with the spirit of his great ancestor the victor of Rocroy, the young soldier seems, indeed, almost a heroic figure among his unheroic *entourage*.

Personally, Louis de Bourbon had not been particularly favoured of nature. By one who knew him he is described as being below ordinary stature, but well made, extremely agile in his movements, and of taking appearance; also, in those early days, given to questionable adventure. But he was a dashing cavalier, he shared Charlotte's dynastic enthusiasm, and he represented a house next to that of France. Daily intercourse and constantly evoked sympathies developed an intimacy that, sisterly, brotherly, in the first instance, soon ripened into tenderest affection, ultimately deepening into a passion that dominated every other feeling. If ever two beings proved each other's destiny it was these two.

The history of Condé's ill-fated and ill-judged little army is an odyssey only touched upon here when necessary. The part played in the miserable story certainly redounded to the Duc d'Enghien's credit. Napoleon, with his appreciation of military qualities, may not unreasonably have learned to regard him with suspicion. If the young man showed the foibles of Condé's unworthy descendants, he also gave proof of redeeming qualities. On the march, in the skirmish or battlefield, he displayed not only courage but initiative, and, what at one time was rarer, consideration for those serving under him. When no fighting was going on he hunted, danced, rioted, and flirted with the rest. Not yet had his affection for Charlotte de Rohan developed into passionate love.

Meantime another figure claimed the girl's care and devotion.

A year before the fall of the Bastille the Cardinal de Rohan had been permitted to return to Paris. The affair of the Diamond Necklace seemed forgotten. An *émigré*, like his kinsfolk and friends, he betook himself to one of his numerous seigneurial residences, a small principality on the right bank of the Rhine over against Strasburg. The place was called Ettenheim, a name of itself enough to stamp Napoleon's memory with undying infamy. To the society-loving Cardinal this second exile appeared less bearable than the first. Formerly he had at least breathed native air; he was now cut off from French surroundings and French speech. In his discomfiture he thought of his favourite niece and god-daughter, the winning young hostess of the Hôtel de Rohan. Would she share his exile and cheer his solitude?

Meantime Charlotte's family was scattered—not

only leagues dividing the separate members, but opinions. Whilst the Prince, her father, with one of her brothers, had joined Condé's headquarters at Worms, the Princess and her elder children had remained in France. Strange to say, mother and sons were in sympathy with the changing order of things; and as a camp—such a camp at least as that of Worms—was hardly the place for a young lady fastidiously reared as had been Charlotte, we next hear of her under the Cardinal's roof. There she passed the terrible years that followed, her heart ever with her hero in the camp. Every testimony to the young Duke's ardour and what in her eyes constituted the sublimest patriotism but deepened growing passion, and in 1794 the pair were thrown together under romantic circumstances.

The rout of Condé's little army in Alsace, the fatigues of the recent campaign, and the discouragement of irretrievable disaster told upon the Duc d'Enghien's not too robust constitution. In January 1794 he fell dangerously ill, and was nursed by Charlotte at Ettenheim, the hospitable Cardinal apparently opening his doors to any of his friends or relations needing 'harbour and good company.' For months this idyl of convalescence lasted. As soon as the weather permitted, leaning on Charlotte's arm, her patient breathed the springtide air, their talks of France and Fleur de Lis, of all that was lost and all that they hoped to regain, of tragic events in Paris and projected reprisals, alternating with lighter, more personal themes. They were now lovers.

And who can say? Ardent royalist as was Charlotte, much as she gloried in her young soldier's ardour, perhaps for a brief space she now caressed dreams of union and fireside happiness. Might not the Duke prefer inaction to serving under foreign leadership? Might not altered prospects weigh with the proud head of the Condés? Well enough the lovers knew that hitherto nothing but a royal alliance would have been considered for a moment. The great-grandson of the victor of Rocroy must wed some princess of a reigning house.

'Le Roi' an exile, the little army of his followers scattered, the Courts of Europe holding aloof, alike royal and ducal coffers empty—surely such lofty ambitions had received a check?

Whatever may have been Charlotte's hopes, she never allowed them to overcome impersonal interests. In her counsels the Duke had always an Egeria. To his father he wrote of her during convalescence: 'When honour calls me, there is one here who, instead of hindering, will hasten my departure.'

What seemed the call of honour came. A little later the lovers parted after tenderest adieus, Charlotte receiving daily letters from her hero, now commanding the *avant-garde* of the little royalist army in Würtemberg. To the young soldier's capacity and daring in this brief campaign even his enemies paid homage. But again and again came crushing disaster and heart-chilling delays.

And again and again comfort and uplifting reached him from her to whom, despite his foibles, he ever remained faithful and a hero. As has been said, the Duc d'Enghien had inherited the errors as well as the courage of his race. If indeed a *preux chevalier*, it cannot be said of him that he was a *chevalier sans reproche*.

III.

TEN years passed, each in its course more completely falsifying the hopes of the royalist party. The *ancien régime* had not been restored by foreign arms. Napoleon, First Consul, had his heel on the neck of France. The proclamation of an autocracy was at hand.

Nothing more clearly reveals the Bourbon character than this story. No longer venturing to call himself Comte de Provence, an exile bearing an assumed name, now accepting a pittance and shelter from one sovereign, now from another, the brother of Louis XVI. had not been one whit changed by recent events. Nor had altered prospects in the very least modified the haughtiness of the Condés. Neither Monsieur le Prince nor the Duc de Bourbon abated a tittle of his former pretensions.

Within this space the familiar world had been turned upside-down. The order of things must undergo another and still more vital transformation ere 'Le Roi,' so called, would permit a Condé and a Bourbon to wed with any not of royal blood.

Royal and parental authority in the case of alliances, as we know, was absolute. During the reign of Louis XIV. a nobleman had sent his son to the galleys for having married out of his rank. The obtaining of a *lettre de cachet* in such cases was no unusual event until the Revolution—witness Mirabeau's story.

Tentatively, again and again the Duc d'Enghien approached his father on the subject of his marriage. Not venturing upon an open declaration, not even suggesting a marriage with Charlotte de Rohan, he seems to have hoped against hope that his wishes would be anticipated, that at last fireside joy should compensate him for bitterest disillusion.

On the other hand, the elder Condés were hoping against hope that an alliance of their grandson with some royal house would in some measure restore family fortunes and prestige. In 1802 we find the Duc d'Enghien writing to his father thus: 'My grandfather tells me that he and you are both trying to better my circumstances. I presume it is of my marriage that he speaks; but I am surprised that in a matter so nearly concerning myself I should be kept in the dark. I have long ceased to be a minor. Consequently we should be at one on a subject which I consider the most important in my life, and on which I should come to no hasty decision.'*

* 8 Avril 1802. Archives Nationales.

Quite suddenly the lovers' hopes were raised. By the death of the Cardinal de Rohan, his god-daughter, favourite niece, and devoted companion became an heiress. Might not such accession of wealth weigh with Monsieur le Prince or the Duc de Bourbon? Financially speaking, the house of Condé, with that of their royal master, was in direst straits. Alike royal and ducal coffers were empty, without any prospect of replenishment; one after another protégés on European thrones tightened their purse-strings; the Continent, indeed, had grown sick to death of the word *émigré*. Only with the utmost and reiterated insistence could the Comte de Lille—or 'Le Roi,' as he was called by his friends—extort a miserable little subsidy wherewith to keep up the semblance of a Court. Whether at this juncture the Duc d'Enghien boldly and fruitlessly demanded permission to marry Charlotte de Rohan we do not learn. The desperate decision arrived at a little later would seem to point to such a conclusion.

In the last days of 1803, and in the presence of two witnesses, the lovers were secretly married, the ceremony being performed by a late vicar-general of Strasburg Cathedral. Henceforth life to these two meant home only, mutually shared joy in common things. And with that blindness of human nature which the Greek dramatists regarded as fatality, bride and bridegroom chose to settle themselves within a stone's-throw of the French frontier. At a time when rumours of conspiracy had maddened Napoleon—when drum-head courts-martial were the order of the day, when any one bearing the name of Bourbon was forbidden to touch native soil on pain of instant death—scoffing at threats, rebutting persuasions, blind to dangers, the Duc d'Enghien coolly took up his residence at Ettenheim.

In a modest château the pair now made their home, busying themselves with the cultivation of flowers and vegetables, amid such occupations forgetting past illusions and gloomy forebodings. As has been said, this long love-story had not been without many a shadow. Charlotte's devotion could forgive lapses that might have proved unpardonable to many women. They were at last united, all that now seemed left to them being their love for each other.

IV.

ON the heels of honeymoon came dire tragedy. The frenzied haste, precipitation, and brutality with which Napoleon's orders were carried out look like insanity.

On the 15th of March 1804—that is to say, about three months after his secret marriage—the Duke was carried off by a strong armed escort, such violation of territory heightening the barbarity of the deed. From the citadel of Strasburg, in which he was lodged, the prisoner wrote a long letter to Charlotte, concluding thus: 'You know my long and tender attachment to you. Free or a prisoner, that attachment will never change.' And he adds: 'The faithful Mohiloff has never quitted me for an instant.' Mohiloff was the Princess Charlotte's dog, who had followed the military convoy to the Rhine. Not being permitted to enter the ferry-boat, he swam to the other bank, and jumped into the carriage, there lying at his master's feet, and showing his teeth at attempted interference.

This long and tenderly passionate letter, breathing hope and encouragement, naturally never reached its destination. With other papers it was straightway handed to Napoleon by the General in charge, named Leval.

Without for a moment dreaming of the fate in store for him, and never losing his self-control, the prisoner kept up his old habit of writing a diary. Here is his last entry: '*Sunday, March* 18.—I was taken away [from Strasburg] this night at half-past one. Only just time was given me to dress. I took leave of my unfortunate friends and servants and set forth alone, under guard of two officers and two gendarmes. I was told by Colonel Charlot that I was being taken before the General of Division, who had just received orders from Paris. Instead, I find a carriage with six post-horses before the Cathedral. I am bundled inside. Lieutenant Petermanns placed himself beside me, and an officer of the gendarmerie named Blitterdorf drove. Two gendarmes accompanied us—one inside, one out.'

The crime of the Iron Mask was not carried out with more secrecy than Napoleon's crowning infamy. At express speed and with frequent relays the *berline* rattled toward Paris. Along the route were posted soldiery, so fearful was the tyrant of losing his prey—a young man whose only crime was his name! And such was the precipitancy enjoined on his agents that no time was allowed for a meal. When, after sixty-two hours' incessant travel, the Duke and his faithful dog reached Vincennes, they were half-famished. A humble official, moved to pity by their appearance, hastened to the nearest restaurant, and set before the pair a bowl of vermicelli soup and a *fricandeau*, which were gratefully devoured. The name of this humane gendarme was Aufort, and in 1816 he published an account of what happened.

The following order had been forwarded that morning to Harel, governor of Vincennes:* 'An individual, whose name is not to be known, citizen commandant, will be conducted to the fortress under your charge. You will place him in a vacant cell, and take proper precautions for his security. The intention of the Government is that everything concerning him is to be kept a profound secret, and that no questions are to be asked as to the reason of his detention. You yourself are not to know who he is. You alone will communicate with him; no one else is to see him till the receipt of further

* Archives Nationales, where it can be seen (folio 6418, 29 Ventose An xii., Police Secrète).

orders. He will probably arrive this night. The First Consul, citizen commandant, relies upon your discretion and the exactitude with which these orders are carried out.'

Meantime the members of the impending court-martial were already assembled in close proximity to the prisoner, their instructions being to condemn and at once '*juger sans désemparer le prévenu*,' and on no account was sentence to be deferred.

Waked from a sound slumber at eleven o'clock the same evening, and briefly interrogated by the packed commission, three hours later the Duke was again roused from the deep sleep engendered of fatigue, this time by the commandant of the fortress. Lantern in hand, Harel conducted his prisoner through one dark passage after another, finally emerging into the open air. It was now pitch-dark, and a cold north wind was blowing.

'You are taking me to a dungeon?' asked the prisoner.

'Alas, no!' murmured Aufort, his benefactor, whose duty it was to be present.

A few seconds later and the victim knew his fate. He had been conducted to the *fosse* or dried moat between the fortress and outer wall; before him by the feeble light of torches gleamed the bayonets of the firing-party; at hand lay a freshly dug grave.

With extraordinary *sang-froid* he now cut off a lock of hair and begged an officer present, named Noirot, to see that it was delivered, with a ring and a pencilled note, to the Princess Charlotte; he next begged for the services of a priest, a request met with a gibe. Then the bayonets were levelled, as he fell the words escaping him, 'To die thus at the hands of Frenchmen!'

Hardly was the body hidden by hastily shovelled earth when a terrific howl rang through the enclosure. It was Mohiloff, who in desperation had broken loose, and now frantically tore the half-covered grave of his murdered master.

Such was the tragedy written in the face of the aged lady whom a Frenchman still living saw over sixty years ago. Charlotte de Rochefort never forgave her husband's assassin. Pitiless she remained to one who was himself the incarnation of pitilessness.

Only one or two more facts I will mention. Of European States, three alone protested against Napoleon's crime—namely, Great Britain, Sweden, and Russia. The Duc d'Enghien's dying commands were never carried out. The severed lock of hair, ring, and note never reached her for whom they were intended. Placed under lock and key in the police records (*Archives de la Police*), it was not until the final overthrow of Imperialism after Sedan that they were discovered. And these records contain an order which perhaps more than anything shows the real character of the Corsican Attila. It was this: the faithful Mohiloff was on no account to be restored to his mistress! Dog-lovers, however, may derive some consolation from the fact that poor Mohiloff found kind protectors. And later a follower of the Condés worthily commemorated him in the following epitaph:

Perdita Condæi proles dum quærit amicum
Solum te moriens spectat, amice canis!

THE LONDON OF 'ESMOND' AND 'THE VIRGINIANS.'

By Lewis Melville.

PART I.

THE London of *Esmond* and *The Virginians* is virtually the London of the eighteenth century. It was the age of the splendid, embroidered, beruffled, snuff-boxed, red-heeled, impertinent Folly, that withal knew how to make itself respected. It was the age of the *bel air* and the dignified mien, of perukes and powder and paint, when gallantry was the recognised pursuit and morality was at nearly as low an ebb as in that period of mad excesses, the Restoration. It was an age when men drank deep and swore heavily, when swords were drawn on the slightest provocation and women were left widows through the consequences of careless words uttered by excited men at the gaming-tables. It was an age of three-bottle men and of all-night sittings at taverns. The 'pace' of the *viveurs* of the day was awful. Peterborough lived into the very jaws of death, and Godolphin laboured all day and gambled at night; and Bolingbroke, in his retirement at Dawling, writing to Swift, dating his letter at six o'clock in the morning, and rising, as he says, refreshed, serene, and calm, calls to mind the time of his London life when about that hour he would be going to bed, surfeited by pleasure and jaded with business. An examination of the habits of men of the *beau monde* of the day cannot but fill us with envy of the strength of their constitutions. Of all the wits only Pope, always more or less an invalid, did not lead this life, and of all the wits only he and Prior were not fat. Swift, Addison, Steele, Gay, Thomson, all were corpulent, as they must be who, taking no exercise, spend their time, drinking, in heated rooms.

The difference between the present time and the reign of Queen Anne is not to be explained merely by the lapse of two centuries. There was less difference between the years 1700 and 1500 than in the later similar interval. Progress has made immense strides, and as Bulwer Lytton would have said, the British Lion is aroused and the schoolmaster is abroad.

A picture of the day is conjured up by Thackeray:

'The maypole rises in the Strand again in London, the churches are thronged with daily worshippers, the *beaux* are gathering in the coffee-houses, the gentry are going to the drawing-room, the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops, the chairmen are jostling in the streets, the footmen are running with links before the chariots or fighting round the theatre doors. In the country I see the young squire riding to Eton with his servants behind him, and Will Wimble, the friend of the family, to see him safe. To make that journey from the squire's and back, Will is a week on horseback. The coach takes five days between London and Bath. The Judges and the Bar ride the circuit. If my Lady comes to town in her post-chariot, her people carry pistols to fire a salute on Captain Macheath if he should appear, and her couriers ride ahead to prepare apartments for her at the great caravanserais on the road; Boniface receives her under the creaking sign of the "Bell" or the "Ram," and he and his chamberlains bow her up the great stair to the state apartments, whilst her carriage rumbles into the courtyard, where the "Exeter Fly" is housed that performs the journey in eight days, God willing, having achieved its daily flight of twenty miles, and landed its passengers for supper and sleep. The curate is taking his pipe in the kitchen, where the Captain's man, having hung up his master's half-pike, is at his bacon and eggs, bragging of Ramillies and Malplaquet to the townsfolk, who have their club in the chimney-corner. The Captain is ogling the chambermaid in the wooden gallery, or bribing her to know who is the pretty young mistress that has come in the coach. The pack-horses are in the great stable, and the drivers and ostlers carousing in the tap. And in Mrs Landlady's bar, over a glass of strong waters, sits a gentleman of military appearance, who travels with pistols, as all the rest of the world does, and has a rattling gray mare in the stable which will be saddled and away with its owner half-an-hour before the "Fly" sets out on its last day's flight. And some five miles on the road, as the "Exeter Fly" comes jingling and creaking onwards, it will suddenly be brought to a halt by a gentleman on a gray mare, with a black vizard on his face, who thrusts a long pistol into the coach window, and bids the company to hand out their purses. . . .' The maypole has gone; the churches are not filled on week-days; the toy-shops no longer exist; footmen do not run with links before the chariots of the nobility. Links died out when the streets were lighted with gas, the coaches have been replaced by railways, and even the steam-engine is passing as electricity slowly but surely takes its place as the motive-power of the future. The country inns have died of inanition, though the motor-car may here and there be giving a few hostelries a new lease of life, and the highwayman is as extinct as the dodo.

The city in the reign of Queen Anne multiplied its size manifold, and expanded beyond its walls, but there were still spaces on all sides—Hoxton Fields, White Conduit Street, Lamb's Conduit Fields, Marylebone Fields; but beyond St-Martin-le-Grand the streets were left in darkness absolute, and Temple Bar and the other city gates were closed at night.

Bloomsbury was beginning. Southampton House was there, and Bedford House, at the back of which, and overlooking the gardens, George Warrington lived in the street now known as Southampton Row. Montague House was a landmark, and in 1759 was opened as the British Museum. 'There's Montague House made into a confounded Don Saltero's museum, with books and stuffed birds and rhinoceroses,' Lord March exclaimed at White's in disgust. Soon the Sloane and other collections outgrew their habitation, and a new Ionic structure was erected in 1823 by Sir Robert Smirke, which is regarded as perhaps the most successful imitation of the Greek architecture in this country. The famous reading-room under the dome, however, was not built until half-a-century later. Steele, who, after marrying his 'dear Prue,' lived in 'the third house from Germaine Street, left hand of Berry Street,' in St James's, where the rent was not paid until after the landlord had put in an execution on Captain Steele's furniture, moved to a mansion in Bloomsbury Square. At this residence there was the same difficulty about the payment of rent, and it was here probably that Steele put the bailiff's men into his livery and made them wait at table. 'Do I know the Mall? Do I know the Opera? Why, Bloomsbury is the very height of the *mode*,' the satirical Mr St John assured Mr Steele. "Tis *rus in urbe*. You have gardens all the way to Hampstead, and palaces round about you.' It is almost impossible nowadays to realise that remark about the surroundings of Bloomsbury; yet when Queen's Square was built in the reign of Queen Anne—it was named in compliment to her, but the statue in the gardens is that of Queen Charlotte—much praise was bestowed upon it because of the beautiful view to the Hampstead and Highgate hills, for which reason the north side was left open! The outlook to the north is to-day confined to the immediately adjacent Guildford Street.

South of Old Bourne, or Holborn, as it is now written, was a popular quarter. Old Lord Castlewood had at one time a fine house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, nigh to the Duke's Theatre and the Portuguese Ambassador's Chapel. It was at the Duke's Playhouse that Francis, Viscount Castlewood, arranged to meet Lord Mohun before going on to sup at the 'Rose' or the 'Greyhound,' where they had agreed to quarrel. The play was Mr Wycherley's *Love in a Wood*. Thackeray has mentioned:

'Mrs Bracegirdle performed the girl's part in the comedy, and, disguised as a page, stood before the gentlemen as they sat on the stage, and looked over her shoulder with a pair of arch black eyes, and laughed at my Lord, and asked what ailed the gentleman from the country, and had he had bad

news from Bullock Fair. Between the acts of the play the gentlemen crossed over and conversed freely. There were two of Lord Mohun's party, Captain Macartney in a military habit, and a gentleman in a suit of blue velvet and silver in a fair periwig, with a rich fall of point of Venice lace—my Lord the Earl of Warwick and Holland. My Lord had a paper of oranges, which he ate, and offered to the actresses, joking with them. And Mrs Bracegirdle, when my Lord Mohun said something rude, turned on him and asked him what he did there, and whether he and his friends had come to stab anybody else, as they did poor Will Mountford.'

But the play could not have been *Love in a Wood*, for the disguise of a page is not worn by any of the ladies in Mr Wycherley's comedy, and Mrs Bracegirdle is not known ever to have sustained any part in that work, which was revived at Drury Lane in 1718, when the play-bills stated it had not been represented for thirty years.

In Thackeray's historical novels, as indeed in most of his writings, there is frequent reference to the playhouse. It will be remembered that when Mr Esmond retired from the army he devoted his leisure to the composition of a play, whereof the prompter's copy, once in the possession of Mrs Rachel Esmond Warrington of Virginia, is docketed *The Faithful Fool: a Comedy*. It was a sentimental piece, being written by a young man deeply in love with a beautiful woman, and was admired more by Mr (afterwards Sir Richard) Steele than by Mr Addison. The latter was bringing out his play of *Cato* at the time, the blaze of which quite extinguished the amateur's production, which perished on the third night of its performance by their Majesties' Servants, with only half-a-dozen persons to behold its last agonies. Esmond did not put his name to the piece, which was printed as by 'A Person of Quality.' Only nine copies were sold, though the famous Mr Dennis praised it, and said it was a work of great merit; and Colonel Esmond had the whole impression burned one day in a rage by Jack Lockwood, his man.

In *The Virginians* the Warringtons and the Lamberts go to Covent Garden Theatre to witness a performance of the play, by the great Mr John Home of Scotland, entitled *Douglas*, in which Mr Spranger Barry was magnificently attired as the immortal Norval, and the beautiful Mrs Washington made all the ladies, and even the grenadiers on guard on each side of the stage, weep visibly and audibly. From his grandfather, Colonel Esmond, Mr George Warrington inherited some literary ambitions, and his play *Carpezan* was produced with great success, with Mr Rich, at Covent Garden. George was less fortunate with his second play, a poetical tragedy entitled *Pocohontas*, produced at Drury Lane by Garrick, with O'Hagan (*ne* Geoghagan) as Sir Walter Raleigh, and Mrs Pritchard as the eponymous heroine. At the first performance, in the front boxes sat Samuel Johnson, who could not see, and Joshua Reynolds, who could not hear, and who had come good-naturedly *à deux* to form an opinion of the play. Everything went smoothly enough; but when the heroine rushed to the prisoner's arms, and a number of people were actually in tears, a rude fellow in the pit bawled out, 'Bedad! there's the "Belle Savage" kissing the "Saracen's Head"'—the ignorant fellow not knowing that Pocohontas was the Belle Savage from which the tavern took its name.

The incident in *The Virginians* of the marriage of O'Hagan with Lady Maria was doubtless founded upon the true story of O'Brien the actor who ran away with Lady Susan Fox Strangways, whose relations also sent them to America, with an allowance of four hundred a year, settled by Lord Holland on his niece; but the daring couple eventually decided not to accept expatriation, and returned to England, where they led a happy and contented life.

Though to-day the glory of Covent Garden has faded, yet a portion of the Italian colonnade known as the Piazza remains to remind us of the time when it was one of the sights of the town. Great houses were dotted around the vast square, and there still stands a corner house—the frontage, unaltered through many generations, may be seen in Hogarth's 'Morning'—which after the Restoration was occupied by Sir Kenelm Digby, later by Admiral the Earl of Orford, and eventually by Evans's famous tavern. Covent Garden was one of the great centres of the taverns and coffee-houses which played so great a part in the social life of the eighteenth century, the better class of which were the predecessors of the clubs of to-day, and the less reputable, and those frequented by the lower orders, of the modern public-houses. Each and all, however, were social exchanges for news, which but for these meeting-places would have travelled slowly in an era when newspapers were, to all intents and purposes, non-existent. Button, once the servant of the Countess of Warwick whom Addison married, set up his coffee-house on the south side of Russell Street, two doors from Covent Garden, and it was here that the famous Mr Congreve came, and the still greater Dean Swift. Mr Addison set up his headquarters at Button's, and was usually to be found there, surrounded by 'Dick' Steele, Budgell, Tickell, Phillips, and Carey, the principal officers of his court. There was a time when Mr Alexander Pope sat at the feet of the author of *Cato*, but the latter, 'too fond to rule alone,' could 'bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,' and Mr Pope withdrew from that society.

It was on the west side of Bow Street (where Lord Mohun lived in lodgings), at the corner of Russell Street, that the Rose Tavern stood. This had a singularly bad reputation, and a room in the hostelry, showing a midnight debauch, was depicted in the third print of 'The Rake's Progress.' Subsequently it was rechristened Will's, and its character improved. Nowhere was the smoking more constant

than at Will's, that celebrated house, sacred to polite 'letters.' Macaulay has recorded: 'Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. There were earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators and index-makers in ragged coats of frieze.' Old Dryden went there and sat for hours together in a room on the first floor, where the company assembled, and *beaux* contended together for the honour to be allowed to take a pinch out of the great man's snuff-box. Tom's was a resort frequented by Dr Johnson, Reynolds, and Garrick; and Offley's, in Henrietta Street, was visited by all who cared to listen to high-class singing. Not far off was the old Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar, where Ben Jonson had reigned supreme among the wits and gallants of his day. The 'Greyhound' (in Charing Cross, where my Lord Castlewood stayed) and Lockit's (in Spring Gardens) were also popular resorts.

Farther west were the 'George' and the 'Star and Garter,' 'over against the gate of the palace in Pall Mall,' and in St James's Street the 'Cocoa-Tree' and White's Chocolate-House. White's Club, frequented by the fashionable men about town, had its home at the chocolate-house of the same name. Close by the corner of St James's Street which faces that part of St James's Palace which stands between the Colour Court and the Ambassador's Court was the St James's Coffee-House, where fashionable wits forgathered, and Swift wrote so many of his letters to sweet, womanly Stella. 'He never sends away a letter to her but he begins a new one in the same day. He can't bear to let go her little hand, as it were.' Next door, in later days, Thackeray came to live for two years.

Pall Mall, perhaps owing to its proximity to St James's Palace, has always been a favourite street of 'the quality:'

> In town let me live, in town let me die,
> For in truth I can't relish the country, not I;
> If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
> Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!'

'I lodged in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of strangers because of its vicinity to the Queen's Palace, the Park, the Parliament House, the theatres, and the chocolate and coffee houses, where the best company frequent,' says Defoe. 'If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus: we rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's *levées* find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as at Holland, go to tea-tables. About twelve, the *beau monde* assembles in several coffee and chocolate houses, the best of which are the Cocoa-Tree or White's Chocolate-House; the St James's, the Smyrna, Mr Crockford's, and the British coffee-houses; and all these so near one another that in less than one hour you can see the company of them all.'

Thackeray also has written of Pall Mall and its memories, which were especially dear to him. He lived at the south-west corner of St James's Street, and one may well believe that as he walked through the famous street he peopled it with the famous folk who had lived and walked and talked there.

'I remember peeping through the colonnade at Carlton House, and seeing the abode of the great Prince Regent. I can see yet the Guards pacing before the gate of the palace. The palace! What palace? The palace exists no more than the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. It is but a name now. Where be the sentries who used to salute as the royal chariots drove in and out? The chariots, with the kings inside, have driven to the realms of Pluto; the tall Guards have marched into darkness, and the echoes of their drums are rolling in Hades. Where the palace once stood a hundred little children are paddling up and down the steps to St James's Park. A score of grave gentlemen are taking their tea at the Athenæum Club; as many grizzly warriors are garrisoning the United Service Club opposite. Pall Mall is the great social Exchange of London now—the mart of news, of politics, of scandal, of rumour—the English Forum, so to speak, where men discuss the last despatch from the Crimea, the last speech of Lord Derby, the next move of Lord John. And, now and then, to a few antiquarians whose thoughts are with the past rather than with the present, it is a memorial of old times and old people, and Pall Mall is our Palmyra. Look! About this spot, Tom of Ten Thousand was killed by Königsmarck's gang. In that great red house Gainsborough lived, and Culloden Cumberland, George III.'s uncle. Yonder is Sarah Marlborough's palace, just as it stood when that termagant occupied it. At 25 Walter Scott used to live; at the house now 79, and occupied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, resided Mistress Eleanor Gwynne, comedian. How often has Queen Caroline's chair issued from under yonder arch! All the men of the Georges have passed up and down the street. It has seen Walpole's chariot and Chatham's sedan; and Fox, Gibbon, Sheridan, on their way to Brooks's; and stately William Pitt, stalking on the arm of Dundas; and Hanger and Tom Sheridan reeling out of Raggett's; and Byron limping into Wattier's; and Swift striding out of Bury Street; and Mr Addison and Dick Steele, both perhaps a little the better for liquor; and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York clattering over the pavement; and Johnson counting the posts along the street, after dawdling before Dodsley's window; and Horry Walpole hobbling into his carriage with a gimcrack just bought at Christie's; and George Selwyn sauntering into White's.'

Pall Mall is now as much as ever the great social Exchange of London, and if it now contains few historic mansions, it contains some of the best-known clubs in the world; and a man who is acquainted with those whom not to know argues yourself unknown may meet more famous people in an hour in that street than in a week in any other thoroughfare.

RAT EXTERMINATION.

AT a meeting in London of a new association for the extermination of rats, Sir J. Crichton-Browne passed a powerful indictment against the rat as an agent in the dissemination of disease and as a destructive animal. Their yearly ravages amount to thousands, perhaps even millions, of pounds. Apart from the actual losses caused, there is the still more important matter of risk to health resulting from the presence of rats, the direct connection of these vermin with human plague having been abundantly proved. Dr Crichton-Browne further pointed out a new departure in the crusade against rats. Dr Danysz of the Pasteur Institute at Paris had produced a bacteriological preparation containing disease-germs to which only animals of the rat genus were susceptible. When the bait charged with that particular living organism or virus was eaten by these vermin they contracted a disease from which they died in from eight to fourteen days, and which they communicated to other rats. The Australian Government had asked Dr Danysz's aid in the extermination of rabbits, but with a different virus. This virus has already been successfully used on the Continent on a large scale, particularly at Odessa and elsewhere; by the Fareham and Hants Farmers' Club, which has experimented over an area of two thousand acres with satisfactory results; while the rats on the London Tube Railways have been dealt with in the same manner. The rats in the London Underground Electric Railways had been eating insulations and causing 'short circuits.' The virus was mixed with flaked oats for rat consumption. Rats so treated are said to leave their usual haunts and confined spaces in search of air, and die in the open. Spring and early summer is suggested as the best time for such a crusade.

Another interesting experiment has been conducted on the island of Little Cumbrae with a preparation called 'ratin,' which is said to have been tested by the German, Russian, and Norwegian Governments. Little Cumbrae covers an area of nine hundred acres, and is situated in the mouth of the Clyde, to the south of Great Cumbrae, and about two miles from the Ayrshire coast. It rises four hundred and nine feet, and has a lighthouse. It appears that about a hundred years ago the island was inhabited by about seventy families, who made their living partly as pilots and partly as scouts, bringing messages of importance and urgency to land and from there to Glasgow; but the only remains of their dwellings is the old inn, which is now used as a sort of barn. Rats have been on the island for a number of years, but only during the last four years have they been a considerable trouble; when about that time the French steamer *Lady Isabella* was wrecked off the coast, the rats swam ashore, and have multiplied at a tremendous rate.

The island is the property of the Eglinton family, and is held on lease by Mr E. S. Parker, of Liverpool, the well-known Demerara sugar-planter, who holds it purely as a sporting estate, rabbit and woodcock shooting being the form of healthy recreation it affords him. The island is very hilly, and in the summer-time is covered with large ferns and is a mass of bloom. The rats, of course, found plenty of food, and the keeper reports that last year he lost five tons of turnips; and at Christmas-time the rats attacked a twenty-pound turkey, killed it, and completely devoured it, leaving nothing but the bare bones. They have also been a terror to the young and weaker rabbits. Rose-bushes, wild-duck nests, mangolds—in fact, almost every department of feathered and earth culture—were in a constant state of struggle for life against the depredations of the rats.

It therefore became imperative for Mr Parker to do something properly to exterminate the vermin, and it might be mentioned that he had used every kind of poison or other remedy on the market without any success whatsoever, until he applied for assistance to the Ratin Laboratory. A representative went over the island, terms were arranged, and last January ratin was used, with the result that a total extermination is said to have been effected. A new exterminator is being introduced, which consumes the body of the rat. This we hope to describe later.

ON THE MOORS.

CLOSE to the heart of Nature! Far away
From crowded streets, from dust and din and strife;
Out on the wide green moors where, day by day,
Tired souls may drink the very wine of life.
No finer tonic than this bracing air,
No better antidote for fret and care.

Unbroken, vast, dream-haunted solitude
Of amethystine shade and golden light;
A subtler charm in every varying mood,
Or mystical and wild, or soft and bright.
No sound intrudes save when a plover's cry
Cleaves the pure azure of the tranquil sky.

A million flowers, with eyes of tender blue,
Peep where broad ferns their emerald banners toss;
A million pearls, made of the morning dew,
Hang all a-tremble on the sphagnum moss;
And purple foxglove-bells beneath the trees
Are gaily swung by velvet-coated bees.

Come! By the crystal of the moorland streams
Soft turf invites the weary limbs to rest;
Miles off the busy highway faintly gleams,
But peace reigns here; and it is surely best
To leave the round of labour for a space
And spend glad hours with Nature face to face.

E. MATHESON.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE TEACHER OF AUCHNACOUR.

By C. EDWARDES.

I.

JOHN STANHAM came to Auchnacour to engage with certain little problems of the higher mathematics. His university expected it of him. Other men might spend the vacation in climbing Alps or trips to America; but he was not like other men.

It was by complete chance that he hit upon Auchnacour. He saw the advertisement in a northern paper which Grant of Jacob's—a frivolous don of a frivolous college—had rolled into a sort of football and pitched through his open window at midnight. He was burning midnight oil; though, as a matter of fact, it was gas.

The paper football struck him on the head; and presently, his intellect being disturbed by the interruption, he smoothed out the paper, and there it was: 'Parlour and bedroom to let for August. Lovely district. Inverliggan Station eleven miles. Maclean, Auchnacour, Inverness-shire.'

His imagination took fire at once. He wasn't supposed to have any imagination, only the keenest of cold, keen common-sense. But though he himself would have smiled rather pityingly at any one who had charged him with the possession of that exhilarating yet untrustworthy faculty, he had a certain amount of it. He sat and saw visions of lonely crimson-sided mountains with rugged heads, of misty green valleys threaded by brawling white streams; and before he went to bed he penned a quite formal letter to Maclean of Auchnacour requesting further information.

The answer took four days to arrive. This in itself was magnificent proof of Auchnacour's remoteness, and therefore utter tranquillity.

The rooms were in the schoolhouse. There was no bath on the premises, but a river in the strath with very suitable pools for a gentleman. Mr Æsop the artist, who had been the lodger a year ago, had delighted in these natural baths chiselled out of the rocks. There was a very good lamp for reading, a pine-wood on one side of the house; and the writer, Kate Maclean, had a certificate for proficiency in cookery as well as an Edinburgh University degree for other attainments. She and her sister Fiona would do all they conveniently could to make Mr Stanham comfortable if he came.

The letter interested and even amused John Stanham greatly. He wrote again, and received another reply, in which Kate Maclean promised not to bore him with talk about education—'shop,' as he had termed it—and begged to remain his obedient servant. A postscript said she should take it for granted Auchnacour did not attract him unless he telegraphed an immediate answer to Grieg Bridge, the nearest office.

'I've set her back up, I can see,' said John Stanham with a grim chuckle.

He telegraphed in less than half-an-hour: 'Expect me next Thursday.' It was one of his odd characteristics to like people who had tempers. He had one himself, though he kept it under lock and key, so that few suspected its existence.

It was Friday morning ere he reached Auchnacour. He hadn't taken bad weather into consideration, and the wind and rain on the Thursday evening, when he got out of the train at Inverliggan, were so violent that he couldn't and wouldn't face an eleven-mile drive in the teeth of it, even to keep his promise to a punctilious Highland schoolmarm who had given him such express instructions about ways and means. She had asked him what he would like for his supper on the Thursday evening, and he had telegraphed the simple word 'chicken.' That ended the correspondence.

Friday was a bright morning, and Stanham was in bright spirits when the Inverliggan inn's dog-cart set him down at the schoolhouse. A pretty ivy-clad place, with the mountains towering across the strath, and that pine-wood very black on one side. But, heavens! the shock it gave him to see about thirty boys and girls capering on the green plot in front of the cottage.

'Do you mean to say they don't have holidays up here?' he asked the driver.

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The driver didna ken the ways of Auchnacour. They were all Catholics in this part, he said. Maybe they had times of their own for work and holidays differing from the times of other districts.

The children were mostly barelegged, and all seemed to be briefly awed by John's arrival. They crowded to the railings and watched him. Two or three of the boys had green tartan petticoats. As for the girls, never in Great Britain had he seen such black-haired little gipsies.

And then Kate Maclean came to him—a black-haired, determined little aboriginal Celt herself, all in white, save for a rowanberry-red bow at her neck. 'You are the gentleman, I suppose?' she said.

John smiled and supposed he was. 'You don't exactly have regiments of strange gentlemen, Miss—or Mrs—Maclean, I venture to think?' he added.

'Och, no, not at all,' said she. 'But we were looking for you last night. We sat up until one o'clock, Mr Stanham. Not that it matters indeed. But please to come in.'

She gave him about five minutes, introduced him to her sister Fiona, and then went to the door, clapped her hands, the children fluttered into school like poultry to their food, and John had the freedom of his surroundings. They were very much what he had been prepared for, save this considerable and annoying surprise about the children.

'Miss Fiona Maclean, I presume?' he said to the evidently younger sister; and then he learnt that they were both 'Miss.'

Fiona's eyes were not nearly so black as Kate's. They were a soft brown. Moreover, she seemed shy, which might be another annoyance to him, for he objected to anything so unreasonable as shyness.

'You'll be wanting some tea?' she said, and fled.

He unpacked, descended to find the tea on the table, rang and said he didn't want it—and then, very absurdly, changed his mind. 'It's quite all right,' he said. 'There's nothing to look so distressed about. I had coffee for breakfast only two hours ago; but—I will make an effort.'

She had nothing to urge against that; just left him to his effort. And afterwards he took his stick, climbed off into the hills, got caught in a mist, lost himself, and was exceedingly fortunate to strike the strath at nightfall, and a thatched cottage which provided him with a barelegged lassie as guide back to the schoolhouse. The lassie's name was Dodds. It is important to mention only because of the calf Fergus, which three weeks later her father, Alec Dodds, presented to John Stanham.

The way Kate Maclean lectured him that evening, even before he changed his clothes!

'I'm not doubting, Mr Stanham,' she said, 'that you are a very clever gentleman in England—you must be to teach mathematics to undergraduates; but you have to remember here that you are in the Highlands. It's not very sensible, indeed, to climb about without a map, and with nothing in your pockets to eat. I should not have thought anybody could have been quite so foolish.'

Fiona stood a little way behind her black-eyed sister during this reproof. She seemed dreadfully shy about it, yet eager; as if to see how far her sister's tongue would go in audacity, and how he would bear it.

'I'm really very sorry,' said John Stanham. 'To me it's a joke rather than an event of such tragic importance.'

Kate Maclean then turned sharply to her sister. 'What are you standing like that for, Fiona?' she demanded. 'Take some hot water upstairs at once to his room, and the foot-bath.—And I shall give you some whisky this minute, Mr Stanham!'

John went upstairs shaking his shoulders. 'What an acidulated little virago! About thirty!' he conjectured. 'Poor creature! No doubt tow-headed and barelegged children are trying to an ordinary brain.' And yet he didn't know about the 'poor creature'! 'Artful creature' were better. Why didn't she tell him she kept a school? She hadn't a conscience—that was why.

Fiona tapped so soft and low that he didn't hear her, and came in with the foot-bath and a meek and humble downcast look.

'I wish to goodness,' exclaimed John Stanham, in his shirt-sleeves, 'you'd knock before—— That is, yes, please, set it down there, anywhere.'

She whispered pathetically that she *had* knocked, and he could have knocked himself down afterwards.

There was something singularly touching about this younger sister. Two-and-twenty or so, he thought. The making of a fine woman physically, with eyes of such an appealing colour of brown. Shapely too. Her nose of a singularly estimable outline—a well-defined hypotenuse, and so forth. Dreadfully bullied by that encyclopædically crammed person her sister, of course!

An admirable little supper was ready for him when he came down in a glow at half-past ten o'clock. Men and supermen! Devilled kidneys *à la* something or other, and a trout mayonnaise the like of which——

'Do you mean to tell me,' he asked Kate Maclean when she appeared, after the trout, with two Highland mutton-cutlets, 'that you feed your guests always in this sybaritic fashion?'

'I don't know about sybaritic, Mr Stanham,' she said; 'but I like to show that I'm not a teacher in cookery for nothing. And—you are the first guest, as you call it, that we have had at all, except Mr Jessop last year. And—would you mind if I go to bed? The strawberries and custard you can perhaps help yourself to.'

'Certainly,' said he; 'certainly go to bed, Miss Maclean.'

'And,' said she at the door, 'please don't do such a very youthful thing again as to wander away like this. I was talking to Mr Buchanan, Lord Ambleside's ground-bailiff, about it just now; and he asked if you had your senses. "Och, yes," I said to him, "for the gentleman teaches mathematics to the chosen people of England, and mathematics is

just the highest kind of wisdom, filtered," if you'll excuse my saying so, Mr Stanham.'

'Yes?' said John Stanham. 'And what did he say to that?'

Kate Maclean's shoulders fidgeted, and a strange elfish smile seemed to astonish her lips and eyes, even as it astonished John Stanham.

'Och!' she said, 'you mustn't mind Peter Buchanan, though he did say he was sorry for the chosen people of England to be in such hands as that. Good-night to you, Mr Stanham; after this I'm running away.'

Such was John Stanham's first day at Auchnacour.

II.

He did some high mathematical work at night. It ended about two o'clock, when, to match the mathematics, he turned the lamp so high that the glass burst like a bomb. He did a little more the next day after breakfast, until the children came whooping on to the green, mostly with sprigs of bog-myrtle in their caps or coats or pinned to their pinafored breasts. Fiona told him it was the birthday of Lord Ambleside, the laird, and that the bog-myrtle was his lordship's family emblem. He told her then about the lamp.

'Oh dear!' said she, 'did you hurt yourself?'

'Not at all,' he replied. 'And I'd have sworn you'd have made just that inquiry.'

Then Kate Maclean came in and spoke very differently. She wondered he hadn't noticed that almost every drop of oil in the lamp was consumed. Where, moreover, was his gift of smell that he hadn't been poisoned by the odour of wick and smoke which must have ensued from his ridiculous treatment of the lamp?

But it wasn't this she had come to say. Would he mind, she whispered, with more of that elfish smile, asking her to give the children a half-holiday, partly in his own honour and partly in Lord Ambleside's? Mr Jessop had coaxed two out of her, and she wanted so badly to visit a poor dying old man named Cameron three straths away to the south. 'Would you mind, Mr Stanham? Or do you, on mathematical principles, object to holidays out of season?'

John Stanham burst out laughing. 'My dear Miss Maclean,' he said, 'I beg of you give them a *whole* holiday. The ingenuousness of—that is to say, *do* give them a whole one. I was a boy myself once upon a time.'

She nodded rather curtly, thanked him, and went away; and in two or three minutes all the thirty youngsters were at full shout outside his window. The higher mathematics hadn't the ghost of a chance against them. He confounded them, and sought sandwiches from Fiona. Her shy smiles were a pleasant enough tribute to him, but in no degree delayed him. This time he took Kate's own map, which she had put out for him. And from the summit of the Auchnacour strath's southern boundary he saw a sturdy figure in white scaling the farther side of the next strath—a much more serious climb, with black crags capping its wall and several kinds of death hanging about, as John Stanham had already ascertained less than a day ago. He sat and watched her.

'She said *three* straths, unless I'm mistaken!' he murmured. 'And she's got to come back, whatever the weather! H'm!'

His colleagues at the university knew that when he said 'H'm!' in that tone he was on the brink of a good achievement or even a discovery.

Be that as it might, he sat long in the unwonted sunshine, and only when he bestirred himself realised that he had been sitting on wet moss for a long time. And then he made manfully for the strath beyond, and the strath beyond that also. But rain and mist came on, and he did not reach the third strath, in which Roderick Cameron lay dying, with the black-haired little teacher helping him in this last solemn stress of his hard, humdrum life. John Stanham turned tail before the mist and rain, and was glad to reach the schoolhouse and Fiona's gentle, blushing solicitudes with no worse trouble of his own than a barked shin due to a slippery rock.

'Do you not feel anxious about your sister, out there in such weather?' he asked Fiona, whose brown eyes were distinctly agreeable to behold.

'No,' said Fiona; 'no indeed! Nothing ever hurts Kate. She goes wherever she pleases, and she will have her own way, Mr Stanham. There's no one like her, and I often wish I was only one-half as clever as she is!'

There was perhaps nothing in the world John Stanham liked less than to hear anybody's virtues belauded in the superlative degree. His knowledge of human nature was so profound that he couldn't possibly believe in such extravagance.

'Rubbish!' he said. 'A woman isn't sent into the world to be clever. Remember that, Miss Fiona. By the way, what a charming name Fiona is! It suits you! There! I'd better get ready for dinner.'

Though blushes became Fiona quite exceptionally, he didn't, somehow, care to be associated with their genesis. When he praised her name they came to her cheeks like Jacks-out-of-boxes at a touch. He hoped she didn't catch that other inferential compliment. Paying compliments was quite foreign to his nature. Indeed, when he came to think of it, he couldn't remember when he had ever paid one before. And yet he begat another this very day.

Kate Maclean returned, all sodden and weary, about nine o'clock. 'Roderick Cameron is dead, poor fellow!' she said when he stepped to the door at the sound of her feet. 'I'm so glad you asked for that half-holiday to-day, Mr Stanham! He was quite happy with me at the last.'

'I—don't wonder,' said John Stanham, and then he retreated to his hearth, on which a fire of mingled peats, coals, and pinewood burned cheerily. That was his second compliment paid in one day.

After that his vacation at Auchnacour seemed to fly. He got used to the children, even their horrible

chant of 'Twice two are four, twice three are six, twice four are eight,' up to 'twice ten,' and so on. He obtained for them a second half-holiday on an occasion when it suited Kate Maclean to walk into Grieg Bridge and talk to the doctor about Agnes Fletcher, a child with a cough and a failing appetite.

The school urchins assembled in a huddle outside his parlour window and sang 'God save the King!' in gratitude for this second pleasure. He bore it very well, though it brought collapse upon a very fine and coherent thread of higher mathematical thought. And he went out afterwards and cast coppers into their midst, and laughed himself rather hoarse in the endeavour to inform Kate Maclean, who stood near with her hands on her sides (like a washerwoman), that if he had had royal Guelphic blood in his veins he would doubtless have appreciated the anthem still more.

The main thing about the flight of time at Auchnacour was its effect in making him see that Fiona Maclean was little better than a somewhat pretty noodle. Not always an amiable one either. She had sundry little disagreeable tricks of conduct. 'I'm thinking, Mr Stanham,' she said one day, 'that you despise me because I'm not smart like Kate. You look at me sometimes as if you do. And I want to tell you—but, you mustn't tell her—that Kate wasn't always the fine woman she is now. She had a disappointment when she was nineteen. Samson Adams, the schoolmaster at Balwhinnie, threw her over when she was nineteen because she was so bad-tempered. They were engaged, you know. But I wouldn't for anything that you should say a word about it.'

This was an appalling revelation of character (Fiona's) to John Stanham. Thenceforward he could hardly look with patience at her placid brown eyes. Besides that, he caught her reading his letters.

'I thought it was one of Kate's,' she stammered; and though he said only 'Indeed!' he felt like adding, 'I'm afraid you're a young liar, as well as what when I was a boy we used to call a sneak.'

Kate Maclean, on the other hand, improved upon acquaintance—improved out of all likeness to the person he had believed her at first to be. That elfish, rather gipsyish, smile of hers grew to be quite as pleasant as the heather crimson on the hills. And how she did look after him! The surprise delicacies with which his dinner-table greeted him after wet days in the mountains! And the quite flattering, yet honest, way in which she thanked him when he gave her shillings and half-crowns for certain of the crofters, about whose hardships (and pig-headed heroism) she never tired of telling him.

It was in the last week of his time that Alec Dodds insisted on giving him the mustard-coloured calf with the white blaze on its forehead. He happened to be passing Dodds's cottage, with the roof half thatch and half galvanised-iron, and obliged Kate Maclean by taking the letter which the post-girl had left at the schoolhouse for her to take to the out-of-the-way Dodds.

'It's from Canada, Mr Stanham,' said the teacher, 'and I know it's news of some kind. He has been waiting for this Canada letter for a dreary long time. He has a brother there who has done miracles in farming, and there's some talk about his going out with all the family. Will you think him very rude if he asks you to read it to him?'

'Och no!' said he with a laugh.

Then she laughed too, in that pretty, elfish manner; for she knew his 'Och!' was just well-meant mockery of her own many 'Ochs!' at all times.

John Stanham read the letter to Alec Dodds, his very untidy wife, and a squealing baby. He read it with a composed devotion to good works which, though he didn't know it, was the result of association with Kate Maclean herself.

There was a draft on London for five hundred pounds in the letter. Alec and his little lot were all to take ship for Montreal, where the rich brother and uncle would meet them and transport them to a life of luxury. Silver had been discovered on his lands, and he had tons of money, he said. Alec might begin by giving away all his poor trifles of property to his neighbours.

Tears of happiness were the result of the letter. The baby cried like its parents. John Stanham told them not to be such fools, and that there was nothing to cry about.

And the next day Murdoch Dodds, one of the children, came to school leading the calf, which was a present to 'the gentleman' for his kindness in being the interpreter of such happy news. The whole school and its teacher were in raptures about the calf's fate. John Stanham wasn't down to breakfast at the time, and when he did come down Fiona first explained about the quadruped, and then Kate Maclean rushed in from a geography lesson to explain further.

'I won't have it,' said John Stanham.

'Och! but you'll be insulting a Highlander's most sacred feelings of pride if you refuse it,' said Kate Maclean. 'Of course you will take it!'

'Honour bright! I must?' he asked.

'You most surely must,' she replied.

'Then,' said he, with an inspiration that warmed him more than anything he had ever done in the higher mathematics, 'if I can't get out of it, may I—will you—that is, you *must* keep it for me. Keep it until it grows into a cow, Miss Maclean, and next year when I come again I'll drink its milk.'

Kate Maclean smiled and nodded.

'Yes,' she said softly, 'that will be a very nice bargain, though I do not think it will be ready to milk quite so soon as that. And I shall take care of it and feed it on my meadow as if it were my own little beastie.'

'Amen!' said John Stanham gaily. He insisted on shaking hands upon the understanding.

Then Kate Maclean rushed back to the broken geography lesson, and Fiona brought in the eggs *à l'empereur*, which her sister had prepared before going into school.

When John Stanham's time at Auchnacour ended he got sadly into the carriage sent from Inverliggan. The children stood respectfully outside to see him go, and, with their hands behind their backs, sang 'Auld Langsyne' in a way that affected him remarkably.

'I shall come back—as truly as I live!' he said to Kate Maclean, whose dark eyes were for once sad.

'Och! I hope so,' she said. 'But of course you will not.'

He pointed to the calf in the meadow.

'There's my surety,' said he. 'And so good-bye, and God bless you, Kate Maclean.'

She was the first person he had blessed like that by word of mouth since his mother's death. Upon reflection, he scarcely understood his impulsiveness. Indeed, it bothered him. There were times, in Oxford again, when he recalled it as if it were an indiscretion only one degree from a crime. There it was, however, a very firm memory in him. He remembered also the supremely ridiculous tears which Fiona Maclean had shed in bringing him his breakfast for the last time.

'Sentimental little donkey!' he termed her at least once in recalling those tears.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. Lehmann, M.P.

PART XIV. AND LAST.

IN the late summer of 1862 my father was called to America by pressing business affairs. There he found himself in the very thick of the commotion and agony produced by the Civil War. He remained in the United States till late in the year, returning again, after a brief stay in England, in the spring of 1863. The following extracts from his letters written to my mother give a vivid account of his impressions of the state of the country, together with references to the distinguished Americans with whom he was brought into contact.

The battle of Bull Run mentioned in the first letter is the second battle of that name, and was fought on 29th August 1862.

'Willard's Hotel, Washington,
5th Sept. 1862.

'I wrote you a hurried note on Saturday last, 30th August, from New York, to say that as the news from Washington was threatening I would defer my visit. On Sunday morning the papers published a despatch from Pope, claiming a great victory over the rebels at Bull's Run. The despatch was dated Friday night, and people thought the danger over. Early on Monday I left New York and got here same night. Ever since I have been in the midst of the intensest and most painful excitement. Instead of a victory for the Federals they had been shamefully and fearfully beaten. Rumours flew thick and fast, and by Wednesday morning it oozed out that the whole army was back in, or coming back to, the old camps around Washington. The army is utterly disorganised, and wants rest, drill, and reinforcements. Washington is a camp. This hotel contains Sigel, Banks, and endless minor lights. Generals and colonels all over the place, orderlies flying, troops moving night and day, artillery rumbling, cavalry marching quickly, infantry slowly. In the midst of all this I have to attend to the most important interests of the firm, and think I have been very successful. Whenever I wanted to write to you somebody called, a telegram came or had to be sent, I had to dance attendance at the War Office or write pressing letters. I meant to go back to New York yesterday, but business kept me, and I shall not get off till this evening. . . .

'Washington is now considered safe, and if the rebels cross into Maryland people think they can be checked. However, all is conjecture. They are probably too clever to risk themselves so far from home.'

'Brevoort House, New York,
8th Sept. 1862, 10.30 P.M.

'Here I sit sweltering, with nothing on but a shirt and a pair of trousers. The heat has been maddening to-day, and it is 80 degrees now by the glass which hangs by the open door of the hotel; and in spite of all this terrific heat, which almost unfits one for anything but rest of mind and body in a darkened room, one has to be up and doing. The devil is loose. The Confederates are in Maryland, threatening Baltimore and Philadelphia and scaring the North from its propriety. The poor bewildered Government at Washington, with its imbecile Ministers and Generals, is at a discount, and perhaps before many days are over will be among the things that were.

'Possibly they may weather the storm yet, and retrieve their fortunes by a defeat of the bold Southerners, who are playing a dangerous game. *Nous verrons.* In the meantime, let us be joyful that I am safe back in New York and have not to throw myself upon the protection of the British Minister, or take ignominious flight on a Federal gunboat.

'The humiliation of this people is not a pleasant sight to behold. The wailing and impotent gnashing of teeth of a great nation is a deplorable spectacle. I have written over forty pages of letter-paper to-day, and in spite of the heat have to keep my head cool to steer our own old ship safely through the breakers. No fear of it, but I am

thankful I am here; and only now and then, when the picture of you and those dear boys and that lovely angel baby, and the fresh greensward at Woodlands, will mix itself up with ever such incongruous and anomalous circumstances and surroundings, my head grows weary and my heart sickens for home, sweet home. . . .

'However, there is a good time coming, when I shall press you all once more to my breast. Amen. I do so long for your next letter to tell me you are all at Shanklin enjoying the dear old sea and the pebbles, the diamonds and the little crabs, the roses and our old friend the hydrangea at the Lovers' Cottage, the breezy cliff and the waving corn-fields, the shady woods and the rich green fields, the toothless Sampson and the absence of the X.'s.'

Recruiting advertisement enclosed in the foregoing:

'HARRIS LIGHT CAVALRY.

POPE'S ARMY.

'This regiment—well known for its brilliant service at Falmouth, and for 3 dashes within the lines of the enemy at Anderson's Beaver Dam and Frederick's Hill on the Central Road of Virginia, Jackson's main line,

NOW WITH GEN. POPE'S VICTORIOUS ARMY

in the healthy and cool region of the Rapidan, the most fertile and beautiful part of Virginia—

WILL RECEIVE

RECRUITS

at 600 Broadway, N.Y.

'The Cavalry Soldier, spared the more irksome duties of the profession, mounted on his trained charger, armed with Pistol, Carbine, and Sabre, represents the Knight of Old, and like them can gain Glory by individual prowess and daring. It, therefore, requires the best men, and none will be received but young men of good physique and habits. Promotion depending on Merit. The new recruit will have chances with the old.

'Come, share with us our experience, our past, and future.

'All bounties, Land Warrants, &c., given to this regiment. J. MANSFIELD DAVIES, *Col.*'

'PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON,
21 *September* 1862, *Sunday*.

'I left New York at five P.M. yesterday, on board the Fall River steamer *Metropolis*, one of those wonderful floating hotel contrivances for which the Americans have an especial genius. The voyage was very pleasant, the sea smooth, the scenery, as long as daylight lasted, lovely, the arrangements for food and sleep marvellous, considering the host of passengers, and altogether the mode of transit highly preferable to the railway. At half-past four this morning the boat poured us out (like coals from a cart into a cellar) into a railway train, which brought me here about seven. This is a new hotel on the Brevoort Hotel plan, where you can take your meals *à la carte* at whatever hour you please, and preserve your individuality. Both in New York and here I have had a sitting-room, a bedroom, with bathroom attached, a very complete and comfortable arrangement, which you could not have in London although you might be willing to pay for it. My daily breakfast consists of a glass of iced milk, a couple of eggs, gorgeous peaches (costing only one penny to three-halfpence each), pears like the big French ones, and a melon. Bread and butter, of course. Never later than eight o'clock, and often earlier. This simple and cool diet in the morning suits the climate wonderfully. At lunch very little meat and again fruit, and only one solid meal—dinner at half-past six to half-past seven. I was so tired when I arrived, as the night had been so much broken into with rising at half-past three, that I went to bed and slept till ten o'clock. After breakfast Sebastian S. came, and we took a lovely ride and walk together to Jamaica Pond. The country is really charming about Boston, and I dare say E. saw it clothed in all its summer beauty in his mind's eye when he used to point out the shivery and icebound landscape as objects of admiration. It is a lasting pity you and I were not here together in September and October, instead of those dreary winter months. The great heats seem to be well-nigh over, and the weather is really enchanting. I wanted very much to take a few days of Lake George and Lake Champlain, to see the best of American scenery in its prime, but I cannot get the time. To-morrow I have only one month more of America, and I must make every day tell while I am about it. The last thing I did in New York was to reconstruct the whole office. They had all *talked* about the irksome present arrangement, so at last I cut the Gordian knot, had an architect in, got my plan down on paper, had an estimate made, and decided the thing. . . .

'I said good-bye to Mr Owen and Miss Griffith on Friday evening. Poor thing, she is in sore tribulation about the course of events in this country. Monday last we had a victory announced by McClellan. Then nothing was allowed to transpire officially from him until Friday, when at last we heard: "The Rebels are retiring to Virginia, and Maryland and Pennsylvania are safe." "As we were," and all to begin again *ab ovo*. I had hoped that now some compromise might be attempted. Both North and South have failed at invasion, and might now come to terms, "sadder and wiser men;" but nobody seems to think that there is the remotest chance of peace. It is awful! Such carnage has never been known. There seems to be no generalship, no manœuvring, but just a butchery that lasts a week. Whoever gets most reinforcements and holds out longest kills most and keeps the field. The victor buries his own and the enemy's dead, and nothing further happens. No victor has ever followed up one of these great holocausts to any great success. This is now the third within three months. The week's battles of the Chickahominy, the week's battles at Manassas

and Centerville, and now again a whole week's carnage at Sharpsburg.

'On the boat last night a Philadelphia clergyman on his way to do duty for a brother-clergyman in Boston opened his heart to me. "The country is mad, and the Government is hurrying us on to ruin with ever-increasing speed. I have only one wish, and that is to go away for ever and live in England, where you have peace and liberty."

'I sent to Dr and Mrs Howe to see whether they were at home, but both are in the country. So I went up to poor old Drexel. He lives in the fifth story of a Hotel Garni at the corner of Boylston Street. When you are up there you can almost overlook the whole United States.

'I must tell you some Irish-waiter stories. When Seb. L., Dr Mackay, and Livesey were dining with me, and we were in the heat of discussion, the waiter whispers into my ear, "Shall I leave the vegetables on the table, sir, when I bring the partridge?" I said "Yes," in a half-angry tone at the stupid interruption, whereupon the waiter retires happy, saying, "Thank you, sir; just my style," which disarmed me.

'The next I may have told you before. I was dining with Livesey at the splendid new Fifth Avenue Hotel. There were different kinds of pastry, and Livesey, pointing to an open green gage tart, says, "Let's try the broad-gauge system." The waiter at once corrected him, "Green gage, not broad gauge;" but he saw his mistake by our laughter, and quietly observed to himself, "Sold again." Later on nearly everybody had left, and Livesey said, "I fear we shall be the last," when the facetious waiter, anxious for his innings, remarked, "Though last, not least." Imagine all this in England. . . .

'Just another word before closing this letter. At last we have great news in the President's proclaiming all slaves of people in rebellion on the 1st January next free for ever. There is no going behind this, and slavery is now doomed in the United States, whatever that may be at the end of the war. As the South will certainly not submit before the end of the year, the proclamation amounts to virtual abolition wherever the North may succeed in planting its flag. I am delighted, but I see no peace. On the contrary, the war will probably only begin in earnest now, and get more inveterate and savage as it proceeds.

'I saw Mr Fields yesterday. They expect to be back in town in a few days, and hope to see much of me then. The weather here is supremely beautiful. Just as pure, crisp, and exhilarating in its summer or autumn as in its winter guise. There is not the frightful rush and noise of New York; and instead of immense distances everything is close at hand.'

The next letter describes a visit to Ralph Waldo Emerson at Concord. The Fields of whom my father speaks were Mr and Mrs James T. Fields. Mr Fields was the well-known Boston publisher, the friend of Dickens and Wilkie Collins. Russell Lowell is, of course, the author of the *Biglow Papers*, who in his noble Memorial Ode on Robert G. Shaw thus refers to his own two nephews who fell in the war:

I write of one,
While with dim eyes I think of three;
Who weeps not others fair and brave as he?
Ah, when the fight is won,
Dear Land, whom triflers now make bold to scorn
(Thee from whose forehead earth awaits her morn),
How nobler shall the sun
Flame in thy sky, how braver breathe thy air,
That thou bred'st children who for thee could dare,
And die as thine have done!

The son of Oliver Wendell Holmes recovered from his severe wound, and is now a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. Miss Griffith was a lady of great charm and refinement, and a poetess of merit. My father, as I have already related, had met her first at Lord Lytton's house, Knebworth, in the summer of the previous year.

'Parker House, Boston,
27th September 1862.

[F. Lehmann to Mrs F. Lehmann.]

'I have just returned from Concord, where I have paid a visit to Ralph Waldo Emerson. I sent him papa's [Dr Robert Chambers's] letter of introduction, and received the enclosed kindly reply. I went out at eleven by rail, found Mr Emerson waiting for me at the station in his buggy, and recognised him at once by portraits I knew of him. A charming old sage, with the kindest and most refined manner. He speaks well, and likes to speak about all manner of interesting men and things. From his writings I had expected a sort of oracular Carlyle, but a total absence of affectation or mannerism put me at once at my ease. The day was bright, pure, and serene beyond description. He drove me about through the dreamy, quiet village of Concord, pointing out its lions. A small gray obelisk records the spot where the first blood was shed between the Colonists and the English in the revolutionary war. The clergyman of the place asked all his congregation one Sunday to join him next day each with a young tree to be planted near this monument. It was done, and now they have grown up to a pretty grove and avenue. Near it stands the manse about which Hawthorne has written so charmingly. On we drove to a slight eminence, whence Emerson pointed out the different villages. One was said to be built on shoes, another upon peach-stones, and a third upon milk, according to their respective trades.

'We got to his place about two. Nothing could be simpler and more unpretending. He had asked Hawthorne, William Ellery Channing (a poet), and a Mr Bradford (a literary man) to meet me at dinner, at which his wife and daughter completed the party. Hawthorne remembered me and you quite well before I gave him a note of introduction which Fields had volunteered. He is just the same shy, monosyllabic man, apparently with oceans of

thoughts and talk if he could only turn on the stream.

'Emerson asked much after papa, and everybody seems always most anxious to make sure of his being the author of *Vestiges of Creation*.

'The conversation was so pleasantly animated that the six hours and a half had slipped away before I was aware of it. Hawthorne pressed me twice to come and see him. All except him thought the South would soon give in. Fight them with abolition of slavery and they had no chance. It is quite inspiring to see men like Emerson quietly ignore what some others call the stern logic of facts, and continue to declare their unshaken faith in the triumph of the North and the restoration of the Union.

'I have breakfasted twice with the Fields, each morning at eight at my request. Their house is a perfect gem of brightness and cleanliness. They have a charming view over the blue Charles River. Each room is full of books and engravings, everywhere portraits of English authors, everywhere autographs and letters from eminent men; an atmosphere of literature and refinement pervading the whole. We had a long walk yesterday, and to-morrow he will take me a walk of twenty-five miles to the Blue Hills to show me the country about Boston. We are drawn together by our common great affection for dear Dickens, whom he worships. I was glad to be able to give him one of Dickens's good *cartes de visite*, and have promised more from England. Fields took me to poor Longfellow, who received me very kindly, and was glad to hear my news of his literary friends in England. He lives in a little paradise. Since the frightful loss of his wife, Longfellow is completely crushed and just barely vegetates. He had fame, money, and perfect domestic happiness, a loving wife and charming children. One little match, which she ignited by treading upon it, did all the mischief. Agassiz has just lost a brother-in-law, Dr Carey, and is in deep distress. Russell Lowell lost two nephews, fine young fellows, in the last battle. Wendell Holmes, the life of Cambridge, had started off to the battlefield to find and tend his wounded son, shot in the neck. To-day I hear he has found him, and is bringing him home with every hope of his recovery, at which there is great rejoicing. Fields took me to Lowell; but he was not at home, and considering the loss he has just had I was scarcely sorry. You see the war is spreading death and desolation through all these bright homes, and still none of them talk of giving in. They scorn the idea. . . .

'I enclose two letters from poor Mat Griffith which may interest you. I had heard her lamentations so often that I could not help writing her a letter of congratulation when the President's proclamation came out. I find that everybody here knows and esteems her. The Fields and Emersons talked with great regard of her. . . .

'Do you know *Train?* The humbug has come back, and is addressing enthusiastic audiences of two thousand people *against* abolition. The fellow reviled Boston's best men—Tremont, Sumner, and Phillips—and the ruffians cheered him to the top of their bent. When you cite the fact to people as a curious phenomenon and an evidence of division they merely shrug their shoulders and say it means nothing. In fact, there are two stereotyped phrases: (1) "You do not understand the Americans," and (2) "I guess we shall come out all right in the end." . . .

'As for news about the army, you in England know just as much of it as we do here.'

Enclosure No. 1 in the foregoing:

'CONCORD, MASS., *Sept. 25th, 1862, Thursday Morning.*

'Frederick Lehmann, Esq.

'DEAR SIR,—I am very happy to hear from Mr Chambers, and it will give me great pleasure to see one so nearly allied to him as yourself. I am at this moment confined at home by a sprained foot, or I should go into the city to-day to fetch you. Meantime, my house is but an hour's ride from Boston by the Fitchburg Railroad, and if you will take the eleven o'clock A.M. train on Saturday we will show you our little village, give you a country dinner, thank you heartily for all the good news you shall bring us of Mr Chambers; and, if you cannot face a Sunday in the country, there is an evening train to the city at 6.30 P.M.

'Pray let me expect you.—Respectfully,

'R. W. EMERSON.'

(To be concluded.)

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE WRECK.

THE groaning timbers of the ship were an expressive proof of the truth of Grant's forecast. The ship's head was working itself deep in the sand, while the fierce seas strained the hull till every plank in it stretched and creaked. An hour later, with a harsh sound of rending timbers, the after-part, on which Jack and Grant stood, rolled to leeward and then settled down. The shock well-nigh threw the two men into the sea. The next wave broke through the torn side of the unfortunate ship, and a sound as of thunder swept through the deck under their feet, while a white geyser of spray shot up from the companion-way.

'The poor old *Sylph* has broken her back,' said Grant ruefully, 'and we must go.' He had been watching the wild sea and the shaking hull with

steady eyes. 'If we wait till the hull breaks up,' he said, 'we shall be caught and crushed in the timbers.'

His alert brain had a plan all ready. A long spar—a spare foretopsail-yard—had been lashed under the lee of the bulwark; and though the bulwark itself had gone, the spar still remained lashed to the stanchions.

'Come,' said Grant, 'we must get afloat on this, and the waves will take us ashore. It is a queer horse to ride,' he added with a cheerful grin, 'but it will carry us ashore.'

With nimble fingers, while Jack helped him, he cast loose the lashings, fixed a long bight of rope in the eyelet-hole in the band of iron that ran round the spar, and then explained his plan.

'We'll launch it overboard with the next big wave, and hang on to it.'

He spoke in a tone which seemed to imply this was an ordinary and daily operation. So alert and cool was his air that a sense of the humour of it touched Jack even in that wild scene.

'You seem to be quite at home in a wreck,' he said.

'Well, I have gone ashore three times and been burnt out once, and I have discovered that it takes a good deal to drown a man who doesn't mean to be drowned.'

While he spoke Grant was watching keenly the run of the waves. One at that moment took shape to windward that seemed likely to serve his purpose. With quick decision he cast the last rope loose, and swung the spar round, holding on to it as it shot down the slanting deck into the sea by the long bight that ran through the eyelet-hole.

Without a moment's hesitation the cool seaman leaped into the hell of waters. 'Come on,' he shouted as he sprang. Jack followed with a leap as daring, and the next moment the breaking waves swept in thunder over him. When he emerged from its strangling depths he found Grant, with his arm over the spar and his face as cheerful as ever, looking round to discover him, the white teeth shining through his smiling lips.

A few strokes took Jack to the spar. It was clear at once that the waves were sweeping them steadily towards the land. If they had clung to the spar itself as it rolled, it would have crushed or drowned them, but the long bight of rope was their safety. They could push themselves free from the spar when its roll was dangerous, and then draw themselves to it again when the wave had swept past. As they drifted near the shore the sea grew more difficult, and the waves broke confusedly. There were no rocks, but the seas ran up the slope of sand with furious speed, and swept back in tremendous reflux; and where the rush and the reflux met were a thousand whirling eddies.

It was for long minutes a desperate fight for life. At the moment when Jack's strength had almost failed a bigger wave than usual came up in thunder and foam. It swept over him, and he felt himself helpless as a wisp of seaweed in the hurrying waters. He was flung on the spar. The bone of his arm snapped. Then he found himself lying half-strangled on the wet sand, while the wave retreated in thunder behind him.

He struggled to his feet. Grant was standing knee-deep in the backward-swinging wave, squeezing the water out of his dripping hair. He smiled cheerfully at his comrade.

'Thank God,' he cried, '*that* is over!'

But Jack was past the smiling-point. He staggered when he tried to stand; his left arm hung like a broken stick; he breathed with difficulty. With a look of concern, Grant hurried to his side and helped him up the slope. They stood—a melancholy-looking pair, ragged, wet, bruised—on a strange shore, without food or weapons; but Grant's spirit was unquenched.

'Thank God,' he repeated cheerfully, 'we've come through *that*!' and he flung his hand with a gesture of triumph towards the sea, as if towards a beaten foe.

Then he turned to his comrade and examined his arm. He handled it with a skill and tenderness which astonished Jack.

'A sailor has queer jobs at times, and I have mended everything from a broken topmast to a broken leg. It seems a clean snap, and I think I can put the ends together.'

He made Jack sit on a tuft of grass under the lee of a sand hummock, searched along the beach till he found some fragments of a broken box thrown up by the waves, produced that unfailing companion of a sailor, a stout knife, and whittled the board into a pair of decent splints. He tore the lining of his coat into strips, with an adroit and sudden pull put the ends of the broken bone together, and then bound the splints cleverly into place. Another strip of his coat bound the arm to Jack's breast so that it could not swing loose.

'Grant,' he said in grateful tones, 'you did that cleverly; but,' he added with a rueful laugh, 'you did it as though you enjoyed it.'

For once Grant's face fell. 'Did you really think that? I am sorry enough for your broken bone, but I *am* glad I could help to mend it.'

And Jack forgave him his untimely cheerfulness.

The two men looked round and commenced to talk of their plans.

'You must sit here,' said Grant with decision. 'I will go aloft,' pointing to the cliffs, 'and see what sort of landfall we have made.'

Jack watched his alert and vigorous figure as he climbed with a seaman's nimbleness the face of the cliff. What exhaustless resource and hardihood the man possessed! He was a true type of the seaman of his day, as familiar with storms as a sea-bird, and as fearless of them; as much at home on the sea as if he had been web-footed; of exhaustless resource, with a courage that no perils could daunt, and a patience that no hardships could destroy. And from what inner spiritual fountain did he draw

that gay cheerfulness? Jack thanked God for such a comrade.

Meanwhile Grant stood on the edge of the cliff, shading his eyes with his hand and searching the whole landscape. Presently, with a shake of his head, he turned round; but even as he turned something caught his eye. He looked long and steadily, then came leaping down the cliff.

'It is a bad anchorage,' he explained; 'all sand and emptiness, not a tree or house-roof in sight. But there is a queer craft showing—a camel with an Arab on his hump. He caught a sight of me, I suspect, and he will show his dirty face over the cliff presently.'

Nothing could be done but to wait events, and the two men stood watching the edge of the cliff. Suddenly the curved nose, the arrested legs, the swinging neck of a camel showed above the cliff. Its rider was a Bedouin. His straight black hair was bound with a dirty rag; his face was lean and dark; the wind blew back his rags as he leaned over the edge of the cliff. He looked first at the wreck, then his keen eyes searched the sands. They fell upon the figures of Jack and Grant. He stared at them long and fiercely, plainly taking in their whole story. Then he flung up his hand, wheeled his camel, and vanished.

'He is gone to fetch his family,' said Grant; 'and queer visitors they will be.'

'We have nothing to fear. They may make us prisoners and demand ransom for us; but our lives ought to be safe, and we shall get what we want—food and shelter.'

Grant looked at his companion. He was faint with the buffeting of the waves and the pain of his broken arm.

'There is no reckoning what those beggars will do; but any port in a storm;' and he began whistling, as he kicked up the sand with his feet. Waiting, it was clear, was more trying to the resolute seaman than action.

'Where do you think we are?' asked Jack.

'The old man thought he was somewhere off Acre, but by my reckoning we are a hundred and fifty miles farther south.'

'That is bad navigation,' said Jack grimly.

'Well, when you take your observations through the bottom of a rum-bottle you may easily be a good many degrees out.'

Just then some movement on the top of the cliff drew their eyes.

'Here comes the menagerie,' said Grant.

An irregular frieze of fierce, dark faces, bearded and scowling, was looking down on them from the edge of the cliff. The figures were ragged and wild, and plainly carried guns. The lean countenances were pitiless.

'These scarecrows,' was Grant's comment, 'must have looted a dozen old-clothes shops for their wardrobes.'

The heads came and went above the edge of the cliff in agitated fashion, but their owners did not seem inclined to descend. A wild figure, his rags streaming out level in the wind, came for a moment to the edge of the cliff—his thin legs looking like sticks—and screamed out some message; but the gale blew away the syllables as he uttered them.

'It is no use hailing us from the topmast, old fellow, in that fashion,' said Grant. 'If they won't come down we must go up.' He turned and looked at his comrade. 'You can't come; but I know something of their lingo, and I will go;' and he started to his feet.

'Do not go, Grant; let us wait till they come,' urged Jack.

'We must get it over, and you must get food and shelter. I am not ugly enough to frighten them;' and, with a cheerful laugh, he set out briskly towards the cliff. Almost at his first step upward the line of lean, dark faces suddenly vanished behind the rocky crest, and Grant laughed afresh as he noted it. 'That is the disappearing trick,' he cried.

'I can see the muzzles of muskets,' said Jack in a warning voice; but, with a careless wave of his hand, the hardy seaman pressed on. He looked back once, and Jack could see the smile on his face.

Just then from the rock above flashed a point of red flame; a puff of blue smoke was visible and went whirling to leeward. It was a musket-shot. Grant stopped suddenly, threw up his arms, made a few uncertain, staggering steps, and fell on his face. Jack started to his feet and ran stumblingly forward to the fallen man. When he reached him the blood was running fast from his mouth, and life was visibly running out with that red stream.

'Oh Grant!' he cried in deepest distress, as he tried with his one uninjured arm to lift the poor fellow's head. The dying man looked up. Jack had torn open his shirt. The shot which had pierced Grant's breast was plainly jagged and of heavy calibre. Jack could do nothing. He wiped the blood that ran red and hot from his dying comrade's lips. As he did so Grant opened his eyes. The fire of courage in them was unquenched. An odd smile crept to his lips.

'I am in port first,' he whispered, and with a strangling sob, a sudden twitch of all his limbs, his life passed away.

(To be continued.)

WATER PURIFICATION.

AMONG the many achievements of modern hygienic science there are none more notable than those relating to the mitigation of disease caused by the drinking of impure water.

The dire possibilities of water for human consumption containing pathogenic germs have caused attention to be more and more closely given during the past generation to the general provision of ample supplies for domestic use which shall not only be free from contamination with germ-laden liquid, but which shall also practically contain no matter in suspension. A further desideratum in certain instances is the elimination of the unpleasant, though innocuous, tint arising from the peaty matter so frequently present in surface supplies.

The building up of large centres of population in recent times has undoubtedly aggravated the question of providing adequate and pure water-supplies, and drawn increasing attention to the subject. In a limited number of cases the natural supply from lake or reservoir is sufficiently pure for direct consumption; but in most instances the application of mechanical or chemical science, or a combination of both, is essential. Mechanical filtration through beds of sand is one of the oldest means of effecting the necessary purification, and in certain cases, under suitable conditions and care, affords excellent results. More recently 'intensive' working has largely come to the front, and the high mechanical efficiency and output of the many modern water-purification and filtration plants mark a great advance on former practice.

In both the slower sand filtration and more rapid mechanical filter methods, however, chemical science has come to the aid of the engineer, and not only largely facilitated his work, but rendered possible the achievement of results hitherto unattainable. The 'life' of a sand filter-bed and its efficiency are, it is now generally recognised, greatly increased by the preliminary elimination of the major part of the suspended impurities contained in the water under treatment. To effect this removal the well-known properties of hydrated alumina precipitated *in situ* are utilised. In the East, for centuries, alum has been in common use for the clarifying of water, and is capable in itself of effecting such efficient purification that subsequent filtration is at times almost a work of supererogation. Properly applied, alum (or rather its active constituent, sulphate of alumina), when decomposed by the bicarbonate of lime contained in nearly all waters, precipitates insoluble hydrate of alumina in a gelatinous form, which enmeshes, entangles, and carries down bacterial and suspended matter alike, leaving the purified water brilliantly clear. Further, not only is there a very remarkable diminution of germ-life and mechanical impurity, but the precipitated alumina, exerting its well-known action as a mordant or colour precipitant, also removes the objectionable yellow or brown colouration of peaty or surface waters which so frequently detracts from the appearance of otherwise suitable supplies.

As alum is expensive, and, moreover, leaves a little potash or ammonia sulphate in the treated water, the alumina compound most generally used in the purification of potable and other waters is that known as aluminoferric, a very cheap and efficient form of sulphate of alumina, containing nearly 50 per cent. of that substance and a small proportion of iron sulphate. Strength for strength, it is only one-third the price of alum. Although meeting at first the prejudice of ignorance, and having slowly to overcome the rooted objection to the use of any chemical, however innocuous and however completely eliminated from the treated water, aluminoferric is now in use the world over. It is important to know that it leaves no ingredient in the treated water which was not previously present; the only change being that the 'temporary' hardness is to a slight extent converted into 'permanent' hardness, a property possessed by most of the world's natural pure water-supplies.

So far back as 1881 the water-supply for Bolton, in Lancashire, a reservoir containing some seventy million gallons of water so turbid from unsettleable micaceous clay as to be highly objectionable, was treated at the intake at the rate of one and a half grains aluminoferric per gallon, and rendered perfectly clear and colourless.

In a recent case of another English reservoir, the presence in the water of light suspended matter, and also of the yellowish-brown tint above referred to, caused serious objection to be taken to its consumption for domestic purposes. The water had, further, a slightly acid reaction, due to humic or other organic acids of vegetable origin. As it was desirable to purify the large body of liquid already in the reservoir, a raft capable of carrying a man and a couple of large barrels was put together. One of the barrels was filled with a dilute solution of sulphate of alumina, and the other with whiting (chalk) in suspension in water. Suitable perforated distributors at both ends discharged a continuous outflow of the reagents; and the raft, which itself provided sufficient agitation to mix them, was pulled from side to side, gradually traversing the whole area. The result was a complete success, the whole body of water—in places eighteen to twenty feet deep—being purified and decolourised. Arrangements were then made for dealing with the inflowing water on similar lines. In another case, where the impure water has the dangerous property of vigorously attacking lead pipes, this serious development has been counteracted by adding chalk along with the aluminoferric.

Aluminoferric has in recent years been increasingly adopted for the purification and clarifying of large water-supplies abroad. In South America, where the water from the River Plate is often highly charged with light suspended matter, &c., it has been employed on a very large scale for years with satisfactory results. This has also been done in India, South Africa, and other tropical regions.

Some interesting results were recently published in connection with the purifying of the Nile water for the Alexandria water-supply, showing the great utility of sulphate of alumina in the preliminary purification. In this case the installation is on chemical precipitation lines, followed by treatment in one of the most efficient and advanced installations of rapid mechanical filtration. As Nile water offers considerable difficulty on account of the presence of very fine particles of clay, chemical precipitation was found essential to coagulate the suspended matter and thus enable the greater proportion of it to be sedimented in subsidence basins before passing to the filters.

Sulphate of alumina is usually employed at the rate of about one and a half grains per gallon; and the results, both from the appearance and bacteriological condition, are excellent. The use of alumina as a coagulant is now regarded as an essential in the majority of rapid filtration-plants dealing with water containing matter difficult to sediment. In certain cases the precipitant is applied to the water as it passes to the filter; in others, as above mentioned, the bulk of the precipitate is settled out first.

The germicidal effect of light on bacterial life in water has perhaps, as pointed out by Professor Frankland, at times been exaggerated; but there is evidence beyond question of the beneficial effect of the percolation of light through water-areas. The extent to which the light can penetrate depends very largely on the clearness or otherwise of the water; and from this aspect the use of aluminoferric, resulting as it does in the production of brilliantly clear water, has a most important bearing on the question of water purification and storage.

Professor Frankland (*Micro-Organisms in Water*, 1894, page 388), after reviewing the work of a considerable number of experimenters on the action of light on micro-organisms under varying conditions, summarises the results obtained, and states: 'There is no question that light, and more especially sunlight, has a deleterious effect on bacteria in their vegetative, and to a less extent in their spore, forms. This has been established not only by Downes and Blunt's original experiments on casual mixtures of micro-organisms, but also by numerous experiments in which pure cultivations of the most diverse microbes have been employed. This deleterious effect can be produced by light, irrespectively of the rise in temperature which must accompany direct insolation unless special precautions be taken. It is, moreover, the most highly refrangible rays of the spectrum that are the most injurious to bacterial life, the ultra-violet being the most, and the infra-red the least, powerful in this respect, a circumstance which clearly indicates that the phenomenon is due to chemical action. In its special connection with the bacteriology of water, we must, therefore, recognise in sunshine, and to a slight extent also in diffused daylight, a powerful bactericidal agency, but one the importance of which there has been a considerable tendency to magnify and exaggerate.'

The extent to which precipitated hydrated alumina is capable of entangling and carrying down micro-organisms is remarkable, and careful laboratory results have conclusively shown that from 80 to 95 per cent. of the bacteria present may be precipitated by the use of from two to five grains of alumina sulphate per gallon.

When it is borne in mind that the number of pathogenic germs per unit volume in a given water-supply, rather than their mere isolated presence in insignificant amount, is the determining factor in the safety or otherwise of the water from the point of view of human consumption, the elimination of a high proportion of the total organisms present is of paramount importance. Remembering the fearful toll that has been paid in the past by our armies abroad, our travellers, and 'the bearers of the white man's burden' to dysentery and other tropical diseases, the fact that such plagues are preventable by the adoption of rational and proved means for the supply of wholesome potable water cannot be too widely disseminated.

THE LONDON OF 'ESMOND' AND 'THE VIRGINIANS.'

PART II.

DICK STEELE and Joseph Addison, just mentioned in the passage quoted from *The Four Georges*, appear frequently in *Esmond*. Steele met Esmond for the first time when Harry was a child at Castlewood and the author was a soldier in the Life Guards. It was years later when Thackeray's hero met the gentleman whom Pope satirised as Atticus. Esmond, after dining with Dick Steele at the Guard-table at St James's Palace, and having left early one sunny afternoon, when his host had by chance a sober fit, in walking down the street was surprised when his companion suddenly left his arm and ran after a gentleman who was poring over a folio volume at the book-shop near to St James's Church. The tall, fair man in a snuff-coloured suit, with a plain sword, very sober and almost shabby in

appearance—at least, when compared with Captain Steele, who loved to adorn his jolly, round person with the finest of clothes, and shone in scarlet and gold lace—was no less a person than Mr Joseph Addison, who took them both to his lodgings in the Haymarket, and gave them a bottle of wine, invited Harry to give him some particulars of Marlborough's action for use in *The Campaign*, upon the writing of which he was then engaged, and subsequently read them the portion already composed.

At the Court end of the town, north of St James's, lies Mayfair. There, in Bond Street, stayed Mr Harry Warrington in lodgings, the landlord of which was Mr Ruff, the head-waiter and aide-de-camp of Mr Mackreth, the proprietor of White's Club. It was by the advice of his fashionable friends who introduced him to White's that the 'Fortunate Youth' moved westward from his quarters at the Bedford Coffee-House in Covent Garden. In Hill Street, close by, lived Harry's uncle, Sir Miles Warrington; and also the best friends a man could desire, Major-General and Mrs Lambert, and their children, Theo and Hetty. In Hill Street for a time stayed Mr Redmond Barry, afterwards known as Mr Barry Lyndon, when he was forcing his addresses upon Honoria, Countess of Lyndon, who had a house in Berkeley Square. Hill Street figures largely in many of Thackeray's books, and it is the great Gaunt Street of *Vanity Fair*, where lived Lady Gaunt's mother and Sir Pitt Crawley, to the latter of whom Becky went as governess. Who does not remember her arrival there from the Sedleys' house in Russell Square? 'Having passed through Shiverley Square into Great Gaunt Street, the carriage at length stopped at a tall, gloomy house between two other tall, gloomy houses, each with the hatchment over the middle drawing-room window; as is the custom of houses in Great Gaunt Street, in which gloomy locality death seems to reign perpetual.' Shiverley Square, also called by Thackeray Gaunt Square, is Berkeley Square, in which is situated Gaunt House, once the residence of the Most Honourable George Gustavus, Marquis of Steyne. 'Gaunt House occupies nearly a side of the Square. The remaining three sides are composed of mansions that have passed away into dowagerism—tall, dark houses, with window-frames of stone, or picked out in a lighter red. Little light seems to be behind those lean, comfortless casements now; and hospitality to have passed away from their doors as much as the laced lacqueys and link-boys of old times who used to put out their torches with the blank iron extinguishers that still flank the lamp over the steps. The Square has a dreary look; nor is my Lord Steyne's palace less dreary. All I have ever seen of it is the vast wall in front, with the rustic columns at the great gates, through which an old porter peers, with a fat and gloomy red face, and over the wall the garret and bedroom windows, and the chimney out of which there seldom comes any smoke now.'

In Clarges Street Barry Lyndon's father lived in the day of his splendour; and there, too, Beatrix, Baroness Bernstein (*née* Castlewood), held her card-parties, her Wednesday and Sunday evenings, save during the short season when Ranelagh was open on a Sunday, where the desolate old woman sat alone, waiting hopelessly for the scapegrace nephew that her battered old heart had learned to love. The whirligig of time had brought its revenge, and the once beautiful Beatrix, who scorned the love of honest men, who schemed to become a duchess, who intrigued to marry a prince, and contented herself with becoming his mistress—the lovely, wayward Trixie—was left in her old age to hunger for love that was now denied her. We know she was heartless, we know she was cruel, but, such is man's nature, he forgives her all because of her marvellous charm, and gives her the pity that she would have refused with scorn.

Ranelagh, with its Rotunda, was a great resort alike of the *monde* and the *demi-monde*. Harry Warrington took his brother there, and heard for the first time a full orchestra and a piece of Mr Handel's satisfactorily performed. Vauxhall Gardens, with its 'twenty thousand *additional* lamps' lighted every night, was quite as well known, and in later years was honoured by a visit from Mr Arthur Pendennis of the Temple, the author of *Walter Lorraine*, a novel that enjoyed some favour in its time, who was fortunate enough to rescue beauty in distress in the person of Miss Fanny Bolton, who with her mother kept the lodge at Shepherd's Inn. Marylebone Gardens was a third place of amusement, and there was also an entertainment at Sadler's Wells, Islington, where at one time the attractions were 'the most singular kind of diversion on eight hand-bells by Mr Franklin, as well as the surprising performances of Signora Catterina.' Gaming, however, was the fashionable enjoyment of the upper classes. Those who were fond of books read them in secret, for all the world as if reading were a vice. 'Books! Prithee, don't talk to me about books,' said Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. 'The only books I know are men and cards.' The king in state played hazard with the nobility on Twelfth-Day for the benefit of the groom-porter, and even clergymen did not look unkindly at the practice. Gentlemen lost and won thousands at a sitting; it is said that Lord Steyne won his marquisate at the gaming-table. Many after running through their patrimony found their way to the sponging-houses in Cursitor Street, *en route* to the debtors' prisons of the Fleet, King's Bench, and the Marshalsea. Some of the earthenware pots who tried to go down-stream with the iron pots eventually found themselves at Newgate or at Tyburn. An admirable picture of the gambling set may be found in the earlier part of *The Virginians*, and, for those who prefer history at first hand, in the letters of George Selwyn and Horace Walpole.

The western boundary of Mayfair is Hyde Park.

This was the scene of many duels. The Duke of Grafton went out in 1685, and killed the Hon. John Talbot; and in the eighteenth century John Wilkes, Lord Thurston, Charles James Fox, Colonel Fullerton, and many others took the ground. In 1812 the Duke of Hamilton met Lord Mohun (Charles, not Henry, as Thackeray christened him). They fought near Price's Lodge just before sunset, and both died on the ground. The Duke killed his antagonist, but there is some doubt as to how the Duke was killed. It was said at the time that Colonel Macartney, Mohun's second, came up after Mohun fell and stabbed the Duke in the back. Thackeray was wrong in saying in *Esmond*, where the story of the duel is recorded at length, that Macartney fled and never returned to England; for though the homicide fled, after four years he returned, was tried by the Court of King's Bench, and acquitted.

Readers of *Esmond* will remember that the duel, which arose out of a quarrel concerning property, took place on the eve of the marriage of the Duke to Beatrix Castlewood. Lord Mohun was a notorious character. In earlier days he had been concerned with Lord Warwick, the husband of the countess whom Addison married, in the murder of Will Mountford the comedian, and for this offence the noblemen were tried by their peers and acquitted. Thackeray makes Mohun kill Lord Castlewood in a duel in Leicester Fields, now Leicester Square, where, on the north side, stood Leicester House, built early in the seventeenth century by the then Earl of Leicester. Leicester House was purchased for George II. when Prince of Wales, and it was not until 1766 that it ceased to be a royal residence. The Empire Theatre now occupies the site of the mansion. A third spot favoured by duellists was the ground behind Montague House, and here the father of Barry Lyndon pinked Count Tiercelin.

Much of the action of *Esmond* took place in Kensington. 'In those days,' Mrs Ritchie, the authoress of the charming *Old Kensington*, says, 'the hawthorn spread across the fields and market-gardens that lay between Kensington and the river. Lanes ran to Chelsea, to Fulham, to North End, where Richardson once lived and wrote in his garden-house. The mist of the great city hid the horizon and dulled the sound of the advancing multitude; but close at hand . . . were country corners untouched—blossoms instead of bricks in spring-time, summer shade in summer.' When the father of Rachel, Lady Castlewood, died and left her some three thousand pounds, with this little fortune she was enabled, when her daughter's time as Maid of Honour at Court came, to come to London, where she took a small, genteel house at Kensington Square. This was adjacent to the Court. The red-brick Kensington Palace, built by William and Mary, was the social headquarters of the Court, though State ceremonies still took place at St James's Palace, and in summer Majesty migrated to Hampton Court or Windsor.

Kensington Square was commenced in the reign of James II., and was finished towards the close of that of William. In the time of Queen Anne and the first Georges it was very fashionable; and, owing to its proximity to the Court, lodgings were so much in demand that an ambassador, a bishop, and a physician occupied apartments in the same house. Talleyrand lived there, and Mrs Scurlock, whom Steele married, and Addison before his grand, miserable marriage with the *châtelaine* of Holland House; while Nos. 10 and 11 were reserved for the Maids of Honour who could not be housed at the palace.

When Lady Castlewood moved to Kensington, Esmond, so as to be near his 'dear lady,' took lodgings at Knightsbridge, spelt Knyghtbrigg, then a hamlet in the parishes of Chelsea, Kensington, and St Margaret's, Westminster, 'between London and Kensington, and overlooking the gardens.' It was some distance from London, and so late as 1740 the Bristol mail was robbed there. The house in Kensington Square had been in the early years of the eighteenth century the residence of the Marquis of Powis, who accompanied James II. into exile, and by the grateful monarch was created Duke of Powis, a title now extinct. It then had stabling and a cottage attached to it. Upon the site of the cottage was built the house in Young Street, 'Our Street,' where Thackeray lived from 1846 to 1853, and where he wrote *Vanity Fair*, *The History of Pendennis*, and *Esmond*. The old 'Greyhound,' since rebuilt, with its memories of Pope, Addison, and Macaulay, was at the corner opposite. It was from here that on an eventful night Esmond watched the door of Lady Castlewood's residence lest the Prince should escape from it. It was at the 'King's Arms,' Kensington, that Esmond enrolled a little army of gentlemen to enforce the Pretender's claim to the throne. They assembled, in parties of two and three, to the number of fifty-three, and his Grace the Duke of Ormonde was to take command. But when the moment for action came the Prince was absent at Castlewood paying his court to Beatrix. So ended the conspiracy which might have altered the history of England by restoring the Stuarts to the throne.

It was to Lady Castlewood's that the Pretender came *incognito*, and from there was taken to see his sister the Queen, when she and her favourite lady-in-waiting were taking the air in the cedar-walk behind the new banqueting-house; and it was there that Esmond warned the Prince that if the latter harboured thoughts of dishonour towards Beatrix he would call in the watchman and give him up. The windows of the house were open both towards the gardens and the square; in the square was the watchman, who would be glad to secure the five hundred pounds set on the Pretender's head, and in the gardens was the palace where the Prince might hope to reign. He hesitated, and then pledged his word. He broke faith and went to Castlewood, and by so doing lost a throne. It was also at the house

in Kensington Square that the Duke of Hamilton wooed and won Beatrix; and it was in the drawing-room that he objected to Esmond, whom he believed to be a bastard, giving his future wife a grand parure of diamonds as a wedding-gift. This led up to one of the greatest scenes in the book—a scene which shows Thackeray's genius at its best—when Lady Castlewood, pale, trembling, and indignant, tells the story of the noble gentleman's renunciation:

'My daughter may receive presents from the head of our house; my daughter may thankfully take kindness from her father's, her mother's, her brother's dearest friend; and be grateful for one more benefit besides the thousands that we owe him. What is a string of diamonds compared to that affection he has given us—our dearest preserver and benefactor? We owe him, not only Frank's life, but our all—yes, our all. The title we bear is his, if he would claim it. 'Tis we who have no right to our name; not he, that is too great for it. He sacrificed his name at my dying lord's bedside—sacrificed it to my orphan children; gave up rank and honour because he loved us so nobly. His father was Viscount of Castlewood and Marquis of Esmond before him, and he is his father's lawful son and true heir, and we are the recipients of his bounty, and he the chief of a house that's as old as your own. And if he is content to forgo his name that my child may bear it, we love him and honour him and bless him, under whatever name he bears.'

MARY THE MOTHER.

IT will probably be allowed that the medical man sees more of human nature stripped of all convention than any one else. Under sharp or long-continued pain, or with certain death standing as it were at the foot of the bed, men and women, as a rule, drop any mask or domino they have worn. Naked they came into the world, and naked they go out of it. Sometimes one leaves the still body feeling cynical, sometimes feeling sad. A young girl faces death with patience and a quiet smile. An old man goes whimpering away. Friends and relatives give themselves devotedly to the problem of saving a life or smoothing the way through the Valley of the Shadow, or they look on with frank indifference, grudging all labour and hoping for a speedy end.

One or two of my cases will interest you, if I tell of them properly; and Mary the Mother's is the first.

It was in December that Hector Og the elder came down from the hills, twenty miles through the snow, to tell me that Hector the younger was ill. I left him to walk back as he had come; and, riding the first ten miles, I stabled my horse, borrowed a stout stick, and at last reached the sheiling where Hector the younger lay groaning for me.

The little croft, with its high deer-fence, stands far up the brae above the river, six or seven miles in a bee-line from any other dwelling. Long before I reached the door I could see a gray figure watching me through a glass, and this was Mary the Mother.

She was elderly, thin, gray, hard-featured, taciturn. She knelt at my feet, in spite of my remonstrances, and took off my snow-covered gaiters. Her hands were trembling, but her voice and manner were quiet almost to dullness, and she pressed me to 'taste,' or rather she attempted to press me, before taking me to the bedside.

I will not harrow you with details of young Hector's condition; but an immediate operation was undoubtedly necessary, and his nerve had gone through pain and several sleepless nights. He must keep still while I worked, and he would never do that unless he were chloroformed. I could not wait for skilled help, and I could not by any possibility get him to it across seven burns and ten miles of snow-covered heather down to the road.

I took Mary into the other room, where a big peat-fire smouldered on the open hearth, and I told her how things were, and what must be done.

I cannot quote her reply word for word, but it was very short and very much to the point. If I would do my duty, she suggested, she would do hers, which she conceived to lie in obeying my orders.

I considered her much-wrinkled face and her steady gray eyes, and I decided that without doubt here was a woman to be depended upon. So we returned to the bed, and Hector the younger agreed to allow anything and everything that would be likely to give him peace.

I chloroformed him, and when he was well under I handed the towel and the bottle to Mary, and did my work while she used them according to my orders.

When everything was done I was very hot and tired, and Mary was gray-faced and cold and trembling. I took her and made her lie down and drink some of the whisky she had offered me; while, to her horror, Hector the younger, drunk with the chloroform through which he was groping his way back to consciousness, cursed me body and soul from the bed, declaring that I had gutted him like a haddie, and now had better finish the job and hang him like a haddie upon the wall. Poor Mary's wrath at his ingratitude brought the colour back to her cheeks quicker than the spirits did; and when Hector Og tramped in, as he did not long after, he

found his son lying quiet, while Mary served me by the peat-fire in the next room with tea and scones, fresh-butter, and home-made black-currant and bramble jam.

Then Hector Og, over sixty years old, but nothing daunted by the forty miles he had done that day, started away with me and convoyed me two or three miles on my homeward journey. His two collies escorted us; and Mary, surrounded by three or four terriers, watched us from the door.

Well, things did not go smoothly for some time with Hector the younger. It was hard work to reach him at all, and impossible to dress his wounds as often as would have been advisable. Once I was sent for late in the day, and reached the half-way house, ten miles from Hector's bed and ten from my own, determined to go no farther till daylight. But there was Hector Og with a lantern and his two collies.

The old man begged and prayed that I would get on. 'If you'll step outside,' I remember he said with splendid mendacity, 'you'll hear him roarin' down the strath;' and I was shamed into taking as eerie a tramp as I ever made, ten miles over deep snow, never seeing farther ahead than the light of the lantern went, and with not a sign of life all the way, but the tracks of grouse and hares and of a herd or two of deer.

I drank tea that night made with peaty water, I slept between peaty sheets, I washed in peaty water and drank peaty tea again in the morning, and I have never liked peat-reek since; but Mary waited upon me with the greatest care, and her eyes and acts said more than her words when she thanked me for coming.

Snow lay long on the hills that winter, and another of my visits was made through a blizzard. My horse fell upon ice blown bare of snow, so I had walked some miles before I left the road, and bent my head against the drifting, whirling snowflakes. It was a tough job that afternoon. The wind and the snow stung and dazzled me; the big drifts tired me. I remember I lay in a drift some hundred yards from the cottage, yelling for some one to come and haul me out. But no one heard, and no one came, so at last I shoved through, and staggered into the cottage alone.

I remember how angry Mary was to find that no one had met me, and how she muttered over me as she knelt and took off my boots and gaiters, while I sat dumb and indifferent; and how she scolded Hector Og and Alastair, the younger son, when they came in with the collies from gathering the sheep into their stone-built circular shelters. I remember, too, that evening, when I had attended to Hector the younger, how good it was to sit before a big fire blazing up the wide chimney, though there were six dogs with whom to dispute precedence. Two keepers searched the hills that night for me, thinking me lost; but I slept cosily, disturbed only by the pig, who, as Mary apologetically explained next morning, 'thocht she didna get justice,' and, squealing for admittance, roused all six dogs to an uproar in the small hours.

It was now well on in January. Hector the younger was making progress, and the snow was not so deep. We began to discuss the possibility of getting him down to the low ground, where I could see him more often, with less toil to me and less expense to them. The two Hectors doubted and disputed, but Mary backed all my arguments. From the day we had first met she and I had given our confidence to one another, and in her eyes whatever the doctor did or said was right.

So one afternoon a cart rumbled down the main street of our village over the snow. Hector the younger lay bundled in the straw, Hector Og strode at the horse's head, and Mary followed behind, where she could watch Hector the younger, whom she alternately scolded and encouraged. Hector Og returned with his cart to the lonely hills next day; but Hector the younger and his mother lodged in the village, and I saw my patient daily. I saw his mother too, of course; but I hardly looked at her, she was so silent, so ready, so inconspicuous. When I wanted her she was at my elbow, but never in the way. Four or five days after they came down from the hills I looked her straight in the face while asking some question, and it occurred to me that she was grayer than ever.

'Are you well?' I asked.

'Only tired,' she said, and would not talk of herself further, or let me touch her wrist.

I ordered her to lie down for the rest of the day, and she went off obediently to her bed; but the next morning when I called she was at young Hector's side. She persisted that there was nothing wrong, and I—well, I practically thought no more of it.

So the days went by, with Hector still abed but always getting stronger, and Mary always at his side.

Then one afternoon I had a fright. An urgent message came for me to go over at once.

'What's happened to him?' I asked while thrusting into my overcoat.

'It's Mary that's bad,' the messenger said, and I hurried more than ever.

I found her still at her post. She was sitting near Hector's bed, silent, rigid, with folded hands, blue-gray about the tight lips, and with dark shadows about the steady gray eyes. We helped her to her bed, where she died that night in my arms, apologising for the trouble she thought she was causing, and for the little moan which pain at the heart wrung from her now and again.

'Surely that pain didn't begin to-day?' I whispered once to her.

'It's ever there since I travelled [walked] from the hill,' she gasped back. 'But I was feared if I let on you'd keep me from my boy.'

And so Mary died.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

IT seems to be a general feeling that this Parliament—whatever its merits, of which it has many—has made few great reputations. More may have been injured than improved, and indeed the circumstances of Liberal statesmanship in these days are such that this must almost inevitably be the case. Youth and ability may be given early opportunities in these ranks, and it may be less difficult for an aspirant to come out of 'the ruck' than it is on the other side; but when it is the matter of great advancement it is not the same. The way to political greatness through the Liberal medium is difficult. Antagonists are the most numerous, the most bitter, and the most powerful, and too often has the statesman in the prosecution of his ideal and his ambition to risk almost everything on a single plunge. Faults do not seem to be condoned and forgotten on this side of the House as elsewhere. Therefore it must not be set against this Parliament if, as we say, few great reputations have been made in it on the side of the majority. But at all events it is admitted by friends and foes alike that it has made and established one good statesman, and the very numerous political enemies of Mr David Lloyd-George are those who most willingly and without qualification admit his success and his worthiness. Mr Lloyd-George and Mr Birrell are the two quickest personalities of this administration, and it is perhaps not too much to say that the Welshman is the strongest and most peculiar individuality that we have had since Gladstone. He is one of the few men of a generation from whom magnetic fire of zeal seems to issue at all times. He is enthusiastic, and he is most thorough, and according to his lights he is deeply sincere. A man having these points, you may overlook some faults in him. He is now very different from the man we knew in the reckless parliamentary days of the Boer war, when men's feelings were ablaze and they were little inclined to measure the exact value of the things that they said. Some wise persons shook their heads when they saw that with a Liberal Government this Radical (or Gladstonian-Liberal, as he calls himself) who had helped to make it must achieve an office; but, to their wonder, they see now a sober and most serious statesman who has constructive powers of a most unusual order, whose judgment is excellently balanced, who is remarkably fair-minded, and who is a man of the most penetrating discrimination. He has in a short space of time rendered substantial service to the trade of the country. It sometimes seems to those who try, as it were, to look into the mental mechanism of such men, that Mr Lloyd-George's talents have developed so well on definite lines very largely because he has not permitted himself to be drawn into what we would call the London system. He has insisted on remaining a Welshman in London. It is a mere platitude to say that our great Metropolis is the most inspiring place in the world; but the man does best with it who shows a little contempt for it and its ways. There is a peculiar London poison which works its way into the systems of men of weaker character, and its effect is to destroy native individuality and simple, earnest faith which exalt the genius, and to substitute for it a certain languidness, a strange cunning, and, above all, a most marked opportunism. The result is the naturalised Londoner. Sometimes he 'gets on,' but he rarely shines as a star in the firmament of fame. Most generally he is one of a smug crowd whose lives are led with much comfort and satisfaction to themselves. These, we say, are the naturalised Londoners. The men who go higher are often those from the shires, or Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, who do not permit themselves to become naturalised in this manner. London may make remarks about clothes, may sneer at accents, and may even show irritation at some sort of general gaucherie, but none the less she has the greater respect for those who live with her and use her without surrendering to her influences than she has for the wholly naturalised Londoner. And that, we may fancy, is

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one of the secrets of the success of Mr Lloyd-George, for he is more of the Welshman now than when he was born of comparatively humble Welsh parents in Liverpool. He has that peculiar Cymric sharpness of the eye, that sweet silveriness of the voice, and all that subtle native appreciation of dramatic effect in speech that mark the Welshman. In London he identifies himself in the closest manner with all Welsh matters. No community in town is so close and compact as the Welsh, and he is the head of it. The Irish and the Scots are mere disordered wanderers in comparison. These Welsh speak their own language invariably. We have heard Mr Lloyd-George in a company of mixed nationality argue with the generality in English, and in the same breath turn to a Welshman and add a corollary—or even finish a sentence, one sometimes thinks—in Welsh. This is not merely force of habit; all who see know that it is certainly not rudeness. It is the strong Welsh instinct.

* * *

It is but natural, then, that in Wales they regard 'George'—as for the most part they call him—as a hero indeed. As is inevitable, detractors he has in his own country as bitter as those to be found anywhere else; but commonly, and particularly in the fastnesses of the wild Wales, Lloyd-George is a name that is uttered with a soft and reverent affection. Soon after the death of Queen Victoria a Welshman told us what was certainly a true story, something that he had got at first hand from one of those fastnesses. It was the morrow after the great national loss, and two Welshmen of the humblest order were discussing what seemed to them to be the difficulties and peculiarities of the English constitution. 'And who will be queen now, William Williams?' asked one in the measured, clear-cut accents that are of the Welshman. 'Well, indeed, now, it will haff to be a king, isn't it?' was the answer; and after a pause it was added, 'The Prince of Wales, he will be the king.' The first speaker assented, and then set a more difficult interrogatory: 'Yes; but see now, what if there was not this Prince of Wales? Who would be the king then, William Williams? Who would be the king then—or the queen either, William Williams?' Mr Williams, well up in modern history, asserted that in such an event the Prince of Wales, as they referred to him, had a son who would succeed him, and be king. The answer appeared satisfactory; but the questioner seemed confident that there were possible situations for which the constitution was not prepared, if he could but think of them; and at last, with the light of triumph in his eyes, he demanded, 'Ay, but, William Williams, what if there were not that little son, or any other son or relation whateffer? Who is going to be the King of England then?' And Mr Williams agreed that such a situation would present many points of the utmost difficulty; but eventually, as by a sudden inspiration, and in tones of strong conviction such as challenged denial, he declared, 'Well, indeed truth, Lloyd-George would be king!' And at that the matter ended. It was agreed that Mr Lloyd-George would be king, and the people were satisfied. But if one is to tell tales about this young statesman, let us at all events tell the one that is specially authorised, being told by himself to his intimates. Many years ago, in the early nineties, he and the Bishop of St Asaph were engaged in furious controversy upon the subject of Welsh Disestablishment. His following the Bishop about and replying to his speeches in defence of the Church was perhaps Mr Lloyd-George's first *tour de force*. Both men hit hard. Eventually the disestablisher followed the Bishop to Flintshire, where the chairman of his meeting was a Welsh deacon, a man of strong convictions but with no sense of humour. He introduced Mr Lloyd-George to the meeting in the following terms: 'Gentlemen, I haff to introduce to you to-night the member for the Carnarvon Boroughs. He hass come here to reply to what the Bishop of St Asaph said the other night about Welsh Disestablishment. . . . In my opinion, gentlemen, the Bishop of St Asaph iss one of the biggest liars in creashon; but, thank God—yes, thank God—we haff a match for him to-night.'

* * *

Much of the general gossip in these days is of bills—parliamentary bills. It rarely happens that a civilised community that is bent on the achievement of the perfection of life has not one bill of magnificent importance to debate in the halls and the streets and the railway trains, and to write letters to the newspapers about. Such a bill, it may be said, is essential to the maintenance of political activity and good citizenship in the individual. But now there are so many bills! A City man of business seats himself in a train that takes him to and from a suburban home, and having made one general glance over his morning or evening paper, he catches the eye of another who regularly travels in this compartment and talks with him. One asks, 'What do you think of the bill?' to which the other, with some feeling of weariness, responds, 'Which bill?' Is it the Licensing, Education, Finance, Docks, or which? Now, all these various bills are spoken of as if they were the creations of various Ministers of State who bring them first to the notice of an expectant House and country, eager on the one side to give them praise, and on the other side to pour forth against them all the maledictions which are permissible and customary in these cases. The statesman whose name is coupled with the bill is regarded as the author of its every word, and as an archangel or an archfiend as the case may be. Inevitably the gentle and possibly impartial reader of leading articles and parliamentary debates concludes that he is regarded in one or other of these lights. So he is in a very large sense the author, the creator of the bill. The central idea is his; he is the genius who gave it birth. But these men of the Front Bench are not burdened with the consideration and cultivation of many details. They get their idea,

they elaborate it, they improve and alter it after consultation with their colleagues—for a Government bill must be the bill of a Government and not of one man—and then they turn it over to one particular specialist, the same man in every case. You never hear of him in connection with these mighty measures. There is no particular reason why you should. But he makes them all, every one. All these bills which go on to the statute book and regulate our conduct in various most important matters always afterwards, and those other bills which are hurled away into oblivion as failures, are manufactured, adjusted, polished up, and made presentable for parliamentary purposes by the Government's bill-maker, who is the First Parliamentary Counsel, by name Mr Arthur Theodore Thring. Many weeks before Parliament meets the Government sends for Mr Thring and tells him in great confidence of the schemes that have been hatched, and of the work that lies before him, and then this most valuable official betakes himself to his den and makes the bills. He and the responsible Minister in each case have their heads together many times. The Minister sends along to his skilled workman all such facts and ideas as occur to him while the bill is on the stocks, and all the time that it is so Mr Thring, while endeavouring to fulfil to the utmost the Minister's idea, is engaged in the even more difficult task of seeing that the bill does not cause vexation to any other Minister belonging to a different department of State. He must see that there is nothing in this new bill which runs counter to something in another that he has had in hand some little time for a different statesman patron, and he must word and phrase his clauses so that they give the least offence to the critics who will examine them. It is strange, but true, that the severest and often most implacable of these critics are not the gentlemen who sit on the Opposition benches, but the colleagues of the Minister in private and beforehand. So among the greatest and most necessary of the virtues of this Government bill-maker are those of discrimination and tact. In due course the bill is launched. Let it win or lose, it is the work of a master. If the lobbies are against it Mr Thring sees it not again; but in general it comes back to him much bruised by the ordeal it has passed through, and he polishes it up once again, working in all the little amendments that Parliament has said must be made. And in due course it goes to the King, and is made to be the law. Great feats have been performed in this office of the Parliamentary Counsel. Probably the 'record' belongs to the predecessor of its present chief, who is now Lord Thring and was then Mr Henry Thring. He was given but a single day to make a bill of no less importance than the Reform Bill of 1867, and a most excellent job he made of it in that very short space of time. Disraeli sent for him one Thursday night, told him all about it, and said that the bill must be finished, printed, and laid before the Cabinet at its sitting on the following Saturday. This was what is colloquially termed 'a large order,' but counsel was undaunted. On Friday morning at ten o'clock he set to work composing the measure, and he had two shorthand writers at his elbow, to whom he dictated each new clause as he thought it out. At six o'clock the bill was finished, and it was sent off to the printers immediately, so that the Cabinet had it the next morning. And it was introduced on the Monday following. One is reminded of one of the best of all parliamentary stories about bills and their various fates. Lord Eldon, then Lord Chancellor, filled a bag with bills that had triumphed over their enemies, and took them down to Kew, where King George the Third then was, that His Majesty might give his gracious permission for them to be placed on the statute book. The Lord Chancellor was reading over the names of the bills, when the King interrupted him, saying, 'You are not doing this business in the right way. You ought to leave these bills for me to read, or if you do not, you should do as Thurlow once did. Thurlow read a few of his bills to me, and then he stopped suddenly, and said, "Oh, it's all damned nonsense trying to make you understand them, so I think you had better consent to the whole lot at once."' His Majesty was understood not to be in good health at the time.

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People generally do not make themselves well acquainted with the principles and details of even important Government measures that are not to a large extent of a party character, and there is ample excuse for them. They have not the time to consider causes and circumstances. It is seldom indeed that such a study would be so well rewarded as in the case of the Port of London, for which new legislation is being made which will render it a more compact, smooth-working, and efficient piece of the Empire's machinery than it has ever been. One supposes that hardly one man in a hundred has ever stopped for a moment to think of all the magnificent meaning of this port. For our own part, we should be inclined to regard it now as the first wonder of the earth, for it contains in itself something of nearly all other wonders. This piece of the Thames was water of consequence in the olden times when kings and queens sailed along it in their gaily decked ships of state; but to-day, with the Empire spreading in all parts of the world, the port is exalted accordingly, for it is really the clearing-house of the Empire, even of the world. Everything that is made, or that is grown, or that can be found in the air or the earth in any part of the world is brought here to the Port of London, and here it remains for a short season until its further destination is arranged. So at the same time we have in vast warehouses at the docks some of almost everything. If it is what we would call a common thing, then the quantities of it that are constantly there—added to and subtracted from almost every hour, so that the whole bulk is quickly changed—are to be reckoned in millions. Thus, to

quote a case of a simple commodity, it was found just lately that there were nine million pounds' worth of tobacco down at the Victoria Docks at the same time, and this was not an unusual circumstance. Of even the scarcest things there are some; and an odd story is told that a proud Londoner, boasting that there was everything in the port, offered to wager with a stranger that there would be any one thing he would name, the only condition made being that this thing was generally recognised to the extent that the first man appealed to would have heard of it. The stranger agreed, an elaborate feast was made the stake, and there was no need to appeal to any first man, for a lion was nominated—just a live lion. And so the twain went down to the docks and made inquiries; and soon they came upon a cage of live lions! Not far away there were more lions. It was stated by a stevedore that a ship just away along held more lions. The docks seemed to abound with lions. All the forests of Africa might have been beaten in a search for lions to be carried as imperial spoil to the heart of civilisation. So the stranger felt the poverty of his knowledge and ideas. Here in the port you have always ships of every land, people of every race, colour, and tongue. All of them are living life at its very hardest. If you wander about these docks for a day you must feel that you know far more of the world and empire and life than you did before. It is a great experience, and it is one that teaches humility as not many do. If it is suggested that the people who only know England know nothing of England, then it may be said that those who know this port know all the world, and a few days spent in it might do more in education for some men than a year of foreign travel. London is wonderful, and the port is the most wonderful part of it. The most interesting voyage of short length that can be made is down the lower Thames from the neighbourhood of London Bridge. Here you see before you in a winding panorama something of many nations, and reminders of many times; and there is a picturesque quaintness about the water-side which calls tales of Dickens to the memory. A rough life is still led, and must always be, by the hands of the Thames, and petty crimes are perhaps considered of less account down here than in any other part of Britain; but the river now is greatly law-abiding in comparison with what it was not much more than a hundred years ago, when the port was infested with organised bands of robbers who specialised in different ways, and according to their class were called 'Light Horsemen,' 'Heavy Horsemen,' 'Game Watermen,' 'Night Plunderers,' 'River Pirates,' and so forth. For example, the 'Night Plunderers' consisted of watermen made up of gangs of four or five, who suborned the watchmen guarding lighters and other vessels having cargoes on board, and who carried away in longboats everything that they could lay their hands on. The 'River Pirates' used to strip the ships of their appurtenances at every opportunity. Thus it is recorded that an American vessel lying at East Ham Pier was boarded in the night, while the captain and the crew were asleep, by a gang of pirates, who actually weighed the ship's anchor and hoisted it into their boat, having a new cable attached to it all complete, and with all this they got clear away. The captain saw them rowing off, but was powerless. They told him they had taken his anchor, and they bade him a good-night. Such things were of common occurrence in the old-time Thames which approaches a new epoch.

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A man of much experience and importance in diplomatic affairs was lately discussing in private some various changes of consequence that were being made among the ambassadors. He said that President Roosevelt was very right in what he had done, and was, indeed, only the first to set an example which must soon be more or less general. The days when distinction of birth, great wealth, and a disposition to lead a fully flavoured social life were to be regarded as among the chief qualities of the ambassador of a great Power to a foreign Court are fast departing, so he said. It goes without saying that the ambassador must now, as always, and if possible more than ever, be the possessor of the most superb tact, have all the necessary statesman-like qualities developed in a high degree, and be the most excellent gentleman. It is evident that there are most difficult times ahead, and this is a severe, prosaic age in which the destinies of nations are not so often settled over dinner-tables nor wars brought about in ballrooms. So what the nations want most in ambassadors are the men with the best brains. To illustrate some of the points that he had been making, the speaker told two stories which may not be new to all readers, but which are in any case well remembered. One concerned that dangerous despatch that was cabled by the American Government to its British Embassy for communication to our Government at the time of the Venezuelan trouble. Mr Bayard was the ambassador in London at the time, and the proper course of procedure for him was to take the despatch across to the Foreign Office, read it to Lord Salisbury, and leave a copy of it with him. When Mr Bayard first saw it, after it had been decoded, his pulse throbbed and he felt afraid, for the terms were so threatening that they could hardly be conveyed to the British Government and peace maintained. Sadly he went across to the Foreign Office, saw Lord Salisbury, and sorely against his will began to read the message. He had read but two or three lines when the Marquis called out, 'Stop! Your Excellency need not read any more of the message.' And he did not, and was glad that the task was spared him. It is said that a copy of the message is still preserved in the Foreign Office, and that a mark indicates the place where Mr Bayard stopped reading. The other story is piquant. It is said to explain how it was that through the medium of the newspapers a certain

visit of King Edward to Paris was made known before the Governments wished it to be. At a famous restaurant one evening a young diplomat, who was fond of 'life,' was entertaining a certain beauty who passed under the assumed name of Cherlaine de Montmorency. There was champagne and confidence. At one fine moment the man bent forward to the lady and murmured a toast, '*Tu sais*, Cherlaine, to-night you must drink to the health of Edouard VII., who will shortly be on a visit to Paris.' The toast was honoured gaily, and a gentleman of the Press who had been sitting close by got up hurriedly, but unnoticed, and went to his office with the news.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXIX.—AMONGST THE ARABS.

JACK felt the hot tears running down his cheeks. To escape the wrath of the sea, and to die by a chance shot a moment afterwards—this surely was the last cruelty of fate. It almost broke his heart to see a spirit so brave quenched so suddenly. He was hardly conscious of the rush of feet on every side of him, of the dirty hands that seized him, the dark, wild faces that stared at him with questioning and pitiless eyes.

He struggled up, on fire with anger. His tall figure, his threatening brows, the flame of wrath in his eyes, for a moment cowed them.

'You brutes!' he cried.

The effect of his wrathful eyes and threatening gestures was but momentary. He was a single man, unarmed and crippled, and the Arabs closed on him. He was seized roughly by a dozen dirty brown hands, while the black eyes flashed and the white teeth gleamed in the swarthy faces. He would have fared badly, but the chief thrust himself into the struggling group, and in a high, shrill voice and with furious blows rescued the prisoner. He was, Jack thought, the most villainous-looking figure in the whole band. His lean and wrinkled face was surmounted by a mat of grizzled hair. The gums behind his thin lips were toothless. He was of a great age; but the eyes under his shaggy brow were very alert and burned with cruel fire.

For some reason, however, he wished to preserve from injury the captive who had fallen into his hands; and, having rescued Jack from his angry followers, he ordered him with a brief gesture to follow. The whole band climbed the rugged front of the cliff with the nimbleness of monkeys, Jack following them with difficulty. Grant was left to the sea-birds, with the sea he loved to chant his requiem.

A couple of miles from the coast, in a tiny valley, was the Arab camp, a cluster of low tents, some of skin, some of dark-brown cloth. A dozen women in ragged dress, with a screen of dirty cloth over each face, came out of the tents as the band returned, while a score of half-naked children gathered round Jack with shrill cries and impish curiosity. The sheikh squatted in front of the principal tent, the rest of the Arabs forming a circle about him, and began to interrogate his captive. But as the questions were in Arabic, Jack could only shake his head by way of answer; he spoke in English, and, as that failed, in French.

At the sound of French the listening Arabs grew interested, and a youthful member of the band was thrust to the front, and, to Jack's surprise, addressed him in broken French. Jack explained, with much confidence, that he was English; but if he expected that circumstance to be a recommendation to his captors, he was quickly undeceived. A clamour of angry voices arose when what their prisoner had said was interpreted to them; a dozen dirty brown arms were in the air together; knives were once more flourished; but the sheikh, in a voice shriller than any of his followers, hushed the tumult. Jack's despatches were then examined, but apparently nobody in the camp could read them.

Much excited speech followed, but finally Jack was dismissed from the circle with a brief gesture. He was inexpressibly weary, and flung himself down under the scanty shelter of a little thorn-bush. A woman with a corner of a dirty *haik* drawn over her features presently brought him a dish of barley-meal and milk. She was fat and good-natured, and Jack, with many gesticulations, persuaded her to pour water over the splints of the broken arm, thoroughly soaking the bandages.

His ill fate, Jack guessed, had thrown him into the hands of a band of Arabs who were in league with the French. The French, it is true, had not many such allies. When the expedition landed, Bonaparte announced that he had come to deliver Egypt from the oppression of the Mamelukes, and many Egyptians had flocked to his standard, drawn by the hope of freedom; but that delusion had long since perished. The French, it was found, ruled more sternly than even the Mamelukes, and, as the suppression of the revolt in Cairo showed, could punish more mercilessly. Some scattered Arab septs were still, however, on the side of the French, if for no better reason than that some tribe with which they were at war was on the other side. There was, too, a highly profitable trade carried on with the French camps. They bought horses, cattle, fodder, &c., and the Arab is a born trader.

The Arabs into whose hands Jack had fallen were on their way to the French headquarters. This explained the drove of horses and lean cattle with them. They had decided, Jack guessed, that he was a prize whom the French would value, and

they would carry him to Acre (just then being besieged by the French) in the hope of being paid a good round sum. On the whole, he judged his life was safe. If he were surrendered to the French, indeed, the old ties of comradeship betwixt himself and Bonaparte might prove useful.

As night came on the wind fell, and Jack, almost too tired to sleep, lay on the sand. He thought of Grant, his naked body lying unburied within call of the sea; but the brave and loyal spirit was beyond reach of ill. Then Jack looked up to the sky, the night sky of the East, its profound depths gleaming with the flame of innumerable stars. There was peace in the high, calm heavens—a peace that seemed to rebuke the trouble of his heart. Into those high realms of calm and beauty Grant's brave soul had passed.

Jack recalled the experiences of the wreck: the storm, the black and leaping seas, the long hours of darkness and waiting. At least he was better off, and perhaps safer, lying on the sand in the slumbering Arab camp than on the shaking deck of the ill-fated *Sylph*. Presently the moon rose, a disc of pure silver, and flooded sky and earth with its mysterious light. The white, magic beauty of the night soothed him; its divine hush and calm seemed to creep into the very cells of his brain. His fat friend, with the dirty *haik* over her face, had flung him a ragged blanket; and, drawing this about him, Jack slept.

In the early morning, while the stars still shone faintly in the sky, the camp was broken up and the march begun. For some reason, the Arabs would not wait even for the plunder of the wreck. They had, Jack guessed, some feud with the Arabs of the neighbourhood, and they hurried on their march like men who were crossing the territory of an enemy. Grant had told him they were somewhere in the neighbourhood of El Arish; and Jack hoped the band might make for that place or for Jaffa. Both places were in the occupation of the French, and he knew he would be safer in a French camp than amongst the Arabs. But for some reason the old sheikh at the head of the band swung off to the right, and they travelled all day on a line diverging from the sea.

The march was fast, and though the Arabs camped during the midday hours, they travelled far into the night. On the second day the blue Judean hills were visible to the right; but the Arabs kept to the west of Hebron, carefully avoiding all the villages. The country was dry and treeless. Sometimes it became a mere stretch of sand, and although it was one of the cool months of the year, the heat was scorching.

On the third day the track led them along the foothills of the great range, and Jack looked with keen interest on the crest of hills showing in clear-cut purple against the sky above them. Behind those hills lay Jerusalem; and as he gazed on the steep hill-slopes the words of an old psalm began to sing themselves, like some deep, harmonious chant, in his brain: 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.'

How many generations of dead saints had gazed with eyes of longing and faith on those hills, and followed the slope of the azure summits to the deeper azure of the Eastern sky above them! And in his heart Jack repeated the words of ancient trust, 'My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber.'

As the days went by, and the pain of his broken arm grew less and it was clear the bones were reknitting, Jack's natural courage revived. He studied the Arabs keenly. They reminded him in some odd way of his old comrades in the lanes in Paris. These Arabs were the Rats of Paris grown a little older and a little dirtier, set under a new sky and equipped with a new set of habits, but with most of the impish and irresponsible characteristics of the Rats; their capacity for unnecessary cruelty, their childishness of intellect, linked to some qualities of impish adroitness and cleverness. Jack felt sure that he could establish some influence over them, and perhaps bend them in the long-run to his will, if by any ill-chance he failed to gain French protection.

On the fourth day the curve of the hills thrust their track westward towards the sea, and in the afternoon, from the summit of a low hill, a long stretch of blue water became visible. Jack searched the clear skyline with eager eyes. At one point a leaning triangular patch of silver was visible, the topmast of some ship, perhaps an English cruiser; but it was far off, and melted into the silver of the sky while he stared at it.

Their track still ran westwards till it almost touched the brown sands of the beach, and the salt air of the sea was in their nostrils. Just as the sun was setting, round a jutting headland came a great ship. She was so close to the shore that Jack could see the white line of hammocks along the bulwarks, and the red jacket of a marine showed—a speck of crimson—on the quarterdeck. She was a fine two-decker under easy sail, under topsails and jib alone. A gust of wind blew out from her topmast the British flag. It was plainly one of the squadron off Acre, and poor Jack gazed at her with longing eyes. That stately ship represented the might of the British navy. It had the men and speech of his race on board. For him it meant freedom and comradeship, and it was almost within hailing distance.

An officer—a middy by his dress—jumped into the ratlines and levelled his glass at them. Some sharp eyes had discovered the Arabs. The spectacle of the great ship so near had, meanwhile, arrested the whole band. They were staring wide-eyed at her, and discussing her with eager voices. But the old sheikh gave a shrill word of command and led the way hurriedly round the shoulder of the hill, and the ship passed out of sight.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH MALAYA AS A FIELD FOR INVESTMENT.

By Sir FRANK A. SWETTENHAM, K.C.M.G.

SOME years ago, while discussing the prospects of British enterprise in Malaya, a friend of standing in the City of London said to me, 'We do not want to know what to invest in. We can find that out for ourselves. All we wish to know is that there is proper protection for life and property, that the laws of the country are drawn in a liberal spirit, and that the Government is prepared to give reasonable encouragement to capitalists.' I was able to give him the necessary assurance on all these points, but I am not certain that he was right in disdaining advice in regard to the capabilities of the Malay States.

As to safety, the law of the land, and the attitude of the Government in regard to those ready to invest in Malay enterprises, it is perhaps sufficient to point to what has been done under British advice and control during the last thirty years, to the enormous increase in population, in trade, in revenue, in development, and public works of every description in the Federated Malay States. The facilities of communication, where none existed thirty-two years ago, are sufficient guarantee of the character of the administration. Until quite recently the advancement and prosperity of these countries have been built up upon tin-mining; but so long ago as July 1883 the then Resident of Perak, Sir Hugh Low, wrote in a published report: 'All kinds of india-rubber succeed admirably, and seeds and plants of *Hevea brasiliensis* have been distributed to Java and Singapore, to Ceylon and to India, and supplies will be forwarded on application to any person or institution which will take care of these valuable plants.'

If my City friend, or any one else with capital and enterprise, had then taken Sir Hugh Low's advice, and planted rubber in any of the protected States, he would have cause to congratulate himself; but so far from that having been the case, Sir Hugh Low wrote in February 1884: 'British capitalists have, with the exception of the enterprising merchants from Shanghai, as yet done little or nothing in Perak; a feeble commencement only being yet apparent on the part of two concessionaires from Australia, to whom large grants have been given.'

The cultivation of rubber was not seriously undertaken till about eight years ago, and then only because Liberian coffee had failed to justify the expectation of those who had invested their capital in the cultivation of that product.

It seems almost superfluous at this time of day to say that British Malaya includes the Crown colony known as the Straits Settlements—that is, the islands of Singapore and Penang, a strip of mainland opposite Penang called Province Wellesley, another strip seventy miles south of Penang called the Dindings, and the settlement of Malacca, also on the mainland, one hundred and twenty miles north-west of Singapore. These places belong to the British Crown, and some of them have been in our possession for one hundred and twenty years. Taken altogether, their area is small and most of the land is already occupied. In the southern half of the Malay Peninsula there are five considerable Malay States (covering about thirty-five thousand square miles of territory), four of which—Perak, Selangor, Negri Sembilan, and Pahang—have been administered under British advice and control for some thirty years; and the fifth State, Johore, has treaty arrangements with the British Government. The colony and these five States are here referred to as British Malaya.

As regards the colony, its ports are free, taxation is very light, and labour is abundant and comparatively cheap. Singapore is a market and port of call with an immense through trade and a large local collecting and distributing trade. The life of the place is in the harbour, docks, and river, and all that has to do with the handling of merchandise. The tin-smelting works in Keppel Harbour are the largest in the world, and the success of this, the greatest of local industries, may be gathered from the fact that the shares have for many years stood at a very high premium. This company, the Straits Trading Company, came into being as the result of the development of the Federated Malay States, and its business is to smelt the tin ore exported from these States, and also to a smaller extent to perform the same service for ore from the Netherlands-Indies and from parts of Australia. A certain quantity of cocoa-nuts are grown in Singapore, but the production is not important.

Penang, on a greatly reduced scale, does for the northern end of the Strait of Malacca what Singapore does for the southern; but both on the island and in the Province of Wellesley a considerable quantity of rice and cocoa-nuts are grown, and the latter especially is a paying and a permanent form of agriculture. Sugar has also been a staple product of Province Wellesley for many years.

Malacca is an agricultural settlement where rice, cocoa-nuts, tapioca, and in recent years rubber are grown in considerable quantities.

Just as the Federated Malay States and Johore offer a far larger field of selection, owing to their greater area, wider ranges of temperature and of rainfall, so their great stretches of virgin forest, fine rivers, and hill-ranges present to both planters and miners opportunities not to be found in the British colony. When these States were still under Malay rule almost the only knowledge possessed of them in the colony was that they exported a certain

amount of tin. As has already been stated, the Federated Malay States have been developed from a roadless, uncultivated, and very sparsely inhabited jungle into prosperous countries, with roads, railways, telegraphs, harbours, fine public buildings, considerable towns, and a population of close upon a million people, on the produce of the tin-mines worked and owned by Chinese. In 1877 the duty paid on the export of tin from Perak amounted to one hundred and forty thousand dollars; in 1889, the first year giving returns from all the States, it had risen to one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and in 1906 to ten million dollars. In smelted tin and ore, approximately twenty-five thousand tons were exported in 1889, forty-five thousand tons in 1906, and for many years the States have been responsible for more than half the world's supply.

Of course the export-duty on tin was not the only source of revenue; but, speaking broadly, it may be said that the mining industry, directly and indirectly, supplied the funds for the development of the States. It was Chinese capital, enterprise, and labour which opened and worked the mines, and the same Chinese paid the excise and most of the other duties. The surplus revenues raised from these sources built the railways, which in 1906 added to the revenue four million five hundred thousand dollars, of which one million five hundred thousand was profit.

Tin-mining in the Malay States is almost wholly confined to alluvial workings, and this is one of the reasons why the industry has always been so largely in the hands of Chinese. This class of mining can be conducted on a small or a large scale, it can be done by primitive and economical methods, with the use of little or no machinery, and a return is usually secured within six months. A good many years ago, however, a system of hydraulic mining was introduced to deal with ground which could best and most cheaply be worked by this means. Water was conveyed by pipes from some supply with a good fall, and a pulsometer playing on the tin-bearing land did the work of many miners, cutting away the overburden and washing out the ore. The capital required depends, of course, on the distance the water has to be piped, but the enterprise is not one involving great risk, and it must be profitable, for there are a number of companies, founded mainly with British capital and working under British management, whose shares are at a considerable premium. In alluvial mining it is possible, by careful boring, so to test the ground that the quantity of ore it will yield can be ascertained with fair certainty, and the risks of mining are therefore reduced, barring accidents, to a minimum. The real risk is in the price at which it will be possible to sell the metal, for the tin-market has a way of fluctuating which is difficult to explain, though it is often trying to the producers. Malaya has, however, such great advantages in a plentiful supply of water and cheap labour that, hitherto at any rate, it has been possible to continue working there when the price of tin has been at its lowest. I remember some years ago asking the leading Chinese mine-owner, a very wealthy man, to invest some of his capital in planting rice, rubber, and cocoa-nuts; but he replied, 'I know nothing that pays like tin-mining, and that is good enough for me.' As he had been a tin-miner all his life, and was then an old man, I suppose he knew. There is at least one British company engaged in mining for tin underground, in the rock, and prospects seem to be encouraging; but these remarks refer to alluvial mining, and in regard to that industry in the Federated Malay States there are certain conditions favourable to investors. There is no doubt about the presence of the ore; it is found over large areas, many of the best fields are well known, and it is certain that many still remain to be discovered. It is a comparatively easy and inexpensive matter to ascertain the value of alluvial deposits by boring and by experimental working. Leases to work the land can be obtained from the Government on very easy terms. There is abundance of water, and every water-supply is reserved and controlled by the Government for the general benefit of all miners. Communications by road and rail are good, and they are being constantly extended to newly discovered tin-fields. Labour is plentiful, Chinese for the most part, and it is comparatively cheap. The only import-duties are on opium and spirits. The largest tin-smelting works in the world are in Singapore, to which there is cheap communication by rail and steamers from all the ports of the Malay States, and Singapore offers the best market in the world for the sale of tin.

I have tried to explain that there is a difference between tin-mining in Malaya and underground mining in other parts of the world; but the investor, small blame to him, may look askance at all forms of mining, and to him the Straits Settlements and Malay States may offer a more attractive field for investment in agricultural produce, especially rubber. The Malay grows rice, and usually does fairly well with it; though, unless artificially irrigated, the crop must depend on rain, which, if fairly constant in annual quantity, is often uncertain in the period of its fall. Rice-growing has not hitherto appealed to Europeans. The cultivation of cocoa-nuts and sugar by Europeans, Chinese, and Malays is common, and has been carried on for years. There is no doubt that the cultivation of cocoa-nuts, either for sale of the nuts or in the form of copra, is a safe and profitable business. The drawback is that the trees take about five years before they bear nuts, and they are not at full maturity for another five years or more, though they will continue to bear till they reach a great age, and maintenance costs but little. The cultivation of sugar requires a much larger capital for planting, draining, and especially for machinery;

but it gives a quick return, labour is cheap, and there is a good market in the Straits for all the common kinds of cane sugar. The unforeseen element is the variation in price; but where the conditions are favourable as to soil, cheap communications, a fairly constant rainfall, and adequate labour, sugar may become a most useful catch-crop for the nursing of a large estate of cocoa-nuts or rubber, or both. There are successful sugar-estates in Province Wellesley and Perak, and there are thousands of acres of land on the western shores of the Peninsula which would lend themselves to the same cultivation.

The interest aroused of late years in the cultivation of rubber in the Straits Settlements, and still more in Ceylon and the Federated Malay States, has diverted the attention of European planters to that product to the practical neglect, in British Malaya, of all others. Those who had for years tried Arabian, then Liberian, coffee, and in a few instances tea, with results which fell far short of their expectations—not because of any failure in the plants, but in the case of coffee because of the great fall in market prices—turned their attention first to the experimental and then to the extended cultivation of rubber. Drawing their own conclusions from the appearance of the trees planted so long ago in the Government Gardens in Perak, Singapore, and Penang, and most ably assisted and encouraged by Mr Ridley and the other officers in charge of these experimental plantations, the planters of Selangor secured the seed of the mature trees and began the systematic cultivation of Para rubber, *Hevea brasiliensis*, the tree which appeared to be best suited to the soil and climatic conditions of the Malay Peninsula. Then followed a long period of waiting, for it was not then deemed wise to commence tapping until the trees were six or seven years old, though it has since been done on trees four and a half and five years of age when their growth seemed to justify the operation. During this period, however, experiments were made on the old parent-trees with results so satisfactory that the planting of Para rubber was taken up by practically every European planter in the Malay States, and was pushed on to the extreme limit of his resources. With the maturity of even a small proportion of the trees came the assurance of a yield of latex and of dry rubber higher than the most sanguine had dared to hope; and as this plantation rubber was favourably received in the market and fetched a price which in May 1905 reached six shillings and tenpence a pound, and it was confidently asserted that it could be produced at one shilling per pound, or even less, those who knew the facts realised the favourable prospects of rubber cultivation, and found no difficulty in securing a large amount of capital for the purchase and extension of existing plantations and the opening of new ones. The same thing occurred in Ceylon; and at this time it was said by those qualified to judge that the price of rubber was less likely to decline than to rise, at any rate for five or six years, during which time the produce of plantation rubber could have very little effect on the world's consumption, which was estimated at about sixty thousand tons annually. It is certainly unfortunate that the experts should prove to have been mistaken, for the average price of plantation rubber is now about three shillings and fourpence halfpenny per pound, against an average of five shillings and sixpence halfpenny only twelve months ago. The three hundred and forty-eight and a half tons of Malay and Ceylon rubber sold in the year 1906 fetched an average price of five shillings and sixpence farthing per pound, while the eight hundred and fourteen tons sold last year realised an average of four shillings and ninepence and five-eighths per pound.

Last August the shares of the oldest and best-known Malay rubber-companies were at a very high premium; and though it was impossible to foresee the coming financial trouble in America, and the natural effect that a great reduction in the purchase of rubber by the country which had hitherto been the largest buyer would have on the rubber-market, it is interesting to examine the prospects of the industry in the light of greatly reduced prices.

The present depression, if it may be so called, is not altogether to be regretted, and some of the most interested, both planters and investors, regard the fall in price as a blessing in disguise, and they rejoice that this 'set-back' has come thus early in the life of the industry. The oft-renewed and industriously circulated reports of the discovery of the means of producing synthetic rubber at a trifling cost have no doubt frightened timid investors in the cultivation of natural rubber. I do not propose to discuss this question, because similar reports have been made before without any great result, and it is impossible to deal with mysterious processes which cannot be submitted to the ordinary tests. Hitherto it would appear that the value of every rubber substitute or so-called synthetic rubber depended upon the quantity of natural rubber which it contained; and such an authority as the Director of the Imperial Institute, while regarding the production of synthetic rubber as distinctly probable, puts the actual realisation of that probability at a considerable distance in time. When the end has been achieved it will remain to be seen whether the artificial rubber possesses all the qualities of the natural product, and whether it can be put upon the market at a price to compete successfully with plantation rubber. Even when the means of producing synthetic rubber have been discovered, it remains to be proved whether the artificial product will *possess and retain for any length of time* those singular properties which, in natural rubber, are the result of years of growth, and increase with the age of the tree. Such a practical test could hardly be made in less than two years.

Leaving that question to those qualified to deal with it, we may inquire with more profit whether rubber-growing in British Malaya is a sound invest-

ment. I think the reply is that such an investment offers very great prospects of permanent success, provided that too high a price is not paid for the land, that in the case of a company the undertaking is not over-capitalised, that ample funds are available for bringing the trees to the producing stage, and, above all things, that there is intelligent, energetic, and economical management in the East. These are some of the points which will now receive greater attention than would have been the case if the price of rubber had not fallen, as it has done, in the last two years and especially in the last six months.

Hevea brasiliensis, the species which seems best adapted to the soil and climate of Malaya, is a hardy forest-tree, not easily destroyed or injured by known pests, it has been proved to thrive exceedingly in Malay soil, it has a long life, and it yields an ever-increasing quantity of rubber, while the expenses of upkeep should with good management decrease. There are thousands of acres of suitable land to be had from the Government of the Malay States at a very moderate price. It is true the price, especially the quit-rent, has been raised in view of the recent great demand, and opinions may differ as to the wisdom of that policy; but there can be no difference of opinion in regard to the unwisdom of purchasing forest-land at three, four, or five pounds an acre from a private individual who has but lately acquired it for perhaps one-tenth of the sum. Of course there are lands which are so favourably situated as regards health, communications, soil, water, drainage, access to supplies, and so on that they have a special value. Again, where the rubber has already been planted over a considerable area, has been properly tended, and is already bearing or well grown, a purchaser will naturally have to pay a high price both for the rubber and the adjoining forest. Most of the estates with mature rubber-trees have already passed into the hands of companies registered in England or Scotland, and a number of them have already returned large dividends to their shareholders. Had the price of plantation rubber continued at six or even five shillings a pound, it is probable that a great deal of speculation would have resulted, clearing and extension on a huge scale would have taken place, and there would have been an inevitable reaction and some discredit. It is to be feared that estimates of the value of partially planted estates in Malaya and its neighbourhood are sometimes framed on an extravagant scale, while prospectuses have been issued where the estimated selling price of the rubber was too high and the estimated cost of upkeep and extension too low. These matters do not affect the question whether rubber is a sound investment, for it must be assumed that the investor will take some trouble to inquire into the condition and prospects of the undertaking in which he elects to take a share.

Labour is, of course, a vital question, and a year ago it gave cause for anxiety because of the sudden demand for a largely increased force to carry out the extensions which were pressed on in every direction, and especially in certain favoured districts. The labour mainly employed comes from Southern India; and partly, no doubt, on account of the great quantity of forest-clearing for rubber-planting, and carelessness in dealing with stagnant water, malaria appeared a year ago, and attacked with unusual severity the labourers and the European planters. Happily the conditions have improved, and a new system of labour-recruiting has been instituted from which satisfactory results are anticipated. As a matter of practice, it is found that on most of the estates the estimated cost of extension and of upkeep, especially weeding, has been exceeded, while the expense of tapping the trees and curing the rubber varies enormously, and in most cases is far higher than it should be. The price of rubber has fallen greatly, and it may, at any rate for a time, fall farther still. That may be fortunate if it tends to limit indiscriminate speculation and the almost frenzied extension of rubber-planting without perhaps sufficient capital to nurse the trees to the bearing stage; but it certainly means that those in charge of the estates must exercise a much more rigorous economy in every particular, must devote their whole time and ability to the service of their employers, and must give a new and a very careful attention to the preparation of rubber for the market, so that it will preserve a uniform excellence and the brand of each company will in time be recognised as a guarantee of quality. It is difficult for a directorate in Europe to ensure the exercise of proper management in the Far East, but it is not impossible; and there is no reason to doubt that the planters of Malaya will realise the situation and make the most of the great opportunity which lies ready to their hands. The planters of Ceylon have earned a well-deserved reputation for courage, persistence, and resource in adverse circumstances. There are many of them in Malaya; and they and their colleagues, who have only local experience, must recognise the conditions, which fortunately are far from adverse, but still need firm and intelligent treatment and the undivided attention of each manager to his own charge.

The fact that a considerable proportion of the 1907 produce can only realise a reduced price must affect future dividends, but thoughtful shareholders will remember that these and previous dividends have been earned on the produce of a fraction of the planted area of their property, and even the tapable trees are all still young and have not yet reached anything like the limit of their yielding capacity. There is no doubt that even with rubber at two shillings and sixpence per pound the cultivation of Para will pay well; for it can be put on the market at one shilling and sixpence per pound, and it is questionable whether the forest rubber of South America can be brought to market at that price. With proper economy, good management, and no unforeseen calamity, thoughtful planters believe

that it may be possible to reduce the cost of production to one shilling per pound; while those who give special attention to uniformity and excellence in the preparation of their rubber will always be rewarded by securing the best prices.

So far as it is possible to judge the future by past results, British Malaya offers a good opportunity for sound investment in alluvial tin-mining and in the cultivation of rubber and cocoa-nuts as permanent industries. Sugar and tapioca have both been used as catch-crops with satisfactory results; and, in Johore especially, Chinese planters have made fortunes out of the combined cultivation of gambir and pepper, using gambir as the catch-crop. So much depends upon good management that success cannot be expected unless that condition is secured; with the right men in charge of mine and plantation, a property combining these two industries might prove a very successful undertaking, for the tin-mine should be able to return good dividends while the rubber was being planted and brought to the producing stage.

THE TEACHER OF AUCHNACOUR.

III.

IT was a trying winter for John Stanham, the more trying because he made so little headway with the particular mathematical work to which he had consecrated himself. His colleagues at the university couldn't understand him. Since the long vacation he had been a different man in several ways. A certain consideration for others appeared in him which seemed at first as incompatible with his character as the writing of poetry. Also, his previously smooth brow gained a couple of wrinkles which, he confessed it frankly, had nothing to do with mathematics.

He brought back from the Highlands a habit of taking long walks in all weathers, and it was this which eventually made the winter act upon him severely. He caught a cold, and then another and another. They were, of course, all the same cold, challenging him afresh when he reckoned, or did not trouble to reckon, that he had got rid of it.

But in one respect the winter was not trying to him. At intervals he wrote to Auchnacour, and at intervals Kate Maclean replied. The calf Fergus was a splendid pretext for the correspondence, if he needed a pretext. The fact is he at times realised that it was quite essential to have a pretext.

The winter in Auchnacour was unusually coarse. Partly in fun and partly because it was true, Kate Maclean wrote in one letter that it would be wise to send Fergus to Inverness and sell it; for it was a *bull*-calf after all, and it showed, as the Auchnacour teacher said, what unpractical persons they both were to have discussed its milk of the future. There was very little hay for it, and no turnips. Snow was thick everywhere.

This question of Fergus's food was an enduring topic for John Stanham to write about up to the middle of March. He sent postal-orders for its board. Kate Maclean returned the first two; but they had the journey for nothing, and subsequently she kept them, saying they would go towards the expense of his board and lodgings if he really did revisit Auchnacour. He said she was to indulge the calf with all the luxuries that were good for its time of life. No one could be more capable of fattening a calf, he said further, seeing how successfully she had fattened him.

January brought him some news that interested him very much. He was in a London lodging-house near the British Museum for the Christmas vacation, this being about his nearest available approach to a home of his own when away from the university. He was extraordinarily short of relations, and those he had he didn't care much for.

The news was of course from Auchnacour. Fiona Maclean was going to marry a son of Lord Ambleside's local factor. Her sister hoped it was all for the best. From the worldly point of view it was a very fine match, but it was as great a surprise to her as she thought it would be to John Stanham. James Cameron, the said suitor, had fallen in love with Fiona in a single day, and he was in the most desperate haste to make her his wife.

'I shall be alone with Fergus, the poultry, and my own dear school-bairns as soon as Lent is over,' wrote Kate Maclean. She hinted also at a serious consequence of her bereavement. She might leave Auchnacour for a town; and, in any case, there was now the fear that she could not hope to receive John if the improbable happened and he sought to return to Auchnacour.

The higher mathematics went all to pieces after this intelligence. John scoffed vigorously at the triviality of the brown-eyed Fiona's charms and character. He pitied the factor's son, and now and then anathematised both him and his prospective bride.

His succeeding three letters to Kate Maclean were curiously impetuous in tone. Couldn't she persuade Fiona not to be in such a hurry to wed? And if she couldn't, she was to make up her mind to stay at Auchnacour at any rate until August. Perhaps he would even run up at Easter—to see the calf.

It was shortly after the last of these three letters that his cold got quite the upper hand of him. It developed into pneumonia, and it was in a nursing-home that he fought his battle with death. A hard

fight it was, with much delirium; and for nearly a month the world was of no importance to him. Brain-trouble of an unusual kind complicated the pneumonia, due of course to his intense affection for the higher mathematics.

Indeed, April was well advanced before he opened his eyes sanely to his environment and — Kate Maclean! This was the extraordinary thing.

'Hallo!' he whispered the first time his eyes looked consciously into hers; 'so I'm back, am I?'

She put her finger to her lip with exquisite tenderness in her dark eyes. 'You are not well enough to talk,' she said. 'But you are going on beautifully.'

He could only stare in answer to that, and away she drifted.

Then in came the doctor and a nurse-person, and he frowned wearily at them both. 'I don't follow you,' he said when the doctor had rejoiced and rubbed his hands. 'What brings you all in the Highlands?'

Smiling as if he were still very gratified, and pardonably amused besides, the doctor signalled to the nurse to go; and then, sitting by the bedside, he expounded the situation to his patient.

'I don't want you to nourish an hallucination, Mr Stanham,' he said. 'You have had a grave illness, but the corner is now turned. You talked so violently about a—a certain young lady that really I didn't see any course open to me except to communicate with her. Very fortunately she was able to come, and she is here, as you see. She has done great things for you. Circumstances made it quite convenient for her to come; and, candidly, I think you owe your life to her as much as to Providence, myself, and your rather better than average constitution.'

'Good heavens!' gasped John Stanham when he grasped this.

'A most interesting young lady, Miss Maclean!' commented the doctor blandly, feeling his chin as if he were not altogether satisfied with his shave that morning. 'Your—er—attachment was, if I may say so, a great astonishment to many of your friends here; but I venture to congratulate you, Mr Stanham.'

'You mean to say,' said John Stanham, with sudden brightening of his eyes, 'that my foolish brain has been exposing its secrets in this fashion? And—she knows?'

'Why, yes, to be sure. A certain young gentleman named Fergus has also been much on your tongue. However, nothing remains now but to get you convalescent. I'm delighted with your progress.'

With his eyes brighter still, John Stanham put a thin hand on the doctor's knee.

'I say,' he whispered, 'I wish you'd just bring Miss Maclean, there's a good fellow. I want to say something to her while the iron's hot—while I'm still sensible, that is.'

The doctor consented on condition that he limited his further conversation to a five minutes' effort.

'All right,' said John Stanham.

He lay with his eyes shut until she came, and, thus lying, chuckled two or three times.

'Ah!' he sighed when she entered looking very business-like and contented. 'Sit down, there's a dear girl. And, first of all, how's the calf?'

'Och!' said she, 'don't bother your poor head about the calf. It is very well, and so fat.'

'That's good. And now, Fiona is married, I suppose?'

'Yes, Fiona is married, and I do trust will be very happy.'

'So do I. And last, yourself? How in the name of common-sense could you quit your work to—to come down here?'

'Och!' said she, with that matchless smile of hers, 'that is nothing at all. I am no longer the Auchnacour teacher. I said I should not stay there when Fiona went. I am going to be a very fine cook in a large hotel when you don't want me any longer. And that will be quite soon now. The salary is absurd—more than a hundred pounds a year. But—if you knew what a pleasure it has been to me to be on the side of the angels in helping you in your trouble!'

'H'm!' said John Stanham. 'That's the Kate Maclean I knew last year, all over. But you think I sha'n't want you when I'm well? You think that it's been just the delirium of a jackass—my brainless chatter about you. Nothing of the kind. Let me whisper something in your ear, Kate—quite close—then I'll go to sleep again. I feel I want to, afterwards.'

'You wish it?' she asked, looking anxious, yet soberly proud.

'I wish to be obeyed.'

'Och, very well, then,' she said, bending over him. And then he kissed her.

'That's all, Kate,' he said. 'It's to show you I want you always. Run away now, and bear that in mind.'

The ex-teacher of Auchnacour stood still for several seconds looking down at John Stanham wistfully.

'If I didn't think you might do some such foolish thing!' she said. 'But you will be wiser when you are well.'

'Will I?' said he. 'Somehow, I think you love me.'

'That has nothing to do with it.'

'Has it not? You're about the only person on this earth who loves me, and I'm to let you trot off as soon as I'm fit enough to realise how impossible life is without some one to love and be loved by? Well, I won't. Kiss *me*, Kate. And consider it settled. I'm much too spent for argument.'

She looked down at him again for several seconds, and then slowly bent and kissed him.

'May the Holy Mother make me worthy of it!' she whispered prayerfully.

Then she stole from the room, and presently John Stanham was asleep with a smile on his lips.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A TURN-DOWN ELECTRIC LAMP.

ONE of the greatest objections to the incandescent electric lamp, notwithstanding its many advantages, is the fact that when in operation it must be used to its full illuminating capacity, and that the lighting intensity cannot be adapted to requirements such as is possible with gas. By means of an ingenious invention, however, it is now possible to secure with the electric light all the advantages characteristic of the gas-burner, and if desired you can have either a faint glimmer or a strong, powerful light. The lamps resemble in appearance the ordinary bulb-light, and fit into the conventional bayonet-socket, so that no additional fittings or modifications are necessary. The lamp has two filaments, a large one giving the brighter light, and a smaller loop giving only two and a half candle-power. The end of the lamp slipping into the holder has three contacts, upon two of which the pieces within the holder come into connection, establishing the circuit. When it is desired to change, say, from a sixteen candle-power light to the glow, it is only necessary to give the bulb a slight turn in its socket, which has the effect of bringing the contacts of the smaller filament together, so that the brighter light is extinguished in favour of the duller one. To reverse the effect, the lamp is simply turned in the opposite direction. The change from one filament to the other is simply and safely accomplished. There are no switches, and as the current is not broken in changing from one filament to the other, no sparking is set up. But another important feature is that, if so desired, a still brighter light can be secured by giving the lamp half a turn, thereby combining the two filaments at one and the same time. Three different intensities are in this manner obtainable—namely, two and a half, sixteen, and eighteen and a half candle-power respectively. The lamp, which marks the greatest improvement in electric lighting of recent years, should result in a greater impetus being given to the utilisation of this illuminant, since now all the advantages of gas-lighting are obtained. For the sickroom, the nursery, bedroom, and other purposes, where, although a continual light is required, the ordinary electric lamp is too powerful and expensive, it is an ideal acquisition. The current consumed is only in proportion to the light given—that is to say, when the two and a half candle-power light is being emitted the cost is one-sixth of the sixteen candle-power light. The fact that the principle is being widely adopted in hospitals and other institutions where economy is a prime consideration is sufficient evidence of the efficiency of the invention. Any combination up to thirty-two candle-power can be secured.

NOVEL TOBACCO-SPRAYING PUMP.

In the manufacture of tobacco certain difficulties are encountered in the 'liquoring' process, the percentage of moisture allowed being, as is well known, regulated by law. It is essential, therefore, that the spraying should be carried out carefully and skilfully in order to secure the desired proportion of water. This task is now appreciably facilitated by a new pump that has been specially designed for such application. It comprises a portable tank fitted with a gauge plainly marked in pounds, so that the quantity of water used can be instantly ascertained. Upon this cistern is mounted a double-acting pump with lever action discharging the water through a special double form of nozzle in a very fine spray. By means of this apparatus not only can liquoring be carried out more expeditiously than is possible by the usual methods, but the water is distributed more evenly over the leaf, while the exact quantity used is indicated. The apparatus should be possible of wide application, especially in other industries where a vapour-like spray is required in precise proportions.

NEW ANTI-FOULING AND ANTI-CORROSIVE PAINT.

One of the greatest fields of chemical research activity in its relation to our complex industrial life is in connection with paints. Many inventions have been perfected for the purpose of providing a coating to wood and metal which is durable, impervious, and preserving. One of the latest of these, and one which should meet with a ready demand, has been devised by Captain William Taylor, and is the outcome of several years' experiments and investigation during prolonged association with the mercantile marine, where the needs for such an article are probably greater than in any other ramification of industry. It is an anti-fouling composition, and is especially applicable to subaqueous work such as the bottoms of ships, buoys, dock-gates, gas-holders, and other wooden and metallic structures which are subject to immersion in water. Experiments have shown that this composition is resistant to the propagation of barnacles, seaweed, and other marine growths which invariably infest the submerged portions of the hulls of vessels and so forth, while at the same time it opposes the destructive inroads of worms which wreak such widespread havoc upon wood when sunk in water. Moreover, it adheres tightly to the surface to which it is applied, dries rapidly, gives a smooth, clean surface, while a single application has a life of about two years. The anti-corrosive paint is especially applicable to general building-work, such as bricks, masonry, wood, corrugated-iron, zinc, or other metal. It likewise dries very quickly; in fact, the second coat can be applied ten minutes after the first has been completed. This paint gives a hard, china-like

surface which does not chip or blister off. Substances upon which it is used do not require preliminary treatment with any other solutions, and neither heat, rain, smoke, chemical fumes, nor other destructive agents affect its durability. It is an excellent preservative, and is equally applicable to the treatment of the ends of wooden or iron posts driven into the earth, or such superstructures as bridges. It can also be applied to tarred structures with equal success. Used on brickwork, it acts as an excellent protection against rain penetration and prevents the formation of mould or the growth of mossy vegetation, so that buildings so dressed are more weather-proof and drier than those left in the raw condition, or to which ordinary paint is given.

AN AUTOMATIC VIRTUOSO.

The piano-player, owing to its having been brought to a high standard of perfection, has developed into an almost indispensable equipment to the drawing-room. Owing to its success, attempts have been made to apply in a similar manner the mechanical operation of the violin. This, after many years' patient experiment, has been accomplished, and a remarkable musical instrument, constituting a marvel of mechanical ingenuity, has been evolved. There is the orthodox violin with the usual strings; but instead of the bow and fingers there is a series of revolving discs for the former, and an elaborate array of stops which, acting as fingers, depress the string at the desired points to give the requisite musical tone, operated by electricity, the necessary energy being furnished by a small motor. All the peculiar effects incidental to the instrument are perfectly produced, including those which tax the skilled player to the utmost, and in perfect purity and tone. Thirds, fourths, octaves, and tenths are produced as easily as single notes, and every phase of expression is faithfully rendered. The most intricate works of our leading exponents of violin-playing and composers are given with ease and unerring accuracy, while many accomplishments beyond the possibilities of the virtuoso are secured, such as the playing of four chords simultaneously, giving the vraisemblance of a quartette. A fashionable *salon* is to be established in the West End of London where lovers of this instrument will be able to repair and enjoy the choice compositions of Wienawski, Paderewski, Paganini, played by a master-hand whose dramatic and delicate touch, combined with fidelity, cannot be excelled by the most finished human exponents of the violin.

A TIME-STAMP FOR DOCUMENTS.

The high pressure at which present-day commerce is maintained, where even minutes are often vital, has called into requisition an automatic stamp whereby the date and time a document is received, negotiated, or despatched is infallibly indicated. The instrument comprises a small clock, the operation of the mechanism of which prints upon the letter, invoice, or what not the firm's name, department, and such definitions as 'Sold,' 'Returned,' 'Posted,' 'Filed,' 'Called,' &c., together with the day of the month, hour, and minute. It can be applied to any requirement of office routine, and not only constitutes an excellent check upon the working of a department, but offers irrefutable evidence in case of a dispute arising. To brokers and others, where minutes count whether in the handling of a letter, telegram, contract-note, or message, it is of invaluable assistance. The notification is printed in plain characters, the time-wheel working automatically from metal type, so that the liability of the indication being blurred or made indistinct is very remote, and no confusion can result or misinterpretation arise.

A HANDY DEVICE FOR CHILDREN'S PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Every photographer who makes a speciality of portraying children fully realises the tediousness and difficulty of catching his diminutive and restless sitter in 'the happy moment.' Numerous artifices have to be resorted to in order to secure the desired expression. An amusing and inexpensive novelty for such work has recently been placed on the market. It consists of a small toy-house similar in design to a dog-kennel, with a large opening on the upper part of the front face from which protrude sticks and other evidences of a nest. At one side is a small lever, depression of which causes a sprightly bird to appear at the opening, announcing its appearance with a loud 'cuckoo.' It is an application of the well-known cuckoo clock, but its novelty is such that it cannot fail to arrest the attention of the youngster at the critical moment. It should certainly constitute a distinct acquisition to the studio, and being of substantial construction cannot easily be damaged.

AN INGENIOUS TRANSPLANTER.

The methods generally in vogue for transferring flowers and plants from one position to another can only be described as hap-hazard and hit-or-miss practices. Very often not only is the growth of a plant, especially if it be of a delicate nature, seriously set back, but its existence is imperilled. For this reason the new transplanter that has been devised should appeal to all workers in the garden, whether professional or amateur. It not only expedites and facilitates the work, but enables it to be carried out with less disturbance of the roots, and allows the plant to be moved when in bud or full flower with complete safety. The device consists of two cylindrical galvanised-iron tubes, one sliding within the other. The internal is known as the 'discharger,' and the external as the 'transplanter.' When it is desired to remove a plant from one point to another the hole in its new bed is first prepared by pressing the appliance into the ground to a depth of about four inches. It is then rotated and withdrawn, bringing a core of earth in the discharger within. The transplanter is then placed over the plant to be moved, the leaves being

guided into the inner tube, pressed into the soil to a depth of about four inches, given a turn, and withdrawn, bringing the plant, its roots well covered with soil, with it. The transplanter, together with the plant, is then lowered into the hole previously made, and the plant therein deposited by a slight movement of the discharger. Owing to the two holes thus bored being of exactly the same diameter, no filling in around the plant is required, while the core of earth drawn from the first hole is simply deposited in that made at the spot from which the plant was removed. The whole operation only occupies a few seconds, and as the hands are never brought into contact with the earth work can be carried out with cleanliness. The devise is made in sizes varying from one to five inches in diameter, and is inexpensive. The smallest size is especially useful for weeding lawns.

THE RELATION OF ART TO INDUSTRY.

The argument has long been raised that our foreign competitors are far ahead of us in the recognition of the relation of art to commerce and general education, and that in such application they have been enabled to acquire a pronounced advantage over this country. Continental manufacturers realise only too well the fact that drawing is an education medium side by side with writing; that the factory and workshop is dependent to a very great extent upon the drawing-school. The delegates of the British Chambers of Commerce, upon their visit to Austria and Hungary, were impressed with the importance attached to the subject by the native industries as represented by the excellently equipped schools and colleges liberally endowed with scholarships and full of students. For the purpose of fostering this movement the Friendly Association of Teachers of Drawing in France initiated an International Drawing Congress, the first of which was held in Paris during the exhibition of 1900. So successful was the meeting that four years later another was held in Bern. Four hundred members of the French association attended this congress, their expenses being partly defrayed by the State, and the delegates were enabled to inspect a specially organised exhibition of teaching-work, from no fewer than twenty-two countries, illustrating various ideals and methods. The lethargy of our Government and manufacturers in this matter could not fail to impress the British representatives, and they are now making a determined effort to educate this country into the importance and influence of the cult upon professional life. At the forthcoming congress some twenty-five countries will be represented; but whereas the delegates from these will have their expenses defrayed by their respective Governments to a very appreciable extent, those from this country will be entirely dependent upon voluntary support. Of the five thousand pounds required for the object less than two thousand pounds have been received or promised, and a special appeal is being made from the offices of the British committee of the congress, 151 Cannon Street, London, E.C. Seeing the widespread importance of the movement upon our national prosperity, surely our manufacturers will feel it incumbent upon themselves to step in where the State has failed to act, and evince appreciation of the effort which is being initiated in their interests in a substantial manner. It is to be feared that it is somewhat difficult to arouse the necessary activity in such an enterprise, and this apathy only affords another example of the foreigner profiting by our mistakes.

ADULTERATION OF VINEGAR.

Recently a well-known medical paper, in discussing the extent to which food-faking and preserving are practised, ventured the opinion that vinegar was the only article on the table which was immune from such malpractices. Unfortunately it would seem that such a statement was over-sanguine, according to the recently published report of the Medical Department of the Board of Trade. Therein the investigator urges the more satisfactory and accurate descriptions of vinegars in the interests of the community. Vinegar which has been prepared from acetic acid and coloured and flavoured to imitate the genuine article should, he maintains, have some indication of its origin associated with its name, such as has recently been required in connection with butter substitutes, and should not be styled merely 'vinegar' or 'malt vinegar,' which are obviously misnomers. The same authority also deprecates the use of sulphuric acid for the simple reason that as it is not required as a preserving medium its presence cannot be interpreted in any sense other than adulteration. He also adds the following significant warning, which should be taken to heart by all purchasers of the article: 'Vinegar is liable to take up metallic impurities, including copper, from the plant used in its preparation, and contamination by arsenic may occur under certain conditions. Any indication of formation of Prussian blue in a vinegar or pickle which has been clarified by the use of ferro-cyanide of potassium must be regarded with suspicion.' In view of such circumstances it would appear at least advisable on the part of our authorities to insist upon the abolition of these practices, since the consumption of any such adulterated article must be seriously prejudicial to health.

PETROLEUM RESOURCES OF ROUMANIA.

From time to time scares of an impending oil-famine are raised in English commercial circles, especially in connection with the motor industry. True, petroleum and its products appear to be as sensitive in the market as the most speculative stocks and shares; but such fluctuations are in reality the result of the operations of the Standard Oil Trust of America, which has the greater proportion of the oil-fields of the world under its control. Strenuous efforts are, however, now being made to

develop the oil-resources of Roumania, which in the near future promises to become a more serious rival to the octopus of the New World in the supply of this commodity than heretofore. It is computed that the oil-fields of Roumania, which measure three hundred and fifty miles in length by twelve miles in width, aggregate some four thousand million tons. Ten million pounds of capital is sunk in the exploitation of these fields; and the Trust, realising the formidable competition that can be enforced from this quarter of Europe, has made indefatigable efforts to grasp it in its capacious maw. So far every attempt has been adroitly frustrated, mainly through the energy of the present Roumanian Prime Minister. For the Trust to obtain any power in the industry, control of the railways such as exists in America would be necessary; but these tactics are impossible in Roumania for the simple cogent fact that they belong to the State. Even the transportation of the oil from the fields to convenient points on the coast-line through pipes, as is the case in the United States, cannot be resorted to, because the Government has stated that any such lines, if laid, would become national property. Any monopoly, therefore, that endeavoured to bring these oil-fields under its dictation would be very quickly paralysed. Freedom in action is the policy of Roumania in regard to the oil-trade; and, despite its situation among the restless Balkans, confidence in the country is rapidly becoming established, with the result that capital is flowing freely thereinto. Last year over one and one-eighth million tons of petroleum, valued at over six hundred and seventy thousand pounds, were drawn from the earth.

HANDLING BROAD-GAUGE ROLLING STOCK ON NARROW-GAUGE RAILWAYS.

In this country the 'battle of the gauges' was fought to its logical conclusion some years ago, and now a uniform gauge for railways is in use throughout the country. The only exceptions are occasional private yards and sidings connecting manufactories with the main lines, or one or two light railways. In other countries, such as India, however, standardisation does not exist, and owing to the various gauges in vogue a considerable amount of confusion and breaking bulk in the transportation of goods results, with consequent delay and expense. Yet the problem is capable of solution, as a well-known engineer has proved. A narrow-gauge railway in the Midlands experienced considerable difficulty at the junction with the main line with trucks of goods destined for some point on its system. In order to overcome the difficulty, the consulting engineer designed a special type of transportation-car upon which the standard-gauge rolling stock can be conveyed over the narrow road. It comprises a low eight-wheeled trolley, upon the deck of which rails are laid outside the narrow gauge. The broad-gauge wagon is run upon this deck and made fast, and together with its contents carried over the narrow-gauge system to its destination, short length standard-gauge sidings being provided at every station, where the trucks can be run off the transportation-car for unloading or loading. Some idea of the saving in cost possible by such method, which obviates transhipment of goods in passing from one gauge to the other, may be gained from the fact that in this particular case it averages half-a-crown per wagon.

AN IMPORTANT BLASTING INVENTION.

The attention of mining circles has recently been directed to a new invention the object of which is to secure the positive detonation of blasting-charges. The cartridge for insertion into the shot-hole is fitted with a tube-end, which in turn has a loose central needle. When the cartridge is placed in position the hole is rammed in the usual manner, the needle is then withdrawn from the tube, and in the space thus left the detonator attached to a special carrier is inserted. The charge is then fired electrically in the general manner. Should the cartridge fail to explode, however, instead of remaining dormant until accidentally struck by a miner's tool, the defective detonator can be removed, and another inserted and connected up to the cartridge as in the first instance. Such an invention, it is anticipated, will result in a decrease in the number of accidents arising from cartridges which, having failed to explode, detonate unexpectedly when inadvertently struck, thereby precipitating disaster. Although pre-eminently suited to coal-mining operations, it is equally applicable to general blasting in open quarries.

PRESERVATION BY PASTILLES.

In describing a new specific in a recent issue (under the above heading), some confusion has been caused by our reference thereto under the designation of 'tabloids,' the inference being that this was a product of Messrs Burroughs, Wellcome, & Company, who are the registered proprietors of the trade-mark. Such, however, is not the case, the terms 'tabloid' and 'tabloids' having been used in association with the invention by inadvertence.

A VILLAGE BY NIGHT.

White night of stars, and huddled roofs all gray,
Mysterious trees, and gardens chill a-row,
Blank doors and windows on the straggling way,
Save where the inn's red-curtained windows glow
With cheerful ray.

Sudden, a flood of light, a noisy din,
Tired, heavy feet which stumble as they go,
Closing of doors, and jar of bolts within,
Then wave on wave of silence, as the low
Night winds upwin.

Cry of a night-jar from a distant field,
Nearer, swift water flowing out of sight,
And, close at hand, a beetle's hum—all yield
Into the awesome silence of the night
When earth is healed.

F. W. Saunderson.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

HIS INHERITANCE.

By SUSAN BALLARD, Author of *An Open Door.*

CHAPTER I.—THE INHERITANCE IS LEFT.

IT was early in the eighties when William Lauder landed in Japan. Coming out to join a well-known business house, he was at once invited to join a 'chummery' of young men; but he was a man who shrank from society, and he preferred setting up in a small house by himself. He made few friends, and it was lonely work the setting out in the morning without a word from any one but his servants, and the returning in the evening to an empty house. No one was surprised when, after he had been a year in Japan, he married a Japanese girl, the daughter of his language-teacher.

Having sometimes had occasion to go to his teacher's house, he had there seen O Yone San, and had at once fallen in love with her smiling face and gentle ways. The English girls in Yokohama with whom he had a slight acquaintance were much too grand for him; he felt that he could never satisfy one of them, nor did they attract him in the way that this dainty little person did. She seemed to demand so little and to be willing to give so much; he knew that life would have a new charm if he could possess himself of her companionship and sympathy.

When he broached the subject to Mr Uchida, O Yone San's father, the good man was naturally not a little surprised, the abruptness of the proposal was so foreign to his ideas of what was correct. He ought to have been approached through a go-between, who would have talked and consulted and arranged in the leisurely way so dear to the Japanese mind. But William Lauder knew nothing of these niceties. He wanted the girl, and had no intention of being leisurely. He soon convinced the father that he was in earnest. He made it clear from the beginning that he was going to act straight; that the marriage was to be a proper legal one, and he was prepared to settle on her what was great wealth in the eyes of the quiet little Japanese household.

The girl herself was flattered by the attentions shown by her impetuous lover; they were so different from anything she had ever dreamt of in a land where courtship is in no way looked upon as a necessary prelude to marriage.

So they were married, and when the little household on the Bluff was increased by the arrival of a baby boy they were perhaps as happy as any couple in Japan.

But their happiness was short-lived, for when his child was only two years old William Lauder was stricken down with a fatal disease. When he knew that his days were numbered he directed his wife to send for an English missionary.

'You will wonder why I have sent for you, Mr Elliot,' he said to the grave-faced young man who came at his summons. 'I have never had anything to do with any of you missionaries, and you know that I have given up going to church. I have a great favour to ask of you; but I am a dying man, and I do not think that you will refuse me. I want you to become guardian to my child.'

The missionary looked surprised. 'Have you no personal friend here,' he said, 'whom you could ask?'

'No one that I care to ask, no one that I trust as I would trust you. Men out here often avoid missionaries; but a business man generally knows whom he can trust, and if you say that you will look after my child I shall die in peace, for I trust you, and know that you will keep your word.'

'How do you wish him educated,' said Mr Elliot—'as a Japanese or an Englishman?'

'He is an Englishman,' said the dying man; 'but it would be cruel to take him from his mother and send him to England; besides which, I have no one there I care to send him to. He must live with his mother, so he had better have the

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usual Japanese education; but remember he is an Englishman, and when he has finished school here he is to be sent to England, for I want him to know the land of his fathers. I don't think that there will be any money difficulties; the land I have bought in Yokohama is already rising in value, and, if I am not mistaken, it will bring in a tidy sum in a few years. I have thought a lot about the child since I have been ill. He is only two, so it is too soon to be able to tell whether he is most English or Japanese. He inherits both natures from his parents, and I am afraid that it is an unhappy kind of inheritance; different nations have their different ideas, and the two natures are bound to clash somewhere. I understand that better now than I did before, and it makes me anxious for the child. When a man marries he only thinks of himself and his own happiness; he does not give a thought to those whom he may bring into the world. You would be doing a deed of great kindness, sir, if you would promise your help to the child.'

Shall we call it one of the burdens or one of the joys of missionary life that those who show least sympathy for mission-work so often look to the missionary when in serious trouble? Before Mr Elliot left the house he had solemnly pledged himself to the guardianship of William Lauder's wife and child. He knew that the charge would probably involve considerable anxiety, but he could not refuse.

'I want my wife taught Christianity,' said William Lauder. 'She has often asked me about it, and I meant to have her instructed, but somehow I kept putting it off. But I had the boy baptised. His name is Robert Hideo Lauder. As he is to live with his mother he must be brought up as a Japanese, but he must remember that he is an Englishman. No one can tell which of his two inherited natures will prove the stronger. I pray that they may not bring unhappiness to the child.'

CHAPTER II.—HIDEO.

AFTER William Lauder died his widow went to live in Tokyo with her parents. None of the neighbours there knew anything about the English husband, and she was known by the family name of Uchida. Little Hideo was too young when his father died to remember him, and had it not been for the connection with Mr Elliot the child would hardly have known that he was in any way different from his school companions. Mr Elliot, however, was determined to carry out faithfully the promises made to the dying man. He arranged that every year during the summer holidays Hideo should go to an English family, so that he might at any rate speak English properly as he grew up.

As William Lauder had predicted, the Yokohama property rose enormously in value. Mr Elliot kept impressing on Hideo's mother that she might apply for whatever money she wanted; but her wants were few, and she knew that whatever money was not used was laid up for her boy, so it was her delight to be economical in order that he might have the more when he grew older.

The years passed rapidly and uneventfully away. Hideo's grandparents died; but he and his mother continued to live in the pretty little Tokyo house, Hideo attending school daily and receiving the education of a Japanese boy. His English blood showed itself chiefly in his love of bodily exercise; whether it was boat-races on the Sumida river or the school tennis, he threw himself into everything with heart and soul. His mother sighed over his queer tastes when she saw the hot and dishevelled state in which he would come home, and she thought regretfully of the sedentary lives led by the young men she had known in her youth.

It was one evening when Hideo was twenty years old that his mother broached a subject to which she was giving much anxious consideration. They were sitting by the box of charcoal, Hideo intent on a book.

'Hideo,' said his mother, 'did you know that Colonel Shiga has died leaving four daughters?'

'Indeed?' said Hideo, without looking up.

'They are very charming girls,' continued his mother.

'I have no doubt of it,' replied Hideo. 'He was a distinguished officer.'

'Hideo,' said his mother entreatingly, 'please lay down that book. I wish to speak to you on a very important subject.'

Hideo was startled by the tone of his mother's voice. 'What is it, mother? Do tell me.'

'Hideo,' said his mother, 'I can't tell you how anxious I am about your future. I often lie awake at night wondering what would happen to you if I should die before I could find a wife for you.'

'A wife!' exclaimed Hideo. 'Surely you do not want me to get married now?'

'No, no,' said his mother hurriedly. 'Of course there need not be any great haste about the marriage; but I should be so happy if I could get a promise made between you and some nice girl. And then,' she continued pleadingly, 'remember, Hideo, in three years you will be starting for England, and who is to take care of me when you are away? If I am left all alone I shall be so unhappy! The eldest of Colonel Shiga's daughters is such a sweet girl! I have made inquiries about her in every direction, and I hear nothing but praise of her. You may never get such a chance again. As long as there is no marriage settled for you I feel as if I were failing in my duty as your mother, and you have no idea how often I think about it and how anxious I feel.'

'I am very sorry that you should have so much anxiety,' said Hideo. 'Of course I have sometimes

wondered what was to become of you when I went to England, but I confess that I have not thought of marriage for a long time to come. Have you talked to Mr Elliot about the matter?'

'No,' said his mother with a sigh. 'I am afraid that it will be rather difficult to make him understand. The English have such strange ideas about marriage. I learnt that when I was with your father. They think that a man ought to go about and pick out his own wife; though how in the world you would begin to look for a wife for yourself, Hideo, I am sure I can't imagine. People would laugh if they heard you going and asking questions about the young girls. Now, an old woman like me can go asking any questions she likes. People know quite well that I am thinking of a wife for my son, and they give me every help; but for a young man it would be absurd. Besides which, you would not know what sort of inquiries to make.'

'Quite true,' laughed Hideo. 'I expect that I had better leave it in your hands; but you must not make any promise without letting me see the girl.'

'No, no,' said his mother earnestly. 'Of course you must see her, and if you do not like her looks we will get some one else. I will go to-morrow and talk to Mr Elliot about the matter.'

On the following morning Hideo's mother got herself up with great care. She put on her best *kimono* and her black cashmere *haori;* in her hand she carried a large box of cakes tied with the red-and-white string which is the indispensable sign of a present.

Mr Elliot had been long enough in Japan to know by her appearance that something of importance was on the tapis; but he was much astonished when, after some preliminary talk about the weather, his visitor plunged into the subject of her son's marriage.

'Surely he is much too young to think of such a thing yet?' said Mr Elliot.

'Indeed,' said she, 'I have known numbers of young men who were married when they were twenty-two, and it would be such a happiness to me if Hideo were to marry before he went to England. Just think how lonely I shall be while he is away; but if he leaves his wife with me I shall not mind at all; and it will be much happier for him too, for he can stay in England with a quiet mind, and feel no anxiety on my account.'

'You must remember,' said Mr Elliot, 'that Hideo is partly English, and Englishmen always like to choose their own wives. What does Hideo think about the girl you speak of? Has he ever seen her?'

'Oh,' said the mother, 'you do not think that I would want Hideo to marry any one he disliked? I shall arrange for him to see her several times before the promise is made. But what can a young man know about a girl? He only sees her face; he does not know her real nature in the way we women find it out.'

'Well, I can't think that it is a happy thing for him to be tied down so young,' said Mr Elliot. 'Supposing he were to fall in love?'

'Oh no, no!' said the mother in a horrified tone. 'I assure you my Hideo is not at all that kind of young man. He never goes near the geisha-girls.'

'Geisha-girls!' said Mr Elliot. 'I don't mean that kind of thing at all. When I say that Hideo might fall in love I don't mean anything bad. You surely know that most Englishmen fall in love before they marry, and I see no reason why Hideo should not do so.'

Hideo's mother was silent. To her mind falling in love meant some tiresome entanglement with a geisha. A young man's duty, she considered, was to fall in love with his wife after marriage.

Mr Elliot felt that it was no good arguing the matter, so he said that he would like to have a talk with Hideo.

In the course of a few days Hideo came for the appointed interview.

'If you were an ordinary Japanese young man, Hideo,' said Mr Elliot, 'I should advise you to fall in with your mother's views; but the difficulty is that, as you are partly English, I am afraid that you may have some of the feelings of an Englishman.'

'I know what you mean,' said Hideo calmly. 'You think that I ought to fall in love in order to marry. I know that that is the English idea; but then, you see, I do not agree with it. I don't feel as if I should ever fall in love, and I don't want to do so.'

'No?' said Mr Elliot. 'But then Englishmen don't fall in love because they want to do so, but because they can't help it. I suppose you have had no conversation with the girl your mother speaks of?'

'Oh no,' said Hideo. 'I have only seen her once, and that was in a room full of people; but my mother says that she is very *yasashii*.'

Mr Elliot knew that when the word *yasashii* was applied to a girl it meant that she was sweet, amiable, obliging, and altogether desirable. No higher praise could be given.

'Then you really want to marry her, do you, Hideo?' said Mr Elliot.

'Oh dear, no,' said Hideo. 'I don't *want* to marry at all; but of course I can see the force of what my mother says. It would certainly be a great worry to me when I am in England to feel that she was all alone. If I marry I shall know that there is some one to look after my mother, and I shall be able to pursue my studies in England with a free mind.'

It was almost inconceivable to Mr Elliot that a young man should be willing to marry in order to provide his mother with a companion while he was absent. He thought of his own tempestuous courtship, and wondered what his wife would have said had any one suggested that she should stay with her

mother-in-law while he went away for a couple of years. But he felt that it was no use continuing the conversation. After all, Hideo was partly Japanese, and meant to spend his life chiefly in Japan, so why should he not marry according to the Japanese custom?

'Well, Hideo,' said Mr Elliot, 'I see that you and your mother think alike in the matter. I beg, however, that you will be in no hurry to decide. Think it well over.'

Hideo walked away, feeling, like his mother, that the English were a difficult people to deal with. 'They always go on about the same thing,' said he to himself, 'whether it is their novels or their plays or their poetry. There is always the same one idea about falling in love; either the man falls in love, or the woman falls in love, or they both fall in love, or else the difficulty is that they don't fall in love. Really it is monotonous. Besides which, it is so untrue. I know lots of happy marriages where they never thought of falling in love till after they were married.'

He began to think over some of the married couples he knew. Yamada! Yes, Yamada was certainly very happy, and he had only seen the girl he married once before the engagement. Takeda! Well, no, the Takeda household was not very happy. That was because Takeda would keep up his connection with some geisha-girl. Hideo felt that he would give his wife no anxiety on that score; he had always looked upon the geisha as one of the plague-spots of Japan.

Then he thought of the Saitos. He knew that Saito was devoted to his wife, but the household were not very peaceful, because the wife and mother-in-law did not agree. 'After all, the women are together all day, and the man is out most of the day,' thought Hideo, 'so it must matter a great deal to them whether they are congenial or not. Yes, my mother is quite right. I should never know how to choose a wife for myself, in spite of what the English say, so it is really much better that she should arrange it for me.'

There was a learned American professor who was engaged to lecture on literature in a Tokyo College. Three of his students came one afternoon to call upon him, for the professor was a kindly man, and was always willing to have a little literary talk with them. 'Well, gentlemen,' said he when they were seated, 'is there something about which you wish to consult me?' 'Sir,' said the spokesman of the party, 'we wish you to explain to us the nature of love.' The professor rose, and, bowing, opened the door. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I am here to teach you the nature of literature, not the nature of love.' Hideo was in the same state of mind as these young men. He would willingly have attended a lecture on the nature of love, if it could have been explained and demonstrated like electricity, or radium, or any of the other of nature's forces. The stories of impassionate love which he had read in English books seemed to him quite unnatural. That love has a force which might some day lay hold on his life was an idea that did not for one moment enter his head.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW BRITISH ARMY OFFICER.

By Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces,
Author of *How to be Happy though Married*, *Mr Thomas Atkins*, &c.

IT is a long time since the British army could be truthfully described as 'an army of lions led by asses.' Indeed, if an army is what the officers are, there is much hope for our army. The Boer war taught such a lesson that there is no profession now that works harder than does the profession of arms in Great Britain. The microbe of energy has bitten almost every one in it, and an officer now who does not lead a strenuous professional life must go at least on half-pay. Witness what happened in the Fifth Lancers.

Not long ago, when sitting down to have my hair cut at Trufit's, in Stanhope lines, Aldershot, I asked the man to use a hair-cutting machine. He said that he had none, and that if he had it would be no use. 'How is that?' I asked. 'Because,' he answered, 'the officers, who are the majority of my customers, have no hair to cut, or not enough for the machine to take hold of; it has been worried off their heads, and nearly every one of them is getting bald. The seniors worry the next seniors, and these the juniors, for every officer must now be busy, or pretend to be.'

Every day at our military stations officers may be seen teaching men how to shoot, signal, and so on, just as sergeants used to do. They have also frequently to give lectures and take part in night-attacks. The majority of our officers in the past were not professional. They took it easy during peace, and trusted to courage to pull them through in time of war. Now they take their profession seriously.

For remuneration not much better than that of a clergyman—and no living wage can be less than this—the new British officer is expected to know something of everything and everything of something: to take a vital interest in the food, work, and amusements of his men; to have the temper of a saint and the tact of a diplomatist; to know what to do in times of difficulty and danger, and never to be wanting in common-sense and power of command.

The up-to-date army officer must study hard but

not be a bookworm. What is required of him came out in evidence in a recent inquiry about ragging, and it certainly was a good deal.

The shorter the service is for the rank and file the more necessary it becomes to have well-trained officers. 'Better,' said Napoleon, 'is an army of deer commanded by a lion than an army of lions commanded by a deer.' A partially trained army cannot be made fit for war in a short time without able officers.

The examination system which the Chinese are giving up after trying it for more than five thousand years has come to our army with absurd intensity. The outlook of a young officer is a series of examinations. It is not because our officers are deficient in mental ability and vigour that they dislike these ordeals. Indeed, many of them are fond of study, and pass examinations for promotion as well as those in languages with great credit. They do not like, however, to have examinations held over their heads like a whip, and made to cause uncertainty and anxiety.

Nor is it only the British taxpayers who are beginning to exact much from the army officer. If he is not proficient his own men soon find it out and cease to respect him. The rank and file now take much interest in their work, especially on manœuvres. Returning from a hard day's work last autumn, two privates discussed what had been done. At length one pulled a map out of his pocket, and, pointing to a place on it, said, 'There's where our —— officer put us wrong.' The rank and file know now more than they used to know, and one of the things they know is that 'an ignorant officer is a murderer.'

An officer is not popular either with his brother-officers or with the men unless he is a bit of a sportsman, and has, at least, sympathy for their games. Nor is there anything that tends so much as field-sports to fit him for his work. The ladies, too, want him in society, so altogether he has plenty to do with his time.

The editor of a well-known magazine told me that there was no class of men from whom he liked to get manuscripts more than from British officers. 'They are so natural and so healthy-minded,' he said. Probably it is their partiality for sport and their open-air lives that make them like this.

To get on in his profession, an officer must be as hard as nails physically, and have his head properly screwed on. Above all, he should have common-sense and take a cheerful, healthy view of life.

'The man who goes to sea,' says Montaigne, 'and the man who marries a wife must put up with whatever happens.' The British officer knows now as he never did before that he must prepare himself for whatever happens in war, and he sacrifices his comfort and leisure to do so. He roughs it, generally at his own expense, in off-the-beaten tracks in countries the languages and characteristics of which he thinks it advisable to learn.

The German officer may know more of the theory of his profession, but in many respects the British officer is his superior. In one respect the latter is certainly superior, and this was pointed out to me by a German officer. 'I cannot understand,' said this gentleman, 'how British officers can play games with their men, and in other ways associate with them. I wish that we could do so, but we could not without destroying discipline.' The British officer plays games with his men as a master at a public school plays them with boys. He has also learned from his public-school life how to influence and command.

It is rather difficult now to get officers of the right stamp. Young men with money will not be 'put upon' by the authorities, and those who have not independent means prefer to go into professions or businesses where, for probably less work, they can make more money. Lately I asked a youth who had plenty of money and muscles why he did not join the army. 'Because,' said young hopeful, 'I would not like to have to salute a superior officer.' We hope that this sort of young man is not becoming common.

People say that the army is a poor profession; but there are many possibilities in it, and we think that for an ambitious, able, and hard-working man no other profession at the present time, except perhaps the Bar, holds out such good prospects. An officer begins to earn something when very young, and if he has any private means in no other position in life can he put them to a better account. When we hear of the poverty of the clergy, of the average annual income of barristers being only thirty pounds a year, of medical men sitting on roadsides waiting for motor-car accidents, the profession of arms does not seem so bad. Still, we should remember that the pay of the British cavalry and infantry officer has not kept pace with the times. It is, in fact, the same as it was when the purchasing-power of money was much greater. We will never get a good army if we squander money upon privates (ten shillings a week is too much pocket-money for a youth of eighteen) and stint commissioned and non-commissioned officers.

It is a good thing to get gentlemen from the universities and elsewhere as well as from Woolwich and Sandhurst, because in this way we avoid the sealed-pattern type of officers. Certainly, officers themselves are not very tolerant of those who do not conform to the customs and unwritten laws of the service. If one member of a mess gets a new coat or hat it must be like that of every other member. The consequence is that even when not in uniform all officers look alike. There should be a little more liberty and respect for individuality.

British army officers are said to be less modest and unselfish than naval officers; but in our experience they have not less of the true gentleman's dislike of asserting himself. You may associate for a considerable time with an army officer without finding out from himself that he had travelled much in unknown and dangerous lands, or had won

a Victoria cross. The other day at a function in Spain I saw a Spanish officer's right side from shoulder to waist covered with peaceful decorations —he had not one war-medal. These he proceeded to show off and explain to his friends in a way that would have been impossible for one of our officers.

It is, no doubt, this self-effacing spirit in the British officer that causes him to dislike to be made conspicuous by uniform. Gold lace and feathers have no attractions for him, and as he has no intention to suffer in order to be beautiful, he gets into mufti the moment his military duties are over. This, we think, is a mistake. The romance of war should be kept up. Soldiers should be dressed handsomely during peace, and allowed to wear during war any kit in which they can most conveniently fight.

An army officer looks forward as much as does a naval one to the time when he will be able to retire and have a cottage or 'little place' of his own. Some, however, who leave the service with only a small pension, and have little money of their own, scarcely know to what to turn. Many try to be wine-merchants and farmers; but it requires more than a taste for good wine and for field-sports to make these pursuits pay.

Certainly something more should be done for retired officers. Could not appointments in the Civil Service be given to those who are fitted for them? The worst thing in the profession of arms is the waste of human ability caused by the fact that the average officer has to retire from the army when only about forty-eight years of age. He has just enough pension to keep him idle, and perhaps even this will eventually be taken away. Some aggressive member of Parliament may want to know why the past army, by reason of pensions, costs nearly as much as the present one.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

By W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D., Author of *Deeds that Won the Empire, How England Saved Europe*, &c.

CHAPTER XXX.—IN THE FRENCH CAMP.

LATE on the sixth day the old sheikh, who was riding at the head of the party, suddenly stopped and sat with bent and listening head as though to catch some far-off sound. The whole band halted, and more than one scrambled from his camel and stooped with ear to the ground. Then they talked eagerly together, with many gesticulations. Presently Jack himself could hear a faint, deep sound; it seemed high in the air, and rose and fell as if in waves. He recognised the sound at last. It was the far-off thunder of guns. It presently died away. But he knew that what he had heard was the sound of the French batteries in front of Acre.

From this point the curving sea-horizon stretched before them, the sea itself lying like an azure lake, pricked with the white of sails at a dozen points. Just before sunset, as they rode to the summit of a gentle incline, Acre came in sight. The whole scene lay in the sunset haze like a map; the low point, like the blunted head of a spear, thrust out into the sea, and crossed where it joined the land by a line of low, gray crenellated walls. On either flank some warships were lying at regular intervals, so as to cover the approach to the walls with their guns. In the foreground were squares and parallelograms of tents—plainly the French camp. Betwixt the tents and the walls of Acre were the French batteries.

As they gazed on the scene some faint jets of smoke were visible from one of these batteries; then came the sullen blast of the guns. A splash of sudden flame from two or three points in the walls answered the French battery.

The Arabs rode steadily across the plain towards the camp. A dozen groups—some on donkeys piled with trusses of hay, some on foot with tiny droves of cattle and goats—were converging towards it. A squad of cavalry rode out as they came near, but went past without taking any notice of them. Jack scanned them eagerly, the brown, reckless faces, the faded uniforms, the glittering scabbards. Presently, as they reached the camp, there was a sharp challenge, '*Halte!*' and a French sentry stepped from the shade of a tent into the middle of the track. He was a little man, his face burnt brown with the sun, his uniform ragged, his long boots broken and tied with string. But the attitude was alert, the challenge sharp, the eye keen and bold; and, while he wore nothing of the gay trappings of a holiday-soldier, his musket was clean and the bayonet flashed brightly in the sun.

Jack looked curiously at the little martial figure, with the ragged dress and the alert and masterful look. He was a new type of soldier, and one quite undreamed of at Brienne; the soldier not of the Bourbons but of the Revolution. Nay, as Jack gazed he realised that the sentry belonged to a more formidable type still. He was something more than the product of the Revolution, just as the hard basaltic rock is something different from the red lava shot from a volcano. This was a soldier of what the alarmed world was beginning to know as the Napoleonic type—the type that had overrun Italy and broken the pride of Austria, and was to do still greater things not yet dreamed of.

Meanwhile the Arabs had drawn together. The young fellow who spoke, or tried to speak, French was thrust to the front, and a corporal at the

sound of voices came forward. Jack broke in on the group, though the old sheikh tried to keep him back.

'I am English,' he said. 'I was shipwrecked ten days ago, and have fallen into the hands of these fellows, who shot my companion. Frenchmen,' he added, 'respect misfortune.'

The corporal threw up his hand in salute.

'*Oui, monsieur;* but you must tell the officer of the guard your story.'

The officer of the guard was summoned. He was a man past middle life, with grizzled moustache, sullen brows, and bitter mouth. Jack recognised the type; he had seen it often on the Boulevards of Paris. Lieutenant Ricord was one of the dark spirits of the Revolution, a Jacobin somehow turned soldier. He had probably fought at Valmy against Brunswick, and had kept some of his revolutionary ideas under the suns both of Italy and Egypt. He glanced sourly at Jack as he listened to his story.

'What were you doing,' he asked curtly, 'in Egyptian waters? Are you an officer?'

'No, a civilian.' Jack hesitated a moment, then added, 'In the employ of the Foreign Office.'

'*Un diplomat!*' said the officer contemptuously.

Meanwhile the old sheikh had thrust forward his interpreter, who explained that the Englishman was their prisoner, and had been brought to the French headquarters as he and his despatches were of value, and the French would no doubt pay well for them.

'The General must see you,' decided the officer. And Jack was marched under guard through the camp, the old sheikh and his interpreter following.

The camp was drawn out in orderly lines, but it seemed to the wondering eyes of Jack full of disorder. Soldiers were lying about playing cards; women were abundant, most of them young black girls. There was much screaming and shouting. Jack was astonished to see so few men in camp; there seemed more girls and camp-followers than soldiers. Corporal Lebrun, who marched beside him, explained that the General had gone out to join Kléber, who was marching at speed to intercept a big Turkish army—'thirty thousand strong,' Corporal Lebrun added—striking at their communications from the eastward.

The little group halted in front of a tent before which a sentry patrolled, or rather lounged. The officer led the way in, Jack following, and with a careless salute told the prisoner's story. General Dugua was courteous but brusque. Jack explained that he was known personally to the Commander-in-Chief, had been a fellow-student with him at Brienne, and was sure of his good offices.

'You shall see him when he returns to camp.' Then, glancing at Jack's bandaged arm, the French General asked, 'Are you wounded?'

'No; but my arm was broken in the shipwreck.'

'A surgeon shall see you at once; but,' he added, do you give your parole?'

'Am I a prisoner?' asked Jack with some indignation. 'I am a non-combatant, flung into your camp by accident and against my own will. Do you treat me as a prisoner?'

'Yes, until your case is dealt with. You must either be kept under guard or give your parole.'

Jack hesitated for a moment, then gave the required pledge, and went off in company with Corporal Lebrun to the hospital tent, leaving the old Arab sheikh and his interpreter in eager conference with the General. At the hospital tent his arm was examined by a gray-haired surgeon. He took off poor Grant's splints and felt the arm with skilful fingers.

'You are a fortunate man,' he said. 'The best surgeon could not have set the arm better. The junction of the bones is perfect; there is no inflammation. I will put new splints on, but these have done their work perfectly.'

Jack told the story of how poor Grant bound up his arm. A cluster of surgeons gathered round and examined the bandages and the splints curiously while they listened.

'An English seaman made these splints with a knife,' at last said the surgeon. 'It is wonderful. A bit of wood, a knife, and the lining of a coat, and the best surgeon in Paris could not have done it better. Monsieur,' he repeated, 'is fortunate.'

The next day—it was April 17—a cavalry officer with an orderly came riding at speed into the camp. His uniform was white with dust, but his face was smoke-blackened, and there was a bandage round his forehead. He brought news from the Commander-in-Chief, and the tidings ran through the camp like wildfire. A great victory had been won at Mount Tabor. The Turkish army had been destroyed; it was nothing short of a massacre. The guns in every battery fired a rejoicing salute, and were answered sullenly from the walls of Acre.

The next morning Bonaparte and his staff came riding in, and the whole camp was a tumult of cheering. Jack stared at his old comrade with eager eyes. He was older and stouter than when he had last seen him, the yellowish complexion was burnt a deep brown, but the look of command on his features was unmistakable. A score of battles had written their signature on them indelibly. Behind him was his staff, a group of men with names famous already, but destined to be memorable. Marmont was there, Lannes, Davout, Lefebvre, Desnouette. It was a cluster of keen and fighting faces, with the smoke of battle still upon them. They were excited, calling with laughter to each other as they answered the salutes of their comrades; but Bonaparte rode ahead, a figure inexplicably different from the rest. His face wore a fixed air of absorbed command. He seemed to be looking at something beyond the shouting crowd about him. The forward look, the impassive features, were curiously impressive.

Suddenly Bonaparte pulled up his horse and fixed his eyes on the walls of Acre. A Turkish flag

was flying from the summit of the tower, and as the wind blew its folds open a crescent could be seen on it. Then came a spark of red flame from a gun on the tower itself. The Turks were firing an answering challenge to the tumult of the camp. Bonaparte's forehead was knitted for a moment into a black and answering frown. The line of broken, stubbornly held wall stretched betwixt him and his dreams.

With Bonaparte's arrival the French camp was stirred into instant activity. All the afternoon the guns from the batteries thundered angrily. At night, as he lay in his bed in the hospital tent, Jack heard the steady tramp of feet go past. Presently there was a roar of musketry at the foot of the great breach. It was a night attack, and Jack hurried from the tent to watch. There was a quick, sustained flash of musketry running along the foot of the wall, a hundred spear-points of fire darting upward. This was the French attack. The spray of red upward-darting points climbed like an ascending wave, with many quick ebbs, almost to the parapet of the walls. The French were succeeding. At one point in the walls the spray of fire ran wedge-shaped to the very crest.

'That is the breach,' said the surgeon, who stood near; 'and,' he added, with excitement, 'our men are winning.'

But the edge of answering fire from the summit of the walls—countless points of *downward*-thrusting flame—never ceased, while from either flank the warships were thundering on the attacking columns. The line of musketry fire that marked the French advance seemed to shrink. It sank backward. The attack had failed.

Presently the columns came back broken and confused, and details thronged in with wounded men to the hospital tent. For hours the surgeons were busy. Amongst the wounded Jack found his friend Corporal Lebrun waiting, with a broken arm, for his turn with the surgeon.

'We have attacked twelve times already,' he explained. 'This was the thirteenth time. I knew it would be unlucky.'

Jack smiled at this sign of superstition in a French soldier who looked upon religion itself as a sort of exploded shell, something to be thrown away. It recalled his old schoolmaster Lepitre.

'The rascals,' Corporal Lebrun went on, 'attack us almost as often as we attack them, and the guns of your ships take us in flank when we try to climb the breach. Acre,' he added bitterly, 'is defended by Europeans, and we are attacking it *à la Turque*.'

This Jack found out afterwards was the bitter and common jest of the camp; but when Kléber at last used the phrase to Bonaparte it was an unforgiven and unforgotten insult.

Late the next afternoon Jack was told that the General would see him. An orderly took him to a large tent, in front of which a flag was flying; a sentry stood on guard with an unsoldierly air of ease; a sergeant's guard lounged in a tent close by. Jack entered the tent. At the table sat an officer in the uniform of a general of brigade; Bonaparte was standing, his hands behind his back, in an attitude which painters have made familiar for all time, his head bent in meditation. He looked up as Jack entered, but gave no sign of friendliness. His eyes dwelt on the sea-stained dress Jack still wore and his generally battered aspect.

'Well,' he said at last, 'this is worse than Brienne or Paris;' and a smile for an instant lit up the dark face.

Jack told the story of his adventures, while Bonaparte listened without comment.

'You should have accepted my offer,' he said at last. 'You flung away a career when you refused it. What do you want me to do?'

Jack felt chilled by the coolness of his old comrade. 'I am not a prisoner,' he replied. 'I was cast ashore by the wreck of my ship, yet I have been required to give my parole. I have a right to ask that you shall send me under a flag of truce to one of the British ships.'

General Reynier, who was sitting at the table, and had been watching Jack, at this point whispered something in Bonaparte's ear. Bonaparte shook his head, but Reynier persisted, whispering eagerly, while Bonaparte's eyes dwelt with a moody look on Jack.

'I am busy,' at last he said abruptly. 'I must inquire into the matter.' And Jack found himself dismissed.

Something, it was clear, had been suggested by Reynier—something mysterious affecting himself—and Jack puzzled his brain over the subject. Bonaparte had not shown any signs of friendly feeling. He seemed to have forgotten the ties of old days. But why should he keep him a prisoner, and what was it Reynier had whispered in his ear?

(To be continued.)

BIRD-WATCHING AT THE LIGHTHOUSE ON THE FLANNAN ISLANDS.

IN *Chambers's Journal* for 1899 Mr W. J. Gibson gave an account of 'A Visit to the Seven Hunters' or Flannan Islands, the group of seven rocky islands which lie about twenty miles west of Gallon Head, Lewis. On the largest of these islands, precipitous on all sides, known as Eilean Mòr, a lighthouse is built, where Mr Begg, once the head-keeper, has been a keen and interested observer of the bird-life, native and migratory. The present paper is based on the interesting and valuable observations made by him during several years' residence on Eilean Mòr. There are no quiet, shell-bestrewn bays on these islands where boats may land easily; the sea lashes the cliffs hungrily and angrily in storms, and with some difficulty a safe landing is made. Eilean Mòr stands two hundred and eighty-two feet above the sea at its northern edge, and two hundred feet at the south, and is a grassy plateau of about sixteen acres, forming good grazing-ground sloping gently to the south. Sea-fowl breed on its cliffs in great numbers; while the migrants, resting on their journey, shelter in the long grasses and amid the rifts in the steep faces that flank the island on all sides.

The attention of naturalists was drawn to these islands by specimens captured during spring and autumn migrations and submitted to the Natural History Department of the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh. It was found that a large stream of migrants passed over the island twice yearly, in spring and autumn. Mr W. Eagle Clarke, keeper of the Natural History Department of the Museum, who has made observations at Fair Isle many times, on the Eddystone, and on the Continent, visited the island, where he spent more than a fortnight in the autumn of 1904. During this September visit eighty-two species were observed, twenty of which remain on the island to breed. Experts were surprised at the number of species and individuals which passed there annually between northern and southern latitudes, considering the extreme westerly position of the islands. The first record for the Hebrides of the pied fly-catcher, dotterel, and other species was made here; three of the former little birds were observed merrily catching flies on the most precipitous part of the cliffs. On one stormy morning Mr Clarke raised hundreds of jack-snipe—the island was infested with them. They crouched behind every tussock, stone, and bush, and only those rose which lay in his line of march. He says that a sportsman making a bee-line from one side of the island to the other could have made a phenomenal bag that day, taking only those birds which happened to be in his path.

Among the small birds which inexplicably sweep round the western shores of Scotland are the starling, chaffinch, linnet, snow and Lapland bunting, wagtail (pied and white), garden warbler, blackbird, and redbreast. Among the birds of prey the merlin is the most remarkable, although the smallest. It is a little pirate, and exists at the expense of its small fellow-migrants.

The birds which breed on the cliffs are much the same as those found in St Kilda, Orkney, and elsewhere. To this island the local and beautiful fulmar petrel has wandered from St Kilda and established a small colony. The greater black-backed gull is here; but, luckily for the birds he preys on, the number of these rapacious scavengers is small. This bird has been seen to attack and hold under water puffins and razor-bills, and when these were drowned to devour them greedily. It takes any kind of egg, chick, or putrefying carcass. Mr Begg remarks that from the two or three eggs this bird lays, one chick only as a rule comes to maturity. The herring-gull is another sinner whose self-indulgence has led it into habits of robbery. It breeds in numbers on each island, and feeds its young on the contents of its stomach, consisting of offal, decomposed whale, half-incubated eggs of the guillemot, razor-bill, and various sorts of fish. The peregrine falcon is the most interesting of the feathered inhabitants. Its eyry can be smelt for many yards round, and its nest is surrounded by heaps of bleached bones. Mr Begg has never seen this bird attack anything meaner than a puffin, which, with razor-bills and guillemots, is its staple diet. He has seen this princely falcon fighting the king of crows, the raven. The peregrine would soar above the raven, swoop down, strike it, and tear it to pieces. Mr Begg has twice captured peregrines which had flown to the lighted window of the lighthouse kitchen. This was not at the Flannans, but at Mull, and again at the Chicken's Rock, Isle of Man. When the young have attained something like adult size, what appears to the casual observer as a family feud takes place. This is merely the parental hint that the offspring must seek a living elsewhere—a hint of beak and talons not to be despised by any overweening youngster. The peregrine seems to have nested here ever since one of his generation took to puffin-hunting. Should one of a pair come to grief, a week will not elapse ere the other appears with a new mate.

The twite was discovered by accident when chasing kittiwake gulls. Mr Begg shot one for identification, and ever since they have disappeared as natives. They were always very shy and restless. Not so the rock-pipit or sea-lark. This bird, preyed upon by the merlin, took refuge in the sanctuary of the lighthouse; it is often seen entering the open doors to have a look round the floors. The wheatear is the earliest of the migrants; of an

evening the island may be deserted, while next morning it is alive with them. A few pairs remain; the rest continue their journey when night comes on. Such are the birds that come for the summer season; but by far the greater interest is excited by the mere birds of passage—birds travelling at night and alighting on the island and staying there till next evening to obtain food and rest. Many of these are stray visitors, which do not breed in Britain, and are included in the list of British birds merely on the strength of their having passed a day or so on an outlying island.

The white wagtail has been seen flying to the island literally with its last gasp, and lying down flat, with wings outstretched, and so exhausted that it could be picked up by the hand without protesting. The meadow pipits are very numerous in migration. An easterly or south-easterly wind on a dark night is a condition sure to bring them round the light-house lantern in great numbers. The dazzled birds are attracted in clouds to the light, and the death-rate becomes high among them. They arrive exhausted, and swarm over the island in search of their insect food. The merlins prey upon them, and some take refuge in Mr Begg's kitchen. They show little fear of man. Both the spotted and pied fly-catcher have been observed. The former was procured by Mr Begg on a telephone-pole, catching flies in its own peculiar jerky fashion. The swallow never arrives before the middle of May, and keeps passing over until June. Many alight only to perish; others recover from their fatigue after a rest, and skim over the grass in search of flies, which are caught at a height of two feet from the ground.

The starling is the only bird that Mr Begg would rather not see at the lantern. At times of migration flocks of thousands pass the island, seldom staying to rest. On a drizzling, dark night the birds seem to be attracted to the light; the starlings perch on every spot available, and a very dirty lighthouse they leave before they have departed next morning. The swifts, when they come, also roost on the lantern; but they prefer to hang on to some projection. They will cling to a suspended rope and swing backwards and forwards all night. 'The starling,' Mr Begg says, 'is the only bird I detest to see visiting us. They come at the light with such force that they kill themselves outright against the glass and astragals, spattering every place with blood.' Mr Begg disbelieves the statement that where the starling increases the skylark decreases. In the Hebrides, the crofts in Lewis support large numbers of both species living in all good-fellowship. He one day saw a starling perched on a cow's back tearing and boring at something. Quickly running up to prevent the starling from doing mischief, he found that the object of its attentions was the burrowing grub of some insect which it had already half unfleshed.

The hooded crow is a visitor of convenience. He comes when his food is plentiful—that is, when other birds are nesting. He has a waggish way of grabbing eggs, this freebooter. Approaching a broody guillemot from behind, he makes her so nervous by his presence that she leaves her egg, and, swoop! it is in his bill and away, to be shared perhaps with his mate in some quiet corner. A pair of ravens frequent the island, but do not appear to breed. If the pair tenanting the island are shot they are succeeded immediately by another pair. Ravens have divided the moors of Lewis for their own benefit, so that each pair have their own particular beat. This bird has the great black-backed gull to contend with, and mighty battles are fought; but both are cowards before the lordly peregrine.

The puffin is a well-known visitor here, as in other parts of the Hebrides, and is called 'Tammy Norry' and 'Ailsa Cock' in some districts. The name 'Coulter Neb,' which he gets in some places, is derived from his plough-shaped nose. They are partial to cracks in the rocks and holes under boulders. The nest is lined with fine grass, and the parent as she broods looks out through its hole to the open, where she usually commands a magnificent sea-view. If disturbed by a stick being poked at her, the bird waddles farther into the recess, and usually contrives to carry away her single egg. The puffin goes in for gay colours, especially about the head and legs, which latter are vermilion.

The next on Mr Begg's list is the fulmar petrel, which probably seven years ago migrated from St Kilda. Curiously enough we owe the spread of this bird, which was formerly confined to that island, to the spread of civilisation. Glasgow steamers make frequent visits there during the summer, and supply the minister and his flock with provisions. Formerly they were almost wholly dependent on the fulmars on their island, Hirta, as a means of food. These are now neglected for the Glasgow fare. The fulmars have increased and begun to found colonies in other spots. They have reached even to the Orkneys, where the colony is thriving under protection of the local landlord. The flight of these birds is marvellous, and mystifies the beholder. They swoop, skim, rise, and wheel in the most graceful flights, and scarcely betray any flexion of wings or tail to account for their motions. They have attained rare skill in the balancing art. Their food, too, is somewhat of a mystery, but probably consists of small marine animals floating on the surface. The parents secrete an oil with which they feed their young one, and the stomach is always found to be full of this oil, which has a musky smell.

Two smaller petrels breed on the island. One is Leach's fork-tailed petrel, and the other the famous 'Mother Carey's Chicken' or storm petrel, dear to the heart of every sailor. Of the former, about fifty pairs breed on the island of Eilean Mòr. The burrow may be from two or three to six feet in length, and six inches from the surface. The single egg is laid in a nest of dry grass at the end of the burrow. The birds are nocturnal, and fly about in

the dim, hazy evenings, uttering their twittering cry, often visiting the lantern. One thing Mr Begg remarks about the petrels is that they always have their legs tucked under them when on the ground—they never stand on their legs like other birds. This fact, which has seldom been imitated by taxidermists and figurers, must be borne in mind by visitors to museums, where these birds are often stuffed in an upright position.

The merlin is the smallest and most daring of the falcons. It chases birds larger than itself, such as the curlew or plover. It has been found in the coal-cellar, engine-house, or wash-house, where its quarry had taken refuge.

Mr Begg puts in a good word for the common buzzard. The name buzzard was a byword among hawk-fanciers of the olden time, owing to its vulgarian taste for small vermin; yet it belongs to a noble and powerful, if a somewhat lazy, species. It has been shot down mercilessly by keepers, who—according to Mr Begg, ignorant of the habits of this species—get twopence per head as encouragement. To be sure, it is probable that all hawks are tempted to eat up anything superfluous, maintaining the balance of nature. On one occasion a gamekeeper in Mull was bent on destroying a pair of buzzards which were breeding on a cliff. Mr Begg met him that day on his way, and, learning his murderous intent, expostulated. His expostulations had the good effect of making the gamekeeper reflect, and instead of shooting the birds he stopped to observe their customs. He soon saw what Mr Begg had wished him to see—that the buzzards supported themselves and family not on contraband eggs and protected birds, but on the vermin which were harmful to the game. As they were speaking one buzzard hove in sight dangling an adder which was securely held by the head in the bird's bill. This gamekeeper, in a very gentlemanly spirit, thanked Mr Begg gratefully for his warning.

A very shy corncrake, which, owing to the absence of much cover, forbears to 'crake,' was satisfactorily observed through the hole of a large box under which Mr Begg was crouching. The purple sandpiper arrives in flocks and feeds on the rocks, following the receding tide so closely that it often is floated off its feet by a wave. In storms they sit on one leg in the shelter of a lighthouse and preen the inaccessible parts of each other's plumage. They also are very tame, and gobble up slaters that are handed to them. Woodcock, snipe, and jack-snipe—the latter in such numbers that they afford excellent sport—are regular visitors. Whimbrels, which used to breed on the island before the workmen came, are now only migrants. Curlews are numerous, and are a great pest to the duck-shooter. Their sentinel stationed to warn the feeding flock by uttering his cry not only alarms the curlews, but also the ducks, which seem to know the note too. The curlews are confused by the light, and fly with great force to the glass. At Portpatrick lighthouse one of these birds broke through the glass, and was picked up alive, strange to say, on the floor.

The barnacle-geese come in great numbers in the autumn, and stay till the grass is consumed, when the great body leave the island, about fifty remaining till the next April. They are very shy, and consequently difficult to stalk. Mr Begg thinks that they hear the tread on the grass; for, approaching as he did out of sight and against the wind, when the birds could neither see nor scent him, they yet became uneasy and left off feeding. They are also capital meteorologists for those that can understand them. If they arrive early in autumn, winter will be stormy; if later, winter will be open; if at a mean between these two, about the middle of October, winter weather will be normal. Further, if they straggle over the islands there is good weather ahead, if they pack together storms are brewing, while their leaving the island altogether foretells storms and gales with hail and sleet.

If on a dark and stormy night the light of the lantern is the salvation of the mariner, to the feathered voyagers it is the greatest death-trap conceivable. They are like moths in their foolish flutterings round a candle. Those that suffer most seem to be passerines—blackbirds, thrushes, skylarks, and buntings. These hurl themselves with such violence against the wall that they are either severely wounded or killed outright. After a drizzling night Mr Begg in the morning has picked up scores of victims. Some birds, however, are immune from this fatal attraction. Such are the chaffinches, or 'bachelor' finches, as their Latin name implies, referring to their habit in winter of collecting in flocks of different sexes. These fly past unconcerned, while the poor fieldfares are paying heavy toll at the light.

One feature of bird-life here is the lack of song when so many cultured voices are resting in the neighbourhood. Even from a blackbird supposed to breed on the island only an occasional chuckle is heard. The majority are usually too busy feeding to utter more than a call to their fellows. The swift darts black and silently about the cliffs without a scream; the skylarks' attention is too much divided between grubs and merlins, for which latter they show a hearty terror, to favour the lighthouse with a song. The island seems to afford abundant food for birds of many kinds; it is retired from the haunts of man, and was uninhabited between the times when the last small, dark Highlander, whose dwelling may still be seen there, died out and Mr Begg and the lighthouse came to stay. These may be reasons not only for the course the birds take, but for their dalliance, for birds must feed on their long journey, and feeding-places in the routes of the feathered voyager are adhered to from generation to generation, till the practice of holding to such routes becomes an inherited custom.

THE OUTLAWS OF SILVER STAR.

AN EPISODE OF ARIZONA.

DEEP-VEIN mining has ever been regarded with favour by the people of Great Britain; nor is it astonishing that it should be so when we reflect on the variety of useful minerals found on our island. We have copper, tin, iron, and lead, to say nothing of the vast areas of our coal-deposits; so that we might suppose the Englishman would take as naturally to mining as he would to tilling the soil. Again, we derive a pleasure in overcoming the many difficulties presented by the mining industry, and it is with feelings as though for a victory over the forces of nature that the miner regards the bright ingot, the constituent atoms of which were formed ages ago in their crystalline matrix deep in the crust of the earth.

Deep mining demands the highest degree of engineering skill for drainage and ventilation of the workings, as well as the powerful machinery required for hoisting ores to the surface, in the manufacture of which we have excelled all nations. Even the early Briton seems to have taken kindly to this industry, for we are told that Cornish miners supplied the Phœnicians with tin. Lastly, it appeals to us as a great commercial people when we are assured that from no other business need we expect such splendid returns for the capital invested as from mining.

Of the precious metals we had none, so we were compelled to look abroad for our gold and silver. In the first half of the nineteenth century the field was restricted pretty much to Mexico and Central and South America; nowadays, leaving out Europe, it has been extended over nearly a quarter of the earth's surface, of which vast area California, Australia, South Africa, British Columbia, and Alaska are best known for gold, and Nevada, Idaho, and Arizona for silver.

In the early fifties Californians commenced to open up nearly a hundred claims on the famous auriferous belt known as the 'mother' lode, which had been traced for over ninety miles; the rock was extremely rich, and the veins pronounced by mining engineers to be true fissures. British capitalists secured many of these mines at a reasonable figure; some of them, such as the Uncle Sam, Eureka, and the Sierra Buttes, paid big dividends for over twenty years. The first-named had about seventeen million dollars to its credit. Sam James was manager. These properties were generally held by the actual purchasers as *bonâ-fide* investments, not for Stock Exchange speculation.

When we turn from the legitimate gold-mining of California to gambling in the 'wild-cat' silver shares of Nevada, Idaho, and Arizona, the retrospect is gloomy indeed. Owing to the enormous dividends paid by some claims on the Comstock, a craze for silver-mines set in, and 'Baron' Grant (of Emma mine fame) and a few other promoters flooded London with worthless shares. Some idea may be formed of the amount of money lost by the public when we learn that for about twenty-five years we had only succeeded in securing one paying property, the Richmond, in Eureka, Nevada.

Some forty years ago several articles appeared in the San Francisco papers on Arizona, describing its beautiful climate and rich agricultural valleys, boundless mountain-range for stock, and its silver and copper mines. Much of this glowing eulogy was not the least bit overdrawn, but founded on actual fact. In the early stages of asthma or consumption the patient is restored to perfect health after a six months' sojourn in the light, dry atmosphere of the territory; even the most hopeless cases are materially benefited. Thousands of cattle are driven in annually, and pick up wonderfully on the white sage and bunch-grass of the mountains; and the archives of Madrid and the City of Mexico show that from no part of the Spanish dominions in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was the output of silver as great as that from Arizona. The great copper-mines of Clifton and Bisbee had not then been discovered.

Many strange old legends handed down for four centuries throw a halo of romance round the early history of these Arizona mines, into which the supernatural largely enters; and this will not be surprising when we consider how credulous and superstitious the half-breed prospectors were, who, when successful, generally told of the bright star or apparition of the patron saint that guided them to the hidden treasure. One, which is fairly well authenticated, may be told. The Bishop of Tucson —the oldest city in the United States, an honour also claimed by St Augustine, Florida—visiting a monastery in his diocese, noticed that the dinner-table was disfigured by a large wooden salt-cellar, and remarked to the prior that, as his monks were working some rich silver-mines, he might provide a better one. The prior apologised, and assured his superior that at dinner on the following day he would see one more worthy of him. The monks were notified, and they and all their peons went to work prospecting the various levels for a lump of native silver out of which a small salt-cellar might be fashioned. To their great joy, one of the peons found a great mass of beautifully crystallised native silver weighing forty-five pounds. A slight depression on the top held a cupful of salt, and this was placed on the dinner-table. When the bishop's attention was called to it he was amazed, and insisted on renaming the mine El Salero (The Salt-

Cellar), which it bears to the present day. The nugget is preserved at the Geological Museum in the City of Mexico.

In the south-eastern corner of the territory, running down to the Mexican frontier, the Silver Star district had been organised. It covered a large area of mountain and deep cañon, some of the peaks of the Pinal range rising to a height of eight thousand feet above sea-level. The place was remote from civilisation, practically cut off from the more settled parts of the country by a spur of the great mountain-chain; it was a no-man's land, and bore a very bad reputation. In the early sixties there were about three hundred men in the place, and scarcely one who was not 'wanted' by the sheriff of some county or another either for murder or stage-robbery. They were a mixed lot of scoundrels so far as nationality went—half-breed Indians, Mexicans, and a few representatives from nearly every country in Europe; these, with about a score of Americans, made up as choice a lot of criminals as could have been found in any section of similar area in the world. There was a small general store in the place, kept by a Mexican who negotiated the sale of stolen horses and cattle for his customers across the line in Sonora; and this, with three or four whisky-shops, formed the 'business' portion of the camp. For about three months in the year, after the snow had melted in the mountains, there was sufficient water running in the creeks to enable these men to turn out and wash the gravels, which in some of the cañons were extremely rich, and this—probably the only honest work they had ever done—enabled them to lay in a stock of provisions for winter as well as money for whisky and poker.

In all communities, whether large or small, we will ever find some ambitious member who pushes his way to the front; and so among the bad men thrown together in this remote corner of Arizona one Matt O'Donnell had long been looked on as leader. Naturally, it might be supposed that such a position could only have been attained among these outlaws by a display of reckless courage in forays on the highway or among the cattlemen of the great *ranchos;* but in such a surmise we should have been utterly mistaken. The outlaws looked up to the 'Irish lawyer,' as they called him, simply on account of the wonderful cunning he displayed in putting up all the jobs they were to carry out. He was the brain of the community, and under more favourable conditions might have been a great strategist or tactician planning a campaign for an army. In the sixties Fenianism was rampant among the Irish in America. From New York to San Francisco nearly every state had a 'head-centre' for the collection of money for the 'cause,' building a few *Alabamas* to prey on England's commerce, &c. O'Donnell was then in Idaho, a new territory, and thought, like the other patriots, he might as well do a little collecting, so he drew up his own commission, which was lithographed for him by a friendly printer. The next step was to rent a small office; and when the commission, with all necessary signatures, was suspended over the mantelpiece, Deputy Head-Centre O'Donnell was prepared to receive subscriptions. He had hundreds of circulars distributed among the various little mining-camps throughout the territory, and inserted short advertisements in all the Idaho newspapers. The patriotic fund commenced to flow in from all quarters, and for six months those were 'bonanza' days for O'Donnell, when the industry was suddenly knocked out by the arrival in Boise City of a duly appointed Irish deputy from New York. The new official was astounded, on looking over the local paper, to find that there was another Richmond in the field, and immediately called on the editor of the *Statesman* to denounce O'Donnell as an impostor. It was lucky for the latter that he did so. 'Captain' Murphy, having been admitted to the great man's sanctum, produced excellent letters of recommendation from the leaders of the brotherhood in New York and Boston, which convinced the editor as to his *bonâ-fides*, and he pledged himself to expose O'Donnell in next day's issue of the paper. Murphy was a typical New York Irishman; he had served with a volunteer regiment raised in that city during the Civil War, and was full of fight. On leaving the office he announced his intention of paying a visit to O'Donnell's headquarters, casually remarking that his bowie-knife was a beautiful tool, and his 'gun' a ·44 calibre; with their assistance he hoped to be able to keep up his end of any little discussion he might have with the rival deputy. It had been very dull in Boise City for months, and it really seemed a pity to spoil a good fight, but that 's what happened. O'Donnell's friend, the man who printed his circulars and commission, was employed at the *Statesman* office, and overheard the conversation between his chief and Captain Murphy, so he quietly started out to warn O'Donnell of the approaching danger. Matt was informed of the true state of affairs; he was told of all that had passed in the editorial room, and saw at a glance that nothing but instant flight could save him from the vengeance of his many dupes in the territory. As a matter of fact, he was not quite unprepared for the blow, which he knew might fall at any moment, and on the off-chance of being able to make a run for his life he had purchased a fine saddle-horse about a month before, which he kept at a stable in Boise City. He had fastened a small valise containing a change of clothing and some provisions behind the saddle, and then with the dollars out of which he had swindled his countrymen in his pocket, outlaw and Ishmaelite as he was, he rode off, keeping to the foothills, and resting by night at the camps of sheep or cattle herders, until, three months afterwards, he rode into Silver Star, Arizona.

It required but a short time for such a crafty rascal to ingratiate himself with the lawless men

among whom he had cast his lot. He told a romantic story of how he had fled from Montana, after shooting one of the leaders of the vigilance committee in a dispute over some mining ground; and this yarn, which was received without question, made him a hero at once. The outlaws—who were given to boasting of their exploits, especially when in their cups, and O'Donnell was liberal in supplying the whisky—had soon put him in possession of a mass of criminal records which might become useful to an informer. For some of these men large rewards had been offered by the United States Government for robbing the mails, by the governors of various western states, Wells Fargo's Express Company, and some mining concerns whose bullion had been captured. O'Donnell made careful memoranda of murders and robberies, determined, if no better scheme for making a big raise could be devised, to get away from Silver Star, and from some safe retreat open up communication with the authorities, and secure the arrest of those on whose head the highest rewards had been set.

About a year prior to the time when we get our first glimpse of Silver Star, a young fellow named Armstrong had sought sanctuary there. He was a native of Boston, a well-educated, sharp New Englander, who had held a good position in Virginia City as secretary to one of the big Comstock mining companies. Unfortunately he was tempted to gamble on the Stock Exchange, and in order to meet his losses embezzled a large sum of money, thinking that his luck would soon turn and he could repay it. It was the sad story of many trusted employés in that town whose careers had been blasted and whose days had ended in the state prison. Armstrong was thoroughly familiar with all the necessary papers, maps, reports, and records required by the concessionaire who wished to place any mining property before New York or London capitalists, so he persuaded a few of his new associates who had been miners before they became highwaymen to relocate and legally record in Tucson some half-dozen of the best of the old abandoned Spanish mines, and when this was done, and the mines cleared of débris so that they might be examined, he started from Tucson by stage to Denver, whence he could reach New York by rail. In about three months he returned with a mining engineer from London, who had been entrusted with full powers to treat for the property. After careful examination, this gentleman informed the vendors that his principals would be willing to form a company to open up the mines, and give them a certain proportion of shares for the claims; furthermore, it would be necessary to levy an assessment of at least half-a-dollar per share in order to raise fifty thousand dollars working capital for machinery, tools, &c.; but he would not sanction the outlay of a dollar for the purchase of the property. O'Donnell, whose name was down as one of the locators, had quietly bided his time, awaiting the ultimatum of the engineer which would determine whether he would receive a round sum for his mining interest or not. When he found his hopes in that quarter blasted his resolution was quickly taken; he would quietly ride away the following night to the military encampment near Tucson, place himself under the protection of the commanding officer, and furnish information which would deliver up to the gallows some half-dozen men who had sheltered him on his arrival in Silver Star. On the following day, after seeing that his horse was well shod, he told some of his associates that he thought of taking a prospecting trip up towards Inyo in the Pannamint Mountains, California. They endeavoured to dissuade him, telling him of the fearful dangers to be encountered in attempting to cross the desert in summer. Even as these lines are written we read in the daily papers of the bleached skeletons of nearly a hundred unfortunate prospectors being found in this dreadful waste, 'their little bags of gold-dust being thrown away, and their bones picked clean by the buzzards.'

O'Donnell lived in an isolated little cabin about a mile away from the cluster of buildings forming the settlement; and in the middle of the night, when all was quiet, he saddled his horse, and, taking a circuitous route over well-beaten trails, started off on a seventy-five mile ride to the cantonments. The day after his arrival, having got rid of travel stains and rendered himself presentable, he sought an interview with the officer in command of the troops. Colonel Henderson, a stern old martinet who had had many years' experience in Indian warfare, heard him patiently to the end; he was accustomed to the falsehood and treachery of Indian and Mexican prisoners when under examination, and looked with loathing and suspicion on this white man who came to betray his companions for the sake of the rewards. He thought the fellow might have been more or less implicated himself in some of the crimes with whose details he was so familiar, so to ensure his safe keeping ordered him to be closely confined in the guard-room.

The colonel was startled to find the name of Ramon Vasquez among those denounced by O'Donnell. The man had long been a terror to the people in the southern counties of California. Some three years previously, when the Fifth Cavalry was stationed at Los Angeles, Vasquez had shot the pay-sergeant through his office window one night, and escaped with a bag of a thousand silver dollars. His trail towards the Arizona line had been followed for several days, until lost in the desert, and the culprit disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him. The colonel communicated at once with the general in command of the Pacific Coast Division and with the Governor of California, and was instructed to take a strong force of cavalry into Silver Star, and arrest, if possible, all the outlaws, but to allow none to escape.

The disappearance of O'Donnell from the district had caused much uneasiness among the outlaws; they fancied that, regardless of their advice, he had

started across the desert for the Pannamint mines. Not one of them suspected treachery; and Vasquez, who had shared his cabin with O'Donnell on the latter's arrival, announced his intention of following on O'Donnell's trail, with a few volunteers, to bring him back.

Having received his marching orders, Colonel Henderson was not slow in getting a picked body of men together for raiding the outlaws' country; and sixty men with three officers, all veterans hardened in frontier warfare, were speedily on the road for Silver Star. Their captain had been supplied with a rough map of the ground by O'Donnell, which showed a little valley, about a mile from the central cluster of buildings, in which the horses grazed, bunch-grass being plentiful, as it was irrigated by a sparkling, flowing spring; so it was determined to detach ten men to the place to cut the outlaws off from their cattle.

It was nightfall when the command arrived, and the ten troopers had not ridden more than half a mile in advance of the main body when they overtook a small party of the enemy toiling slowly along on broken-down, sore-footed mustangs. Escape was impossible, as the dragoons rode alongside them with revolvers at their heads. 'Hands up' was the command, so they had no choice but to obey. One man alone, riding in advance, made an effort to escape; it was Vasquez, who well knew what his fate would be if captured. He and his companions were on their return after a three days' search in the desert for O'Donnell. Vasquez drove his spurs into the poor animal he rode, and it gave a convulsive plunge forward, when a dragoon in his rear fired and missed. Quick as a flash, the Mexican, turning in his saddle, drew his revolver and dropped the man with a ball through his chest. He made an effort to catch the cavalryman's horse, but it was too late; two troopers were within a few yards of him, and he fell dead on the trail, shot through the head. Assassin and thief as he was, there was yet a redeeming trait in his character: he had undergone terrible hardships and risked his life to save a stranger whom he had sheltered a year previously simply because he knew him to be a fugitive from justice.

The command now arrived on the scene, and the captain, having had all the prisoners secured and left under guard, divided his men into four squads. Three of these were to penetrate the ravines and capture all the occupants of isolated cabins, while he with twenty men would deal with the main portion of the camp. It had been his intention to take the place by surprise, and the soldiers advanced in dead silence, when suddenly the air was filled by the loud neighing and shrieking of the outlaws' horses as only affrighted horses can. The men sent up to the cañon to capture them had no sooner arrived on the ground than the mustangs, scenting strange animals, set up this terrible din, and tried to stampede down the valley, so the men had to use their revolvers or carbines to stop them. The uproar created consternation in the place, and men aroused from sleep came rushing in from every direction, when the troops, coming up at a gallop, rode among them and ordered 'hands up.' The majority, unarmed and only half-clothed, submitted quietly to their wrists being lashed together behind their backs, each soldier carrying on the horn of his saddle a few little coils of rawhide for the purpose.

About the centre of the town stood a large adobe building originally intended as a place of refuge in case of an Apache Indian raid, and some half-dozen men now occupied it as their sleeping-quarters. Being favoured by the darkness, about twenty of the most desperate of the outlaws rushed in here and barricaded the door. They were all well armed with rifles and six-shooters, and each one of them, knowing that he fought with a halter round his neck, was determined never to be taken alive. The walls were thick and fireproof, with loopholes for musketry on all four sides. With such a resolute garrison it was a hard nut for the dragoons to crack. The captain was fairly nonplussed, for he had lost three men by rifle fire, and he had no loose powder with which he could make a bomb to breach the bullet-proof walls. Then a bright idea struck him, but before putting it into execution he determined to give the defenders a last chance for their lives. He took a sheet of paper, and wrote out an offer of capitulation, assuring the men of a fair trial in Tucson; otherwise he would encamp on the ground and starve them into surrender, when he would shoot every man of them for killing his troopers. This was passed through a loophole by one of the prisoners whom he sent in waving a white handkerchief. He gave them five minutes to decide, and was answered by a rifle volley fired in the direction where he held his men under cover, and by yells of defiance from the outlaws.

When the store was raided the captain noticed a large barrel of petroleum. This was brought out, a small hole bored in the head, and a time-fuse was made out of a few strands of old rope well saturated with the oil and secured in the orifice. Two of the prisoners were compelled to roll the cask up against the door of the building, and supplied with matches to touch off their infernal machine before retreating. They did not get many yards away, however; for when the outlaws saw the flickering light from the fuse they fired upon the two poor wretches, who fell riddled by bullets. There was scarcely a minute's suspense for the captain; a spark from the fuse fell in the oil, and a terrific explosion followed, blowing the whole side of the building in, and a flood of blazing petroleum poured over the floor, setting all the woodwork of the interior on fire. Escape was impossible through the sea of flame, and when the burning rafters fell on the charred bodies of the victims the work of destruction was complete. It was more like a scene from Dante's *Inferno* than anything in real life.

The only men who escaped death or capture were those who managed to reach some of the old mines. About twenty of them hid away in the underground workings, and so eluded the troops. Their fate can only be surmised, as when they emerged from concealment they found all their cabins and the central buildings destroyed and their horses shot.

Having given his men and horses a night's rest, the chief gave orders for the return trip to Tucson, which was reached after a four days' march, the prisoners toiling painfully along on foot between two lines of cavalry. On arriving the outlaws were heavily ironed and locked up in the 'calaboose.' It was the biggest criminal 'bag' ever made in the country.

The next day they were all marched into a big hall known as the 'bird-cage,' where, behind heavy iron bars, they awaited identification. Then O'Donnell, note-book in hand and surrounded by prison warders, came in front to pick out his men. For an instant they thought he was a prisoner; but as soon as he had pointed out one of their number, reading aloud his name and criminal record, the truth flashed on them. The scene that ensued baffles description. With yells of rage and obscene maledictions in English and Spanish, they surged heavily against the iron bars, hoping that something would give way under their combined weight; it was as though pandemonium had broken loose, such fearful efforts did they make to fall on their betrayer and rend him. The jailers, hardened as they were by long association with the vilest criminals, turned away with a shudder, and it was found impossible to allow the informer to remain. The prisoners were taken back to their cells, and then day after day he examined them through a spyhole in the iron doors without their being able to see him.

The curtain may now be rung down on the last act of the drama. A young Mexican was to be tried for the murder of a stage-driver near Tucson a few years previously. He was a bright, good-looking fellow, of light complexion, for his mother was pure Spanish. His twin-brother, a saddler in the town, had been informed by an attorney that his brother's case was hopeless, as he had taken the driver's gold watch, which, after his escape to Silver Star district, he had sold to O'Donnell, who had delivered it up to the police, and would testify against the prisoner for the sake of the reward offered by Wells Fargo's Express Company. The evidence was too clear to admit of a doubt, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats. He was sentenced to die.

It was nearly sunset when O'Donnell left the witness-stand, and the ambulance from the cantonments was waiting at the end of a path leading through the courthouse grounds to take him back to quarters. A young man was nervously pacing to and fro beneath a clump of orange-trees about fifty yards from the building. From time to time he turned an anxious look towards a side door which led to the witness's room. There was a fine saddle-horse, whose bridle was held by an Indian boy, standing close to the path. At length the door was opened, and O'Donnell appeared at the head of a short flight of steps. The young man turned his back, and, stepping up to the horse, seemed to be adjusting the saddle. The witness came along quickly, and as he passed the horse the brother of the condemned man in one stride was behind him. His arm was uplifted, and something glittered for an instant in his hand as it caught the rays of the setting sun; then the hand was brought down with full force, striking O'Donnell between the shoulders, and he fell prone to the earth, the life-blood gushing from the terrible knife-thrust in the back. The avenger swung lightly into the saddle, and, waving the dripping weapon in response to the *vivas* from a few Mexicans who were lounging around, started south at a gallop for the Sonora frontier.

IN TOWN.

Oh, the honeyed breath of heather! Oh, the scent of gorse in bloom
On the green and sunny uplands by the sea!
The soft wind bears their fragrance through the city's heat and gloom,
And my heart—my heart—is aching to be free.

I thought I loved St Paul's, with its shining cross and dome,
And the bells that send their music far and wide;
But to-day I want to worship in the little church at home,
Where one ever hears the thunder of the tide.

How I long to wade knee-deep in the cool and pleasant grass
When the happy lark soars up to greet the day,
And the humble daisies curtsy as caressing breezes pass
O'er the fields about the old home far away!

I wonder—oh! I wonder—if the rose still climbs the thatch?
Are the window-ledges gay with flowering musk?
Does my mother ever listen, with her hand upon the latch,
For a footstep coming homeward in the dusk?

If I might but say good-bye to the clamour and the din!
If some bird would lend me wings but for an hour,
Just to reach that quaint, low doorway where the sunlight filters in
Through a screen of yellow jasmine thick with flower!

Oh, the purple of the heather! Oh, the gold of gorse in bloom
On the bright and breezy uplands by the sea!
Kind memory paints their picture in this close and narrow room,
And to think—*to think*—how far they are from me!

R. Matheson.

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SIXTH SERIES.

MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. Lehmann, M.P.

PART XIV.—*concluded.*

BETWEEN the date of the last letter and that which follows my father had crossed and recrossed the Atlantic.

[F. Lehmann to Mrs F. Lehmann.]

'Wormley's Hotel,
307 1st Street, Washington,
Sunday, 5th April 1863.

'I wrote you a long letter last Sunday, and a few lines on Wednesday the 31st ult., and both epistles went by the same steamer. The improvement in the aspect of my operation has continued at a rapid rate, and it only requires a slight lift over what engineers call the "dead point" to make it a great success. I tell you of it because when I am so much alone as at present, when the idea of the dear ones I have left is ever present, when the flesh-pots of Egypt rise up in sad remembrance against the unsavoury meals which fate sets before me, and when howling winter blasts and deep snow conjure up the balmy air and greensward of dear Woodlands, I naturally feel that all I have sacrificed in leaving you ought to bear compensating fruit, and that nothing but success in my enterprise could make me amends, while failure or losses, if brought about by my journey across the Atlantic, would be doubly cruel. Anyhow, I shall have the great satisfaction of having done my duty and made my utmost endeavours according to the lights within me, and that alone is a great comfort.

'On Wednesday I dined at Mr Hewitt's and his father-in-law's, Peter Cooper (the founder of the Cooper Institute, a kind of free library and South Kensington Museum in one, but of the mildest kind), with General McClellan. The General is a small, quiet, unassuming man, without the faintest outward attributes of a hero. A poor, dull face, with a small forehead and lack-lustre eyes. If he ever saves this republic, physiognomy and phrenology are not worth a red cent. On Thursday morning I left New York, and arrived here about ten o'clock at night. This hotel or boarding-house is principally patronised by U.S. Senators during Congress, and by respectable people who want to be quiet and hate the rush and gilt of Willard's. Consequently Wormley's was hard to find, and when found at last had gone to bed. Thomas, an old negro factotum, received us half-asleep; and to my expression of hope that although the house seemed empty they would come up to the good reputation I had heard of them, merely answered, "Never you fear, mas'r; we'll treat you *nicely*." And so they are doing, all things considered. I have a nice, quiet sitting-room and ditto bedroom. The food is fair, the guests only two or three, and the attendance black and kindly. With me, as my secretary and assistant, is one of our New York clerks, Mr Francis Garlichs, an American from Missouri, born of German parents and speaking German. His handwriting is so beautiful that I think the Secretary of War will find it difficult to decline offers written out by him in something like copperprint.

'This is Easter Sunday, 5th April, and we have a foot of snow in the streets fallen overnight. A furious gale is blowing, and Washington is a howling wilderness. On Friday I sent my letters to Lord Lyons, M. Mercier, and their two secretaries, Mr Clay and M. Treilhard. Lord Lyons at once sent me an invitation to dinner last night. He received me very kindly, and said, "You have brought me a letter from my dear friend Browning. You must tell me all about him, for we spent such happy days together in Rome," &c., &c. He is tall, looks forty-five to fifty, and is the very personification of good-breeding. Undemonstrative, perhaps cold, but suave, polished, and easy. He told me that a good many of the Legation had gone to Baltimore for the Sunday. There was only one stranger, whose name I did not catch, and two attachés, or rather one, and the secretary, Mr Clay. The dinner was very fair, the attendance admirable, and the whole thing was over in less than an

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hour. Scarcely any wine was taken after dinner; and, there being no ladies, Lord L. gave the signal to rise. Having been told that he says very little, I was agreeably surprised to find him pleasantly communicative. He seems to believe that in the course of three or four years, if the conscription is not resisted, the North will get a good army, immediately under the control of the Washington authorities and detached from local ties; that they will then get some good Generals, and will finally overcome all organised resistance of the South. We had a long chat, and once he said, "My position here is one of constant worry and irritation, and upon my word I believe I am the only impartial Englishman left, unless, begging your pardon, you should happen to be the other one."

'Fearing that I might tire him and outstay my welcome, I left early. This morning he kindly sent me a note:

'"MY DEAR SIR,—If you have nothing more attractive in prospect than a dinner at your hotel, will you give me the pleasure of your company at seven o'clock this evening?—Yours faithfully,

"LYONS."

'This is very polite, but I had to decline it, as I am to dine to-day with M. Mercier, the French Minister, who called upon me yesterday afternoon, and sat for an hour talking politics by the yard and nonsense by the mile. He explained to me that during the entire late mediation scheme he had been on the best terms with Seward, and is so now; that Seward had first shown him the text of his message to Congress (which was thought in England to give Mercier the lie direct), and that he had given assent to every line of it. There was at the time an intrigue against Seward to which he (Mercier) would not lend himself, &c., &c. This is only another instance of unruffled peace between the diplomatists while the newspapers cry fire and sword, and the gullible public get frightened into fits. Mercier is satisfied that this war can only be ended by European intervention, and that if England had joined France, and both had said, "Unless you settle your differences by a given time, we recognise the Confederacy and open the ports," the North would have given in at once, "*mais l'Angleterre n'a pas voulu. Elle a peur d'une guerre avec le Nord, mais elle l'aura cette guerre, elle l'aura, qu'elle fasse tout ce qu'elle voudra. J'aime beaucoup l'alliance anglaise, qui est après tout pour la France le seul moyen de garder l'équilibre et la paix en Europe, mais j'avoue que les Anglais sont des amis très difficiles et bien des fois très désagréables. Ce sont eux qui de leur côté apportent les difficultés et les obstacles dans l'alliance*," &c.

'*Monday, 6th April* 1863.

'Here I was interrupted yesterday by a visit from Mr Clay, who stayed over an hour and made himself very agreeable. We reviewed a great number of mutual acquaintances in London, and did a very fair amount of small-talk. He told me that I occupied the room in which Mrs Fanny Kemble-Butler and her daughter had lived some eight months ago, and that they had had "great fun" here. Telling him how agreeably I had been surprised by Lord Lyons's pleasant and communicative ways on Saturday night, he said, "I assure you I was no less surprised than yourself. Indeed, I told his lordship so after you had left, as I have never seen him so open and talkative before. You have undoubtedly touched the secret spring to draw him out." (Hear, hear.)

'I dined with M. Mercier. There were only Madame Mercier and an attaché. He talked for four, and sometimes very well. I had put on a white cravat, as at Lord Lyons's, where I found them all dressed up to their eyes. Mercier was in his shooting-jacket, and on seeing me said, "*Comment, avec une cravate blanche? Mais nous n'aurons qu'un dîner tout à fait sans cérémonie.*" I told him that it seemed *de rigueur* at Lord Lyons's, although there was no party. "*Oh! les Anglais*," he replied, "*je crois que Lord Lyons dînerait en cravate blanche tout seul vis-à-vis de lui même.*" In the evening I asked her to play, and she did play a few of Chopin's Nocturnes, not without a certain taste and a good deal of execution. She is a little like Miss Gabriel *en blonde*, if you can imagine that. There was a Washington banker there, a Mr Riggs, who came after dinner and took me from Mercier over to his house, which is a very gorgeous establishment. I thought he was a bachelor, and was going to give me a drop of whisky and a cigar, when I found myself suddenly in a drawing-room full of his wife and about eight daughters. The surprise was terrific.

'BREVOORT HOUSE, NEW YORK,
Sunday, 12th April '63.

. . . . . .

'Last Sunday in Washington we had a snow-storm, and I was tramping about with my big waterproof overalls. To-day we have *summer*—not spring, but hot *summer*. The transition has upset me, and I am sneezing to knock the walls down. Yesterday we had a great mass meeting in Union Square, called a Sumter Meeting to celebrate the rising of the North after the taking of Sumter by the Confeds. Two years ago yesterday there were six stands, and from each some hoarse patriot was stirring up the people and defying the universe. Tremont, Sigel, and *hoc genus omne* blazed away, but the acoustics of the open air were much against them. While they were talking the Confederates *down* in Union Square, gold went *up* in the city in consequence of news of a repulse at Charleston. Tell papa and who else may care that in my opinion the talk of war between England and America will remain *talk only;* it is not the *interest* of the North to have a war with England. What Europe has taken for granted from the first—*i.e.*, the impossibility of conquering and subjugating the South—has not yet even distantly dawned upon the Northern mind. They are perfectly and almost unanimously convinced of the possibility of success,

and it will take years and years before they will give up trying. No party that advocates anything but war until they shall have recovered every inch of the former Union has the remotest chance of influence or even existence. The ambition to be a mighty nation, equal to or greater than any in Europe, is the idea which holds possession of the Northern mind to the exclusion and disregard of every other. All reverses will be put down to the administration or bad Generals, but nothing will make them give up but utter and hopeless exhaustion. In my opinion the war is only beginning, and will last more years than I dare to think of. This, however, is England's safety, for as a war with England would mean an alliance between the South and England against the North, the latter cannot afford to fight the South *and* England.

'On the other hand, England is so well convinced that the evil of war with the North would immeasurably outweigh any benefit we might derive from opening the Southern ports that I am satisfied England will do all consistent with her honour and dignity to prevent war.

'Hence I believe in endless palaver and angry correspondence between the two countries, but in nothing more. Ernest Clay came on here before me, and left again for Washington yesterday. He was very affable, regretted exceedingly that he had not seen more of me, as they "did not often get such a godsend in Washington," and promised to look us up when he comes to London, &c., &c.'

My father eventually returned home to England firmly convinced of the ultimate victory of the North. I have already recorded how he tried and failed to persuade Charles Dickens of the justice of his views on this point.

THE END.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXXI.—NAPOLEON'S 'GRAIN OF SAND.'

DAYS passed while Jack waited and fretted. The besiegers were now driving mines with furious energy towards the city; one more attack had been hurled against the breach, and had failed. Jack seemed forgotten. One evening, however, he was summoned to General Reynier's tent.

'The Commander-in-Chief,' that officer explained, 'will see you, but there are difficulties in the way of sending you aboard one of the British ships.'

'There ought to be no difficulty. I am not a combatant. I am in your hands as the result of a disaster which entitles me to respect and compassion.'

'But there are complications. The Arabs claim you as their prisoner.'

'And will Frenchmen leave a European and a Christian in the hands of Mohammedan savages?'

'They are not savages. They are our allies. The General must be diplomatic; he cannot afford to offend his allies. He has something to propose to you to-night; and, monsieur,' added Reynier gravely, 'I advise you to fall in with his wishes.'

Jack was strangely puzzled as he walked back to his tent. What could the Commander-in-Chief have to propose to him except his release?

Late that night an orderly summoned Jack to the Commander-in-Chief's tent. Bonaparte was alone, and his face, seen by the light of the flickering lamp, was inscrutable.

'Laurente,' he said, going straight to his purpose, 'you are claimed by the sheikh as his prisoner, and I cannot afford to quarrel with my allies.'

'I did not know the French Commander-in-Chief was so careful of Arab susceptibilities, or that the alliance of Arabs was so necessary to a French army.'

Bonaparte's eyes flashed for a moment; but he went on, 'When we separated in Paris you refused the career I offered you. But you have been flung in my path again. It is fate. The wreck and the Arabs are but its instruments. I will send you in to Acre under a flag of truce, and you can join your countrymen. You can even take these despatches with you,' he said, pointing with a gesture of contempt to a document lying on the table.

Jack began to express his thanks.

But Bonaparte went on, with a raised voice, 'There is one condition. Those fools'—and he jerked his hand angrily in the direction of Acre—'are holding out in hope of relief. I crushed one relieving army at Mount Tabor; now they are expecting another from Rhodes. I have definite and sure intelligence that the scheme is abandoned; the destruction of Abdullah Pasha's army at Mount Tabor has settled that. You must take the news into Acre, and must assure Djezzar, on your honour, of its truth. It will save further waste of blood.'

'Why not send in the news yourself under a flag of truce?'

'They will not believe it; but they will believe it coming from an Englishman, an agent of the Foreign Office.'

'And for that reason I cannot take it. But if I accepted your offer,' Jack added, after a moment's pause, 'what security have you that when I am safely in the lines at Acre I should carry your message? Or, if I carried it, why should I not explain that it was only a trick?'

'I can rely on your word,' said Bonaparte.

'But why should not I lie? Truth and falsehood,

you once told me, are only tools; and a wise man will use either at his convenience.'

'Ah, my poor Laurente, I know you; so I pay you the compliment of trusting you. You have what you call a conscience. It may be stubbornness, it may be honour; but you will keep your word.'

'Perhaps they would believe me in Acre,' said Jack bitterly, 'as I am not French; but the message is a trick, and I shall not carry it.'

Bonaparte looked at him. 'You have learned nothing,' he said, 'and you have missed everything, because you are stupid.'

'At least I have kept my conscience unsoiled.'

'But you pay the price of that luxury in a ragged coat and a ruined career. The Arabs claim you as their property. You will be their slave, and you do not guess how cruel that slavery is. I shall not take you out of their hands except on the terms I named.'

'Then,' said Jack, 'I must remain their slave.'

After the interview with Bonaparte, Jack for a while seemed forgotten. Days of waiting followed, which he might well have found intolerable but for the fierce drama of the siege in progress on every side of him. The fury of conflict at the front ebbed and flowed, but never really ceased. The fighting impulse behind the walls was as fierce as that in front of them, and almost every attack was followed by a counter-attack. The siege lasted sixty days, and when its stern arithmetic was afterwards computed it was found there had been forty attacks and twenty-six sorties, or more than one fierce and general combat for every day of the siege. Jack thus had the opportunity—given to few of his time—of seeing day after day, and at close quarters, how Napoleon's veterans fought.

On May 7 Kléber's division marched in from Mount Tabor. Jack watched the men streaming in, and it seemed to his wondering eyes a mob rather than a division of disciplined troops fresh from a great victory. They came in loose order, with noisy clamour of voices. Their uniforms were ragged and dusty; they were laden with booty. But the men had some at least of the qualities of veterans. Their arms were clean and in perfect order. A touch of pride, not to say boastful swagger, was in their gait, for the wine of victory ran hot in their blood.

Kléber was riding at their head, and his huge stature and lion-like face awoke the shouts of the men from the camp when the swarm of soldiers poured out to meet them.

'*You* can take Acre,' they cried; and certainly to the victors in the great fight at Mount Tabor the task looked simple. The great triangular breach in the stretch of the low gray wall seemed to offer an easy path for daring feet. The tower that flanked it was jagged with shot-wounds. Behind those frail defences were only Turks and British sailors.

In the veins of Kléber's men, like the intoxication of strong wine, was the elation of success, and Jack heard that sound—not often raised in more sober camps—the shout of whole regiments clamouring to be led to the attack. They could do what the brigades of Lannes, of Davoût, of Menou, and of Rimbaud had not done.

Bonaparte was not the captain to waste such a mood in his soldiers. Quickly the word came for the assault. Kléber's men were to be let loose.

They fell swiftly into column; the officers took their places with drawn swords; the grenadiers, with their tall shakos, ran to the front. Almost at a breath the 'mob' became a disciplined force, and in what seemed to Jack's astonished eyes an incredibly brief period of time the attack was launched. He had watched the breach attempted at least half-a-dozen times, and attempted gallantly; but the whip of fire from the ships on either flank and the line of darting musketry flames from above invariably wrecked the assault. The mass of stormers would cling to the lower slopes of the breach. Single figures would break out of it, run upwards to the crest, and shrivel like human chips in the flame of musketry fire. The slope after an hour's conflict would be splashed with blood and thick with the bodies of the fallen dead, but the breach itself would remain unscaled.

This time the attack was weightier and more formidable, and it was driven home with more resolute purpose. The column swept up to the very crown of the breach, unchecked, with one fierce impulse. Jack could see one cluster of stormers after another leap, with muskets lifted high in their hands, down the inner side. 'They win! They win!' went up in shouts from the batteries.

Then a tumult of sound arose inside the walls; there was the sustained and angry crackle of musketry fire; the upward impulse of the column was arrested; there was a struggle on the crest of the breach. Then back—a stream of flying figures, almost as though shot from some great catapult—came the stormers; but where many had leaped down within the walls only few returned. The upward stream had been dense and thick; the returning human current was only a trickle of straggling and flying soldiers.

For many minutes the arrested attack clung to the lower slopes of the breach, while the front seemed constantly to shrivel under the fire from the walls. Kléber stood midway, his huge figure, his fierce gestures, visible from the batteries; then past him, and finally sweeping him away with it, came the backward swirl of the defeated column, a tumult of breathless, furious, defeated men. A dozen times over Jack saw some officer with waving sword lead the men immediately about him a few steps up the breach, but steadily, like the reflux of a wave, the group swung back again. All the madness, the valour, the horror of a stormed breach was visible.

Within easy sight of the conflict was a little rising ground called the Mound of Cœur de Lion;

and on its summit a greater soldier than Richard the Lion-hearted stood and watched the fight. Bonaparte, with folded arms and chin on breast, stared at the scene from that spot, a group of officers behind him. To the left the sea was thick with white sails. It was the Turkish fleet from Rhodes at last in sight; but its sails hung idly, for no breath of wind was stirring. Boats full of soldiers were pulling fast to land. It was a race betwixt the coming boats and the furious stormers on the breach, and the boats won!

Jack was near enough to the group on the mound to see their faces. The little cluster of orderlies and aides behind Bonaparte watched the struggle with fierce gesticulations and loud clamour of passionate speech; but Bonaparte himself stared at the scene in silence, with frowning brow and unmoved face. When the fight at the breach was abandoned, and Kléber's men came streaming back into the camp, Jack saw Bonaparte riding through them. His face was fixed and expressionless. He seemed to look with unseeing eyes at the wild spectacle about him, the broken groups of soldiers—breathless, exhausted, many of them wounded. It was plain that quite another scene was present to his mind. It was a vision of shattered dreams. 'A grain of sand,' he said bitterly at St Helena years afterwards, 'undid all my projects.' And Acre was the grain of desert sand that had stayed the iron car of the great captain. That low wall, rent with more than one breach, had somehow proved a barrier which all his genius and the utmost valour of his soldiers could not cross; and, as Bonaparte rode amongst his defeated soldiers, what rose before his vision was a landscape of wrecked hopes.

After the failure of Kléber's men came a pause of mere exhaustion in the siege. The guns in the batteries spat little jets of flame at the walls, but for three days there was no fresh attack. On the fourth was a new assault of a languid sort; but Bonaparte had shot his last bolt. All through the night which followed Jack heard the roll of wheels, the tramp of feet, go past his tent. Looking out, he saw convoys of wounded, of guns, and stores go streaming through the darkness. There was the same spectacle all the next day. The siege was abandoned, and Jack realised that he had witnessed the first great failure of his old comrade.

Meanwhile, what was to be his own fate? His parole bound him, or he would have attempted to reach Acre. It seemed as if he were forgotten. But at midnight, while the stream of stores and guns was still flowing past his tent, an orderly roused him with the news that Lieutenant Ricord, from General Reynier, required his presence.

The scowl on the lieutenant's brow was darker than ever, the gloom of his long, stern face deeper; his arm was carried in a sling. He had plainly been wounded in the last attack. The old sheikh was by his side, a couple of Arabs behind him.

Lieutenant Ricord curtly explained that the Arabs claimed him as their prisoner, and he was to be surrendered to them. Jack expostulated, but the only answer was the brief phrase, 'By General Reynier's orders.' Jack demanded to see Bonaparte himself, and was sternly told that the Commander-in-Chief had better work to do that night.

'Does he know that I am to be given back like a slave to these Arabs?'

Lieutenant Ricord only shrugged his shoulders in reply. 'Do you withdraw your parole?' he asked.

'Yes,' said Jack fiercely.

The French officer spoke a few words to one of the Arabs, and then turned away without a salute; and in the light of the torches flaming near Jack saw the cruel smile on his grim features. At that moment he felt some one pluck his arm. It was Corporal Lebrun, who without a word thrust a little parcel into his hands, and then disappeared in the darkness with a gesture of farewell. When, later, Jack opened that parcel he found it contained a pistol, with powder-flask and bullets, a useful but somewhat ominous gift.

The old sheikh, having first tied Jack's hands behind his back and fastened his wrists by a rope to the saddle of one of his followers, rode off through the darkness, his prisoner running with stumbling feet beside the camels. A trot of a couple of miles brought them to the camp, and, with his hands still fastened behind his back, Jack sat on the ground till daybreak.

Already he had noted that the Arabs were curiously cheerful, and he guessed it was because they had got their money and their prisoner too. Had Reynier, vexed that his plan for sending the Englishman into Acre with a misleading message had failed, thrust him back into the hands of the Arabs without Bonaparte's knowledge or consent? Jack hoped this was the case, but he never knew.

The next morning the Arabs struck camp and started in what Jack, judging by the sun, saw was a south-eastern course. Drawing a mental plan of the surrounding country as best he could, he guessed their track would strike the head of the Gulf of Suez. He knew that they belonged to Upper Egypt, where all the Beys—as General Baird found afterwards—were in the French interest. The mingled attractions of war and trade had brought this particular band to the Mediterranean coast; and they would, no doubt, have clung to the French as long as they were successful. But they had seen their failure in front of Acre, and, laden with booty, they were now on their way back to their native oasis.

As he realised the vast stretch of country—huge spaces of it mere waterless desert—they must cross, Jack's heart almost sank. But his courage was high. He vowed he would escape at any risk. He looked round on the figures about him. They were true Bedouins, children of the desert, lean, hardy, tireless; but in knowledge, in daring, in energy, he felt that he was their superior. A flame of scorn

kindled in his blood at the thought of being a slave to such a group. Corporal Lebrun's pistol was safely hidden in his dress, and he resolved he would be free or die.

All day long his brain was busy with plans. His chance, he decided, would come in the darkness of the night; but for the first few days the Arabs, passing through a hostile country, were sleeplessly alert, and Jack found he must wait with what patience he could till they were near the head of the Gulf of Suez and on the very fringe of the desert. Then the guard would be less vigilant, and he would make a dash for the sea-coast.

At night as he lay on the sand his thoughts flew across the sea to London. He could see, as if painted on the screen of the darkness, his aunt's kindly features, his uncle's square and lawyer-like brow. But outlasting these was the face of Denise inexpressibly vivid and sweet. What must they think of his disappearance? Did they mourn for him as dead?

Meanwhile, in London, the weeks went by after the *Sylph* had sailed, and in those days of slow communication no anxiety was felt at the absence of any news from the ship. But the weeks grew into months, and still no letters came. Wonder at the absence of any intelligence sharpened into anxiety, an anxiety that quickly grew almost too deep for words. Jack seemed to be swallowed up in some gulf of silence. Robert Lawrence took it all with a philosophy that distressed Denise and made his wife sharp-tongued with vexation. He was scolded into interviewing the officials both of the Admiralty and of the Foreign Office. Instructions were sent to the squadron off the coast of Syria to make special inquiries after the *Sylph*, but all in vain. The ill-fated ship had vanished.

Denise was silent; but, as her aunt complained to her husband, her eyes seemed like interrogation points. She wore the face of one who was always listening for a message that never came.

'She is fretting her heart out,' said Mrs Lawrence. 'She is persuading herself that for whatever disaster has befallen her lover she is to blame. She sent him to the East.' And this was true. Denise was consumed by a grief through which ran the bitterness of remorse.

'Aunt,' she said one day, 'I cannot bear it. I sent him! I sent him! And I feel that if anything has happened to him his blood lies on my conscience. And, oh, I loved him! I know now how much I loved him! And I never told him, but sent him away to some dreadful fate. Why did I set my girl's judgment against his?'

'Nonsense, child,' cried her aunt. 'You did right; and the consequences of doing what is right never broke anybody's heart yet. And, my dear,' she added softly, 'no love is safe against loss.'

'Ah!' said Denise, 'if God had taken him I should have mourned for him, and have gone to my grave unwedded for him. But I should not feel as I feel now that I had sent him to his grave.'

She recalled every look in his face, every tone in his voice, and realised how love for him was woven in every fibre of her nature.

Robert Lawrence was still hopeful. 'Jack,' he said, 'has as many lives as a cat. Paris could not kill him, nor M. Duclos. He survived the September horrors. He is a fellow of endless resource, and will float where ninety-nine men out of every hundred would drown. Behind the mask of his quiet face is as keen a wit as you will find in a human head anywhere. He will turn up again, little one; and if we let you fret your bright eyes dim with idle fears he will never forgive us.'

Mrs Lawrence did her best to persuade Denise to give up her work and come and live with them; but Denise shook her head.

'Work is a medicine, and while I am busy at it I almost forget;' and the smile with which she said this seemed to Mrs Lawrence sadder than any tears could be. But Denise went on, 'I want a new kind of work. The way to make one's own trouble light is to try to lighten the troubles of others. I made that discovery in the Abbaye. I used to forget for a while my own fear and distress when I was nursing the sick child of some poor wife whose husband had gone to the guillotine. I often pass dark and filthy courts, and see in them little children hungry, untaught, and half-naked. If uncle will find the money I will visit one of these courts a couple of afternoons every week, and try to help the poor people there.'

Robert Lawrence, when the plan was explained, first vowed that the scheme was quixotic, and that Denise was a fool to risk her health and waste her time in trying to help the poor wretches in the slums. But he ended by putting all the money Denise needed in her hands, and she plunged into this new work. She undertook it at first as a sort of nepenthe for her own tormented thoughts, but she learned by degrees to act on a loftier motive; and her work reacted on her, giving a new strength to her will, a deeper sweetness to her character, a strange light of pitying serenity to her face. Robert Lawrence watched the change in Denise.

'My dear,' he said to his wife one night, 'what is happening to poor Jack nobody can guess, but Denise is being enriched by all this trouble. If the young fellow does come home and marry her he will have nothing less than a human angel for his wife.'

'All good husbands have that happy experience,' said Mrs Lawrence, 'though they are not always conscious of it.'

(To be continued.)

VAPOUR PRESERVATION OF FOOD.

THE NEW SCIENTIFIC PROCESS AND ITS POSSIBILITIES.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

TO the inhabitants of this country, owing to the extent of our dependence upon foreign sources for the supply of our food-stuffs, especially those of a perishable nature, the transportation and preservation thereof is of vital importance. Meat in varied forms, fish, eggs, and other similar comestibles are now brought to these shores from the most remote quarters of the globe, in a frozen condition; and although the science of refrigeration has been brought to a high standard of perfection, it yet possesses many inherent disadvantages. The article of food has either to be frozen or its temperature reduced to a point approaching zero, and retained in this condition until it reaches its destination. By this means decomposition is arrested; but directly it is placed in the normal atmosphere and commences to thaw the refrigerative effects disappear, and putrefaction at once sets in. It will thus be realised that extreme care must be observed in maintaining the low temperature within the refrigerating chambers during transit, a slight rise in temperature due to the failure of the freezing apparatus or any other cause being sufficient to spoil the cargo. Though fortunately such accidents are not of frequent occurrence, the liability of mechanical ingenuity, like human flesh, to err is ever-existent, and in the event of such a development considerable damage is wrought. Moreover, the process of freezing exercises a destructive effect upon the nutritious qualities and tastes of the articles so treated.

Under these circumstances, for some years past scientific investigation has been directed towards the evolution of a simpler, cheaper, and more effective process for preserving perishable foods for an indefinite period, wherein the disadvantages incidental to refrigeration have been successfully overcome. The greatest success in this direction has been achieved by M. Isidore Hislaire, a scientific chemist of Brussels, and his invention is the outcome of several years' patient investigation. Though he suffered many disappointments in the course of his researches, success at last attended his efforts some two or three years ago, since which time he has devoted his energies to the perfection of his process, so that it may be brought within the reach of one and all, to the humble housewife as readily as to the extensive exporter, to the small kitchen as easily as to the largest vessel afloat.

The process is simplicity itself. The comestible is inserted in an airtight chamber, into which is passed the vapour from a secretly prepared pastille, and the food is immersed in this atmosphere for a certain period. The surface of the edible becomes coated with an invisible film or sheathing, permeating to a slight depth from the surface, of the gas which effectually preserves the article from the oxidisation of the air, and thus arrests putrefaction. On being withdrawn from the chamber the article of food can be exposed to the ordinary atmosphere for almost an indefinite period without any apprehensions concerning its wholesomeness and purity, as the gas-deposit upon the surface does not evaporate until brought into contact with heat. When the edible is placed in the oven or boiled upon the fire the gas is liberated, leaving the article precisely in the same condition as it was before treatment. No traces of the vapour can be detected either by the palate or smell.

The tablets themselves are composed of some ten ingredients. They are white in colour, about the size of a sixpence, and approximately four times as thick. When brought into contact with a temperature of about one hundred and seventy degrees Fahrenheit the pastille dissolves in the form of a transparent vapour, and leaves only the slightest perceptible residue behind. If submitted to an excessive degree of heat the lozenge simply burns or chars away in almost the same manner as sulphur when ignited, without emitting any gas, so that it is only necessary in utilising the system to ascertain that an excessive heat is not employed. The chemical composition of the vapour generated may be best described as the purest form of carbon. Its presence can be easily detected by its peculiarly pungent smell, and when it is inhaled its effect is to produce watering of the eyes and a severe headache. Consequently the possibility of accidental asphyxiation is rendered very remote owing to the ease with which it can be identified.

The process is fundamentally the same whether used in conjunction with the small airtight chamber adaptable to the cottage or the large chamber designed for service on board ship or in stores and capable of accommodating several hundredweight of comestibles at one and the same time. In the first case the plant comprises a small wooden or metal cupboard fitted with an airtight door, and not unlike the ordinary gas cooking-stove in general appearance. At one side in the bottom is a small orifice communicating with a smaller receptacle in which the pastilles are inserted. Beneath this is placed a small spirit-lamp, the heat from which causes the pastille to evaporate, the vapour passing into the cupboard. As the shelves are perforated or made in skeleton form, the gas can disperse equally all over the interior, so that the latter becomes equally charged with the carbon sterilising atmosphere. The articles of food are left within this receptacle for about a quarter of an hour, then withdrawn and

deposited in the ordinary way in the larder or some other suitable accommodation.

For treating food-stuffs in bulk the apparatus is made of steel, and at the side is placed a powerful small rotary fan for withdrawing the air from the interior of the chamber. The pastilles are placed in a small vessel attached to one external surface of the appliance, from which the vapour under the evaporating influence of the heat applied passes into the chamber. When the requisite quantity of gas has been generated the fan is given a few turns, which serves to distribute the vapour well throughout the chamber, so that the articles at the bottom receive as equal a supply as those at the top. After exposure to the carbon for about thirty minutes the articles are withdrawn and stored wherever desired in the outer atmosphere. It will be observed that in order to preserve the comestibles they are not permanently retained in the sterilising atmosphere, but are only submitted to its influence for a certain prescribed period, which varies according to the dimensions and capacity of the appliance used.

To the householder the process affords a complete solution of the problem of keeping perishable foods such as butter, meat, poultry, fish, eggs, and milk for an indefinite period. In summer this is a particularly acute difficulty. With this apparatus, however, no fears regarding such comestibles souring, fermenting, or decomposing need be entertained. After being sterilised they will retain their purity and full flavour for weeks without the slightest deterioration. Moreover, the carbon is an excellent germicide, and meat so treated is immune from the ravages of flies and insects. The refrigerator, or 'ice-box,' as it is more familiarly called, has now become an indispensable part of the culinary equipment of many homes; but the difficulties and expense entailed in its use, such as the purchase of ice, are well known. By the Hislaire system preservation can be effected much more easily and economically than refrigeration, the cost averaging about one penny every time the sterilising apparatus is used.

At first sight it may appear that, the food being impregnated with carbon fumes, traces of such treatment would be recognised when it was eaten. Such, however, is not the case. As the heat generated by the lamp evaporates the pastille, so does that of the oven or boiling water cause the liberation of the fumes forming the protective covering to the food. Consequently, when cooked, the meat, fruit, or vegetable tastes exactly the same as if perfectly fresh; while, in regard to meat and poultry especially, all the improvements secured from prolonged hanging are secured without the slightest trace of deterioration. Moreover, neither the colour nor the appearance is in any way changed.

To those engaged in the export trade of perishable foods the process promises to effect a revolution. It is simpler and easier to carry out than refrigeration, while it is far more effective; also, it is considerably cheaper, the cost averaging only a few shillings per ton. It also enables the reprehensible practice of treating meat with boracic and salicylic acids or other preserving chemicals to be dispensed with. That the process has great possibilities in this connection is evident from the fact that it is already in operation by one or two importing firms in this country, while experiments upon a more elaborate scale are in contemplation in regard to the South American and Australasian oversea meat traffic.

The process is applicable to any system of preservation where refrigeration is at present in vogue. To the bacon and ham importing industry, for instance, it should be especially advantageous, since considerable difficulty and wastage occur in this trade under the existing system. For example, in connection with the foreign exportation of hog-products, powdered borax has to be extensively resorted to. The hams are plentifully treated with the chemical—a preserving medium which has long been deprecated by medical officers of health, and which is now prohibited in connection with other foods—packed in crates or bales with brine, and then stored on board in the cold room. On reaching their destination the products are dusted, washed with tepid water to remove the effects of the salt and borax as far as possible, and then sent to the retail market. The very process of washing with the tepid water proves the undoing of the ham or bacon. It at once propagates putrefaction, which, though slow, is nevertheless sure, as many a purchaser has found to his cost, decomposition invariably setting in around the bone. Such a procedure from a cursory point of view appears reminiscent of the malpractices revealed in a sensational novel published some time ago, which set up a revulsion of feeling in regard to imported food-stuffs; but yet the industry has reverted to the process as being hitherto the only satisfactory one available—a severe handicap, it is true, but one which is now entirely removed by the pastille process. This was conclusively shown in an interesting test recently. A consignment of bacon received from Ireland was selected by a well-known firm of bacon-curers for the purpose of comparative tests. Four sides were sterilised upon the Hislaire system, while a similar batch of four sides was left untreated. They were then returned to Ireland. In a few days the untreated bacon had so deteriorated as to be unfit for consumption, and had to be destroyed. The sterilised sides, on the other hand, were left exposed to the normal atmosphere for thirty-two days, when two sides were again despatched to London for bacteriological and scientific examination. Investigation revealed the fact that the bacon was perfectly pure and edible, and free from the slightest traces of slime or fermentation. They were then smoked, and ten days later cut up and eaten.

As already mentioned, the carbon vapour produced by the evaporation of the pastilles is a powerful germicide, and elaborate experiments have been carried out to determine the effect of the treatment upon bacteria. They were of a most exacting nature, and every facility was provided favourable to the

propagation of the bacilli most vitally concerned in the process of putrefaction. In every case, however, it was ascertained that fifteen minutes' submission to the carbon vapour completely killed all organisms. In the course of these investigations tests were made with the bacilli causing typhoid-fever and cholera, pneumonia, suppuration, and anthrax. One and all succumbed to the vapour. Such a result is highly gratifying, especially in regard to the anthrax bacillus, the spores of which are extremely resistant and are not readily killed by a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid; they were completely killed, however, after fifteen minutes' exposure to the vapour.

Unlike refrigeration, the process exercises no effects upon the digestibility of the food-stuffs treated. This was shown very convincingly with thin slices of the white or albumen of hard-boiled eggs which, after being submitted to the process for fifteen and thirty minutes respectively, were immersed in an artificial gastric juice composed of pepsin and 2 per cent. hydrochloric acid, and maintained at the temperature of the body, together with slices of similar albumen of the same dimensions cut from the same egg to enable comparative results to be made. This showed that sterilisation does not render the food indigestible, since the sterilised and untreated slices were digested in the same length of time.

By means of this process a great deal can be accomplished in ensuring the purity of milk-supply. As is well known, this liquid dietetic is probably the most susceptible to contamination and the growth of harmful organisms. It can, however, be treated as easily as meat or fish. A special type of apparatus is employed, consisting of a cylindrical chamber containing the carbon vapour, with a funnel at the top and a receiver at the bottom. The chamber is first charged with the carbon atmosphere, and then the milk is quickly passed through in the form of a spray, only being in contact with the vapour for the fraction of a second, during which time, however, owing to the magnetic qualities of the milk, sufficient carbon is taken up to render it perfectly sterile. Milk so treated is rendered germ-proof for a prolonged period irrespective of climatic conditions; yet at the same time the proportion of carbon vapour absorbed is so slight—chemical analysis shows about one part of carbon to one hundred thousand parts of milk—as to be tasteless, while at the same time the inner constitution of the milk is in no wise changed.

The process has also proved highly useful in the preservation of eggs. The general practice in regard to this food is to preserve by means of lime or refrigeration. Both processes, however, exercise a deleterious effect upon the edible. On the other hand, submission to the carbon vapour shows that no such results are traceable. The albumen remains perfectly clear, while the yolk retains its original bright colour. The effect of the process is to fill up the pores of the shell and inner skin with an impermeable film, thereby rendering the contents perfectly airtight, in which condition the eggs will remain for several months without suffering any deterioration.

That the invention will be of practical value to other than food-preserving industries pure and simple has been testified by several experiments. It has been adopted for the preservation of furs, since the vapour spells death to the moth and other destructive pests. Similarly, it has been recently adapted to the sterilising of linen in hospitals, and several institutions are adopting the system. In this instance the material is immersed in the vapour for a quarter of an hour, which has been found ample for the destruction of the most virulent germs. Certainly the process is much easier and more expeditious than the fumigating processes generally in vogue for this purpose.

Another ramification of trade in which attempts are to be made to apply the invention is the silk-worm industry. At present the most delicate operation, one requiring skill and care, is the destruction of the chrysalis in the cocoon. It is anticipated that by exposing the cocoons to the action of the carbon atmosphere the chrysalis may be killed without injuring the silken filaments comprising its protective shield in any way.

It will thus be realised that the perfection of this simple process opens up vast possibilities, while its superiority to refrigeration is perfectly apparent. It will dispense with the cumbrous and expensive machinery necessary to maintain the frigid atmosphere in which the articles must be stored, and is simpler and far more economical both from the point of initial outlay and maintenance. Once acquired, the apparatus is everlasting, while the cost of treating the articles of food is practically insignificant, it being possible to preserve some two thousand pounds of meat for two or three shillings. Moreover, there is the additional advantage that the food-stuffs are not changed in any appreciable way by the action of the vapour—colour, taste, and appearance being retained for several weeks.

HIS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER III.—O HATSU SAN.

HIDEO'S marriage took place when he was twenty-three, and before he left for England, in the following year, his mother had the joy of holding a grandson in her arms.

'You may go to England with a peaceful mind now, Hideo,' said his mother. 'You need not be anxious for us; Hatsu and I will be quite happy looking at the baby.'

Hideo took the arrival of his son very calmly, for his whole mind was engrossed with the thought of his coming journey. O Hatsu San, his wife, was secretly rather hurt at his indifference. Most of the young fathers she knew were devoted to their children, and were just as pleased with the little new-comers, though in a somewhat veiled way, as their mothers. Otherwise she had no fault to find with Hideo as a husband. He had been most exemplary in his attentions. On the different national festivals he had always taken her to places of amusement; they had gone to Ueno to view the cherry-blossom, and to Kameido for the wistaria. True, Hideo's mother invariably went with them; it never seemed to occur to any of them that she should not do so. When he went out anywhere with O Hatsu San, Hideo walked in front, while O Hatsu San would be a pace or two behind. It would have distressed O Hatsu San to have done otherwise; she knew that some of the very up-to-date young husbands of the day insisted on their wives walking beside them, but this she looked upon as a sort of affectation.

On one occasion Mr and Mrs Elliot came upon the trio seated in a tea-house among the cherry-trees in Ueno. Hideo was silently smoking a cigar, while his mother and wife were chatting together and looking at the passers-by. When he saw Mr Elliot, Hideo rose with great alacrity and begged him to sit down for a few minutes. This the Elliots willingly did, for they had not seen very much of Hideo since his marriage.

'I think that that marriage is going to turn out all right,' said Mrs Elliot after they had parted again. 'She is a most attractive girl.'

'Yes,' said Mr Elliot, 'she is a sweet-looking girl. The only question is whether he can get through life without falling in love. He is not in love with her—that is quite plain. I had hoped that after marriage, when he got to know her well, he might fall in love with his wife, as many Japanese men do. Did you notice how bored he was looking when we came up? Don't you think that he would enjoy that sort of thing if he ever could have it?' And so saying, Mr Elliot pointed to a group of young tourists in front of them. The girls of the party were talking to the men in the gayest way; they all seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely; they were full of life and spirits and interest in each other and all around them. When Mr Elliot thought of the young couple he had just parted from he had a sensation of pity for Hideo, a feeling that he had not had fair-play, that he had missed youth's brightness.

Mr Elliot, having undertaken to arrange for Hideo's time in England, wrote to a brother on the subject.

'The young man has been a ward of mine for many years,' he wrote. 'His father was an Englishman, his mother Japanese. He wishes to go first to a family to get accustomed to English life. A family with some young people would be best; he would feel less shy with them. Perhaps some college tutor could be found who would read with him, or some one who prepares young men for college. He has been brought up as a Christian.'

Mr Elliot carried his letter to the post. Just as he was about to drop it into the box he paused. 'Dear me!' he said to himself, 'I quite forgot to mention that Hideo is married.' He hesitated for a moment. 'After all, it can't possibly make any difference in the arrangements whether he is married or not. He must tell them all those particulars about himself when he gets there;' and so saying, he dropped the letter into the box.

CHAPTER IV.—BESSIE.

'HOW lazy you do look, Mr Lauder! Do get up and fetch the tennis-racquets! There is just time for a set before tea. And don't forget the balls. And, oh, please bring me my tennis-shoes. You will find them somewhere in the hall.'

The speaker was Bessie Gordon, who lay in a hammock under the trees, where she and Robert Lauder had been spending the summer afternoon. Mrs Gordon was there also, established in her favourite chair, where she had been comfortably napping. The young people both had their books, but most of the time had been spent in snatches of conversation. Bessie, however, now decreed that this state of affairs was to come to an end, and whatever Bessie decreed was obediently carried out. Robert Lauder rose from his chair.

'Tennis-racquets, balls, and tennis-shoes. Anything else?' he inquired.

'No,' laughed Bessie. 'You'll do very well if you bring all those successfully.'

Hideo's Tokyo friends would hardly have believed that Robert Lauder was the same person as Hideo Uchida. The personality of Hideo the Japanese young man had survived all through the voyage. He had been surrounded by Japanese

friends, and it was not till he had been a couple of weeks in England that a subtle change began to take place.

The house in which he had been placed to study for six months before going to Oxford was that of a Mr Gordon, a Devonshire clergyman, who had been in the habit for some years of taking young men to read with him. Walter and Bessie Gordon were a devoted brother and sister, and Robert was admitted to an intimacy unlike anything he had ever dreamt of. He knew numbers of Japanese brothers who were very fond of their sisters, but between Walter and Bessie there was an identity of interests and a companionship which was a revelation to Robert. He was accustomed to women who took the most affectionate interest in all the doings of their mankind. Sweet little O Hatsu San always ran to the door to welcome her husband when he came home; she would sit by his side and gaze admiringly at him while he related his day's experiences. If he had been boating, and could tell of some mild escapade on the Sumida river, she would give little sympathetic shivers and cries of '*Abunae! abunae!*' ('How dangerous! how dangerous!'). It was always a source of mystery to O Hatsu San why men should like to do dangerous things and get hot and dishevelled; but since they did like it, then women's duty was to be at home when their mankind returned, ready to listen sympathetically to whatever they might choose to relate.

Such was not Bessie Gordon's view of life. *She* never gave sympathetic shivers or cries of 'How dangerous!' When some unusually daring adventure was told, Bessie would listen with eager eyes and exclamations of 'What fun!'

In Tokyo, if Hideo Uchida, seated in front of his writing-table, called out, 'Oi, let me have the books that are on the top of the book-shelf,' his wife and mother both looked upon it as the right and proper thing that one of them should jump up and fetch the books. But in England, when Bessie Gordon wanted her tennis-racquet, her shoes, her garden-basket, her Prayer-book, or any one of the dozen things that she was perpetually mislaying, it soon seemed quite natural to Robert Lauder that he should roam round in search of them, while Bessie sat still. O Hatsu San had never dreamt of working her husband in that way; indeed, sweet, gentle little O Hatsu San would have been horrified if she could have seen some of Bessie's ways, and would very likely have condemned her as one of the unsexed creatures held up to the ridicule of the Japanese by the Tokyo comic papers.

During his first days in the Gordons' house Robert Lauder had been amazed at Bessie's tastes and pursuits. She appeared one day clad in a short skirt and thick boots, prepared to go out during a perfect tempest of wind and rain. Mr Gordon expostulated, but Bessie only laughed. 'Dear old dad,' she said, patting him on the head, 'you would like me to sit in the drawing-room and do worsted-work, wouldn't you?' In spite of her short skirt and thick boots, Robert soon saw, however, that Bessie was a most womanly woman. Her views of a woman's duties and those of O Hatsu San were very different; but when there was a call for help during sickness or trouble no one was more helpful than Bessie. When Mrs Gordon had one of her bad headaches it was only Bessie who was allowed into the room; her cool, firm touch seemed to rest the throbbing nerves. When Mr Gordon was despondent over his learned researches it was Bessie who sat with him and coaxed him out to walk, and brought him back with revived courage. Bessie was not strictly pretty, and she had none of the sweet femininity of the Japanese women, but she had an air of radiant well-being and perfect health which made her a very pleasant object to look at; and there were few who could resist the infection of her gay laugh. A succession of young men had been Bessie's devoted admirers and friends. With them all she was willing to be chums, and she was even willing to carry on a certain amount of wholesome flirtation; but if a young fellow threatened to become seriously sentimental, Bessie mocked. None of them had ever touched the romantic chord, which, in spite of her commonsense views of life, was very strong in her. There was nothing romantic about any of these young men. Some were sent to her father because they were stupid and had to be pushed on; some were sent because they were clever, and their parents were ambitious for them. They were clean, vigorous young Englishmen about whom there was no mystery or romance in her eyes.

It was quite different with regard to Robert Lauder. For two winters Bessie had pored over the accounts of the Russo-Japanese war. She was fiercely anti-Russian. Every Japanese victory filled her with enthusiasm. Her imagination was fascinated by the mysterious country which had been considered merely a sort of artistic playground, but which had suddenly stepped forth as a nation of warriors. The men who flung themselves upon the enemy reckless of everything but their country's honour seemed to her to be the embodiment of the heroic age of which she and Walter had been such passionate admirers in their childhood's days. The arrival of Robert Lauder suddenly brought her into personal contact with the nation she had admired from afar. There was nothing in his appearance to disillusion her in any way. He had inherited the tall, well-knit frame of an Englishman; the coal-black hair and somewhat sombre dark eye which came from his Japanese side gave him an air of considerable distinction. Everything about him had the fascination of the unknown, but though Bessie longed to hear about his life in Japan, she was not surprised to find that he was very silent on the subject; she had read in some book on Japan that a Japanese man rarely talks about his home.

Not one of the Gordon household ever imagined

for a moment that Robert Lauder was a married man. Robert, on his part, had not started with any intention of keeping the fact hidden. When he left Japan O Hatsu San had presented him with a photograph of herself in a most elaborate dress, the baby sitting on her knee swathed in endless *kimonos* of marvellous patterns. During the voyage Robert quite often took out this photo and looked at it with affectionate interest. He had been several days in the Gordons' house before he realised that beyond the fact of his mixed parentage they knew hardly anything about him. Shortly after his arrival a lady called on the Gordons, bringing a small baby with her. When Robert took the child in his arms she laughingly remarked on how well he held it. Robert was on the point of saying that he had a son just the same age, but a fit of shyness seized him, and he felt it to be quite impossible for him to make the simple little statement. The longer he put off telling the Gordons about his wife the more difficult it seemed to be to do so. He quieted his conscience by saying that, after all, it could not make any difference to any one whether he were a married man or not; but the sight of O Hatsu San's letters always gave him an uncomfortable sensation, and the elaborate photograph was soon put away in an unused writing-case.

Though Robert had seen something of English ways while in Japan, there was still much for him to wonder at, and many were the discussions held by the young people on behalf of their different views. The Gordons had had quiet lives, full of culture; but there was nothing cosmopolitan about them—they were true-born Britons with a healthy belief in all British customs. They were surprised to find how different was Robert's point of view; and Bessie heard him coolly criticising social customs which she had looked upon as fixed laws of nature no more to be criticised than the sun's methods of rising and setting.

'Why did I have to carry Mrs Carew's cup of tea for her?' demanded Robert one day on their return from a tennis-party. 'I was her guest; in my country the hostess waits upon the guests and not the guest on the hostess.'

'Oh, but surely,' said Bessie in a shocked tone of voice, 'a man ought always to wait upon a lady.'

'So you say,' said Robert; 'and it seems to me that the men here have to be doing things all the time; the English ladies think it all right if they just sit and talk to their guests. I was the guest, but I had to carry about Mrs Carew's tea and cake. In Japan a lady likes to do things for her visitor, and she never thinks whether the visitor is a man or woman. Of course, if Mrs Carew were delicate or old I would carry her tea for her; but she golfs and swims, so she is quite strong enough to carry her own tea.'

'Very well,' pouted Bessie; 'then I won't ask you again to carry anything for me.'

'For you I cannot do enough,' said Robert earnestly, 'and you know it. For am I not learning everything from you? How could I ever do enough for you?'

When a few weeks had passed in England, Robert's life in Japan had become like a dream of some different state of existence; every day brought him to a richer, fuller life, for he had never before known what it was to have stimulating companionship. His Tokyo boy-friends had been too much on his own level; his wife and mother had merely admired him. Walter and Bessie Gordon had a hundred interests and pursuits into which they initiated him with great zest. Their chief delight was boating. Good Mr and Mrs Gordon had a comfortable but quite unfounded belief that no harm could come to Bessie as long as her brother was with her; so they would walk down to the river to see a boating excursion set off, they would watch the quiet progress of the boat down the river, but beyond the bend they rarely troubled to go. They knew, but did not realise, what lay beyond, for the boat had only to go a few miles and then it went over the bar, out to the open sea. Could they but once have seen their darlings, tearing along with sail up before the wind, the boating would soon have been put a stop to; but Walter and Bessie kept their own counsel on the subject. Nothing in his new life excited Robert so much as the afternoons spent in the sailing-boat; it was so different from his boating on the Sumida river at Tokyo. His two companions were both adventuresome, experienced hands with sails. Bessie, with glowing eyes and cheeks flushed by the wind, sat by the rudder, her lithe young body bent forward in her excitement; she looked like the embodiment of some young Norse maiden.

As the boat cut through the water, passing the red cliffs and wooded promontories of Devonshire, the Atlantic breezes that blew on him and the salt spray that dashed in his face seemed to send a new life tingling through Robert's veins.

(To be continued.)

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT AUSTRALIA.

By T. H. SMEATON, M.P., South Australia.

I HAVE just read a chatty little article in the January number of *Chambers's Journal* on 'Australian Railway Travel' which has both pleased and amused me. It is written in such a frank spirit that, even while the story it tells hardly conveys to the reading-world an adequate mental picture of the setting of the facts which are related, the writer must be acquitted of any offence more heinous than that which is so common to globe-trotting historians as a class—namely, that of putting on record the things which, being obvious to himself, are held to be conclusive; but, being unconditioned by facts necessary to give the picture its true perspective, can only result in conveying a faulty impression.

It is not, therefore, a carping or fault-finding spirit which prompts me to submit to the readers of *Chambers's Journal* a review of the subject-matter affected by the article referred to, but rather the desire that they should be made aware of such facts as will enable them to appreciate it at its true value.

I select the following quotation from the article in question as a sort of text on which to base my own: 'Railway travelling is above all things leisurely. Dining-cars were until recently unknown throughout the continent, and the rolling stock soon reveals the glorious confusion of interstate administrations.'

Now, while that is perfectly true in fact, it conveys an impression not altogether complimentary to the people of Australia, as seen from the tourist's point of view; looked at from the Australian standpoint, however, it takes a different appearance. Picture Australia, if you can, thus: an island large enough to contain comfortably within its coasts the continent of Europe, first colonised by white people a little over one hundred years ago; its five mainland states necessarily developing their own individual institutions, and, because of the distance between their earliest settled areas, more removed from each other's influence than are the people of Scotland, England, and Ireland. That is a bald statement of fact. Now then for deduction. Is it surprising that in the pioneering days of these states the things that immediately concerned themselves should be, to the handfuls of people concerned, the most important; or that—in the strenuous fight with conditions which, to be understood, had first to be conquered—each colony should have developed its conveniences, with an entire regard to its own necessities, in a way and with a thoroughness which cannot under the circumstances be said to be wholly selfish? Looking backward from this year of grace, we Australians see much which might have been done by individual states, even in the last half-century or less, to co-ordinate institutions and methods of government to their mutual advantage; but having ourselves taken part in the work, we know how inevitable it was that autonomous states should think first of themselves, and that their development should have been conditioned by their own individual necessities.

It is in the experience of life, which cannot be either gifted or bought, that there is a stage in the evolution of men and nations when the truth is borne in upon them that they cannot live to themselves alone. In that day they learn to weigh up what they have done, and judge of what they might have done to better advantage. The federation of the states marks that stage in the history of Australia, and now we are devoting ourselves to doing those things which appear to be our duty as far as can be done without undue interference with the individuality of states. I make these remarks, which have a general application, but in this case with special reference to the break of gauge in the railways of Australia. We know perfectly well the inconvenience of it to the interstate travellers. We know that it is no pleasure to them to turn out of a comfortable sleeping-berth on a frosty morning at Terowie in South Australia or at Albury in New South Wales, to be transferred bag and baggage to another train, all because of a difference of railway gauge, at which, under such circumstances, we do not blame them for growling. But then, not being globe-trotters, we remember with gratitude the pluck of the pioneers who went out into this country and led the way for railway communication such as it is; and those of us who feel that we have inherited their responsibilities are even now busied with the problem of dealing with the present-day disability which we cannot in honour put to their discredit. We do not forget that, great as this Australia of ours is proving to be, the time is still with us 'the day of small things;' and surely we may be forgiven if we point with justifiable pride to the things which have been done, even while we are improving some and undoing others. Our railway speed may appear to be 'leisurely' even to ourselves; but then we remember that even our 'express' traffic passes through country which we are developing, and that the loss of a few hours on a journey of, say, four hundred miles is the price which we have still to pay for such luxury and convenience as we enjoy. But even this day of 'leisurely' speed is passing away, and the time is not distant when we shall be running our express traffic at something approximating British speed. Recent as was the visit of our kindly critic, we seem to have made certain notable improvements in

our railway conveniences since that event, for we are now running on our interstate lines boudoir and corridor carriages built in the South Australian and Victorian State workshops which are as well built, comfortable, and elegant as anything on the British railways.

There is much which the article in question has suggested that may be of interest to my fellow-readers of *Chambers's Journal*, and which, as an old Glasgow man resident in Australia for the last thirty years, I may be pardoned for placing before them.

Let me say that life in Australia is differently conditioned from that in the homeland. In the latter you are congested in your cities, and even country life, as compared with that of Australia, is cramped and confined. Australian centres of population are far apart; its cities and towns, excepting in the oldest parts of them, are wide-spreading and interspersed with gardens. In all of them there is a general feeling of having plenty of elbow-room, combined with solidity and comfort. Then it is difficult for those who do not know Australia to realise what its farming-country is like. Our farm-holdings run to thousands of acres, just as yours do to hundreds; and, taking that as a basis for computation, it will be seen how much this one fact alone must affect our social, commercial, educational, and religious institutions. A dozen of our South Australian farms would cover one of your counties, and a sheep-run of fifty thousand acres more effectually bars intercourse between settled areas in Australia than does a German principality in Europe between others which adjoin it. This is a country of magnificent distances, and I am sure it will not require any laboured demonstration of mine to prove how proportionally costly, therefore, must be the conveniences and necessities of our complex civilisation. It has been suggested, rather than said, by the writer of the article in question that Government control of these is not so advantageous to the public as would be their operation by private enterprise. Now, that is a fallacy which we have proved for ourselves. The fact is that, were it not that the State owns and controls the machinery of our public services we should still be in the dark ages of national development. Private enterprise takes few risks in the things that are most necessary for nation-building, and it is a thing to be profoundly thankful for that the Australian people have already learned the value of national co-operation in so much that is of mutual importance to them.

The immediate destinies of this island-continent are in the hands of just four millions of people, Settlement has, quite naturally, hugged the coastal fringe of it, yet see what has been done with it even in the comparatively small portion that is occupied! The total trade of Australia for the year 1907 was one hundred and twenty-six million pounds, an advance of ten million five hundred thousand pounds on the previous year, and that again an advance of an almost equal amount on the year 1905! Much is heard in Great Britain of the wonderful progress which Canada shows in her trade records; but I think it is not quite realised how much greater is that of Australia in actual returns, and greater still by comparison. In 1906–7 Australia's trade aggregated one hundred and fourteen million five hundred thousand pounds, while Canada's was fifteen million pounds less; and be it remembered that the population of Australia is four millions as against Canada's six millions! I quote these figures less for purposes of comparison than to illustrate another point which I am sure will be appreciated, and with which I shall conclude. I submit that such a volume of trade is only possible to a live and enterprising people; and I think I am not begging for a consideration which is not due to any people who are similarly hammering out their own destiny when I ask that their institutions should be judged in the light of the difficulties which have had to be confronted and conquered rather than by comparison with those of countries where conditions have all the staid respectability of age and long experience.

'THE OLD ORDER.'

By HAROLD AVERY, Author of *An Arm-Chair Adventurer.*

THUD! thud! thud!

Like the throbbing of a pulse in the warm evening air comes the first sound of the approaching drum, causing my own youthful heart to beat more quickly; while round at the back of the house the shrill voice of a housemaid is heard calling through the scullery window to the cook, 'Look sharp, Martha; they 'm coming!'

The 'they' refers to the Seventeenth Blankshire or Ditchborough Company of Rifle Volunteers, to give them the title they bore on this particular summer evening now more than forty years ago; and they are marching to the field of glory, which on this occasion is *our* field, and I am to sit up for at least an hour later than usual to witness the battle. The captain of the corps, a truly martial figure in his tight-waisted tunic, and shako with its plume of cock's feathers, has just bidden farewell to his family before proceeding to the front; and, though in civil life he happens to be my father, I have watched him climb the iron railings which divide our garden from the battlefield dry-eyed and even jubilant.

The Duke of Wellington's cook, we are told, went about the work of preparing his master's evening meal even before the result of Waterloo had actually been decided; and, with equally sublime confidence in the prowess of our local heroes, we have provided for 'the end of this day's business ere it come' a barrel of beer and unlimited bread and cheese. The stern simplicity of the menu is, I think, intended to be recognised as evidence in itself of the hardihood of which our rank and file are capable when arrayed in their rifle-green; for, at this period, the greater part of them are not of a class accustomed to eat their food with the aid of a pocket-knife.

Thud! thud! thud!

The sound, growing louder every moment, fills my breast with martial ardour; and out through the French windows of the dining-room comes my mother, followed by Aunt Fanny, whom even such monstrosities of fashion as the crinoline and chignon can never make look anything but charming. Just now, wearing that coquettish little 'pork-pie' hat, and with the red, evening sunlight deepening the colour in her soft cheeks, she looks more bewitching than usual; and surely here is an instance where 'none but the brave deserve the fair.' The two ladies follow the path through the shrubbery, and pause when they reach the iron railings of the meadow, having failed to observe the small boy who has taken up a post of observation on a branch above their heads.

'I don't believe you really mean what you say,' murmurs my mother in a low and somewhat reproachful tone; adding after a pause, 'and you are going away to-morrow.'

Aunt Fanny replies with an independent little toss of her head.

'You hurt his feelings by what you said the other night,' continues my mother. 'I could see he thought you meant to be rude.'

'And so I did,' said Aunt Fanny in the most unrepentant tone. 'I am surprised he should come here this evening at all when he knows'——

'My dear, he can't help coming when he's on duty,' interrupts my mother.

'He's very touchy and ill-tempered,' says Aunt Fanny, after a pause devoted to smelling the rose-bud she carries in her hand. 'He behaves just like a spoilt child.'

'He behaves like any man might be expected to when treated as you treated him at supper. You take it for granted that a pretty face is a sufficient excuse for a sharp tongue, Fanny.'

'As I have neither the one nor the other, that remark can't apply to me,' says my aunt demurely.

There is another pause, during which Aunt Fanny's little hand, resting on the iron railing, begins to beat time to the sound of the old quick-step, now becoming louder than ever as the band turns off from the high-road into the lane.

'I know he looks rather a fop,' begins my mother, 'and affects the fashionable drawl in speaking'——

'My dear Julia, I'm sure there is no need for you to apologise to me for Mr Whetherby's personal appearance,' retorts Aunt Fanny in a tone which sounds quite snappish. 'You've never heard me say that he looked at all foppish.'

My mother smiles, and the two ladies move away along the path which borders the railings, while it dawns upon me that the person about whom they have been talking is the dandified corporal, who is really a very fine fellow in spite of his whiskers and eyeglass. During the three weeks of Aunt Fanny's visit he has taken quite a fancy to me, and, having presented me with a miniature rifle which fires real percussion-caps, has come almost every evening since to teach me the manual exercise.

The head of the column debouches through the lower gate into the field; and, descending from my perch, I join my women-folk to watch the martial spectacle which is now presented to our admiring gaze. What gallant fellows they are, the Seventeenth Blankshire, from the dashing sergeant-instructor with the terrible voice and the Crimean medals, to the diminutive and much-envied youth who plays the cymbals in the band! With what steadiness they 'wheel like a gate and march like a wall,' and how warlike is the flash of bristling steel as square is formed and bayonets fixed to receive the baker's horse, which stands gazing over the neighbouring hedge in prick-eared amazement. The effective range of the muzzle-loading Enfield may fall far short of modern weapons, but the charges of black powder produce a most delightful amount of noise and smoke; and every time we think the firing is going to commence, Aunt Fanny is compelled to put her fingers in her ears.

In the course of its evolutions the company halts close to where we are standing, and the order is given to 'stand easy.' The corporal withdraws from the supernumerary rank and approaches us. Raising his hand to his plumed shako, he and the ladies exchange formal greetings, after which my mother engages him in conversation, while my aunt turns to talk to me. Aunt Fanny wishes to know what I would like to be when I am a man. Would I like to be a soldier—that is to say, a *real* soldier?

'Com-pan-y!'

The cautionary command hurries the corporal back to the ranks.

'Fanny, why *do* you say such things?' inquires my mother in a whisper.

'I only asked the child a question,' says Aunt Fanny. 'I suppose I may be allowed to do that, mayn't I?'

And now comes the part to which I have been looking forward all the evening—the sham fight. Joseph Huggins, who, I think, must have something to do with the commissariat department, and whose duties on occasions such as the present are to tap the beer-cask and superintend the supply of bread and cheese—Joseph Huggins, I say, wearing a

forage-cap and big white apron, comes to my side, and explains to me the general idea to be followed in the coming conflict. An invading army (Blue), represented by the Seventeenth Blankshire, under my father's command, is advancing on Polchester (twenty miles distant) from the south-west, but is checked by the appearance in its line of march of an outpost of the defending forces (Red), consisting of eight men under the command of Corporal Whetherby, who have entrenched themselves in our shrubbery with the determination to hold the foe in check at all hazards.

The corporal and his heroic handful disappear amongst the trees and undergrowth; while, far away on the opposite side of the meadow, a half-company extends in skirmishing formation, and the varying width of the intervals not meeting with the approval of the sergeant-instructor, they are ordered to close on the right and do it over again. At length the advance begins, and the bugle gives the welcome signal to open fire.

Pop-pop-pop! comes from the line of kneeling skirmishers, and *bang-bang!* from the shrubbery, these last reports being near enough to make my mother and Aunt Fanny jump, to the great delight of that superior male personage—myself.

The action grows hotter. In the twilight the ruddy flashing of the rifles is almost as delightful to watch as a firework display, and quite as noisy. The white smoke curls upwards amidst the trees in the shrubbery where the corporal and his men are nobly making their stand for 'England, home, and beauty.'

'The left 'alf-company 'll reinforce,' explains Joseph Huggins, speaking loudly in my ear. 'Then it 'll be independent firing, then cease fire, then fix bayonets and charge. Oh, bless you, no! they won't go sticking anybody. Before they get to the rails the bugle 'll sound the 'alt, and then the assemble. Good lor'! what 's that?'

The cause of this exclamation is a curious buzzing sound heard even above the din of the firing, and followed almost immediately by a loud shout from the shrubbery.

'Good lor',' repeats Huggins, a sudden look of alarm appearing on his ruddy face, 'that was a ramrod!'

Before I have time to realise the significance of this remark the firing on both sides ceases, that of the attacking force giving place to a verbal discharge of a still more lurid description on the part of the Crimean veteran, while a member of the defence, appearing at the edge of the bushes, bawls out a sentence, a portion only of which is audible above the general hubbub.

'Mercy on us,' cries Joseph Huggins, 'they 've shot Mr Whetherby!'

He starts off at a run, with me following at his heels; but as we go a light-footed figure speeds past us, and I feel a twinge of mortification at the discovery that Aunt Fanny can run faster than her nephew. She rushes on into the shrubbery, where the reek of powder-smoke is still strong amidst the trees, and suddenly finds herself standing face to face with the corporal, bareheaded, but with his monocle still firmly fixed in his left eye.

'Are—are you hurt?' gasps Aunt Fanny. 'I thought I heard a man say'——

'Oh no, Miss Allerton; pray don't distress yourself. A near shave, though; it went through my shako, and'——

As if to lean against the trunk, Aunt Fanny moves unsteadily towards a tree; she stumbles, and the corporal, springing to her side, offers her his arm.

'Thank you,' she murmurs. 'The smoke is—I shall be better in a minute.'

. . . . . .

According to the rules of the Seventeenth Blankshire, 'Any member making improper use of his sword or other weapon will be temporarily deprived thereof, and will render himself liable to a fine of two shillings and sixpence;' but though the recruit who fired his ramrod into our shrubbery has certainly been guilty of 'improper use' of his rifle, I think the corporal bears him no ill-will, and would be ready to let him off with a caution.

The beer is finished, and the 'fall-in' sounds. Cheers are given for the captain, the corps marches off under the command of the ensign, and the *thud, thud* of the drum dies away in the distance. Mr Whetherby has been invited to remain at our house to supper, though I am not aware of this until, in the deepening dusk, while making a strategic movement to avoid my nurse, who is summoning me to bed, I come suddenly across the corporal and Aunt Fanny sitting very close to each other on the rustic seat beneath the old yew-tree.

'You weren't shot after all,' I remark, in a tone which might almost be thought to suggest a tinge of disappointment.

'No, I wasn't shot,' says he; then, fixing me with his eyeglass, adds solemnly, 'A miss is as good as a mile.'

Aunt Fanny laughs softly, and, giving me a good-night kiss, bids me be a good boy and go to bed, which I accordingly do, wondering in a vague, childish way why the gathering darkness should make her voice sound so low and sweet. The corporal gives me what I appreciate far more than kisses—namely, some percussion-caps for my toy gun, and promises that when I have whiskers I too shall join the volunteers.

Alas! where are they now, the gallant Seventeenth Blankshire of my childhood? Gone the way of muzzle-loading rifles and close formations. A street of modern semi-detached villas has been cut through the centre of their ancient battlefield, and for the large majority their warfare is accomplished. 'The old order changes,' but not so the story to which Aunt Fanny listened on that memorable evening beneath the spreading branches of the ancient yew—the old story which is never pronounced obsolete or considered out of date.

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A FAITHFUL SERVANT OF MARY STUART.

ADAM BLACKWOOD (1539–1613).

By the Hon. Mrs MAXWELL-SCOTT.

THE Royal House of Stuart has perhaps called forth more personal enthusiasm and devotion than any other dynasty; and if, during her lifetime, Mary Stuart had many bitter enemies, she also possessed the most devoted friends and servants. It is to be noted, moreover, that amidst the storms of her reign history shows no record of any of her own intimate friends or members of her household proving unfaithful to her. On the contrary, all who could do so were willing to follow her to the end, and cheerfully shared her imprisonment, while others worked no less zealously for her interests at home or abroad.

Among these faithful followers Adam Blackwood is well known and has a special place, and it may be interesting to gather together the few facts regarding his history which have come down to us.

Adam Blackwood and his brothers Henry and George, all distinguished men, were the children of William Blackwood of Dunfermline, and Ellen, daughter of John Reid of Aikenhead, niece of the illustrious Bishop Robert Reid of the Orkneys. Their paternal grandfather, and the first whose name we find recorded, was a certain John Blackwood, squire to the Duc de Guise, father of the Cardinal d'Amboise, which shows that the family connection with France had already commenced.

Adam was born at or in the neighbourhood of Dunfermline in the year 1539, and when about ten years old lost his father, who died fighting for Scotland at the battle of Pinkie. His mother did not long survive her loss, and Adam and his brothers owed their excellent education to the affectionate care of their uncle, Bishop Reid. This admirable prelate sent the young brothers to the university at Paris, where they all distinguished themselves. Later on Adam studied civil law for two years at Toulouse, thus fitting himself for his future career. It is said that he returned to Scotland during Queen Mary's reign, but owing to the religious difficulties of the time went back to France, which henceforth became his settled home. After the death of his uncle, which occurred suddenly at Dieppe in 1558, when the bishop was on his return journey to Scotland after assisting at Queen Mary's marriage to the Dauphin, the Archbishop of Glasgow, James Beaton, seems to have taken Adam under his special protection. He mentioned him to the young royal couple, and by their recommendation Adam was admitted as member of the Parliament of Poitiers, and was made one of the judges of that court. Poitiers became his home, and he there married Mademoiselle Catherine Courtinier, daughter of the Receiver-General of Finance for Poitou. They had a large family of eleven children, and there are still in our day descendants in the female line who claim Adam as their ancestor. Adam lived to the age of seventy-four, and his long and honourable life seems to have been devoted to the duties of his state and profession, and in a particular manner also to literature. He published several works, of which the best known are his reply to Buchanan's famous book, *De Jure Regni apud Scotos*, and his *Martyre de la Reine d'Ecosse*, published in the year of her death, 1587, in which he writes of '*Ce qui j'ai veu et sceu.*' In 1598 Adam brought out another work, a manual of devotions, dedicated to his venerable friend Archbishop Beaton, at whose suggestion it was compiled. 'The cause of his writing this book was that by reading much at night he had so weakened his eyes as to be unable to distinguish his own children at the distance of two or three yards.' He was, therefore, prevailed upon by his old friend to read less and to 'betake himself to a custom of nocturnal prayer.'

It is very tantalising not to know more of Adam's personal relations with Queen Mary. She made him a Privy Councillor, but at what date we know not; and again we find mention of him in

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a letter of the Queen's to Archbishop Beaton, under date probably of 1576, in which she complains of the slackness in her service of the secretaries of the French Ambassador De Mauvissière; adding, 'If, therefore, you could obtain that I should have a secretary attached for my service [to the same] I should be very glad if Adam Blackwood rather than another could be employed for this' (Labanoff, *Recueil*).

This unfortunately never came about, but we know that Adam made several journeys to England in the Queen's service, and even, we understand, saw her a short time before her death. But here, as so often happens in history, we must mourn the lack of any records which would enable us to assist in spirit at a meeting of such interest. One great service, as we know, Blackwood was enabled to render to his Queen in the erection of the famous epitaph in Peterborough Cathedral, which, if 'it continued not long, but was taken away and cast aside,' seems to have had the honour of being the only public testimonial to Queen Mary's memory attempted by any of her followers in England or Scotland. Great search was made for the author of the epitaph, but happily in vain. It is rather mysterious to find that Blackwood was attached to James VI., and that he should have been a *persona gratâ* with the ungrateful son of his injured mistress; but we find him celebrating the King's accession to the English throne in 1606 by a Latin ode, and previous to this James had made him Receiver of his mother's dowry in Poitou. This we learn from some interesting letters communicated to the *Archives Historiques de Poitou* in 1901 by one of Blackwood's French descendants, M. Pierre Chareyron.*

There are ten letters in all, the first dated Edinburgh, August 1st, 1602, by which James creates Adam his 'true and legitimate Procurator' to gather in the moneys due to Queen Mary, and declares he does so on account of the knowledge he has of his 'probity and fidelity,' and for the praiseworthy report he has had of his long and faithful service to the 'very illustrious Princess Marie of good memory, Queen of Scotland, Dowager of France, Countess of Poitou, our very dear Lady and Mother.'

The appointment was approved by Henry IV. of France—a monarch always favourable to Scotsmen—in the January of the following year. In 1604, however, King James made over all that remained of Queen Mary's French dowry to Lodovic, Duke of Lennox, Earl of Darnley; and the remaining correspondence of Adam Blackwood and his nephew, Jacques Blackwood, with the Duke of Lennox and others regarding business affords little of interest to the biographer.

In 1604 Adam made a journey to London, and was presented to the King, who received him very graciously, and pointed out to him in the royal library a copy of his reply to Buchanan's book, which had been originally dedicated to James as well as to his royal mother.

Adam died at Poitiers in 1613, and was 'most splendidly interred' in the church of St Porcharius. His marble monument bore a long Latin inscription,† but it was unfortunately destroyed at the Revolution. Thirty-one years after his death his works were published in one volume by Gabriel Naudé, together with a panegyric of the author; but, as Monsieur Francisque-Michel observes, this is written in so declamatory a style that it is not easy to discover the distinguishing features of Adam's life and character. We learn, however, from it what our own study of his history also tells us, that Queen Mary's high opinion was merited, and that, in the words of a fellow-countryman of our own day, Adam 'was not only a man of consummate learning and great genius, but is allowed to have also fulfilled in life all the duties of a good man.'

Some years ago the present writer had the pleasure of hearing from the late Lord Dufferin and Ava that he claimed kinship with Adam Blackwood, and she received from the present Marquis a rough chart and two coats of arms, showing that while it is now impossible to trace the exact relationship between Adam and Lord Dufferin's ancestor, John Blackwood (1591), there is little doubt that they belonged to the same family. John Blackwood seems to have emigrated to Ireland in the sixteenth century.‡ Lord Dufferin and Ava possesses a portrait of Adam Blackwood, and also a still more interesting treasure—namely, the autograph manuscript of his *Sanctarum Precationum Proœmnia*, written on the flyleaves at the beginning and end of a *livre d'heures* given to Adam by Queen Mary.

In conclusion, is it possible to hope that some further details of the life of this staunch adherent of the House of Stuart may still be forthcoming? We cannot but trust that there may be documents relating to him hidden away which will eventually bring to us a clearer knowledge of so interesting a personality.

* By the marriage in 1796 of Marie-Thérèse de Blacvod with Philippe Bellin de la Boutaudière.

† See collected works.

‡ Some interesting allusions to Adam and others of his name may be found in Dr Erskine Beveridge's interesting *Bibliography of Works relating to Dunfermline* (Dunfermline, 1901).

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXXII.—IN THE DESERT.

ON the fourth day they struck the real desert, and Jack never forgot the spectacle: the vast, melancholy, empty landscape, as level as the sea and as measureless, but with a deeper loneliness lying on it than even the sea can know; no life of leaping waves, no music of wind-whipped waters, no gleam of leaning sail—a Dead Sea of sand; no shadow of bush or tree; no wing in the sky, not even of that feathered hunger the vulture; so empty of life that Jack felt that the sight of a lizard scurrying in the hot dust would have been welcome; a dead world, and, as he soon realised, above it a sky of fire.

The heat grew so intense towards noon that it was difficult to breathe. The gray floor of the desert seemed to undulate like water in the fiery atmosphere. Even the Arabs suffered. They sat on their camels with bowed heads in melancholy silence, plodding on in the still, unbreathing, intolerable heat. The sky was a flaming bowl above the scorched earth, and Jack felt that he and his companions were like a cluster of insects being grilled.

The sun went down in a sea of bloody colour. Slowly the tints grew faint, the flames died on the rim of the horizon; and at last came the cool night, with its arch of vaulted blackness pricked with stars like spear-points of fire.

Jack thought nothing could exceed the suffering of that first day in the desert, but three days later came a still more terrible experience. A curious grayness seemed to creep over the sky. The slate-coloured landscape narrowed; a hot and strangling mist gathered about them; it was stirred with waves of heated air that presently grew into a breeze, and then beat upon them like a tempest blowing from the open doors of some great furnace. The blown sand driven into their faces pricked them as if they were needles of fire. For hours that dreadful and scorching wind blew. The Arabs halted, covered their heads with blankets, and sat with their backs to the gale. When at last the rush of fiery air ceased, Jack felt as he drew in each breath as though his very lungs were scorched.

Late that afternoon he saw to the west, above the haze that seemed to lie on the surface of the desert, a faint blue, jagged line. He guessed it must be the Sinaitic range, and betwixt it and them was the head of the Gulf of Suez. The time had come when he must make his dash for freedom.

He looked long and steadily at the distant peaks, and tried to adjust the whole landscape to what he remembered of the map so as to know what line to take when darkness fell. He must watch the first stars that rose, and so fix his course. He glanced round on the little band. The Arabs seemed careless and unobservant, and with a quickened pulse Jack saw the hour had come for a supreme effort. He had managed to secrete some dates; he felt Corporal Lebrun's pistol hidden in the folds of his dress; he would steal a camel with its water-bag, and he determined grimly that at the cost of life—his own or others'—he would escape.

Night came slowly. The sun, a ball of red fire, seemed to linger on the horizon; its rays lay like diverging bars of crimson flame on the level sand. Jack watched with impatient eyes for the colours to fade. At last the huge red disc sank below the horizon; the cool night fell on them. The band camped; tents were put up, food taken from the packs for the scanty meal, and fodder spread for the camels; and, sitting apart, Jack watched eagerly for the first star.

But no star came. The figures of the camels and of the Arabs about him seemed to fade. There was a blackness in the very atmosphere that deepened until it shut off all objects. He seemed to himself, somehow, in a cave of impenetrable gloom. The inky gloom pressed upon his very eyes. What strange eclipse was happening? As he sat he heard the crackling of the fire behind him, and turned to look at it, but he could see no fire. He heard sounds—the sounds of voices, of camels feeding, and an occasional laugh—but he could see nothing. He peered in every direction in vain. Were his senses failing him?

Then he began to tremble. The terrible fact crept into his consciousness: he was blind! He knew it without question or doubt. A cry broke from his lips. It seemed to arrest the attention of the Arabs, and he heard the sound of feet in the soft sand about him. The sheikh spoke to him harshly, but Jack made no answer. He stood trembling, with his hands pressed hard on his eyes. Some one plucked his hands away; a rough finger and thumb parted the eyelids and held them apart for a moment. He heard the chatter of eager voices about him, and then a careless laugh. The Arabs moved away, and Jack stood alone. They had detected his blindness, and turned away with a laugh. So hard can men be!

He flung himself down and buried his face in the sand. He did not weep, but his body was shaken with dry, involuntary, convulsive sobs. A blind slave in the pitiless desert, and amongst men whose hearts were as destitute of compassion as the sands across which they rode! Escape henceforth was an idle dream. The darkness about him was a prison stronger than stone walls or iron bars could make. His very soul was shaken with the storm of passion and despair that swept through him.

He lay silent and almost heart-broken while the

desolate hours crept past. It seemed in that dreadful experience as though God had forsaken him, or even was mocking him. Then his thoughts turned in a passion of grief to Denise. He tried to picture her face; but for some time it was as though his imagination as well as his eyes had been scorched into blindness. He could not call up the vision of her face. The disorder of his feelings seemed to paralyse his memory.

Then, in the darkness, obeying some blind, unreasoning impulse, he called to her aloud, 'Denise! Denise! Denise!' An Arab sitting near stepped to his side and stooped over him with a laugh. What was the blind Kaffir saying?

At that very hour, in London, Denise turned in her sleep. She awoke and sat up quickly. Some voice was whispering her name in the darkness about her. Thrice she heard herself called, 'Denise! Denise! Denise!' The sound was faint, far off, as though coming to her across immeasurable distance; but she knew it was the voice of her lover. She sat wide-eyed in the darkness, trembling, listening. From what remote depths of space the voice seemed to come! But the whisper was not repeated, and she broke, she hardly knew why, into passionate weeping. The sadness of that thrice-repeated call seemed to rend her very heart.

Presently the weeping girl rose, slipped on her dressing-gown, and hurried along the passage to her aunt's room and knocked wildly at the door.

'Oh aunt!' she whispered, with streaming eyes and quivering lips, 'Jack is calling me. I heard him. He called my name three times.'

Her aunt looked at the white face, the dilated eyes, of the trembling girl. She was too wise a woman to tell her it was only a dream. Perhaps the story, authenticated by the girl's passion of grief, touched some chord of superstition or of sympathetic imagination in Mrs Lawrence's own breast. With an impulse of wise and pitying motherhood, she took Denise into her arms.

'My dear,' she said, 'I will stay with you for the rest of the night.'

'But, aunt,' said Denise in a trembling voice, 'can we do nothing?'

'Yes, my dear,' she replied with decision, 'we can pray;' and the two women fell at the bedside in silence.

If Jack could have seen the bent heads of the praying women so many thousands of miles away it might have soothed him. Perhaps some mystic sense of the love that was praying for him, or a dim, unconscious trust in the Love to which that prayer was addressed, fell on the poor fellow's spirit as he lay on the sand, for he slept.

(To be continued.)

FARM BUTTER-MAKING.

EVERY one knows that most of our butter comes from abroad. A good deal of it comes from foreign countries; but much of it also is imported from our colonies, and this butter is among the best that is consumed in this country. The excellence of the Australian butter is due to the fostering care and protection of the Government of the Australian Commonwealth. Not a single pound of butter is allowed to leave that country unless its quality has received the approval of the State. This interference of the State with the right of the individual to produce bad butter and to sell it where he likes has given rise to the growth of successful butter-factories in Australia; and, owing to the alertness of the Commonwealth's vigorous 'grandmotherly legislation,' Australian butter has achieved a world-wide reputation.

We have recently been confronted with a remarkable shortage of butter in the market. It was in vain to appeal to the British farmer to make up the supply. Butter-making in English farms has fallen into desuetude. The public have for so long preferred the cheap and nasty products of the bone-factory to that of the dairy; the railway companies have given preferential rates to foreign butter-merchants; and the English Government has so persistently neglected the fostering of the production of farm-produce in this country that the British farmer has given up producing butter on any large scale, and has turned his attention to the sale of milk alone. There are, however, a number of small farmers who, like myself, do not enter into contracts with milk-dealers, and there are other large farmers who are too inconveniently situated by distance from either railway stations or towns to take up a milk-contract. Many of us muddle along as best we can, which means that a number of farms are at present being worked inefficiently, to the loss of both consumers and producers.*

The English farmer suffers not only from the blends of spurious butter introduced by the manufacturers, but also from his own lethargic indifference to co-operation. English dairying has declined so much that the farmer now, as a rule, only produces butter when the grass is growing, and lets his cows dry off when he would have to put his hand into his pocket to feed for milk-production—that is, in the winter; for he is fully alive to the fact that the winter production of butter does

*To show with what assiduity firms who traffic with blended butter ply their trade, I may say that I received the other day this communication from a firm of hide and skin brokers: 'We read your article in the *Daily Mail* of to-day, and we see our way to a combination which may be of mutual interest. Should you be inclined to consider same we will arrange for an interview.'

not pay. Hence in winter there is always a shortage of English butter. He is not going to trouble himself to compete against foreign butter at one shilling and twopence a pound.

Let me give a convincing illustration taken from my own account-books. Here are the receipts and expenditure placed against four cows which were milked from 1st October 1907 to 29th February 1908, only two of the cows, however, being in full profit, the others having calved last spring: RECEIPTS.—Butter, three hundred and twenty-six pounds sold at one shilling and threepence per pound, £20, 7s. 6d.; new milk sold, £6, 6s. 7d.; separated milk (estimated), £2—total, £28, 14s. 1d. EXPENDITURE.—Feeding-stuffs purchased, £7; proportion of man's wages, £14, 8s. 10d.; proportion of rent, £8, 2s. 6d.—total, £29, 11s. 4d. Here, as one can see at a glance, there is a loss. Instead of estimating the amount of hay consumed by the four cows, which would be rather difficult, as there are other heads of stock kept on my farm, I have charged against the four cows the cost of hay-making, based on their proportion of the total number of stock kept, as well as of the rent of the land they proportionately occupy.

Past and present Governments, heedless of anything in the way of agricultural reform—so alluring is the clamour of the vast multitude of margarine-eaters, whose votes count for more than those of the butter-producers—attempt nothing in the way of the reorganisation of our decadent agriculture. Of course I am quite aware of the passing of the Small Holdings Act of 1907. We are told that the gates of the Promised Land have been opened, and that a multitude of land-hungry peasants will fill their own stomachs as well as help to fill those of other people. With infinite patience and drudgery, with a life of endless spade and hoe labour in front of them, this emancipated race of free yeomen may certainly add to the number of the heads of cabbages grown in this country; but I doubt if a single ton of good farm-butter will be placed to our national credit by their individual efforts. Working with less capital, and probably with less experience, the small holder of to-morrow is not likely to achieve greater distinction in the dairy than the farmer of to-day. The co-operative clause in the Act, not being in any sense obligatory, will be as inconclusive in operation as it is weak in construction; and it is indeed probable that a competitive, disunited race of small holders will fall before the enterprise of a united race of foreign producers aided by their State.

Now, in my opinion, the present losses on butter-production in winter, to illustrate which I have given my own personal experience, could be turned into a profit if farmers were backed by an energetic State Department of Agriculture. We know what the Irish Board of Agriculture (under the able administration of Sir Horace Plunkett) has done to revive winter dairying in Ireland by the introduction of co-operative factories and creameries; and the splendid success achieved by the State-aided co-operative factories in Australia is now common knowledge. Why, then, should not the English Board of Agriculture assist in the promotion of a number of butter-factories throughout this country, where the butter could be rigorously supervised by officials, in order that it should maintain a high standard of excellence and uniformity in quality? The cost of production would in this way be cheapened. Collection and distribution could be undertaken by the factory; and by the erection of a large central granary, cow-keepers, by obtaining extra storage facilities, would be able to buy feeding-stuffs co-operatively, and therefore more advantageously. The consumer would benefit by the introduction of these butter-factories as well as the producers. He would have the satisfaction not only of buying good English butter at a price not much, if any, higher than the mysterious blends of butters which are chiefly the product of bone-factories; but he would also feel a sense of security in eating butter produced under the strict supervision of his own State, instead of, as now, eating foreign butter which is often produced and stored under unwholesome and even filthy conditions.

HIS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER V.—THE AWAKENING.

MRS GORDON began to look with some apprehension upon Bessie's absorption in her 'Jap,' as the young people of the neighbourhood teasingly called him; but it was with hesitation that she broached the subject of her disquietude to her husband.

'I have never seen Bessie so keen about helping any one before,' she said. 'I notice that she is always on the outlook to prevent him from making any little social mistake, and he does not seem to care to go anywhere or do anything without her. What should we do if he were to carry her off to Tokyo?'

'Carry her off to Tokyo!' exclaimed Mr Gordon. 'What are you thinking of? It is most extraordinary to me to see how you women let your imaginations run away with you. Pray, has the young man ever intimated to you that he has any such wish?'

'No,' admitted Mrs Gordon reluctantly, 'I can't say that he has; but surely, my dear, even you can see'——

'Can see!' interrupted Mr Gordon testily. 'Of

course I can see. I see what I have seen half-a-dozen times before. All the young fellows fall in love with Bessie, and what harm has it ever done either them or her? No one has ever succeeded in carrying her off as yet, and so why you should suddenly imagine that she is going to be captured and carried off to Tokyo I really can't conceive. I hope that you will put such a wild idea out of your head.'

The male parent is generally quite blind to the danger which the female parent so instinctively scents from afar. Mrs Gordon was silenced but not convinced. She was too wise a woman to say anything to Bessie; she knew that she would probably do harm rather than good, for the modern young woman is very reticent about the feelings of her heart.

The summer days went quickly. For Robert they were all too short. In the morning he studied with Mr Gordon, and the afternoons were filled up with tennis or boating. Everything seemed delightful; people were so kind, the scenery so beautiful, the weather perfection. Bessie once complained of the heat.

'Heat!' said Robert. 'You don't know what that word means. If you were in Tokyo now you would know what heat is; when you rise in the morning there is not a breath of air, and the thinnest cotton *kimono* feels like a flannel blanket about you. That is heat, but you can't call it heat when you have these Devonshire breezes blowing all about you. How is it that no one told me how heavenly the climate is here?'

Robert had never examined into his feelings. He vaguely imagined that it was England that filled him with such content; that this *joie de vivre* was because he had realised his fatherland and come into his own as an Englishman. With the end of the summer came his awakening.

It was in October that a former pupil of Mr Gordon's came to stay for a week at the vicarage. He and Bessie had been great friends, with that wholesome, frank friendship, based not upon sentiment but upon a similarity of tastes, which is possible to the young people of Anglo-Saxon blood. Bessie was not in the least in love with Mr Moore, but when he arrived she certainly transferred her attentions to him. Like every true woman, she was no doubt a bit of a coquette, and she felt anxious to see how Robert would look when he found that he was not the only young man she could boat with and talk to. It was then that Robert woke from his dream.

The garden was a mass of autumn flowers: the nasturtiums and geraniums were a blaze of colour; the mignonette filled the air with its fragrance; the leaves on the trees had turned to rich browns and yellows; but what pleasure did this beauty and fragrance give Robert if Bessie were sitting on the garden-seat laughing over old reminiscences with the newly arrived visitor? Or what pleasure was it to go in the boat in the afternoon when he was of the party? Mr Gordon, in his delightful innocence, hoped that the young men would become good friends; but Mrs Gordon felt troubled.

The intruder into Robert's paradise had not been there for two days before Robert realised the terrible position in which he stood. He was already a married man, but it had become an effort to him to think of Tokyo and his wife; Bessie absorbed all his thought, and it seemed to him as if life without her were a thing not worth having. The night after he had come to the realisation of the depths of his feeling he sat for hours with his arms folded and his head sunk on his breast, in that immovable way which is so impossible to a European but so natural to a Japanese. The next morning he announced that he was going to London on some business. Nothing of Robert's state of mind could be gathered from his face; had he been an Englishman there would almost inevitably have been some indication, either in the eye or in a compressed mouth, to tell of the storm within; but Robert had the Japanese faculty of dropping as it were a shutter in front of his feelings and showing an absolutely impassive face to the world.

Mr Gordon was mildly surprised at his pupil's sudden move, but Mrs Gordon was disturbed. She felt that the young man needed a friend to whom he could unburden himself, but where was such a friend to be found? Outside of their own family there was no one whom he could really call a friend. When Robert announced his intention of going to London, Bessie and Mr Moore had gone out to see some old friends in the village, and before they returned he had started. How little Bessie thought when she came in laughing and jesting with her companion that she was spending her last day of careless youth! Before another day had passed she was to enter into a new phase of being; sorrow and mystery were to penetrate into her hitherto sunny existence. The gay laugh that was the joy of the household was never quite the same again.

CHAPTER VI.—THE STRUGGLE.



On his arrival in London, Robert found a dense fog hanging over the city. It was his first experience of a fog, and the thick, yellow atmosphere filled him with horror; it seemed to him as if he had arrived in some infernal region, where men groped their way about like wandering ghosts. He went to the station hotel, and spent the evening in a chilly bedroom, going over and over in his mind the different courses which lay before him. It appeared to him that there were three lines of conduct for him to consider.

One was to put Bessie out of his life, and to resolve to go back to his wife when his time in England was over; but the very thought of doing so filled him with horror. Supposing that he had

the courage to leave Mr Gordon's house and break off all connection with Bessie, did that mean that he would forget her? No; he knew now that love could come as a great force, and so lay hold on a man's life that he could never again be the same as before. Could he go back to O Hatsu San and act the part of a husband to her? He said to himself that he would rather die than go back to that life which had once seemed so pleasant and natural. How could he live with O Hatsu San caring nothing for her, and conscious that in every fibre of his being he loved Bessie Gordon? He knew now that mysterious force about which the Japanese students were so sceptical, and it made him shudder to think how different were his present feelings from the feelings he had when he married O Hatsu San.

Another course which was open to him was quietly to divorce O Hatsu San, and then set himself to winning Bessie. The Gordons knew nothing of his wife, and they need know nothing of his divorce. That he could divorce her he felt certain; the divorce laws of Japan, though very different from what they were in olden days, still made divorce a very easy matter for any one who had set his heart on it.

Crouching over the fire in his gloomy bedroom, he lost himself in delightful dreams. He saw himself sailing over blue seas, with Bessie at the rudder—Bessie, whose presence always brought him such a sense of content. But after a time he started from his dreams with an overwhelming sense of the hopelessness of his position. A Japanese woman may pardon her husband's unfaithfulness—she may think it the supreme sign of her wifely devotion to do so; but he knew that if Bessie Gordon found out that he had divorced a faithful wife in order to win her he would be for ever despised in her eyes. He would also be despised in his own eyes, for he had been brought up as a Christian, and he knew how strict were the views of the Episcopal Church, to which he belonged, on the subject. He remembered the public excommunication of a man who had put away his wife without cause, and he realised that to put O Hatsu San away would not only fail to bring him nearer to winning Bessie, but would also be a sin against his own moral code.

Whichever of these two courses he pursued he foresaw nothing but misery and dishonour. The Japanese mind recognises but one way of escape from dishonour, so it was inevitable that Robert Lauder should turn for the solution of his difficulties to the third path which lay open before him.

Robert knew that the Christian faith forbade suicide, but generations of his Japanese ancestors had believed in it as the natural way of escape from a distasteful life, and his inherited instinct was stronger than his acquired creed. He had been educated in a Japanese school; he had been taught to look upon a calm and well-reasoned-out suicide as a proof of a highly trained mind. He knew that in olden times every youth of good birth was instructed how to make the cuts that ensured quick death: the one straight, deep cut across the body, and if strength remained a second cut across the throat. He thought of different Japanese heroes who had ended their lives in this way—some because of lost dignity, some for an imagined slight, and some on behalf of great causes.

Had Mr Elliot or any other sympathetic friend been at hand the poor young fellow might have been brought to see things in another light. He might have been brought to see that suicide is practically a running away, and therefore not the resort of the bravest. Japanese and Chinese of past ages may have looked upon it as a right and proper thing, but Christianity has always held that power of endurance is the real test of the strong man. The true hero does not commit suicide. But Robert Lauder had no one to reason with him. Youth always believes that its moods and feelings, loves and hates, will last for ever; and as Robert sat in his lonely room he pictured himself going through life in the same state of acute misery that he was in that night.

It was past midnight when he rose and sat down at a writing-table. He felt a longing to express himself, if only in writing, to some one, and it was to Mr Elliot that he poured out his misery.

In the cold gray of the morning he crept out, mentally and physically exhausted. He hailed a cab, and was driven to a shop where pistols were sold. The shopman looked doubtfully at the haggard young man; but his well-filled purse prevented questions. Within an hour of buying the pistol Robert Lauder had ceased to live.

Gentle little O Hatsu San, playing with her baby and talking to Hideo's mother of his return, little guessed that she was the burden which made his life insupportable, a burden assumed before he had sufficient knowledge of life to realise its capabilities. Had Robert been a purely Japanese man, even when living in England he might have remained faithful to his Japanese ideals of womanhood—gentle, obedient, smiling, the Japanese woman would have satisfied his nature; but Robert Lauder's inheritance of Anglo-Saxon blood had brought with it the possibility of passionate love, a love which came too late for happiness.

CHAPTER VII.—IN AFTER-DAYS.

AT the inquest held on the body of Robert Lauder a verdict of accidental death was passed. His bank-book and well-filled purse showed that he was in no money difficulties; Mr Gordon, who was summoned by telegram, could testify that the young man had seemed to be singularly free of any anxieties or worry; there was nothing among his papers that gave any clue; and it was supposed that he had not understood the handling of firearms, and hence the

accident. The letter that would have explained all was meanwhile lying in the post-office close by, waiting the departure of the mail. It was received a month later by Mr Elliot. A telegram announcing the bare fact of Robert Lauder's death had already been received, but it was not such a terrible shock to the Elliots as was the reading of the agonised letter which told of the struggle which led to the fatal step. Night after night poor Mr Elliot lay awake, going over and over the sad story, and wondering where the blame ought to be laid.

In his letter Robert Lauder made two requests: 'I beg you, dear sir, to become the guardian of my child; a second time this burden is laid upon you. I dare not look forward to his future. The only thought that comforts me is that he is almost purely Japanese; he does not inherit different race-instincts to the extent that I did. I also earnestly entreat that you will never let the Gordons know that I had a wife in Japan. I see now what a mistake my mother made when she arranged my early marriage. But she did it for the best; one cannot blame her. She did what was natural and right for a Japanese woman to do, and had I been a Japanese man I am confident that I should have been happy and content with her choice. Things that would have no particular attraction for a Japanese visiting England took hold of me because of my inherited English blood. It is my inheritance that has brought me into this sorrow; but let me live in the memory of the Gordons as they knew me. Heaven knows that I did not mean to injure them.'

This letter was not shown to Hideo's mother and wife. Mr Elliot, however, could not bring himself to destroy it, and it was kept locked by. One day he was arguing with a young Englishwoman who had announced her intention of marrying a Japanese.

'Well,' she said flippantly, 'I see that you do not approve; neither do some others; but, after all, if *I* choose to marry him and *he* chooses to marry me, that is all that matters; there is no one else really concerned in the affair.'

'Is there not?' said Mr Elliot grimly. 'I think there is; there may be some one much more concerned than either of you.'

'What do you mean?' she asked, open-eyed.

'Your children,' said Mr Elliot, 'who will inherit the natures of both of you. God knows that this world is a complicated and difficult enough place to live in; what right have you to make it more complicated and more difficult for them? Read this.' And, unlocking a drawer, Mr Elliot took out and laid in her hands the last letter of Robert Lauder.

THE END.

'BITS' OF EDINBURGH SIXTY YEARS AGO—AND AFTER.

By Major-General W. TWEEDIE, C.S.I.

IN the early forties of last century, when I was just beginning to apply my eyes to the peepholes of the world, or, as the nursery-maids said, 'turning into a cheeky brat,' it pleased my parents to transfer the family home from Aberdeen to Edinburgh. And thus it happened that one of my very early experiences was that of a sorely troubled night in the depths of a passenger-vessel plying between the Granite City (wherein, as is said, no Jew ever yet contrived to make a living) and Granton pier or Leith harbour. Oh, the rollings and the pitchings, the curmurrings and the convulsions, of that old-fashioned craft! Even now the thought of it makes one feel giddy. Oh, the overcrowding, and the smell of bilge-water, and the incessant swing of the doors in the so-called saloon in which the women and children occupied sofas! At first a hanging lamp served to make the darkness visible. All of a sudden, as I lay intently watching the swing of this not very luminous body, a thing that might have 'frightened the French' happened. A duck in the last stage of desperation, and screeching like a demented parrot, rushed fluttering and flopping into the cabin, with the skipper's cook, a massive and half-naked negro, in hot pursuit. A proper hubbub followed, in the course of which either the man or the bird, coming in contact with the lamp, extinguished it. And then some of the ladies, feeling anything but sure of the gentleman from Ethiopia, raised the cry of 'Murder!' How fast and firm are the impressions received in childhood! After that night's experience, no pictorial illustrations were ever needed in my case to suggest the form and figure of the Evil One. Among the 'bits' of old Edinburgh in waiting on the pier-head, in the form of hackney-coaches to take the passengers over the two or three miles of road which separate 'Auld Reekie' from her ocean fringes, there was much variety of pattern. Of those who know the modern Edinburgh thoroughfares, I wonder how many, or how few, remember the 'minibus,' so called to distinguish it from the omnibus, which it closely resembled, except in being only half the size, hung high on two wheels, and taken by one horse. Much in evidence, also, was the capacious family four-wheeler, with one horse or a pair, according to the occasion—the 'noddy' of Maria Edgeworth's Edinburgh tales, and a veritable 'womb of time,' out of which, when once it began, like the English 'sow' at the siege of Dunbar,* to

* See this story, told in Scott's best manner, in *Tales of a Grandfather*, Chap. xiv.

turn out its contents, an amazing number of inside passengers would issue. With one of these convenient receptacles, built on lines as antiquated as those of Noah's Ark, a certain Finlay, whose own proper cab-stance was many miles distant in the 'Old Town,' stood expectant—a man of sterling, honest metal, with whom, and with his lumbering noddy and its pair of light blood-mares (one of them the winner of a plate at Musselburgh), a lasting friendship was that day established. To the same gaucy old fellow it was reserved, some years later, to give an example of what a grand day's work could be accomplished by the Edinburgh street-cab of our grandfathers' period. By that time five children had to be thought of, the eldest being fully ten years; and one summer, shortly before the opening of the Caledonian Railway, it was agreed upon to spend the vacation at Moffat. Fifty-one miles of hard high-road run, as everybody knows, between the east end of Princes Street, Edinburgh, and the townhead and old toll-bar of Moffat; and this piece of transport was readily undertaken by Finlay and his pair of thoroughbreds. Ah me! what an impressive hero is every Jehu or 'driver' for every healthy-minded youngster! I think I see the ancient of days as he appeared at the comfortable hour of seven on the morning of the journey, his rounded shoulders bent well forward over the rumps of his cattle, and his eyes twinkling and his face shining like a winter apple under the shadow of his shaggy white beaver. I do not recollect a moment's trouble over preliminaries. There was no rumble; but father, mother, and five children, with probably a domestic, found places somewhere. 'Crack went the whip, round went the wheels,' as Cowper says; and before the autumn morning had lost its nippy feeling Romanno Bridge received us. An hour and a half's fishing in the Broughton Burn while the mares were being baited yielded a trout which turned the scale at half-a-pound in the inn kitchen, and in its first ambrosial curdiness would have done no discredit to a Roman banquet of the Augustan epoch. The next halt was at the Crook Inn, a great resort of anglers—a kind of 'Tibbie Shiels' indeed, though never in this life can any one hope to see a second 'Tibbie's.' Here the Tweed, as yet unstained by too much earthy matter, charmed the ear by its soft motion and music; but in the golden noontide radiance only the parr and the minnows were stirring. And after that came Moffat, what time the wreaths of fragrant peat-smoke rising out of the cottage chimneys into the clear blue ether showed the porridge-pot to be boiling. The following day the mares rested in the stables of the Annandale Arms, then presided over by the Cranstoun family; the head of which, a buxom, well-favoured widow—when, with her daughter 'Miss Mary' at her elbow, she took post in the lobby to speed the parting or receive the coming guest—looked every inch the gracious, beaming landlady and hostess of an older period. By the evening of the third day Finlay was back on the College Street stance, Edinburgh.

By way of first shelter in what Scott in one of his happy outbursts called his 'own romantic town,' 'apartments' had been secured in Castle Street; the fine old family houses of which had even then been much cut up into 'flats,' entered from a 'common stair.' Opposite to our windows was Scott's 'poor 39,' where some of his grandest literary work was done. At that time the great master had been barely ten years in his grave at Dryburgh. As yet no tablet marked the 'convenient cabin' which, when his misfortunes were gathering about him like vultures round a wounded lion, he had yielded up to his business creditors. But happily nothing of the kind was needed.

At Whitsunday term a house was taken in the south-eastern angle of George, or George's, Square;* so that all the 'bits' appearing in the sequel will be found connected with that fine old residential quarter, even then thrown into shadow by the Crescents and Terraces, Rows and Places, of the 'New Town,' but continuing, nevertheless, as it does to this day indeed, with all its air of faded greatness and comparative isolation, to present most of the substantial advantages which, at the time when the city on the ridge first began to turn impatient of its pristine boundaries, had attracted to its smaller and greater mansions the *élite* of the 'auld Scottish nation.' With all this, however, I cannot at the moment remember more than one house with a claim to be called historic, and that was No. 5, the town mansion of the Camperdown family; to whose distinguished founder belonged the glory of bringing in the Trafalgar epoch, when, on the 11th of October 1787, he administered the soundest drubbing to a Dutch fleet, under Vice-Admiral De Winter, off the islands of Egmont and Camperdown. Interesting and even classic houses the Square could boast of; such as No. 25, the home of Scott's parents, in which the lame boy, though born in another part of the same district, collected his first closetful of books and knick-knacks; but Scott himself would have been the last to mix up associations of this sort with those that cluster round heroic actions—witness the tremors which he, the crowned monarch of the realm of romance and poesy, always experienced in the presence of the illustrious warrior whose victory at Waterloo settled the fate of Europe. Adam, first Lord Viscount Duncan of Camperdown, having died in 1804, the George's Square house, when I came to know it, was held on lease by a schoolmaster, who for a number of years turned

* Scott, in an autobiographical fragment (1808), published (1837) in the *Life and Memoirs*, &c., by Lockhart (vol. i. pp. 1–60), writes 'George's Square,' and Lockhart follows suit. When last in Edinburgh I noticed 'George' and 'George's' Square inscribed side by side on the Square corners; and in a paper relating, as this does, to the olden time, the older form seems the more appropriate.

it to good account as the 'Southern Academy,' a day-school for boys only, and, in fact, a kind of compromise between maternal affection and the dire necessity of sending 'the boys' *somewhere;* the 'High School' having by that time been transplanted from its place in the 'Old Town' to the remoter situation on the Calton Hill, where it still bears witness to its architect's genius and sense of beauty. Among the Southern Academy undermasters—to each of whom in his own department was committed the power of pit and gallows, taws and cane—there were several capital teachers, notably a Mr Redpath, on whom the boys had conferred an unquotable nickname, designed to indicate not so much his excellence as an expounder of Latin authors as the snellness and uncertainty of his temper. According to the set of 'Red ——'s' features at the moment of his entering his class-room in the morning the fortunes of the day within his little kingdom were predicable. One thing he effectually accomplished, and that was the final suppression of certain rude pieces of horse-play which broke out occasionally between the tailor-dressed boys of the 'Academy' and the hardy loons in nondescript garments, whose homes lay thick in the adjoining districts. Scott's references to these street skirmishes, or 'bickers,' must be familiar to many. 'Red ——,' whose information was excellent, picked out a set of culprits, and before ever a piece of raw beef could be applied to their closed-up optics, proceeded to belabour them soundly. Ah, well! rose-water surgery never yet cured a deeply seated ulcer. Instead of fronting, like all the other houses in the Square, towards the central gardens, No. 5 had been set down endways, with the principal entrance opening on an ample courtyard. This space, no longer needed for the sedans of 'ladies of quality' on rout-nights, formed in my day the 'Academy' playground. The reason of Camperdown House being so much dwelt upon is that no trace of it in its original form is now remaining. Mansion and quadrangle have long ago been absorbed together into a massive edifice connected with a city foundation for the education of young women. The well-detached stables, having their open-air riding-school in what was then 'Park Place,' have in the same manner been included in the site of new University buildings.

And now it is time to pass from the George's Square houses to their occupants. *Place aux dames.* In the south-western angle of the Square, in one of eight or ten distinguished-looking houses, there lived the widow of the second and last Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, the 'very sweet and pretty Mistress Anne Page' of her fond father-in-law's correspondence.* Old associations do not, however, yield up the ground all at once to new ones. One of Lady Scott's near neighbours was a warrior fresh from Lord Gough's Indian battles; and what his thoughts always seemed to run on in connection with the house in question was not the Waverley Novels, but the oceans of claret which at a much earlier period he had seen going over in its dining-room—realising Christopher North's ideal, when Hogg, on a night of thirst unquenchable, called out to 'Tibbie' to 'bring ben the loch'—that is, St Mary's—to be made into toddy!† In our part of the Square, even in the forties, the inexorable 'flat' had fastened on the corner houses; and in the small and compact dwellings thus provided there was to be found a considerable sprinkling of antique Scottish dowagers and spinsters—'rags of gentility,' as one of the pew-openers in the parish kirk, a certain Mrs Ambrose, called them, from their connection generally with the laird class. In No. 46 there lived and died—the shortest-lived reaching seventy-eight years and the last survivor ninety-five years—no fewer than six unmarried sisters belonging to this category;‡ the *dulce decus et presidium* of nephews and nieces, grand-nephews and grand-nieces, innumerable, and the delight of a circle as wide at least as Scotland. Of a different but equally interesting type—more French, indeed, than Scottish—was a dame of ancient lineage who lived a few doors off, bearing a name not unknown to Froissart, but standing alone in the Edinburgh Directory—a name which the boys of the vicinity, being as wanting in reverence as the sparrows, and suspecting or affecting to suspect the owner of it of practising in secret the arts of witchcraft, shortened unceremoniously into 'Strunkie.' And was there not close by one of the Wauchopes of Niddrie-Marischal, grand-aunt, presumably, of the hero who so recently died for his country in South Africa? I do not know how the pleasure-grounds in the centre of the Square were administered; but if through a committee, then must Miss Wauchope have been president, members, and secretary rolled into one, for she ruled that dour man the gardener as if she had been his grandmother, and, moving about in short skirts and the stoutest of footgear, shook her spiked staff at evil-doers. Most piquant of all, perhaps, were the Misses —— of ——, whose house was No —. To hear these patrician ladies using at their tea-table, of course without a trace of 'vulgarity,' that grand Doric speech and accent which is imbued and seasoned with all our strongest characteristics and all our tenderest associations was enough to make any one imagine that the hand of Time's clock had travelled backward into the eighteenth or last distinctively Scottish century. I am not even sure that when they would condemn a thing they did not damn or 'daumn' it, without a thought of harm. Peace be with them! They

* *Memoirs of the Life of Sir W. Scott*, by Lockhart, vol. vi. p. 3.

† *Noctes Ambrosianæ; or, Nights at Ambrose's:* contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* between 1822 and 1835.

‡ See in *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. clxii. pp. 691-698, 'At the Coronation of George IV.,' being a letter from Miss Robertson of 46 George's Square, Edinburgh, to her mother.

are gone, and we shall never see the like of them. The last of these Scottish ladies of the olden time who can here be mentioned lived in No. 15—the house in which there died so far back as 1786 that Lady Glenorchy whose zeal for erecting and endowing churches made her in her way the Scottish Lady Huntingdon.

A story is told of an exalted personage who, on meeting his sartorial adviser at a *fête champêtre* the invitations to which were unusually numerous, asked him what he thought of it, and on receiving for answer, 'Rather mixed, your Royal Highness,' was graciously pleased to make the observation, 'Surely, Mr ——, you did not expect them all to be tailors!' And in the same manner it was not possible even in the forties for all the George's Square householders to be of the 'upper,' or even of the uppish, classes. A very few were 'county gentlemen' who still retained the paternal town-house, and occupied it in the short Edinburgh 'season.' There was also a goodly number of veterans who had had their innings—notably Scott's devoted aide-de-camp, Sir Adam Fergusson—and who were waiting pathetically for the boatman whose call there is no resisting. Here and there a merchant lived in the house in which his father, and perhaps his grandfather, had lived before him. One such in particular, without being a 'merchant prince' in the modern acceptation, admirably continued the tradition connecting so many well-established Scottish families with commerce in its shopkeeping form. This fine survivor had his shop in the High Street, under the shadow of St Giles'. One of the staples in which he dealt was West of England broadcloths; and among the older citizens it was still the custom, when there was need for a new suit, to go to a shop like his, buy a piece off the web, have a tailor fetched out of an adjoining 'land'* or 'garret,' and entrust him with the material, all as described in Galt's novels, and later by 'Delta'† in *Mansie Waugh*. He who had seen Mr Thomas Clapperton—for why keep back so good a name?—step out of his house in George's Square on a Saturday afternoon, equipped for a ride into the country, the while that his hack was being led up and down before the door, had seen a type of 'merchant' recalling George Heriot and the reign of the 'Scottish Solomon.' I wonder how many future cavalry officers and mighty hunters owed their very first taste of horsemanship to that sleek brown gelding of his, when lifted for a few golden minutes into the saddle by the kindly old gentleman. After all, however, it was the ministers, the Writers to H.M.'s Signet—that is, attorneys—and the doctors who at the time of which I am speaking filled up the George's Square houses. One of our Sunday relaxations as children, I remember, was in the winter months to leave the window-blind undrawn so that we might see the minister of the Tolbooth parish brought to his door in proper style by a certain Lady Honeyman, the horses in whose great chariot were loaded with silver-mounted harness resplendent in the lamplight, and were put to *à la* postillion. As for the lawyers, some of them were lairds as well, and 'wherefore no?' Land, they tell us, is 'proud property'—that is, so many burdens are laid on it that but little is left to the proprietor beyond the pride of ownership. Nevertheless, it is not unnoticed that every Scot makes for it the moment he gets his head above water; and it would be poor fun for a 'man of business' to deal in land estates all his lifetime without ever a chance occurring of a portion passing into his own possession, always, of course, through the recognised methods of 'conveyancing.' The 'doctors,' again, were all of the general practitioner, family physician, and more or less gold-headed cane school. Unknown to their philosophy was the present-day system under which a man who has 'specialised' in surgery, if a drug be so much as mentioned, says that he thinks he heard of it in his student days, but that if a prescription be wanted, a visit (and a fee) to his next-door neighbour will be necessary. The Edinburgh 'Joe Mantons' of the forties were all of them double-barrelled fellows. When they chanced to miss with their pills and potions they always had their lancets and their cupping-glasses, not to mention heavier artillery, to fall back on. The only very eminent member of the Faculty who lived in George's Square, so far as my memory serves, was that John Goodsir who, as a savant and man of science, helped in his day and generation to prepare the way for Darwin and for Huxley; but as holder of the Anatomy chair in the University, Goodsir saw no patients save those whose ills and pains were ended. By the *canaille* of the neighbourhood the man whose house bristled with gruesome things that ought to have been buried was regarded as a kind of ghoul; and one day a mob of gamins sent a volley of missiles through his windows. The Anatomy Act, opening up lawful channels for the supply of dead bodies to dissecting-rooms, was as yet comparatively recent. Nursery-maids still frightened children with the story of the West Port murders. And when it was observed that the Professor of Anatomy, in his zeal for every branch of Natural History, kept a pair of eagles in an outhouse, it passed from mouth to mouth that the birds were fed on relics of mortality fetched from the College dissecting-rooms. Oh, swinish multitude, how consistently through the ages hast thou stoned the prophets and obstructed the avenues of knowledge!

I hardly like to lay down the pen without a word of reference to the canine population. For one house-dog that is domiciled in the Square nowadays I should not wonder if five could have been counted in the forties. The appearance in 1815 of *Guy*

* Mr Burton's description of these old Edinburgh 'lands' is: 'Edifices, some of them ten or twelve storeys high, in which the citizens of Edinburgh made staircases supply the place of streets, and erected perpendicular thoroughfares.'

† David Macbeth Moir, Musselburgh (1798-1851), physician, writer of graceful verses, humorist.

Mannering—second in point of date of the 'Waverley' series—had caused a perfect furor for the 'Dandie Dinmont' or 'Pepper and Mustard' breed of terriers. The neighbours fell into the habit of calling every Dandie after its owner, as 'Dandie Fergusson,' 'Dandie Leburn,' and so on, just as in great houses servants address each other by their masters' titles. Now, the curious thing here is that although there existed, of course, a general resemblance among the George's Square 'Dandies,' nobody could have said of any two of them that they hailed from the same country-side or owned in any strict sense a common origin.

Some of the George's Square 'Dandies' of long ago suggested to one lion-apes, with the mane well developed; others there were which, being more poodle than terrier, were fairly open to the sarcasms of 'Wullie' Carlyle—a Roxburgh man—of the Lothian Road canine repository, according to whom there 'wasna a drap o' Dandie blood in their whole composeetion!' But not to waste words on mere 'kennawhats' and nondescripts, was not the presumption reasonable that at least Sir Adam Fergusson's 'handwaled' and favourite 'Dandie' was an authentic chip of the old block left by Davidson only about two canine generations previously? But was he? Of course there is no one living now who can answer this question. During several years I constantly saw the little fellow not only in the flesh, as he followed his truly venerable master in his walks under the trees of the 'Meadows,' where so many of the Scottish *illuminati* had walked in their day before him, but also as introduced into a picture of the George's Square ingle-neuk, with Sir Adam and Lady Fergusson seated in it, which was shown in the Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition; but it is merely for the sake of drawing on a little further 'Dandie' talk that he is here mentioned. Come up, then, Mr 'Dandie,' and be looked at! First of all, you are plainly on the small side, weighing but twelve pounds or thereabouts, and therefore just the size for the 'sports' described in Chapters xxv. and xxvi. of *Guy Mannering*. And then your coat, resembling in colour that of the stuffed lion in Dickson the gunmaker's shop in Princes Street, is spare and hard and birsy, without any of that 'pily' or 'pencilled' character which 'fanciers' prize so highly; though what the good of it is to a terrier when at work in a cairn or a fox-earth is another matter. In point of general aspect, who would put you down as 'sib' to the 'Dandies' of which it is written, in a letter quoted by Dr John Brown in one of his charming essays in *Horæ Subsecivæ*,* that 'among common dogs they were something like the Black Dwarf among men, long-bodied animals, with strong, short legs, wiry-haired, and at the first look not unlike a low four-footed stool such as I have seen in homes in the south of Scotland forty years ago.' No more do you resemble a four-footed stool than any other piece of furniture, although I have seen very long ago, in the cottage of Paul Scott of Jedburgh, 'Dandies' to which the foregoing description certainly was applicable. On the contrary, you are rough and ready, upstanding, workman-like, with only a moderately long body and the step of a Highland piper. Just as little, it must be added, do you conform to the model of any of the fashionably bred 'Dandies' whose portraits figure in 'Stonehenge's' books on the dog, and in Mr Charles Cook's monograph on the 'Dandie Dinmont' terrier; your ears, for one thing, being neither 'large' nor 'pendulous,' but erect, or erectile, at the base, with small and delicate tips that fall over. Last, but not least, there is not a feature of you that suggests the dachshund or any other 'hound' whatsoever. From the end of the snout to the tip of the tail you are full of truest terrier 'character.' It is rather remarkable that in the course of half a century, while innumerable 'Dandies,' ever so much higher in the scale of breeding than you are have passed before me, I have never chanced to come across one that exactly recalled your image. And now, little friend, you have leave to go back again to the shadowy realm.

'Tis a strange world' we live in, and of this the cynic will perhaps see an indication in the circumstance of so great a body of literature—much of it controversial—having gathered round the 'Auld Pepper and Auld Mustard, and Young Pepper and Young Mustard, and Little Pepper and Little Mustard' of a novel.† This is a matter of opinion. But unmistakable at least are the evidences thus afforded of the deep and lasting impressions created by every jot and tittle of Scott's work and writings; while at the same time the common inclination to try to see farther into the millstone than the nature of a millstone will permit is perhaps illustrated.

* The writer of the letter quoted was Mr Robert White, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in his day a noted Border antiquary and virtuoso; and it was at 'Ned' Dunn's of the Whitelee, at the head of Redesdale, that he noticed the dogs mentioned by him. *Vide* 'Our Dogs,' in one of the several series of *Horæ Subsecivæ*, 1862 edition, at p. 206.

† Vide *Guy Mannering*, Chap. xxii.

THE FARÖE ISLANDS.

THE CRADLE OF SEA-KINGS.

By A. Clarke Little.

HE who would for a while flee the madding crowd and seek in a remote corner of Europe that change of scene and rest which the annual Continental scramble knows not might with advantage visit the Faröe Islands. Though remote and little heard of nowadays, these islands have in the past played an important part in the world's history. Not inaptly have they been described as 'the hinge of the door which opened America to the world.'

The permanent settlement of the islands dates from the year 874, when the Viking Floke, resenting the tyrannous rule of King Harald, who aimed at a united Norway in which family feuds should cease, sailed west. In such time as wind and weather permitted, Floke arrived at the nameless group of islands, of which he had probably heard, and took possession. He was not the discoverer of the islands. Flocks of sheep running wild pointed to a pirate of an earlier date who had thus provided for a rainy day. From these sheep the islands took their name—*faer* being old Norse for sheep, and *öe* standing for island.

To judge from the *sagas* sung in the islands to this day, and the many silver-mounted skulls still treasured as priceless heirlooms, the islands were run on the forbidden lines sacred to Norse chivalry. Malcontents forsook their native fjords, harassed with restrictive legislation, and sought the freedom of the Faröes.

Amongst the disaffected was one Nadoddr, who was so far blown out of his course in attempting to reach the Faröes that he discovered Iceland. His report of the country was such that by the twelfth century it had a population of one hundred thousand—descendants of Norse sea-kings. From Iceland, in the year 980, the island of Jan Mayen was discovered.

Erick the Red, under sentence of banishment from Iceland, determined to make the newly discovered island his home. Blown from his course, he discovered land to the west, which, because of its barren, inhospitable aspect, he named Greenland. Returning to Iceland, Erick led an expedition of twenty-five ships to take possession of the land which he claimed. Here, for the first time since wandering from their native fjords, the Norsemen encountered armed opposition. East and West met in conflict. The Esquimaux disputed his possession. In spite of Esquimaux, and a climate which must surely have become more rigorous within historic times, the Greenland colonies flourished for four centuries, and a regular trade was established with Norway, which continued till the year 1406, when for some reason—probably an attempt to bring them under Swedish rule—the Greenland colonies were abandoned.

In the year 1001 Bjorne Herjulfsson, an Icelander, fired with glowing accounts of Greenland prosperity, set out for the land of promise. Sharing the fate, or good fortune, of many an early voyager, he too was blown from his course and became the discoverer of America. From his description of the country south-west of Greenland, it is supposed that he landed at the part now called Nova Scotia.

The fact of his having failed to reach the land for which he started had more weight with Herjulfsson than the discovery of the New World five hundred years before Columbus. The story of his discovery, told on his arrival in Greenland, sent other adventurers still farther west. Leifr Erickson, with an expedition of thirty-five men, landed on the coast of Labrador. Leaving that inhospitable coast, he sailed south and discovered an island, probably Newfoundland. This he named Vinland, because of the small berries resembling grapes which grew there. Erickson's description, it has been urged, might apply equally to Nova Scotia. One observation, however, made by its discoverer should serve to identify Newfoundland with Vinland. In his account of the island, still current amongst Faröean *sagas*, he gave the length of the shortest day at the southernmost point reached at eight hours. The latitude of Newfoundland—fifty degrees north approximately, which is about the same as that of the south coast of England—enjoys a similar amount of sunshine on the shortest day of the year. Nova Scotia—which, by the way, is not an island—lies four or five degrees farther south, and has a shortest day of nine hours.

In the year 1002 Thorvald Erickson, son of Leifr, started to explore the interior of Vinland, but was killed by *skraelings*—a word which in the Norse language stands for little men—probably Esquimaux. The inhabitants of Greenland are so named in the *saga*.

In 1007 Thorfinn Karlsefne is said to have founded a colony in the New World, and traded with the natives for furs. The following translation of a Norse inscription found upon a rock at Dighton, Massachusetts (U.S.A.), apparently confirms the hearsay of the ancient *saga*: 'With one hundred and fifty-one Norsemen, Thorfinn took possession of this country.'

Why and at what period the Vinland colonies, which appear to have stretched as far south as the neighbourhood of Boston, were abandoned is uncertain. Trade between them and Norway *viâ* Greenland, Iceland, and the Faröe Islands continued till well into the fifteenth century.

But in our glimpse of the New World previous

to its official discovery we are losing sight of the hinge on which the door turned which threw it open to the Old World. In his voyage to the Faröe Islands in 1477, Christopher Columbus collected so much indisputable evidence of the existence of a western continent that he prevailed upon the Portuguese merchant-adventurers of his day to fit out the expedition with which he won the credit of discovering a New World.

To visit the sons of the sea-kings who knew America whilst Saxons ruled in England we must to Leith about the middle of any summer month. There we board the Danish steamer, just in from Copenhagen, *en route* for Iceland. Early next morning moorings are cast off and the three days' voyage to the Faröes begins.

The green coast of Fifeshire on the one hand, the fair city of Edinburgh still sleeping under the shadow of Arthur's Seat on the other, and the dancing waters of the Firth of Forth sparkling under the early morning sun will more than compensate for a short night's rest, if indeed the overhead commotion of getting under way has not already curtailed it.

Leaving May Island astern, we take a northward course past the Bell Rock at the mouth of the Tay.

As evening approaches, with Buchan Ness astern, the full force of the Atlantic, as it pours through the narrow Pentland Firth, varies the monotony of a so far uneventful voyage.

Fair Island, midway between the Orkneys and the Shetlands, is passed in the night, and for two days we speed north, the centre of a heaving circle of green sea.

Late in the evening of our third day out, shouts of 'Land!' turn our eyes northward. Far away, bathed in the golden light of the sinking sun, midway between them, rise two mountain peaks. These are the mountains of Suderö, the southernmost of the Faröes. The smaller and uninhabited island of Munken, which was farther south, disappeared in a storm on 7th November 1885.

There are twenty-six islands in the group, which constitutes a flourishing Danish colony. Half of these support a population of fourteen thousand; the other half, uninhabited, grass-topped rocks, are mostly turned to profitable account as grazing ground for sheep.

Strange and full of wonder is the scene which meets our eye as we step on deck next morning. Our ship no longer ploughs the lonely deep, but lies at anchor in a large, landlocked bay, girt with rugged hills and as calm as a mill-pond. Time seems to have gone back a thousand years, and we gaze upon a living picture of the past, the only modern thing about it our steamer. The small boats that swarm about us are built upon the lines of the Viking's ship, with high-pointed stem and stern. The rowers sit two on a seat, their clumsy, narrow-bladed oars lashed to the side with thongs of whale-hide. These men remind us forcibly of the ancient Norseman as he has been depicted—ruddy, with curly, flaxen hair and beard. The coat of rough homespun, sometimes blue but more often brown, which is the natural colour of Faröe wool; breeches fastened at the knee with brass buttons; a red-and-blue striped cap, the top of which flops on one side; and the fishing-knife invariably worn at the waist, give to the islander a jaunty, piratical appearance much at variance with his peaceful occupation and gentle manner.

The islander has a dialect of his own, in which are many words found in the English language; but it is essentially a modification of the language of the ancient Norseman. He understands English, and speaks it too. Anxious to do the honours of his island, he will offer to row you ashore in his semi-waterlogged and fishy craft.

The village which straggles around the bay of Suderö consists of some fifty houses. The best of these are of wood, imported—for not a tree grows on the islands from which a plank can be cut—and built upon small piles of stones. The smaller houses are mere one-roomed turf-cabins, innocent of chimney or window. The smoke from the peat-fire that burns in a corner of the sunken earth-floor escapes through the door or remains inside. The sloping pine-bark roofs of the better houses are turfed to prevent their blowing away, and on them the native sheep may often be seen grazing.

Evidence of the fishing industry, the most important in the islands, is on all sides. The fish, mostly cod are taken with the hand-line on the adjacent banks. Payment is by weight and size: two öre per pound being paid for small fish (under eighteen inches in length), and three öre for large fish (over eighteen inches). One hundred öre equal one krone, which is worth one shilling and three-halfpence. When possible the fish are sent south alive, in steamers fitted with tanks through which the sea washes. As more frequently happens, they are cleaned and salted. This done, drying follows. Flat stones are collected, on which the fish are exposed and carefully turned from side to side by women and children. At night, or in wet weather, they are stacked in large heaps and covered with matting. Under favourable conditions the drying is complete in a fortnight. During the summer months 'Good weather for the fish' is as common a salutation in the Faröes as 'Good weather for the hay' in rural England, and means the same thing.

Other Faröe industries are sheep and eider-duck rearing, whale-hunting, and feather-collecting. The small sheep that has flourished on the grass-grown islands for over a thousand years produces a fine wool of excellent quality. From some of the islands the wool is brown, and from others pure white. No Faröe woman is ever seen without her knitting-needles, though she does not always get credit for her industry. Many of the shawls, gloves, stockings, and under-garments which she is invariably engaged upon, whether she goes a-milking or turf-digging,

are marketed as Icelandic because of the fineness of the wool.

The hills which encircle Suderö to a height of some fifteen hundred feet have frequent outcrops of bituminous coal, fourteen million tons of which is estimated to be in the Faröe Islands. The coal is, however, of such inferior quality that it is not worked.

To a visitor leaving Suderö and steaming north, the rock-bound coasts of Lille Dimon, Store Dimon, and Sandö yield magnificent scenery. The smaller of these islands, Lille Dimon (Little Diamond), is inhabited by the members of one family only. Access to the island is by a rope-ladder.

Strömö, the largest of the islands, about twenty miles long and eight wide, is faced by Nolsö and Österö. Through the narrow, winding channel between these islands the pent-in waters of the ocean currents from the south rush with great force. Hence the name of the island on which stands Thorshavn, the capital of the Faröes. The coast scenery of these islands is particularly fine: black basaltic cliffs, wreathed with pounding billows at the base, thatched with the greenest grass in the world, and intersected by fertile valleys. Indeed, the same may be said of all the islands, which are elongated in form, lying north-west and south-east. The *ströms* which intersect them are a final effort of a continuation of the Gulf Stream, which, emerging at the northern end of the islands, mingles with the colder waters of the sub-arctic Atlantic and loses its identity.

To the warm waters of the Gulf Stream the Faröes owe their prosperity. Though they lie around the sixty-second parallel of north latitude, considerably farther north than St Petersburg, the temperature of the islands is moderately warm all the year round. Frost is seldom experienced even in winter, and snow does not lie. The mean variation of summer and winter temperature is fourteen degrees Fahrenheit. Rainfall is moderate, and the one disadvantage to a climate which is the most equable of any in the world is its liability to fog at all seasons. This is, however, light, and not to be compared with the variety known to England or any portion of northern Europe.

Though the islands are destitute of timber, afforestation has recently been attempted, with signs of success. Amongst the trees which have taken most kindly to the soil of the more sheltered valleys is the silver birch. The deficiency in native timber is to a certain extent made good by the ocean currents, which cast ashore whole trees and huge balks borne from more favoured latitudes south of the equator.

Thorshavn, the capital of the Faröes, is pleasantly situated at the head of a sheltered bay of the same name in Strömö, the largest of the islands, and contains a population of about one thousand five hundred. There is one hotel in Thorshavn, and accommodation elsewhere may be found by applying to the postmaster or to one of the many consuls by whom every country in Europe is represented. Here, as everywhere else in the islands, fish is the first object to attract attention. Acres of it lie in every spot where a drying-yard can be laid out. On lines, like washing, it hangs, and to the walls of the houses it is nailed safe from the reach of sorrowful and tailless cats that swarm in the town. The streets of Thorshavn are narrow, winding, and unpaved. The houses, invariably built of wood on stone foundations, are imported in sections from Denmark.

Show-places in the Faröes are few. An obelisk on the outskirts of Thorshavn, bearing the date 1874, commemorates a visit from the King of Denmark, which was the occasion of inaugurating a new constitution, of which Free Trade was the greatest blessing. Previous to the new constitution the entire product of the islands was consigned, under heavy penalty, to one firm in Hamburg.

Some primitive and homely laws still hold good in the islands. An annual tax, which must be paid at the capital during the month of July, must be accompanied, as far as each male adult is concerned, by the bills of two crows. The crow which infests the islands is a scourge to the farmer during the lambing season. A man unable to pay his tax may give the equivalent in labour. The construction of one yard of public road represents an abatement of one krone. Two crows' bills over and above the two annually demanded by law are rewarded by two öre. Every islander carries a gun, and every store is stocked with them—old double-barrelled muzzle-loaders fired by percussion-cap.

By way of other sport, most of the streams yield trout, and hares and some birds may be shot after 15th August, when the eider duck has finished laying. At other seasons, to discharge a gun on shore, excepting at a crow, is criminal.

A fortress which commands the entrance to Thorshavn Bay is to-day garrisoned by a score of Danish sailors, who conduct meteorological observations, and in the rare event of a disturbance act as guardians of the peace. The fort is one of the few historic relics in the Faröes. It was built in the latter end of the sixteenth century by Magnus Heinessen, a priest sent by King Christian III. of Denmark to administer to the spiritual wants of an outlying portion of his subjects. Heinessen found the temporal wants of his defenceless flock, scourged by the filibusters of all nations, more urgent than their spiritual. He equipped a fleet and swept the adjacent seas of their unwelcome visitors. To protect the bay from unexpected raids he built the fort and mounted guns. But, like many a patriot, Heinessen met with an ignominious and undeserved fate. The fame of the fighting parson spread to distant Europe, and as a reward for his services his king placed a man-of-war at his disposal. With his war-vessel Heinessen captured an English ship laden with freshly gathered loot from the Faröes. The English owners of the vessel declared that the cargo had been purchased in the Shetlands,

and that its capture by Heinessen was an act of piracy. The matter was referred to the Danish Government, and the warrior-priest was sentenced to death. His execution took place in 1509, and not till some years afterwards was his reputation vindicated. The judge who passed sentence was punished, and the fort to-day immortalises the hero of Faröean fishermen.

Communication between island and island is by small boat, rowing or sailing, provided by the postmaster at every village. Kirkjubae, on the west coast of Strömö, may be reached by land—a pleasant journey of eight miles across the fells—on foot or by pony. There are no wheeled vehicles in Faröe. Kirkjubae is a good specimen of a Faröe farm, standing on a green slip of land by the sea, and backed by precipitous mountains. In one of these may be seen a cave in which was born a child who afterwards became king of Norway. Between the mountains and the farmhouse are the stone wall of what was to have been a Roman Catholic cathedral. With the Reformation work was suspended, and the half-built cathedral stands to-day as it was left at the end of the sixteenth century. The house, built in the usual Faröe style, is still older and quaintly picturesque. In the basement may be seen the oubliette into which convicts engaged in building the cathedral by day were lowered with a rope at night.

Those who shrink from a sea-passage in an open boat to Eider may here inspect an island dedicated to the highly prized bird of that name. About the swampy island are wooden pens in which the duck, speckled brown-and-black like our wild duck, lays, after lining its nest with down plucked from its breast. Down and eggs are removed. The duck plucks more down and lays more eggs, which are continually removed till late in the season, when two eggs are left for hatching.

Birds'-nesting of a more exciting order may be witnessed on the more remote islands of Fuglö, the easternmost of the group, and Vaagö, to the west. Here the islander sits astride a piece of wood and is lowered over the cliff by a rope. In mid-air, hundreds of feet above the sea, he dangles and swings from ledge to ledge, beating off the furious attacks of the sea-birds with a stick. The feathers and skins of the birds, which are of many varieties, mostly gulls and auks, have a small market value, and their eggs supplement his monotonous fish-diet.

Kalsö, Kunö, and Bordö, islands to the north, with narrow fjords banked by precipitous cliffs thousands of feet high, present the grandest coast scenery.

Klaksvig, on Bordö, is the most important village in these parts. Bordönaes, a peak about two thousand feet in height, which dominates the village, is well worth the ascent. From the summit, which is flat like Helvellyn, and falls in one sheer precipice to the sea on the eastern side, a magnificent panoramic view of the islands may be obtained on a clear day. Not the least interesting feature of the scene is the contrast between the rushing, white-topped, brown waters of the many *ströms* which divide island from island, and the placid green of the limitless sea beyond.

He who has a fancy for deep-sea fishing may from any point of the islands gratify that fancy free of cost. Any fisherman will be glad of his company for a share of his spoil and services at an oar. Rarely indeed is the voracious cod of the Faröe banks off his feed. Half-a-dozen hand-lines, with twenty to sixty fathoms out, will soon make as heavy a boatload as the keenest sportsman will care to row home against the *ström*.

Should the visitor prolong his stay till September he may participate in the gathering of a rich sea-harvest of another and more exciting order. With autumn, cruising south comes grindehval, not singly but in schools of anything from one hundred to a thousand. He is a small whale, twelve to twenty feet in length, and he is greatly prized by the islander. His capture means meat, oil, and leather. Even his teeth, like date-stones, but ivory white, are acceptable, serving as counters in the card-games which pass the long winter evenings. On his approach, signalled by firers from island to island, the archipelago resounds with joyous shouts of 'Grindehval! grindehval!' Every able-bodied man—and sometimes woman—drops the work in hand and takes to a boat. The chase may last a few hours or as many days. Terrified by the shouts and savage war-songs in his rear, grindehval scurries from *ström* to *ström*, headed in each direction by a flotilla of boats, till, finally losing his head entirely, he flounders into the shallow at the head of some fjord, and is finished with the thrust of a knife one hand's-breadth behind the blow-hole. Then do the islands feast and rejoice. Grindehval produces an annual revenue of about seven thousand pounds. Of this one-tenth is divided into three parts, which go to Church, clergy, and Crown. The remaining nine-tenths pays 1 per cent. to the schools and 1 per cent. to the poor. The balance is divided amongst the participants in the chase, each taking an equal share for every member of his or her family.

AT ARROCHAR.

The wind and rain contend for mastery,
Across the mountains clouds incessant sweep,
Along the loch the waves foam-crested leap
And seem to race in reckless rivalry;
The torrents, in their course past rock and tree,
Crash downward with a roaring echo deep,
And seem like spirits whom no bonds can keep
Confined, as they still struggle to be free.

All Nature seems to riot, rage, and fight,
And yet, at times, her gentler self displays
When through the clouds the sun's far-glancing rays
Break forth and shed upon the scene their light,
Which paints the mountains with a golden hue
And flecks the heavens' face with tints of blue.

J. W. Pos.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

THE affair of the German Emperor and Lord Tweedmouth in the spring concerning the naval programmes of this country and Germany will not be forgotten for a time, even though it was very soon made apparent that far too much significance was attached to it in the first instance, and then the original sensation peddled out very tamely. But it was of immense interest as indicating a curious and almost unique temporary association of a secret character between the sovereign of one country and a chief Minister of another, and parallels for it were hard to discover. Now, reading through the recently published *Life of John Delane*, the great editor of the *Times* newspaper, written by his nephew, Mr Arthur Irwin Dasent, one encounters a most interesting piece of history which makes a certain analogy with the incident we have just referred to. It occurs in a letter written by Lord Palmerston to Delane in 1858, in which he gives the full explanation as to why he and Lord Clarendon went to see the Emperor of the French at Compiègne in the autumn of that year—an explanation which the British public was very anxious to have at the time, but which was denied to it. It caused extreme irritation among a large section of the people, who felt that Palmerston had made a grave mistake. But he made out a very good case for himself in his letter to the editor. 'The invitation was not sought for by us,' he said, 'and was to both of us very unwelcome. As for myself, I was comfortably settled at Broadlands, greatly enjoying the amusements, pursuits, and interesting occupations belonging to a country residence. . . . Moreover, I well know that the Emperor is much out of favour with the Liberal party at present, and that they will be far from being well pleased at seeing us go to him. But then we felt that to refuse the invitation without some good and acceptable reason would be an incivility almost amounting to an affront. But good reasons we had none to give, except the true ones, which would have been anything but well taken. To tell a sovereign that it was a bore to leave one's home to accept his hospitalities would be a rudeness not sanctioned by established usage, and to tell a sovereign whom we wish to have as an ally that public men in England are afraid of going near him because he is so hated by the British nation that anybody who accepts his invitation will fall under the ban of public censure would not be a very good way of securing a good understanding between the two countries. If either Clarendon or I had been tied by the legs by gout, that would have been a sufficient excuse, but we are both known just now to be remarkably well. We, therefore, decided that it was better that we should face any additional abuse which our going might bring on us personally than run the risk of producing upon the Emperor's mind an impression which would be injurious to the interests of this country, by souring the feelings of the Emperor and by greatly cooling down that personal goodwill which he now entertains for Clarendon and myself, and the maintenance of which is far from unimportant in its bearings upon the mutual relations of the two countries.' And so it would seem that a seasonable attack of gout, on one occasion at all events, was much desired for the diplomatic ends that it would serve; but, constant in its enmity, the malady was missing when it might have served the part of friend to Minister and party.

* * *

In the heart of the town, but quiet, peaceful, and solemn, with much historic association, the Temple, the abode of counsel, is at once the surprise and the delight of visitors to London who find it for the first time, and it is occasionally the happy retreat for a few minutes of the worker in the Metropolis, who finds much that is soothing to the nerves in the contemplation of those old blocks of buildings, the wide quadrangles, the cloisters, the old church, the trees, and the splashing fountains—so many things that would seem to appertain better to

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some sequestered corner of an old cathedral city in the country than a place which borders on Fleet Street, is separated only by a thoroughfare from the Law Courts, and is but a penny ride in an omnibus from what many people regard as the heart of the world—the Bank of England and the great money-centre round about Thogmorton Street. This was the home of the Templars after they removed from Holborn in 1184, and now it is the working quarters and sometimes the residence of one of the three class-sections of the people who only, according to King James in a speech that he made in the Star Chamber, had any right to settle in London, these three being the courtiers, the citizens, and the gentlemen of the Inns of Court. It was in the reign of this monarch that the Temple came finally and absolutely into the hands of the lawyers, and in these days it is most difficult for any one who is not a law-student or has not been called to the Bar to obtain rooms there save as the sub-tenant of some person properly qualified for residence. It may well be imagined that to these historic quarters, where almost every building is endowed with rich legend and anecdote of famous lawyers and others of bygone ages, the man with the pickaxe—the agent of the vandals—is seldom admitted, and indeed it is a rare thing for even a trifling structural alteration to be made to any of the premises that are within these gates. But the Americans and the country-people who pass in this year will find evidences of a recent demolition, and the circumstance is sufficiently noteworthy to excuse some notice of it. No. 1 Brick Court has been broken up by the housebreaker, but as it happens, this No. 1 can quite well be spared by the lover of Old London whose mind is peopled with the historic ghosts of the past which, if turned out of one of their haunts, would seem to wander aimlessly and hopelessly in the purlieus. Little that is noteworthy has ever happened in the chambers of this building. Great men have not lived there, nor have they assembled there. In association, No. 1 Brick Court is, or rather was, one of the meanest places in the Temple, and for its sins of omission it has come by a doom which some of the better-frequented buildings, were they animate, would regard as a salutary warning to every number in every court. Now, with the neighbouring No. 2 Brick Court the case is quite different. Here Oliver Goldsmith lived a piece of his life, and died; and while he lived in the court he had as his neighbour, in the rooms beneath his, a man who was of such importance in legal history as the learned Blackstone. In those days Blackstone was studious, and liked quiet for his literary work, chiefly the preparation of his famous *Commentaries*, while Goldsmith would have his merriment when he could. He had done his rooms up nicely with a good cheque he had received for *The Good-Natured Man*, and in them he entertained his friends to supper-parties, which were preceded and followed by divers entertainments of a somewhat rollicking character, such as blind-man's buff and dancing. One time Sir Joshua Reynolds, on peeping into these chambers to see how Goldsmith was getting on, found him kicking round the room a paper parcel containing some kind of sartorial finery which he had ordered, but the bill for which he was quite unable to settle. In such days as these poor Blackstone in the rooms below found it a very hard task to write learned and intricate books on the law which should serve as guides to future generations of lawyers. Many books full of rich anecdotes could be written about the other courts and chambers in the Temple; but here there is only justification for repeating one of them, since it concerns a demolition, as does what we have said of Brick Court. It is Paper Buildings now, and they were once burnt down through what we may call the eccentricity of a certain learned judge—Mr Justice Maule, to wit. He was a merry soul, perhaps no merrier has ever sat upon the judicial bench, and no doubt it is well that this should be the case. His lordship liked the old port that was to be obtained at the benchers' dinners in the Inn, and having accounted for a bottle or two of it, would make a somewhat uncertain way from the dining-hall to his chambers. He made a practice of reading in bed every night in all and any circumstances, and on one such evening as this he made full preparations for the last look of the day through some printed pages, said preparations involving some confusion as to the functions of a lamp and other things. What happened precisely will never be known; but it was clear that the bed was set on fire by the lamp, and when the learned judge woke he came to the conclusion, as he himself afterwards said, that he was merely dead, and that he had, unfortunately, not been carried to Abraham's bosom. The fire spread, and it accounted entirely for Paper Buildings, which was not at all a bad thing, for they were rickety old things and were replaced by the finest block that is to be found in the Temple in these days.

* * *

We said a little way in front of this paragraph that to many minds the heart of the world was the Bank of England and its golden purlieus, and it is a fact that the crowds of visitors from the country and foreign parts who come to town in the summer-time find the contemplation of no piece of masonry so fascinating as they do that of the 'Old Lady of Threadneedle Street,' as it is called. Any day you may see little crowds of wondering spectators gazing at the place where all the money comes from, as they regard it, and making more or less successful efforts to divine the secrets of the mechanism of this wonderful institution. Now, it is practically impossible for any day to pass without some incident of curious interest happening in the course of the business of the Bank, though the officials have become so much accustomed to such that they let them pass with but little heed. Often enough notes

come back with the most curious inscriptions on their backs, and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that for the most part they are of a melancholy character. But stranger are the circumstances attending the varying life of notes, and when, the other day, it was stated that a note had got back to the Bank after an absence of very unusual length, we were prompted to some inquiries concerning the common duration of existence of the notes of various denominations, with interesting results. The average life of the popular 'fiver,' so it is said, is sixty-two days; that is to say, after so many days have elapsed since its issue from the Bank, and possibly having changed hands several times during the period, it finds its way back again for cancellation. One may remark here that when once a note goes back to its home it is never reissued. The signature of the chief cashier is torn off, and it is then stored in the Bank-Note Library, where about eighty millions are kept at the same time, all carefully indexed, so that hands could be laid on any particular one at a moment's notice. After each note has been kept for about five years it is destroyed. Now, as said, the average life in the outside world of the 'fiver' is sixty-two days, of the ten-pound note it is fifty-eight days, of the notes of different values from twenty pounds to one hundred pounds it is a month; while it comes down to ten days in the case of notes of from two to five hundred pounds, and curiously enough goes up again to fifty-five days in the case of the awe-inspiring one thousand pound note. These are the averages, but the durations from which they are deducted vary greatly; and it is a curious circumstance that the Bank has in its possession a note that came back after being out for one hundred and eleven years. But stranger still, at the first glance, is the story that hundreds of notes never come back at all, and the Bank, of course, profits to the extent of their value. The explanation is that they are stored away by miserly people—and particularly, so it is said, by old ladies—who delight in the contemplation of the possession of them and are unwilling that they should ever be turned to practical interest-bearing account or be represented merely by figures in a bank pass-book. They are willing to pay for the pleasure of holding the notes, and in this way many of them are hidden and lost. There is much hidden paper treasure in this country which would be well worth the finding. The Bank's explanation of the varying durations of average life of notes of the different denominations is that the 'fivers' last because they are passed from man to man, and do service for several owners. Notes for hundreds, on the other hand, are quickly paid in on account of their value, while the ponderous thousand-pounders are almost exclusively issued to other banks, who hold them as reserve, and it often happens that some time elapses before they are paid out to customers. An interesting point is that the Bank has about fifteen million pounds' worth of paper-money in circulation at the same time.

We come again in the process of the seasons to the happiness of contemplation of sunny seas, of sailing upon them, of lingering idly on their margin, and of bathing. One is led to the idea that sea-bathing is not so generally popular as it used to be; it certainly is not by any means the fashionable diversion that it was once upon a time. In these days the holiday-making section of the public takes its morning dip in the sea in large numbers during the months of July and August; but to many modern folks, those who increase in their cultivation of luxury and ease, there seems something suggestive of Sparta in this habit, and indeed it often seems only to be pursued by those who are conscious of giving to themselves somewhat rigorous systems of life to act upon. Those who make their livelihood by the sea will tell you that generally bathing is certainly not so popular as it once was. They think that the great increase in amusements provided for holiday-makers, and the vogue of the bicycle, the car, and of games, have had something to do with bringing about this result, and the more well-to-do seem to prefer to take their sea-water bath in their hotel instead of in the chilly open. Certainly it is the fact that as a fashionable diversion this open sea-bathing has almost completely 'gone out,' and it is difficult for people to realise now that there once was a time when it was 'the thing' of all others, and no healthy person of social importance was complete in his ways unless he practised it at seasonable opportunities. Many readers may be surprised to know how very modern an institution is this sea-bathing. So far as has been discovered, the eighteenth century was far advanced before any one in this country took a regular ceremonial sea-bath, and the place that it was taken at was Weymouth in the year 1763. It happened that there was a certain well-known philanthropist of Bath, of the name of Ralph Allen, who fell sick, and when he consulted his doctor about his complaints that gentleman recommended that the patient should bathe his bare body in the open sea. This prescription seemed at that time to savour very considerably of freakishness; it had not been done before, and it appeared to be a counsel towards something in the nature of heroism. Notwithstanding, Mr Allen obeyed, and he had a special kind of bathing-machine made for his purpose—the first bathing-machine, as it is believed to have been. From it he entered the sea, bathed, and came out again all safe, the public looking on in much surprise and even some anxiety. It was greatly reassuring to them when they learned afterwards that the treatment that had been prescribed had been entirely successful. Some years elapsed, however, before a habit was made of it, and perhaps we have to thank good King George the Third for the establishment of it, for certainly His Majesty's first sea-bath, also taken at Weymouth, attracted more attention than any other had done up to that time, and did almost everything to set the fashion. That

was in 1789, and it was a great day when George the Third went out to bathe in the open sea. Every precaution had been taken beforehand that His Majesty might pass through the trying ordeal with as little discomfort as possible, and the people assembled in the town made preparations to show their appreciation of his indomitable courage. For many days in advance the royal physicians had carefully trained him for the event, and had instructed him to take a salt-bath in his room every day for the purpose of accustoming him to the feeling of salt-water upon his skin and to ensure that the sea when it touched him should have no sudden and harmful effect. Then, as Fanny Burney wrote, the preparations of festive loyalty were unusual. Not a child could be met that had not a bandeau upon its cap of 'God save the King.' The bargemen wore it in their cockades, and the bathing-women had it in large, coarse girdles round their waists. And no sooner was the kingly head doused beneath the wavelets than a band of music which had been concealed in a neighbouring machine struck up 'God save great George our King!' And so was the royal patronage given to sea-bathing, and the people of lesser light made due and proper haste to follow suit.

* * *

Whatever views one may hold as to the need for the religious education of the children and of the desirability of its being conducted on particular lines, there can be little doubt that the public as a body long since grew weary of the parliamentary farce of one Government upsetting the legislation of its predecessors, and of the threatened continuance of this sort of thing indefinitely while parties seemed hopelessly embittered and irreconcilable. This futile wrangling has brought the minds of many practical men to a state of indifference to the view of all educational parties, while it has undoubtedly created a feeling that it is time a grand remodelling took place of the entire system of the education of the children of the great majority on lines that will better serve their purpose than the present ones. This does not mean that they want the children to be taught joinery instead of grammar or machine-minding instead of geometry, but that some sound knowledge should be imparted to them of the things that they will have to talk and think most about in the days of their after-life. Agreeing that it is most desirable that children of all classes should be given instruction in the circumstances of the arrival of William the Conqueror, of the victorious campaigns of the fifth Henry, and of the stirring and significant events of the Reformation, it is surely the perfection of absurdity that the child should go out into the world with the idea that English history came to an end on the accession of Queen Victoria, or at the very latest at the passage of the Reform Bill. The boy who will soon have his vote is vouchsafed not a crumb of knowledge of what the British Government has been doing in recent years—in the years when his father was growing to manhood, and later when he himself was emerging from puling infancy. Wars may be fought, great social upheavals may be brought about, the conditions of labour and remuneration may be changed, epoch-making legislation may be passed, and parties may be recast; but this child, to whose future these things mean absolutely everything, goes out into the world knowing nothing of them. He knows, indeed, who were the Picts and how the Romans made roads and built walls, and how the early Britishers held their first meetings for local legislation of a rude type; but he has no perception of the difference between a Liberal and a Conservative, and not the very faintest idea of what a Socialist is. And how necessary it is now that the children should know what a Socialist is, and what he aims at! Risk the child becoming a Socialist himself, but do let him understand the meaning of the movement which is beginning to shake the civilised world and the entire condition of things that has obtained ever since England was England. The boy of fourteen or sixteen knows nothing whatever about the principles of local government as he should do; he knows nothing about the great questions which constantly arise in the determination of the relations of the rich and the poor; he knows nothing of the way in which money is banked, companies made, and shares bought and sold. He could write you a fine essay about Oliver Cromwell, but not a line about Mr Asquith, who matters much more to him. Of Charles the First he knows many things, but of Edward the Seventh the most that he can often say is that he is the eldest son of the late Queen Victoria, and that it is the constant prayer of the people to God that he should be saved. He knows next to nothing of the British Constitution as it is. And it is the same in other directions. He knows what is the equivalent of x^2-y^2, but he has not a glimmer of a notion as to how a motor-car is made to move. The child is turned out into the world of progress, controversy, and strife in this appalling state of ignorance about everything that concerns him, and he is left to forget all that he learned at school, and to pick up as best he can, if so disposed, all the grand essentials that he should have been taught. He finds in most cases that he has other things to do, and so he goes on to the end of his life in a more or less complete state of ignorance. It is not as it should be. We are speaking, mind, of the children of the great masses who receive free education in Government and other schools, the children about whom successive Governments and Oppositions have been wrangling through many Parliaments. We were told just lately that at the entrance examination to one of the military colleges some 'general knowledge questions' were set as usual, and that one of these was 'Who is Mrs Pankhurst?' Now, the association between women's suffrage and questions as to the constitution of army corps is not obvious, and a soldier might

get on very well as a General without knowing whether his lady-friends had the chance of getting into Parliament or not. But the idea is sound, and it is curious that it should be adopted in such a quarter when the wider non-military public steadily ignores it. It would be an excellent thing if every little Tommy Smith when he got into the sixth standard knew who Mrs Pankhurst is, and, better still, if he could tell his examiners how many Labour candidates got in at the last general election, and why. For his knowledge of these matters we could forgive him a vast ignorance about Cardinal Wolsey. We know what some people have to say about such a view of things as this. They say that the people come to know too much, have been doing so for many decades past, and that if they must be taught it is well that they should be taught things that do not matter and which they will forget. But that view may be ignored for the present.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—IN THE DAWN.

JACK slept for an hour the sleep of mental and physical exhaustion, then he awoke, and his thoughts were instantly busy with the dreadful fate which had befallen him. Could the Arabs help him? He mistrusted their skill, but he mistrusted still more profoundly their compassion. The loss of sight seemed absolute, but its suddenness puzzled him. He imagined that the intense light of the day had paralysed the optic nerve. Whether the injury was fatal he could not guess; he must simply bear his fate.

Men of his race and faith, he reflected, had borne disaster as cruel and kept their manhood. He set his teeth together in the darkness. He could at least endure. There crept into his memory a famous passage in the *Iliad*, the prayer of Ajax for light. It was one of the scanty bits of Greek that still lingered in his recollection, and with a bitter smile he whispered the sonorous lines.

But he wanted something better than pagan courage of this type. How did his faith stand the shock of such a disaster? He remembered the psalm that had sung its music in his brain at the sight of the Judean hills: 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.' But how could blind eyes look to any hills or to any heights of divine power and love above the hills of earth for help? The mystery of his trouble—the cruelty of it—to be smitten blind at the moment of escape, and so slavery itself to be made hopeless! How could faith itself emerge undestroyed from such a stroke?

Then into the cells of his brain crept the message of another psalm, 'Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known.' A God beyond the reach of man's broken thought! Yet the message runs on, 'Thou leddest Thy people like a flock.' Was the hand of God really leading him through these dark realms? 'Clouds and darkness are round about Him'—poor Jack felt the truth of those words—but 'righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.' Yes, God still lived, and shaped human life. And He shaped it to ends which, no matter how far off, were noble and good. And this life is not all.

Then Jack slept again. He awoke some hours afterwards, and lifted his head. Across the dreadful veil of darkness in which, he believed—as well he might—he must dwell for the rest of his life, was drawn a line of crimson. It grew richer; it broke into a glory of diverging rays—flaming lances of colour that shot upwards to the zenith. What strange vision breaking in on blind eyes was this? Then, in glad wonder, with arrested breath and trembling lips, Jack realised that the dawn was spread before his eyes—the sunrise, the arched immeasurable skies, the desert landscape. It was day. His blindness had gone! And no garden of dew-wet flowers, with the song of the lark hung high in heaven above it, was ever half so beautiful as the stretch of brown and desolate sand.

His bewilderment was overpowering. His sight went, as by some dreadful stroke of magic, and went in a moment; but it had come back in a moment, and as if by some miracle. 'The Lord,' he whispered, 'is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?'

The old sheikh presently came up and examined his eyes and turned away with a nod. It puzzled Jack that neither his sudden blindness at sunset nor his sudden recovery of sight when the dawn returned seemed to surprise the Arabs. All that day the music of gladness was in his blood. His escape, he believed, was only postponed for a few hours, and he commenced to study the landscape afresh so as to fix his course at night.

But at night the same mysterious darkness closed round him again. He was shut in it as in some strangling mist. Above him, he knew, were a myriad flaming stars; about him were the faces of his companions; but all was blotted out. He commenced to ask himself with breathless anxiety, would the sight that so strangely forsook him come again with the dawn? He slept little that night, staring into the darkness and wondering if across its dread-

ful canvas would ever be drawn the red glory of returning day.

But with the dawn his sight came back. Then he guessed what had happened to him. He was attacked by the curious night-blindness from which, as Corporal Lebrun had told him, many of the French soldiers suffered when they first came to Egypt. What was its exact cause no one seemed to know. Perhaps it was that the iris of the unaccustomed eye contracted so closely under the white glare of the long day that it temporarily lost its power of dilation; and when the flood of scorching light was withdrawn the eye was for a time blinded. As a matter of fact, scores of soldiers in Abercrombie's army, when it landed in Egypt, suffered from exactly this recurring blindness—a complete loss of vision every night—an experience which stretched through weeks.

Jack's dread of being permanently blind was immensely lightened; but was ever an unhappy slave, he reflected, so beaten with disaster? The vivid, living world—the world of colour and form and movement—was withdrawn from him every night, and he was left shut up in a darkness which had all the offices of a prison. In the night lay his sole hope of escape; and now with each night there fell upon him a helplessness more complete than that of a child.

But though Jack mourned that lost chance of escape, he made up his mind that it was only postponed. Other chances would offer themselves—or he would invent them. He had tasted the terror of blindness; and to find that he could still see the light made all other ills for the present seem trivial. From this point, indeed, an odd certainty of escape possessed him. Each miraculous return of vision seemed a message of hope, a symbol of supernatural and living forces busy about him.

For nearly a month this strange experience of alternating blindness and vision was repeated; and during the whole of that period the party pressed steadily southward, camping every third or fourth day at some little oasis—a patch of verdure, with a few scanty shrubs, hidden in some hollow of the sand. The wells of the oasis were usually mere holes into which crept a trickle of water. With each day's journey to the south Jack knew escape grew more difficult, yet his courage never drooped.

The Arabs, after their first examination of his eyes, took no further notice of them. They understood the whole incident, and knew that the intermittent blindness would pass. But the three black slaves in the party were sullenly jealous of their white fellow-captive, and they found in the recurring spaces of his helplessness from blindness a safe opportunity of cruelty. They played endless tricks on him during the night. Some object—a saddle or a bundle of cloth—would be set in his path to make him stumble, and each fresh disaster was greeted with shouts of cruel laughter. One night by a trick they led him into the fire that was kindled, and his feet were cruelly burned. The jests grew yet more dangerous, and Jack knew he must stop them. The leader of these performances was a huge negro named Sidi, with arms which for reach and strength resembled those of an orang-outang. Jack looked at him steadily; the man's brute strength was immense, but it was clumsy as well as huge.

'A good English boxer,' he said to himself, 'could write some wholesome lessons on your flat nose and broad cheeks, my friend.'

The tricks that night were more impish than usual. In the morning, as soon as his sight was clear, and before the camels were loaded for the march, Jack walked quietly up to Sidi, who was sitting in the sand devouring his breakfast. He clutched his short woolly hair and lifted the astonished negro by it to his feet. He pointed to his eyes expressively by way of explanation, and in broken Arabic made it plain that he proposed to administer a sound thrashing by way of punishment for the ill-usage of the night.

The Arabs gathered round as though it had been a cock-fight, and with laughter explained to Sidi that he must fight the white man. With a menacing look the negro snatched a knife from his belt, but the old sheikh, who saw that Jack was armed with nothing better than his naked hands, struck the knife from Sidi's grasp. The negro looked at his opponent for a moment; then he put down his head like a ram, and with a roar of rage charged. Jack stepped lightly aside, and as the huge body of his opponent rushed past him struck on the broad naked back with the flat of his hand a resounding blow. A shout of laughter went up from the Arabs. Sidi turned, and with new access of fury leaped at his opponent, his long, baboon-like arms stretched out to grasp him. Jack sprang back; then, as his antagonist stopped, leaped in, and with his right and left struck in quick succession two furious blows on the negro's eyes.

'I will teach you,' he thought grimly, 'what blindness feels like.'

Sidi came on again, but Jack, a good boxer, had no difficulty in repeating the punishment, ending by one tremendous blow on the negro's flat nose. The blood ran down his black face in hot streams, and with the running blood Sidi's fury seemed to slip out of him. He stood with both eyes swollen and closed, and his inky features reddened with blood. He was blind. Jack then turned to the two astonished blacks who had looked on, and with expressive gestures explained that every morning he would avenge in that way the tricks of the night.

That night the two negroes expended their impish humour on Sidi, as being the safer victim of the two; and Jack guessed what was happening by their laughter and by the angry shouts of the huge negro. When morning came he trounced the two offenders, and made them understand that he would punish tricks on poor Sidi as though they had been tricks on himself.

Jack found that his victory over the huge negro had given him something more than immunity from insults on the part of his fellow-slaves. He had established that strange mastery of the white man over the black whose secret lies so far back in history or is hidden so deep in facts of mental and physical structure as to be beyond explanation. When Sidi found that the white slave who had thrashed him was yet his defender from the torments of his fellow-blacks his gratitude was dog-like. So complete became his influence over the blacks that Jack began to dream of joining them with him in a plot against the Arabs. But he looked at their faces afresh. It was clear that if they had the docility they had also the garrulity of children. They could not keep a plan secret for five minutes. He must depend on himself.

(To be continued.)

ON THE FOSS WAY.

IN the days of the world's greatest road-makers was traced this wonderful Way from Axminster to Lincoln. Undeterred by the far-stretching wilderness of land, with its mighty forests, morass-like valleys, and lonely heaths, the Roman proved his right as conqueror by making this amazing thoroughfare, a legacy of his power and determination for all future peoples to inherit. For many a mile the Foss Way even now holds its own, high-banked, fenced in, from twenty to thirty yards in width, and bordered by grassy commons, raised on ridges or winding straightly into the vales to climb to exactly the same line on the farther side with an invincible tenacity strangely akin to the character of the men who made it. Part of the original paving can still be seen. Stukeley speaks of the Foss between Ilchester and Axminster as 'composed of the flat quarry-stones of the country, laid edge-wise, and so close that it looks like the side of a wall fallen down;' by Willoughby-on-the-Wolds the road is paved with red flints placed upon a gravel bed. Along this wide fenced-in road the Roman legionaries thundered. Traffic, such as it was in those days, slowly wended a toilsome way betwixt the land of an uncivilised race. One can imagine how the wild Briton viewed with loathing and despair these signs of the all-conquering nation. To him the Roman roads must have been as hated and as feared as the massive Norman keeps which in later times bound Saxon England in chains of iron. Even the Britain of to-day feels the tenacious grip of the Roman invader. Stamped deep into the soil, the remnant of the roads he builded still tell their tale of conquering might, and laugh to scorn the efforts of mere decades to efface them.

Some hold that the Foss Way ran from Lincoln to Exeter, some that it went to the mouth of the Axe near Seaton. Of a certainty it ran to Axminster, but even from Dinnington hence it is not easy to trace. In many parts modern roads occupy its course; in others it is but a grass-grown bridle-lane. Overlooking the Somer valley, a spur of hill too steep for modern wheeled traffic shows the road almost in its original state—a ridge some three feet in height betwixt two hedges. Near Grittleton the grassy way is so beset with nut-bushes and ferns as to be well-nigh impassable; between Bath and Cirencester there is not a village to be found along its route; and through Warwickshire it is scarcely more than a field-lane. Of Roman towns along the Foss Way, Ilchester is now but a village, Bath a popular resort, yet not so much so as in the days of Beau Nash, when fashion flocked to drink the waters and amuse itself in the assembly-rooms. From thence for twenty-nine lonely miles the Foss runs steadily onwards to Cirencester, the Corinium of Roman times. Four great roads meet by the tower of a glorious church, yet ancient Cirencester was not founded by the Romans. It was the capital of the powerful Dobuni tribe, and was called by them Caer-Coryn ('the town at the head of the waters'). Even the very manner in which the Foss enters and leaves Cirencester suggests that a town of some sort already existed. But in Chedworth valley, secluded amid leafy woods white with lilies in the spring-time, nestles a Roman villa. And now the Foss Way runs through the Cotswold country, toiling straightly up and down the hills. Great uplands, bare and beautiful, steeped in mysterious lights and ghostly shadows, stretch far on either side; vast spaces glow with the glory of carnation-hued sainfoin; grassy downs are dotted with belts of fir or tiny gray homesteads. Covered with sheep they were in the days of the Cotswolds' pride, when the famous fleeces brought fortune to the wool-merchants.

The old town of Northleach stands on the Foss Way, in the very midst, as it were, of the wool-industry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Roman it is not, nor has it any pretension thereto; but many decades have passed over the quaint gray town, and left their trace of time and travel-stain. Ancient Foss—a thousand times more perilous then than now—must have been trodden by merchants journeying from afar to buy wool at Northleach; mighty wains drove deeper the ruts of centuries ago. In the midst of the town a magnificent Perpendicular church, rich in altars, and richer in brasses commemorating wealthy merchants, rears itself above the clustering gray roofs and a sparkling stream. In the churchyard lie the Midwinters, the Bushes, and many another Cotswold name, family by family; through it pass the townsfolk of to-day, busy upon their leisured, unhurried occupations: and just beyond an emerald meadow glows with a

fairy fantasy of mingled pink and white may-bushes. Northleach came into prominence once again in the coaching days, for it stands also on that wonderful high-road from Oxford to Cheltenham, so that the quiet town resounded with the merry notes of the horn, and all folk bustled forth to see the coach rumble in and hear the news. Alone and aloof nowadays, hugging its history deep into its heart, it yet dominates the Cotswold uplands; even from afar you may see the church tower outlined against an azure sky, keeping watch over the hills. And the Foss Way runs steadily onwards through picturesque Bourton-on-the-Water, and so to Stow-on-the-Wold, whence most roads climb by reason of the famous fair. But the Foss takes one of its few bends from its direct course, and wends through Moreton to Halford, and on through Warwickshire until it crosses Watling Street, the greatest of all Roman thoroughfares.

By the side of the Foss, three miles north of Leicester, was discovered in 1771 the oldest milliary in Britain. The inscription, worn and defaced, commemorates the Emperor Hadrian in the fourth year of his reign. Therefore before A.D. 120 the Foss Way was in existence. Ratæ, as the Romans called Leicester, was an important station, and ever since has played a notable part in history. You cannot pace the clean, wide streets of to-day without thinking of its founders, crumbled into dust thousands of years ago. Are not two arches of the Roman wall built into the railway viaduct? And we can follow its story up through the centuries. On the site of St Margaret's Church stood the Saxon cathedral; two gateways of the Norman castle still remain. At Leicester, Richard III. passed the night on his way to Bosworth Field, and after the battle his mangled body was buried in the Franciscan convent founded by the noble and ill-fated Simon de Montfort. Not for long did his bones repose in consecrated peace. At the Reformation his ashes were ignominiously cast into the river Soar, and his stone coffin made into a drinking-trough for horses.

Clean through Nottinghamshire the Foss Way is carried, stamped unmistakably into the soil. Right to Lincoln it continues its undeviating course, and there stands the celebrated Roman arch, the New Port or North Gate of Lincoln. Here the Foss Way fulfilled its mission; its makers rested from their labours. For it is Ermin Street which, passing through the Gate, runs north twelve miles straight as an arrow.

It is a toilsome way from Axminster to Lincoln. Only undeviating, unflinching tenacity could have carried through an enterprise so vast and so lasting. Almost it would seem as if the Romans builded for an eternity of which they knew little. Modern roads occupy some of its course; modern traffic tears to and fro regardless of its history. Yet surely on the grassy tracks and green bridle-paths, along lonely ridges and over wild, barren spaces, in the silence and the shadows, the Foss Way still remains the property of the men who made it. Surely as the sunset reddens athwart the heath and the violet dusk steals across the solitary, silent land, the charmed hush is broken by the clank of Roman arms and tramping legions, while hating Britons—ancestors of our own—peer through the undergrowth of leafy glades. And away yonder among the hills the heavy wains toil continually into lowly vales and ascend the downs, and companies of portly merchants ride into Northleach, or the shout of triumph wakes the echoes as the coach tears into the town with news of victory. And ever ghostly armies march and countermarch, and clashing of battle and weird cries break the stillness, so that as darkness falls from length to length, from Roman Lincoln to Axminster the Foss Way is alive with sound and peopled with warlike denizens, and those who stamped its course deep into Britain's soil hold the Way their own though centuries pass and generations perish and empires fade.

THE TREE THAT EATS.

By Brew Molohan.

'HERE is something that will interest you, Fletcher,' I remarked as I picked up the morning paper. 'Listen: "At the orchid exhibition yesterday a superb specimen of the *Epidendrum vexillaria* was purchased by Lord Southwold for fifteen hundred guineas."'

Fletcher yawned. 'Serves Southwold right,' he said. 'I offered it to him three months ago for five hundred, with a guarantee that it was the only one of its kind in the country, but he wouldn't accept.'

'Oh! was it you who found it?'

'Yes; it formed one of the collection I brought from the Malay Archipelago last year.'

'You were very successful over that trip, weren't you?'

'Fairly. After all expenses were paid I made about twenty thousand pounds.'

'Twenty thousand pounds!' I ejaculated in amazement.

Fletcher smiled wearily. 'Seems a lot of money for three years' work, doesn't it?' he replied. 'But you must remember that if the pay is big the risks an orchid-hunter runs are correspondingly great. Cutting his way through tangled forests, wading through stagnant swamps, always on his guard against savage beasts and still more savage men, the orchid-hunter earns every penny of his money; and if he has an experience such as I encountered

on that trip no monetary reward can repay him for the danger he runs.'

'You had a striking adventure?' I remarked tentatively.

Fletcher looked at me for a moment in silence, then he said quietly, 'I have not told the story to a living soul in this country, because it is so much outside the bounds of probability that nobody would believe it; but that it actually occurred this will bear witness;' and he slowly removed a wig from his head.

'Why,' I exclaimed, 'I didn't know you were bald!'

The few remaining hairs were cut close to the head to admit of the wig fitting closely, and, to my astonishment, the scalp was dotted all over with bare patches varying in size from a pin-head to a shilling. On examining these closely I saw they were covered with new, delicate skin, and from their appearance it was evident that the old skin had been torn away at a comparatively recent date.

'Curious sight!' remarked Fletcher as he replaced his wig. 'Makes me look like a Dalmatian dog! Say, let's have lunch here, and over it I will tell you the story, although I don't think for a moment that you will believe it.'

The Explorers' Club is noted for its cuisine, and we ate slowly, enjoying to the full the good things provided by Felix. When the coffee was placed on the table Fletcher lighted a cheroot and settled himself comfortably in his chair.

'When,' he began, 'I started for the East four years ago it was with a fairly definite idea of the country I meant to work. My previous experience of orchid-hunting had taught me that the more out-of-the-way the district the more valuable, as a rule, is the orchid, and I determined to strike away from the beaten track altogether, and explore some of the little-known valleys in the interior of the huge islands which stretch from Singapore to Australia.

'Hiring a sampan manned by a Malay and two Chinamen, I touched Sumatra, Java, and Bali, and then crossed over to Celebes, where I met with a fair amount of success. I then determined to visit Borneo and explore the unknown interior of that island in the hope that, if I escaped the attention of the head-hunters, I might be able to acquire some new specimens.

'As you are aware, Borneo is about three times the size of the British Isles, and although Sarawak and a strip of the north coast are comparatively civilised, the great bulk of the island, with the exception of the country in the immediate neighbourhood of the Dutch trading stations, is absolutely unexplored. It consists of huge forests, the haunt of the dreaded tiger and the no less dreaded orang-outang, where the merry sport of head-hunting goes on to-day as it did hundreds of years ago, and where a chief's claim to renown depends mainly on the number of heads strung to his roof-tree.

'When I arrived at Mendawi, the Assistant-Resident (who happened to be an old college chum of mine at Bonn) engaged a trusty headman and five Dyaks to accompany me on a lengthened excursion into the interior.

'A word as to the Dyaks. The inhabitants of Borneo have acquired a bloodthirsty reputation in consequence of their propensity for head-hunting; but, apart from this little peculiarity, the race possesses many estimable qualities. Head-hunting is simply a custom arising out of their intertribal wars; and a peculiar feature about the Dyak is that, although glorying in the number of human trophies that he can hang round his dwelling, whilst he is in your service you can absolutely rely on his fidelity, his honesty, and his bravery.

'My plans were to follow the Mendawi River to its source and thoroughly explore the tributaries that formed its headwaters, in the hope that a systematic search in the deep tropical valleys would reward me with some new specimens. The party consisted of myself, the two Chinamen Lung and Kling, the Malay Ali, the Dyak headman Rayut and his five companions; and although the sampan was large enough to carry us comfortably, I took another boat for exploring the smaller rivers and streams.

'On the fifteenth day after leaving Mendawi we sighted the range of mountains that runs through the middle of the island. The weather hitherto had not been oppressively hot; but now a sudden burst of heat set in, and—the river-banks being lined with forest—there was not a breath of air to temper the sweltering rays. For four days we paddled up this reach, and the intensity of the heat was such that during that time the evaporation from the river wetted me like a continuous rainfall as I sat under an awning in the stern.

'When on the twentieth day an opening on the right bank showed where a tributary fifty yards wide ran into the main river, we gladly paddled in there for shelter. The trees on each side met overhead and afforded relief from the scorching rays of the tropical sun.

'The trip, so far, had been uneventful, and it was just before turning into this creek that I first made the acquaintance of the orang-outang—the wild man of the Borneo forests. We were paddling close to the bank, when Rayut, who was in the bow, made a significant click with his tongue. His companions ceased paddling immediately, and he pointed to the branches of a large tree that overhung the water. "*Mias!*" he whispered.

'I saw the foliage move, and, looking closely, made out an indistinct shape descending from branch to branch. Just underneath the tree, and half-embedded in the soft mud, was something which I at first took to be a large log, but which on closer inspection proved to be a crocodile following the movements of the branches with that interest with which every creature, tame or savage, views a probable dinner.

'Suddenly there was a fierce roar, and the *mias* leaped from the tree right on the back of the crocodile. The saurian, realising for the first time the nature of the dinner that he had expected, lashed his tail savagely, and, plunging violently, endeavoured to unseat his rider. Failing in this, he snapped round viciously, trying to seize his antagonist with his cruel jaws. This was what the orang waited for. As the crocodile opened his mouth he suddenly seized the upper jaw, and, planting his feet at the back of the head, with an incredible effort actually wrenched the jaw from its socket with such force that we could distinctly hear the cracking of the bones. A convulsive slash of the tail sent the mud flying in a shower; and the orang, after holding the jaw back to the shoulder for a few minutes as if to satisfy himself that his enemy was no more, seized an overhanging bough and quietly drew himself into the tree.

'I had a good view of the monster, and should judge that he was not less than six feet in height; the arms and body were much longer in proportion than the legs, and a mat of thick brown hair falling over the upper part of the face gave the beast a peculiarly ferocious appearance.

'The creek was comparatively cool when contrasted with the river outside; and, as it promised favourably, I determined to leave the sampan near the mouth and explore it in the small boat, accompanied only by Rayut and Bati, a wizened old Dyak who had been a noted head-hunter in his time.

'At daylight next morning we started and paddled along this highway, which, always of the same width, maintained a sluggish, even way through the heart of the forest. The hot, damp atmosphere was peculiarly favourable for the growth of those trees that the orchid loves to feed on; and, there being no necessity to hurry, we searched the forest in the neighbourhood of the creek as closely as possible. The result exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and I was fortunate in securing some choice specimens of the *Bulbophyllum*, one of which was quite new.

'My method in searching was to land Rayut on one bank and Bati on the other, where they proceeded parallel to the creek at a distance of about a hundred yards, whilst I paddled the boat and called out from time to time to direct them.

'It was on the fifth day that I noticed a marked disinclination on the part of the Dyaks to enter the forest, and if by any chance I omitted to call they both came running to the banks. As cowardice is an uncommon trait in a Dyak's character, I was at a loss to understand their conduct, and asked Rayut what he was afraid of. He hung his head in confusion, and on my repeating the question, answered, "Bati, oh chief! says this is the country of 'The Tree that Eats.'" "What does he mean?" I asked in astonishment. "It is the Evil Spirit of the forest, oh chief!" he whispered, "who is angry when men approach his village." "What nonsense!" I replied with disdain. "Rayut, you are only fit to dig in the fields with women!"

'The taunt cut him deeply; and, not without a certain dignity, he replied, "Oh chief! why does this river run on and on and yet not become smaller as we approach its source? It is because this is the country of the great spirits, and, being mortal, we are fearful of incurring their anger."

'Next day proved, as I had suspected for some time, that the creek was a huge canal constructed in days gone by, when, as may be seen by the huge monuments that are occasionally found in the depths of the forest, the Malay Archipelago was inhabited by a highly civilised race. We had been gradually approaching higher ground, and now arrived at a spot where the canal had been cut across the face of a hill. The depth of the cutting was considerably more than one hundred feet; and, noticing at one point a break in the forest that lined the banks overhead, I climbed to the top. A tornado had worked havoc amongst the trees, levelling an avenue a couple of hundred yards wide, and through this opening I looked down on a small valley running straight in front of me between lofty hills.

'From the situation of the valley, lying as it did between mountains which would deflect the tropical heat, I conjectured that it was a likely spot for the production of the object of my search, and made up my mind to explore it thoroughly. One new specimen would repay the time and trouble ten times over.

'Calling the Dyaks to my side, I pointed to the valley and explained that I had reason to believe that a search there would probably be successful. It was evident from their bearing that they were not enamoured at the prospect; but afraid, I suppose, that I might taunt them with cowardice, they said nothing, although I could see that they were horribly uneasy.

'With some difficulty we made our way down the mountain, and at the foot struck a stream which apparently followed the course of the valley. Confident from the appearance of the trees that our quest would not be in vain, I followed the stream.

'Rayut touched me on the shoulder. "Oh chief!" he said earnestly, "venture not farther into the valley. There is death in the air." "Rayut," I replied angrily, "you are a coward. I shall tell the great Dutch chief to send you into the rice-fields with the women." He ground his teeth at the insult. "I am not afraid of anything that lives, oh chief!" he replied; "but this is the abode of the Evil Spirit. However, we are your children; do with us what you will."

'I strode on once more, the two following closely behind, and we had traversed about half the valley when Rayut again touched me. I turned sharply, to find him pointing through the trees; and, looking in that direction, I saw traces of a clearing showing through the forest. We instantly turned

towards the spot; and, as the steps of all the inhabitants of the forest tend towards the few openings that are to be found here and there, we approached the edge of the trees with caution.

'The enclosure—or enclosures, for there were two, each a few acres in extent—was in shape exactly like the figure 8, and we had struck the lower one about thirty yards from the neck. I was examining the trees all round, when suddenly Bati, with eyes starting out of his head, pulled me violently back, pointing at the same time to an extraordinary tree that grew right in the centre of the passage between the enclosures, and which, owing to the intervention of some foliage, had escaped my notice.

'Picture to yourself a dirty-green pillar—which afterwards proved to be hollow—twenty feet in circumference, and cut off evenly at the height of thirty feet from the ground. From the top, however, rose a circle of whip-like branches somewhat similar to those we see on willow-trees, each fifty feet long and gradually tapering from a circumference of six inches at the butt to a fine point. These almost touched the forest that, running in on each side, formed the neck of the enclosure, and were without a vestige of foliage, but curious circular discs of varying sizes studded the lower side of each.

'But what drew my eyes like a magnet, and made my breath catch with a gulp in my throat, was that on a stump which projected sharply from the trunk at the height of about six feet from the ground grew the most wonderful orchid that it has ever been the lot of man to behold.

'It was almost the shape and size of an umbrella, but no words of mine can even feebly convey the marvellous colours which, as I gazed entranced, slowly changed their hues before my very eyes. What a minute before had been a brilliant scarlet was now changed to a deep blue; this was succeeded by a bright green, to give way in its turn to a beautiful orange, each coming up at the side and slowly extending over the whole face of the flower. I gazed enraptured at the wonderful display, lovingly thinking of the sensation this tropical jewel would create in far-away London, when suddenly my attention was caught by a movement in the clearing beyond, and I glanced up, to see a deer walking through the upper enclosure in the direction of the passage. Its course carried it just by the orchid, which suddenly became a veritable kaleidoscope of changing colours, at which the animal gazed as if mesmerised.

'To my unspeakable horror, as I gazed at the marvellous display I suddenly saw the snake-like branches, which a moment before had been growing vertically, suddenly bend downwards and encircle the unfortunate animal. The deer struggled violently, giving vent to great sobbing snorts of terror, but a couple of the arms enveloped its neck and quickly strangled it, and, to my utter horror, I saw the body slowly lifted from the ground.

'Thinking that it must be a fantasy of the brain, I turned to my companions. Bati had sunk to the ground, his face covered with his hands, whilst Rayut was peering over my shoulder, the eyeballs standing clean out of their sockets, his face the colour of dirty ashes, and the spear dropped from his nerveless grasp.

'I looked again, to see the deer lifted higher and higher—that ghoulish orchid, its work done, changing colour slowly as before. Up, up, the body was raised, and it was horribly uncanny to mark how every arm of the tree arranged itself to the best advantage to lift the weight. Those on the near side of the tree enveloped the body, whilst the opposite branches bent right over, and, entwining themselves round the others, lifted the carcass until it was held at the extremity of their length high above the trunk; then they bent inwards and lowered it slowly into the hollow interior.

'I am not ashamed to say that as the deer disappeared spasms of icy coldness ran through my body, and I trembled all over with sheer fright. The utter gruesomeness of it and the sudden realisation of the danger I had escaped absolutely paralysed me, and I could only gaze with horrified fascination at the unnatural monstrosity.

'Presently my self-possession returned, and with it that covetous feeling with which every orchid-hunter beholds a new specimen. Besides, I felt a certain self-contempt for having given way to the momentary panic in the presence of my followers, and I stood there revolving various schemes for obtaining possession of that wonderful flower.

'Suddenly an inspiration came and I saw a possible means of success. Turning to Rayut, I said sharply, "Rayut, you are a woman!" He turned a look of horrified reproach on me. "You are a woman," I repeated, "and to show you how little a white man fears your Evil Spirit I shall cut that orchid and carry it away."

'The man passed his tongue over his parched lips, endeavouring to speak; his companion lying inert as a log.

'I took a step into the clearing, when Rayut with a convulsive effort flung himself in front of me. "Oh chief," he gasped, "do not approach The Tree that Eats! Be warned by the fate of the deer."

'My blood was up; and, pushing him aside impatiently, I walked to a spot where I was just outside the reach of those diabolical arms. The horrible monstrosity knew of my presence immediately. The snake-like branches bent towards where I stood, swishing stealthily to and fro in their effort to reach me, and the surface of the flower was transformed into a veritable rainbow with flying colours.

'Returning to the Dyaks, who had partly regained their courage on seeing me unscathed, I explained the plan I had formed. We had passed a troop of large monkeys feeding on a mangosteen-tree as we

came up the valley; and, returning stealthily, I shot one, which we carried back to the upper enclosure. Here I explained to Bati that he must push it within reach of the branches when I had taken my station on the other side near the orchid. I hoped that whilst the arms were all engaged lifting the body I should be able to run in and chop away the stump on which the flower grew, Rayut standing by to warn me of danger.

'Bati threw the body towards the tree; in a moment the branches bent and seized it, and, waiting until they were all engaged, I jumped in and struck at the stump. A stream of black liquid shot out as the hatchet sank in the leathery-like substance; and as I hurriedly raised my arm to repeat the blow Rayut shouted, "Fly, oh chief; fly!" I jumped immediately, but was just an instant too late. The ends of three of the branches had settled on my head as I sprang; and, although the momentum carried my body forward, those diabolical arms, stretched to their full length by the weight, held my head and the upper part of my body a few inches off the ground, the discs burning the scalp like so much molten lead.

'Fortunately I did not lose control of my senses, though flashes of living fire seemed to shoot through my brain, and I shouted to Rayut to grip my legs. This he did immediately, pulling his hardest, so that my head was suspended just beyond reach of the other arms which snaked madly to and fro in their efforts to reach me, and failing by a matter of inches.

'In a curiously impersonal manner I called to Bati to grasp one of my legs, and then, advising them to find a firm grip for their feet, I gave the order, "One—two—three—*pull!*" With a superhuman effort they dragged me free, leaving three-quarters of my scalp adhering to the discs. I collapsed then, and remember no more until I found myself on the sampan returning to Mendawi, where my friend the Assistant-Resident nursed me back to health again.

'That happened nearly two years ago; but even now at times the fascination of that wonderful flower overcomes me, and I feel that one day I will return to that tropical valley. If I am successful the orchid will cause a sensation such as the botanical world has never known. If not, another will have been added to the number of the victims of that mysterious horror—The Tree that Eats.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

NEW SUNPROOF CLOTH FOR DRESS FABRICS.

IN a recent issue we drew attention to the important subject of tropical clothing, and pointed out the value of a non-actinic coloured dress material, such as red, for breaking down the sun's rays and thereby arresting the disturbance of the spinal nerve-centres of the body therefrom. In tropical climes the white man labours under a heavy disadvantage in the prosecution of his duties as compared with the dusky native, for discriminating nature has accommodated the latter to his peculiar environment by the provision in his skin of a protective pigment which absorbs the injurious actinic rays of the sun, thereby enabling him to fulfil the most exacting and arduous labours without the slightest fatigue or inconvenience. Under these circumstances it is obvious that the white man should endeavour to reproduce nature's pigmentation protection by artificial means—that is, wear a suitably coloured material which will absorb the sun's actinic rays. The general impression, however, is that the wearing of a coloured material such as red, blue, or orange is to court disaster, and that the body will have to submit to unbearable heat. As a result, a flimsy white duck is the favourite clothing medium. Never was there a greater fallacy. The white, being transparent, offers no resistance to the passage of the actinic rays, and the wearer accordingly suffers the usual ill-effects incidental to the tropics, such as sunstroke, prostration, and stomachic maladies. Were the white material lined with a red fabric complete relief would be secured, and the wearer would be able to carry out his duties even in the fiercest sunlight without experiencing the slightest inconvenience. Science having definitely settled this question, an enterprising firm has patented a fabric expressly designed for service in such climes, in which red-coloured backing is provided to the material. By this ingenious arrangement one is able to wear any description of material, pattern, and colour, checks or tweeds, flannel or cotton, with perfect equanimity just as if he were in his native temperate zone. The red or protective colour does not simply adhere to the inner face of the exterior cloth, but is interwoven therewith, so as to constitute a homogeneous textile, but in such a manner that the colour does not show through the outer face. In this way the tropical resident can secure the various ranges of popular blues, browns, or grays with as much facility as his fellow-citizens at home. Great difficulty was at first experienced in preventing the red material from showing through, but this has now been successfully surmounted. The fabric, to which the name 'solaro' is applied, is of the finest quality of wool, made fifty-six inches in width, and compares in price with the good quality cashmere. The red is absolutely fast, being unaffected either by light or wet, and will not shrink. The wearer can have his suits lined or unlined just as he desires, since the virtue of the material lies in the resisting

quality of the red backing. The same features apply equally to the cotton materials, which are often preferred from motives of lightness and thinness. Although designed essentially for tropical wear, the fabric is equally suitable for such climes as our own, where during the excessive summer heat the necessity for an efficient sun-repellent fabric is experienced. Moreover, it is adaptable to either summer or winter wear; for, while it keeps one beautifully cool in the former, it constitutes a warm fabric in the latter season. Being of stout texture, it has excellent wearing qualities, and is thus highly economical. Again, in addition to its sun-resisting powers, it is showerproof—an important consideration in the tropics, where often torrential downpours suddenly overwhelm one. It is suitable for either ladies' or gentlemen's clothing, and can be obtained in an extensive range of colours from black to white. The successful realisation of this novelty should be warmly appreciated, especially by tropical residents, who, having hitherto suffered somewhat from an unavoidable limit of materials suitable for wear in their particular locality, can now secure all the latest creations raging in the fashionable centres of the world; while the fact that 'solaro' has been sealed at the Colonial Office for officers appointed to the tropics is conclusive testimony of its scientific efficiency.

REVERSIBLE STEAM TURBINE.

Though the steam turbine as a means of marine propulsion has come into extensive vogue, it is still in its infancy; and, although it is highly efficient, its ultimate perfection is an absorbing problem in mechanical engineering circles. The present engines of this class possess one salient drawback—they cannot be reversed; and as in order to ensure this movement an extra unit has to be incorporated expressly for astern work, it will be seen that the disadvantage is somewhat important. It means that whether travelling forward or astern a certain proportion of the plant remains idle. This defect, however, it would appear, has now been overcome by the invention of a Scottish engineer, Mr John Ogg, who has built a model engine of this class which can be driven either forward or reverse at will. In this invention a metal disc is mounted upon a hollow shaft which is perforated by a series of radial channels extending from the shaft to the periphery of the wheel, the holes widening as the circumferential edge of the wheel is approached, so that the steam in passing through from the hollow shaft may expand. As the steam issues from these channels or nozzles it impinges against blades fixed to the rim of the wheel, causing it to revolve together with the shaft. The same shaft can be fitted with several such wheels, which may be so arranged as to travel in the forward or reverse direction as required. Within the hollow shaft slides a tube which acts as the valve governing the admittance of the steam to the wheels, so that it can be brought to bear upon either the reverse or forward revolving discs and their blades, while the quantity of steam thus permitted to pass into the nozzles can be adjusted by the rotation of the inner sleeve, such action opening or closing the apertures of the nozzles. The invention has been submitted to severe tests in a model; but it is yet too early to express any decisive opinion upon the efficiency of the system, since working with a model and working with a full-sized unit are vastly different, as every engineer fully realises.

RAMBLES AMONGST THE MINOR ANTIQUITIES OF LONDON.

Mr W. S. Campbell, in his book *The Passer-by in London: a Tribute to Wren, Gibbons, and John Stow* (Chapman & Hall), has done well in drawing attention to the wealth of interest connected with the almost unheeded minor antiquities of London, which the writer calls the most wonderful and interesting city on earth. The interesting churches spared by the great fire of 1666 are in the north and east, and receive more or less notice. Illustrations from photographs are given of all the spires and towers of Wren's churches, of the work of Grinling Gibbons, the Banqueting-Hall in Crosby Hall, hidden statuary, and some ancient doorways. Amongst the churches which receive extended notice are St Bartholomew the Great, with its fine Norman work; St Helen's; St Katherine Cree; St Giles' (Cripplegate), which has associations with Milton; All-hallows (Barking), containing the most perfect and interesting brasses in any London church; St Olave's (from the towers of which Pepys watched the great fire of London), Hart Street; St Etheldreda, St Ethelburga, St Andrew Undershaft, and the Dutch Church (Austin Friars). St Saviour's is rich in tombs of poets, including John Gower, Massinger, Fletcher, and Edward Shakespeare (brother of the great dramatist). Relics of Roman London, such as London Stone and a Roman bath, also receive notice, and a numbered sketch-map will assist the intending visitor.

A HYGIENIC FLOOR-CLEANSER.

The difficulty of maintaining floor-surfaces, whether bare boards or covered with linoleum, in an absolutely clean and healthy condition, especially if submitted to much traffic, is only too well known to the housewife. A considerable quantity of dirt, despite the most elaborate precautions, is bound to be brought in upon the boots, while at the same time the flooring constitutes an excellent collector of dust. In this way the floor acts as an admirable repository for disease-germs, in the conveyance and distribution of which dust is one of the most fruitful mediums. Any means, therefore, by which this difficulty can be easily and cheaply overcome would win the warm admiration of the housewife. For such work a specially compounded liquid called 'dustolio' has been devised, and it can be applied to the bare boards, linoleum, or other covering with equal success. Its object is to

prevent the formation of dust and to maintain the flooring in a perfect hygienic condition. It is odourless; but, owing to several powerful disinfecting agents entering into its composition, it is a valuable and efficient germicide, such virulent bacteria as typhoid, dysentery, diphtheria, and enteric-fever being rendered completely innocuous after submission to the medium for about thirty minutes. The liquid also acts as a preservative to the flooring surface, dispensing with scrubbing after its application, it only being necessary to resort to sweeping with a hard broom at regular intervals. Moreover, it acts as a preservative to the flooring material. In city offices, where traffic during the day is considerable, 'dustolio' should prove of great service.

CATCHING THIEVES BY ELECTRICITY.

A police electrical appliance has just been introduced at Rio de Janeiro which is likely to prove so useful in the maintenance of law and order that it will sooner or later be installed in all important towns. It is an improved system of signalling such as may be seen in some of our public buildings, and is of invaluable service to the fire-brigade as a fire-alarm, to the ambulance and hospitals for announcing when and where accidents occur, to the police, and also to the public at large. At different street-corners throughout the town five hundred and eighty call-boxes similar to our fire-alarms have been erected. These are connected by electricity with the central police station and branch offices. For these call-boxes the citizens have numbered keys, which number corresponds with the name and address of the owner. By this means all possibility of misuse is prevented, for once the door of the call-box is opened the key cannot be removed again except by a policeman, who carries a special key for releasing the mechanism, so that he knows exactly who is responsible for the call. As soon as the key is put in the lock the signal is given at the central station by means of an electric bell and by the simultaneous lighting of a red glow-lamp, so that the official in charge knows at once on which line the call is made. A strip of paper in the receiving apparatus registers the number of the call-box, also the time at which the call is made. This message is at once forwarded to the office in the particular district, or, if necessary, it may by the mere turning of a lever be passed on to all the offices on the system. The time occupied in this is from fifteen to twenty seconds. A policeman is then sent from the office in the district from which the call has come. He learns the reason for the call, and inside the call-box there is an indicator which he places on the word on a dial, thereby informing the head office what is wrong. On this dial are such words as 'Ambulance,' 'Fire,' 'Police,' and such like. It naturally follows that, as the central office is in connection with all these different departments, the necessary help is immediately forthcoming. The same instrument also serves as a control for the police on duty, as there is a clockwork arrangement for recording the time at which they pass the call-boxes in their district.

THE FINE ART OF GARDENING.

Those who wish to know how best to plant and maintain a flower-border with a good scheme of colour will find all the help required in Miss Gertrude Jekyll's *Colour in the Flower-Garden* (*Country Life*, Limited). The writer recommends certain borders for certain times of the year, each one to be bright for from one to two months. What is here recommended is the result of observation and experience, combined with native good taste; and the writer shows herself an artist capable of using plants so that they shall form beautiful pictures. In Miss Jekyll's own private garden, we are told, something quite simple and devoid of complication is aimed at, only one or a few things being carefully placed so as to avoid fuss and give ease to the mind. In many cases, her aim has been to show some colour combination, without regard to the other considerations that go to make a more ambitious picture. Her garden is her workshop, private study, and place of rest. Planting for summer and winter colour is dealt with under the different months; and the arrangement for the fruit-garden is also explained. The pictures are exquisite studies from nature and in the art of making an attractive flower-garden.

A NEW SANITARY PAVING.

Among the various problems which confront our municipalities and rural authorities, the most pressing is in connection with the maintenance of our roads. The development of high speed and heavy vehicular traffic due to the perfection and expansion of motor haulage has rendered it necessary that improved materials of a higher degree of strength should be used. In the towns and cities either wood paving or asphalt is most generally adopted; but the former has a short period of life, while the latter, though giving an excellent surface, is very expensive. Granite setts, while durable and strong, have the disadvantage of being noisy and uncomfortable for traffic, as those who have lived and moved in areas where they are in use are only too painfully aware. Macadam, on the other hand, is very serviceable, but unless given a solid and perfect foundation is apt to wear uneven; while, moreover, it rapidly disintegrates and produces considerable dust. Recently attention has been centred in a new material which is being exploited for this purpose, and the searching tests to which it has been put both in this country and on the Continent have been attended with eminent success. It comprises the utilisation of natural mineral asphalt rock crushed to powder and then fashioned into briquettes or blocks similar in appearance and size to the familiar wood-paving. The possibilities of this material were advanced by scientists nearly a century ago, but its utilisation has not been taken seriously in hand until recently. It is a

pure limestone impregnated with mineral bitumen, and is to be found in abundant quantities in several places on the Continent. The rock is brought to this country in large masses just as quarried, and treated at the extensive works that have been erected for the purpose on the banks of the Thames. The rock is passed through powerful crushers, which pulverise and grind it to the consistency of fine sand. The product is then combined with other substances, the nature of which is a secret, and the ultimate product is then fashioned into the designed shapes and sizes, the blocks being submitted to a pressure of some two hundred tons. This last process renders the material absolutely impermeable, neither water nor oleaginous fluids having the slightest effect upon it, while it is extremely tough in texture. The blocks are laid in the usual manner, and the surface presented to traffic is smooth, clean, and quiet. While a little more expensive than macadam, it is cheaper than asphalt, can be more easily replaced, and does not offer such difficulties as the latter when it is desired to break up the roadway to gain access to pipes and so forth buried beneath. It is as hygienic and as clean as asphalt, costs practically nothing for maintenance, and collects but little dust, the saving effected in sweeping alone being a substantial item. As it affords a smooth, even surface, traffic can be maintained without any vibration or appreciable noise.

METALLIC WALL-PAPER.

A new decorative material which should have a wide application, especially for the ornamentation of ceilings, dados, and so forth, has recently been perfected. It is described as metallic wall-paper, but such a title is somewhat ambiguous, inasmuch as it is possible of confusion with that paper in which the metal effect is obtained by an application of metallic paint, whereas it actually comprises a very thin sheet of metal, so that the metallic surface is absolutely genuine. The fabric can be obtained with either the usual flat or embossed and stamped surfaces. It is electrically produced in continuous lengths, and at a price which compares favourably with the other decorative fabrics on the market. It is made practically in one operation from the crude metal, and is actually a very thin though stout sheet of metallic foil, preferably of copper, though in order to secure various contrasting effects other metals can be combined with the former. The foil can be obtained with a paper backing, in which case it is applied to the wall in the usual manner, or otherwise, and in this instance a special cement is used for securing adhesion to the wall or ceiling surface. The new material certainly possesses many recommendatory features, the most important of which are that it is damp-proof, fireproof, and sanitary, and capable of withstanding considerable rough usage. For damp walls, which so rapidly play havoc with ordinary wall-papers, it is pre-eminently suited, especially in the unbacked condition, since the cement employed ensures perfect adhesion, which otherwise would prove difficult. The effects produced by this new process are very striking and beautiful, it being possible to secure the textures of some of the finest and most delicate fabrics, and when hung it has an effective appearance. It should certainly have a wide vogue for decorating the interior of railway carriages, though owing to its variety it is applicable to any purpose for which wall-paper is at present used.

A 'BRIDGE' FISH-PLATE RAIL-JOINT.

An important though simple invention has recently been perfected by a railway engineer, the object of which is to secure an improved and stronger fish-plate joint for the rails. The ordinary fish-plate is merely inserted in the channel of the rails and bolted firmly thereto. The consequence is that the rail-ends are subject to heavy wear and tear, being deflected under the weight of passing trains, and at the same time tending to tilt the sleepers immediately contiguous to the joint. In the new idea the fish-plate assumes the form of a bridge, either end resting firmly on the table of the chair holding the rails. The only alteration required is a slight widening of the chair-table in order to carry the ends of the plate, upon which it beds fairly and evenly. The advantage obtained is that when weight is applied immediately upon the rail-joint, it is transmitted to the sleepers on either side. Deflection of the rail-ends is thus reduced, and consequently there is less wear and tear, while the sleepers have no tendency to tilt. The joint has been subjected to prolonged tests upon one of our railways, and the saving in wear and tear more than compensates for the slight expense entailed in the modification of the existing chairs used at these points.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN METALLIC-FILAMENT ELECTRIC LAMPS.

The metallic-filament electric incandescent lamp, owing to its economical consumption of current, combined with increased lighting intensity, has come into extensive popularity. The one great objection, however, is the necessity, on circuits where the current system exceeds one hundred and twenty volts pressure, to link two or three lamps together in series. Moreover, should one lamp of such a combination break or become unfit for use it is necessary to renew the others, although possibly they are perfectly sound. In this manner, not only is the initial outlay for lamps a high one, but modifications in the fittings have to be carried out, and there is a probability of one accumulating a stock of partially used lamps. Under such circumstances it was thought that the evolution of a lamp applicable in single units of two hundred to two hundred and fifty volts would be a decided encouragement to the utilisation of electric lighting, and this inventive effort has at last been produced. The filament of these new lamps is a combination of tungsten and other metals, and they range between seventeen and forty candle-power from one hundred to one hundred and

thirty volts, and from thirty-four to forty candle-power in the two hundred to two hundred and fifty voltages. The light emitted is an intense white of great brilliancy, and the filament being of greater strength than the majority of such it can withstand harder usage, while it does not soften to a very great extent under the heat. Its life is one thousand hours, and the light emitted is constant up to the end of that period. In view of the fact that the mains of our electric light companies, both municipal and private, supply current at a pressure ranging from two hundred to two hundred and thirty volts, the cutting down of the lamp-bill by 50 to nearly 70 per cent. is an important stride in the popularising of the metallic-filament lamp, and will certainly act as an encouragement to those contemplating a change from the old carbon lamp, more especially as greater economy still is practicable.

A MOSQUITO-TRAP.

All those whose lot unfortunately casts them in regions where the mosquito thrives fully realise the ravages of this pest and the discomfort experienced from their attacks—not taking into consideration any maladies, such as malaria, which they disseminate—if proper precautionary methods are not practised. A simple and inexpensive little trap which Mr Maxwell Lefroy, of the Indian Entomological Department, has devised and found highly effective is a distinct acquisition to every tropical residence. It is a small box some twelve inches square and nine inches wide, fitted with a hinged lid provided with a small orifice, over which moves a sliding cover. The box is lined with dark-green baize, and has a tin floor. The trap is placed in a shady corner of the room, and the mosquitoes upon entering the house in the morning seclude themselves therein to escape the sunlight. When the insects have duly settled, the lid is shut and about a teaspoonful of benzine injected into the box. Within a short time the flies succumb. Mr Lefroy continued this process daily until the mosquitoes ceased to be troublesome, and within thirty-one days he caught and killed over two thousand three hundred of these insects.

BITUMEN DAMP-COURSING.

Old customs die hard, and, despite the scientific enlightenment of the present age, there are many who still cling tenaciously to the old order of things. This conservatism is probably more marked among architects and builders than in any other profession. A striking example is the prejudice against any improvement upon the use of slates for damp-courses. Yet it is possible to secure a far more reliable and durable medium for this purpose, vitally important as it is. The latest of these is the application of bitumen, whose damp-resisting qualities in its pure form are well-known to every electrical engineer. In the new invention the damp-course comprises a layer of finely woven steel wire-gauze embedded in the bitumen. No apprehensions concerning the possibility of the steel wire corroding need be entertained, owing to the moisture-insulating material completely enveloping it. The probability is that such an article is far more efficacious than the obsolete practice so generally followed.

FRUITS AS ELECTRIC ACCUMULATORS.

'Electricity is life' is a hackneyed aphorism, but nevertheless one that, according to the researches of a recent investigator, possesses more than a grain of truth. According to this authority, plants and vegetables are nothing more nor less than small electric accumulators, possessing, it is true, only a small unit of electric energy, but which at the same time can be conclusively detected by means of a suitable sensitive instrument. He has found that all fruits, whether of solid flesh like the apple, or composed of a number of cells like the orange, are duly replete with what corresponds to the positive and negative plates of a storage-battery. For instance, in the apple the fleshy portion constitutes the positive, and the core divided or insulated from the flesh by a thin skin is the negative, cell, the respective terminals being the flower-end of the fruit and the stalk. In the orange, on the other hand, the successive divisions form alternately positive and negative cells, insulated from one another by the skin-walls, while the whole is completely insulated on the outside by the peel or rind. To substantiate his thesis, the investigator secured an extremely sensitive Kelvin galvanometer, the magnetic reflecting indicator of which is so light as to be suspended by a single strand of a spider's web. By means of this apparatus he was able to deflect the needle from one side to the other according to the connection of the stalk or flower-ends of the fruit with the instrument, and that such movement was not attributable to chemical agency is borne out by the fact that by reversing the terminals of the fruit reversal of sign was obtained. Again, such deflections were not merely temporary; they lasted until either the insulation of the fruit was broken down or decay had set in. He also found that decomposed fruit had no action upon the instrument, but only that in which life was still extant. From such a result one can only conclude that vitality and electricity are synonymous, and that when one partakes of vegetable or fruit one, in reality, absorbs a certain proportion of electric energy into the system.

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1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE HEEL OF ACHILLES.

By KATE THURSTON MARSH.

'Offices of Stetlow, Barnes, & Burns,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

'TUESDAY, *April* 14*th*.

'Miss Josephine Tapscott.

'DEAR MADAM,—We shall be obliged if you will kindly call at these offices to-morrow (Tuesday) between the hours of ten and eleven A.M. on a matter of great importance to you.—Yours faithfully, ROBERT F. STETLOW.'

I.

MISS TAPSCOTT sat down suddenly—in a sort of collapse of despair—crossed her two shaking, work-hardened hands on the edge of the table, laid her tired old head upon them, and her shoulders gave one or two sharp, convulsive heaves.

'I suppose I'm about due to give up,' she said forlornly. 'I've worked and worked, and fought a losin' battle for nigh on to thirteen year, but I reckon I've come to the end at last. It'll be the landlord or the butcher a-suin'—or mebby both—and dear knows where in the world I'm goin' to git the money to pay 'em.'

A little gush of tears—the first she had shed in many a long year—brought the soliloquy to a close; and, half-angry with herself for the momentary weakness, she got up and bustled about the kitchen, making a pretence of working, as if to deceive herself. Not that there was much sense in attempting to do either, when it comes to that. Because, for one thing, she couldn't blunt her consciousness of the existing evil if she tried, and, for another, there wasn't any work left to be done, since Miss Brady the showroom model and Miss Stevens the typist had had their breakfast and gone off to business a good hour and a half ago; and, at the present time, these two young women represented all the boarders of whose patronage Miss Tapscott could boast.

A quiet, self-contained maiden lady, coming from somewhere down in Cornwall—and bringing with her all the wonderful arts of cookery and housekeeping for which that county is well known—there had been a time when Miss Tapscott was a power in her small way, and her select Boarding-House for Young Women filled to overflowing, while applicants waited three deep for any chance vacancy that might occur. But the removal of the paper-box factory, from which she drew her *clientèle*, and, finally, the opening of bigger and more up-to-date boarding-houses—where they took young men as well as young women, a thing Miss Tapscott would never do—had cut into her custom and clearly proved that not all the delicious turnovers, pasties, &c., of which she was justly proud, were of the least avail against the charm of nightly dances in the parlour with masculine partners, a Saturday night 'hop' once a month, and a landlady who didn't care a fig whether you were indoors every night at nine o'clock or not.

So the Tapscott following dwindled and vanished, and hard times knocked audibly at Miss Josephine's door. For she had always been scrupulously exact in the matter of giving full value for money received; and this principle left very little reserve to fall back upon in time of need—so little, in fact, that there was nothing to spare for replenishing worn-out articles as time took its toll of them; while the suggestion of moving into a more promising neighbourhood—where new ones would *have* to be supplied, and where none of her carpets and none of her blinds could be relied upon to fit—simply wouldn't bear thinking of for a moment.

But if her fortunes failed, her conscience didn't, and she simply couldn't bring herself to cut down expenses by diminishing either the quality or the quantity of the food she set before her boarders; and as retrenchment had to be made somewhere, she diminished both the quality and the quantity of her own instead, dismissed her servant, took double work on her own shoulders, and went on struggling and pinching and starving and hoping, and never wholly lost heart until to-day.

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'Well, I suppose I've got to face it, whatever it be,' she said forlornly, as she put the broom behind the door, hung her apron upon its accustomed peg, and spying a few crumbs under the table, brushed them carefully up and put them in the coal-scuttle. 'I'd a liked to hev' made jist enough to go back to the country and end my days there in peace, for I've had a pretty hard life of it, takin' it all in all. But it seems like 'twarn't to be; and if only I ain't drove to the workhouse'—— Her voice choked up and her lips twitched. *That* was a possibility that wouldn't bear thinking over.

As briskly as she could she put on her hat and wrap and her outdoor shoes (which were *very* thin and worn), locked up the house, and sallied forth afoot to the offices of Messrs Stetlow, Barnes, and Burns; for, although the walk was long and the morning was wet, expending twopence for bus-fare was an extravagance to which she dared not rise.

It was close on ten o'clock when she arrived at the far end of Lincoln's Inn, and, with a sinking sensation about the heart, opened the door and crept guiltily into the outer offices of Messrs Stetlow, Barnes, & Burns's establishment, and made known her business by extending the senior partner's letter and saying to the clerk who came forward, 'I've come about this. Be the gentleman in, or hev' I come too early? It's worried me a good deal, and I thought I'd better git it over as soon as I could.'

'Ah, yes. Step this way please,' replied the clerk, opening a door and ushering her into a sort of waiting-room. 'Mr Stetlow is engaged just now, but he'll see you presently. Would you care to look at the morning paper while you are waiting?'

'I don't think I could read it if I tried,' admitted Miss Tapscott with unconscious pathos. 'I'm too nervous and upset, I'm afraid. But thanky all the same. I suppose you couldn't tell me whether it's Mr Slinks the butcher or Mr Havens the landlord that 's a-suin', could you? It 'u'd sorter relieve my mind to know.'

'I haven't the faintest idea,' replied the clerk, with the calm indifference of his kind. 'Sit down, please, and as soon as Mr Stetlow is disengaged I'll tell him you are here.'

Then he went out and left her, and shut the door behind him; and, in a state of trembling nervousness, Miss Tapscott sat down on the very edge of one of the big leather-covered chairs, squeezed her hands together hard, and waited. And so she was still sitting and still waiting when, at the expiration of twenty minutes, he came back, and, with a serene 'Step this way, please,' opened another door and ushered her into Mr Robert Stetlow's presence.

He was a large, sunny-faced, portly man of middle age, so utterly unlike Miss Tapscott's idea of what that dreaded individual a lawyer must be that she took heart of grace, and in response to his cheery 'Good-morning, Miss Tapscott; pleased to see you,' fired the burning question at him point-blank: 'Be it Mr Slinks or Mr Havens that 's a-suin'?' she inquired tremblingly. 'Whichever it be, I don't know how I'm goin' to pay 'em till times gits better; I don't, indeed, Mr Stetlow. But mebby it 's both of 'em a-suin' together? Is it?'

'Quite to the contrary, my dear madam,' responded Mr Stetlow cheerily. 'You haven't been brought here in reference to a lawsuit, but in the capacity of a beneficiary.'

'A which?' said Miss Tapscott, wrinkling up her brows in a puzzled way. 'I'm afraid I don't jist understand.'

'Remember having a lady named Berkenshaw boarding with you some seven or eight years ago—a Mrs Martha Berkenshaw?'

'Law! yes,' replied Miss Tapscott. 'A widdler lady she was. Come from somewheres up in Yorkshire, lookin' after a niece of hers—her dead sister's darter as she'd lost sight of. She was took with pneumony while she was a-boardin' with me, and I nursed her. She had an awful time. I thought once she was goin' to die, but she pulled through.'

'Owing to your careful and tireless nursing.'

'Well, I can't say as I ever thought *that*.'

'She did, however,' said Mr Stetlow, 'and she has done her best to prove it. She had a house and some property in Yorkshire, Miss Tapscott, when she died six weeks ago; and, in return for your kindness to her, she has left you half of her possessions, together with the sum of one hundred pounds in ready money, and you've been summoned here this morning to receive it.'

For just one moment Miss Tapscott stood and looked at him with wide, unwinking eyes, then she sat down and put both hands over her face and made a queer little sound far down in her throat.

Not a lawsuit, but a legacy! Not the workhouse, nor yet the dreaded mysteries of a court-room, but the dream of her declining years come true—a house in the country, with the green fields, and the flowers, and the birds, and the fruit-trees; a house in the country that was *hers*—her very own property!—and, added to that, one hundred pounds in the bank! The reaction was so great that for a moment she trembled on the verge of crying.

'You're sure I'm wide awake? You're sure this ain't all a dream?' she said doubtfully, uncovering her eyes and looking up into Mr Stetlow's face. 'You're sure it's really mine?'

'Quite sure,' he answered. 'Yours and her niece's together. You are co-legatees. There's a fine, large farmhouse and twelve acres of land, and you and Mrs Thorburn are to share and share alike.'

'Mrs Thorburn! Who's she?'

'Mrs Berkenshaw's niece. She married against her aunt's wishes, it appears, and they were estranged shortly after coming together. But the old lady seems to have repented at the last and linked her name with yours in her will. I am expecting Mrs Thorburn here every minute with her little boy. She is a widow. Her husband died three months ago and left her in rather straitened circumstances. She has been supporting herself and her little son by giving music-lessons since Mr

Thorburn's death. She is not in very good health, although she is young and extremely good-looking. You will like her and her little boy, I am sure.'

'I ain't fond of children and I detest *boys*,' said Miss Tapscott with an amount of bitterness which made him arch his brows and look at her in surprise. 'I don't care for young widders nuther. I never would take one in to board even in my hardest times. And a young widder with a *boy!* I hope she won't want to live in the house. I hope she'll rent me her part. I want to live alone. I couldn't stand a boy. Boys is only men getting ready to grow up; and I hate men! I wish I'd never seen one—I wish I'd never hev' to speak to one again to the day of my death!'

Mr Stetlow suppressed a whistle.

'Forty-five, if she's a day,' was his mental tally. 'With an incipient moustache, a face like a hatchet, feet like a grenadier, and yet—she's had a romance! God bless us and save us! what kind of man must the fellow have been, when, according to her own showing, she didn't even have money to gild the pill?'

His reflections were cut short by the sound of a piping, childish voice, mingled with the rustle of a woman's skirt, which proceeded from the outer office. He turned sharply to the door, opened it, and held out a welcoming hand.

'Ah, good-morning, Mrs Thorburn,' he said. 'I thought I recognised our young inquirer's voice.—Well, Master Want-to-know, found out yet "what makes pussy-cats *boil* when you stroke them?"—You are just in time, Mrs Thorburn. Allow me to have the pleasure of introducing you to your co-legatee, Miss Josephine Tapscott.'

Miss Tapscott, who had sat silent and motionless, with her eyes moodily fixed on the floor, glanced up. A young and radiantly lovely woman, with fair hair and blue eyes, was standing before her arrayed in widow's weeds, and extending a small kid-gloved hand in smiling greeting. A little knot of violets was on her breast, and a boy of between four and five years of age was clinging to her skirt.

'Indeed, I am glad to meet you, Miss Tapscott,' said the young widow in a singularly musical voice. 'In the days before I offended her by—by marrying Walter, my aunt used to speak often of you and your kindness to her when she was so very ill. This is my little boy, Miss Tapscott.—Wally dear, say "Good-morning" to Miss Tapscott, and tell her you are pleased to meet her.'

'Dood-mornin',' said the child obediently. 'Pleased meet you.—Oh, mummy dear, did all those funny 'ittle curls over her ears grow like that?'

Mr Stetlow diplomatically clapped his hand over the young questioner's mouth and drew him away.

'Come here and see what's in this box, you young reprobate!' he whispered with a suppressed laugh. 'That inquiring mind of yours is likely to upset the whole apple-cart, bless your pretty eyes!'

'Please forgive him, Miss Tapscott,' said Mrs Thorburn, blushing with mortification. 'He's only a baby. He doesn't mean to be rude. I am sure you will learn to love him when you get to know him better.—Don't you, Mr Stetlow?'

'Humph! a reg'lar man-trap! Won't hev' one around unless he's dancin' attendance on her,' commented Miss Tapscott mentally.—'I'm not partial to children,' she said aloud, as she laid the tips of her fingers in the extended hand and let them slip away again—a mere compromise with the laws of etiquette. 'And boys in partic'lar I can't abide. I'd ruther live alone, if it makes no difference to you, and I was jist sayin' to Mr Stetlow when you come in that I wondered if you'd mind rentin' your share of the house to me. I don't think me and you and that boy 'u'd be altogether comfortable livin' together, and if you and him 'u'd like to live summers else'——

'Oh, Miss Tapscott! please don't suggest it,' said Mrs Thorburn with a frightened look in her soft eyes. 'If you knew what it means to me I am sure that you wouldn't. I—I am not strong. My lungs are weak, the doctors tell me, and I must get out into the fresh air of the country as soon as possible. If anything were to happen to me what would become of my baby-boy? He has only me in all the world, Miss Tapscott, and if I were to be taken from him—— Oh, I am so sorry, so sorry! I thought we should be such company for each other.'

Even Achilles had a vulnerable spot in his heel; but whether Miss Tapscott's was in her heel or her heart, no matter, she weakened.

'I don't want no "company,"' she replied grimly. 'But I ain't one to stand out when it's a question of a body's health. So, as you don't want to give up the house, and I don't nuther, I reckon the best thing we can do is to partition it off even; you live in your half and I live in mine, and no interferin' one with the other. If that's agreeable, all that's left is to decide which half you'll take and which half I'm to hev'. I ain't never seen the place. Hev' you?'

'Yes,' replied Mrs Thorburn. 'I was there yesterday. I think I should prefer the east side; but that wouldn't be wholly fair to you, because all the roses grow on that side, and I love roses—they were Walter's favourite flowers.'

Miss Tapscott's face set squarely and hardened.

'I hate 'em!' she said with exceeding bitterness. 'The very sight of 'em makes me sick, and I wouldn't trust a man who was fond of 'em as far as I could throw him. I never knowed but one man who really and truly loved 'em, and he was the vilest human critter that ever lived. In jail this minute, if he's got his just deserts. You kin hev' the roses if you want 'em—I don't. I'll take the west side for mine.'

So the matter was settled; and, after lingering a while longer to arrange all preliminaries in the way of signatures, &c., and with a cheque for fifty pounds in her pocket to defray the expenses of the dividing partition, Miss Tapscott left the offices of Stetlow, Barnes, & Burns with a step that was positively elastic. Her first duty was scrupu-

lously to settle all her bills and to obtain release from her landlord by paying a small bonus, then to gather together such of her household gods as she wished to retain, and send them to Yorkshire, selling the rest to the second-hand dealers for what they would bring; and two days later the farm-people passing in the neighbourhood of the late Mrs Berkenshaw's house were treated to the spectacle of an alert, shrill-voiced female superintending the erection of a high board-fence which completely divided house and grounds into two even sections from the front gate clear down to the rear boundary-wall.

On the east side of this dividing barrier clustered all the rose-bushes the place boasted, thick with green promise of leaf and flower; on the west, apple and cherry trees frothed with opening blossoms the tender foliage of arched boughs and spilt flecks of pink-and-white on the rolled walks and the close-cropped grass; and under that living arch walked from dawn to dark—as though she couldn't get enough of God's free air and sunshine—the little old maid who for nearly thirteen years had drudged and suffered and worn her life away between the four dreary walls of a London boarding-house.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF SOME BURNS RELICS.

By Robert Duncan.

THE dissatisfaction which has lately been expressed north of the Cheviots at the exclusion of 'Burns' from the great names in English literature inserted in the panels of the dome in the British Museum recalls the fact that in that Museum lies one of the most interesting mementos of the National Bard—namely, his famous punch-bowl. The present, therefore, is an opportune time to tell the story of how this important relic of the poet came to go outside his native country, and of the energetic efforts which were made in the early sixties of the last century to get it transferred to the Burns Museum in Edinburgh. The attempt to bring the bowl back to Scotland was of a semi-private nature; but as most, if not all, of those engaged in it have joined the great majority, the silence which was imposed upon the principals at the time may now be broken and the particulars given to the public.

Readers of Burns will remember that the punch-bowl was presented by James Armour to the poet when he married 'bonny Jean' *in facie ecclesiæ*, and took her with him to Ellisland. It was made by Armour himself out of *lapis ollaris*, the stone of which Inveraray Castle is built. This species is of a greenish-gray colour, and would doubtless be selected by him on account of its being easily worked and turned in the lathe. Armour has been described as a man rigid and devout; but the character of his gift shows that he neither lacked the social qualities of the times nor looked askance upon the jovialities of his famous son-in-law. And round the bowl hangs the memory of many merry meetings, for Burns frequently loved to assume the bright cloak of happiness and hilarity with the view of hiding from the world his disappointments, his difficulties, and his doubts. Here is his general welcome:

> But ye whom social pleasure charms,
> Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
> Who hold your being on the terms,
> 'Each aid the others,'
> Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
> My friends, my brothers!

Vive la bagatelle! was at these times his motto, with Venus as Queen of the Revels. From all these, however, there outstands the historic gathering at Laggan, when

> Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
> And Rab and Allan cam' to pree.

William Nicol—a bosom-companion of Burns, but one whose influence upon his life was perhaps not of the best—had purchased the small estate of Laggan, which adjoined the farm of Ellisland. Burns and his friend Allan Masterton, who was then on a visit to Dalswinton, determined to call on him and to celebrate his acquisition of the property by having a 'house-heating.' So the poet, armed with his punch-bowl, and Allan, full of melody, crossed the Nith, and arrived at their destination a 'wee before the sun gaed doun.' It is almost needless to infer that Nicol would receive the pair with open arms, and that the three kindred spirits, endowed with all the elements for a merry-making, would resolve to make the meeting a memorable one in their lives; the time and the circumstances were irresistible, and the immortal song evoked by the occasion shows that their performance was even better than their resolution. Nicol, with his accustomed skill, brewed a potent and plentiful supply of punch, Burns told his queerest tales, Allan sang his sweetest songs, and the 'three merry boys' did not disperse until the day had dawned and the morning sun gleamed upon the hills of Laggan.

On the death of Burns the punch-bowl was presented to Alexander Cunningham, the father of Allan Cunningham, one of the numerous biographers of the Bard. After the death of Alexander Cunningham, the bowl, through the instrumentality of Mr A. Dobie of Lancaster Place, London, came into the possession of Mr Richard Hastie of Rutland Gate, London (who for some years was the parliamentary representative for Paisley), probably through the medium of an auction sale, regarding which the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of 9th

January 1816 had the following announcement by a bookseller and auctioneer:

'THE PUNCH-BOWL OF ROBERT BURNS.

'Mr Ballantyne has a melancholy satisfaction in announcing to the British Public (for the admirers of the Bard may not admit a narrow appellation) that circumstances have brought the above interesting Relique of the immortal BURNS to sale by Public Auction.

'The authenticity of the Bowl admits of no question; its worth, as the companion and memorial of Burns' happiest moments, can be duly appreciated by those only who have felt, as keenly as himself, the strugglings of his giant genius through a hapless life, and the sickening disappointment of heart —*not* arising from hope deferred, but from hope blighted, disappointed, and extinguished—which led him, at length, to this very Bowl, as his last, though most dangerous, solace. Is it to be said, while the smallest relic of our immortal Shakespeare is justly valued above all price, that this most intimate, most personal, and most interesting memorial of our Native Bard is to be the pearl thrown away? Taste and Liberality equally forbid it.

'The Sale will take place at the rooms, No. 4 Princes Street, Edinburgh, on Saturday, January 20, 1816, at two o'clock P.M. *precisely*. Orders addressed to the Clerk of Sale or to Mr Ballantyne will be attended to, according to their priority, with the most scrupulous fidelity, where the parties find it inconvenient to attend the sale.

'Princes Street, 8th Dec. 1815.'

Mr Hastie appreciated at its true worth the relic which had played such a notable part in the life of the poet, and on each 25th of January he placed it, full of the national beverage, before a select company of his friends. On Mr Hastie's death it was found that by his will, which was dated 4th June 1857, he had bequeathed the bowl to the British Museum. The bequest was in the following terms: 'I Give and Bequeath a Punch-bowl formerly belonging to the Poet Burns, together with a book of sundry manuscripts and relics of that Bard, to the Trustees of the British Museum, and I direct and authorise my Executors to take a receipt for the same from any official person connected with the Museum whom they may think competent to give such receipt.' The bequest was considered a valuable one by the trustees, and in their subsequent report to Parliament they stated that it was one well worthy of public notice. It was unfortunate that Mr Hastie should have left such an interesting relic as the punch-bowl to an institution outside Scotland. There is reason, however, to think that he may have been moved to do so by the fact that there did not exist at the time any body in Scotland which looked after the relics of the Bard. But the great centenary celebrations in the year following Mr Hastie's death aroused intense interest in the poet and his works, and it was therefore not surprising that a short time afterwards successful efforts were made, through the medium of the Edinburgh Burns Club, to collect many valuable mementos of the poet, which were then placed in the Burns Monument, but were some years ago transferred to a separate section in the Municipal Museum at the Edinburgh City Chambers. Amongst the relics which could not be recovered was the punch-bowl, and it was felt that an effort should be made to obtain it from the Trustees of the British Museum. Accordingly, after some preliminary negotiations, Sir Roderick Murchison, at a meeting of the trustees in February 1864, carried a motion that the punch-bowl should be transferred to the Edinburgh Burns Monument collection, on condition that the Burns Club sent to the trustees for their MS. department a letter or letters of the poet. It transpired at the meeting that the rules and regulations of the trustees distinctly forbade them from parting with any object confided to their care either by gift or on loan; but Sir Roderick happily brought before them their power to exchange objects on special occasions; and it was decided that this was a fortunate way out of the difficulty. Much satisfaction was naturally felt when it was known that the bowl was to be brought to Edinburgh, particularly when the trustees' resolution was followed by a formal intimation from Mr Antonio Panizzi, the principal librarian, confirming the news. A MS. letter of Burns was accordingly sent to London to be exchanged for the bowl. But 'the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley,' and some delay occurred with regard to the question of the trustees' powers in cases of *bequests*, though it was still hoped that the special general meeting of the trustees in May following would confirm the unanimous resolution of the body to which executive power had been delegated.

By this time the hitch in the negotiations had aroused a good deal of interest in Edinburgh, and several prominent citizens joined the movement to regain the bowl, which had now assumed the appearance of a mimic international dispute. To overcome the difficulty which had been created, Mr Robert Chambers suggested that there should be raised a memorial to the trustees from men of note in the Scottish capital, and he promised not only to do all in his power, but also to procure the strong support of his brother William. A memorial in the following terms was accordingly sent to the trustees:

'Your memorialists having learned that the Standing Committee or Executive Body of your Honourable Board have agreed to send the Burns Punch-Bowl to the Burns Monument Museum in Edinburgh in exchange for any letter or letters of the Poet which the custodiers of the Monument may send to the MS. department of the British Museum; and having ascertained that Mr James Ballantine, interim curator of the Monument, has sent a letter of Burns to your Museum, your

memorialists earnestly pray that you may authorise the transaction to be concluded.

'The Edinburgh Burns Monument, of which the Town Council are the permanent custodiers, was erected thirty years ago, and cost nearly three thousand pounds, subscribed for by Scotsmen in all parts of the world. It occupies a prominent point on the Calton Hill, is a Grecian temple of chaste design, has a well-lighted chamber twenty feet diameter, and contains relics, as per annexed catalogue, all of which have been collected during the last eighteen months.

'Since the Monument was opened six months ago as a Museum, it has been visited by nearly five thousand persons, each paying twopence, so that it is entirely self-supporting and daily becoming more popular and attractive. As the Poet's Punch-Bowl would here be a prominent object, would be carefully preserved, and more thoroughly appreciated than in the British Museum, your memorialists respectfully and earnestly solicit your Honourable Board to accede to the prayer of their memorial.'

Amongst the signatories to this document were the Lord Provost (Mr Charles Lawson), Mr Adam Black, Sir William Gibson-Craig, the Provost of Leith, Lord Neaves, the Sheriff of Midlothian, Messrs W. and R. Chambers, Sir John Watson Gordon, Sir John Steell, Mr Alexander Russel (the famous Editor of the *Scotsman*), Professor Christison, and Professor Simpson. This powerful appeal from the civic authorities and so many enlightened inhabitants of Edinburgh was not without its due effect upon the British Museum Trustees, and they now deemed the matter of so much importance that a special meeting of the whole body was summoned for Saturday the 23rd of April 1864. As it was essential, in giving away or exchanging objects bequeathed to the Museum, that two of the three principal trustees should be present, the chief librarian secured the attendance of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the House of Commons. At the meeting the motion to transfer the bowl was strongly and heartily advocated by Sir Roderick Murchison, and he was ably supported by some of the trustees for whose judgment and character there was the highest respect. But the motion was opposed on the high principle that every bequest to the British Museum was a sacred engagement, and in this particular case it was argued that the punch-bowl formed part only of Mr Hastie's bequest, inasmuch as there accompanied it a whole bookful of the poet's letters. This plea prevailed, the amendment was carried, and the battle of the bowl ended in there being lost to Scotland a remarkable relic concerning a phase of Burns's life, which, toned down by the gentle hand of time, only serves to throw into stronger relief the great glories of his brief but brilliant career.

The British Museum contains other relics of Burns, including the MS. of 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' and the celebrated letter from him to Dr Moore, dated 22nd August 1787, in which he freely narrates the events of his life. Another English institution, the Liverpool Athenæum Library, has two quarto volumes of poems and letters. Indeed, the relics of the poet are now scattered all over the world. Many have crossed the Atlantic to swell the collections of the millionaires of America. An article in *Chambers's Journal* for 1903, upon 'The Burns Cult in America,' gave particulars of some of the manuscripts then in the possession of Mr R. B. Adam of Buffalo, including the Burns-Dunlop correspondence (which has been published) and the MS. of 'Tam o' Shanter' and 'A Man's a Man for a' that.' But the bulk of the relics of Burns are naturally located in the land of his birth, particularly in his loved country of Coila. The 'auld clay biggin'' in which he was born was, with the relics therein, acquired for four thousand pounds in 1881, 'to be preserved in the interests and for behoof of the public.' The Monument at Alloway contains the Bible given by him to Highland Mary when they bade each other a fond farewell by the banks of the winding Ayr. In the Dumfriesshire district many mementos are in the possession of private parties. The Public Library, the Crichton Royal Institution, and the Globe Tavern own several; and in the Dumfries Observatory Museum are Burns's travelling-trunk and a copy of 'Holy Willie's Prayer' in his handwriting. In Ayr is the 'Burns Press Chair,' made from the printing-press on which the first edition of his poems was printed at Kilmarnock. The Ayrshire Burns Library contains his dram-glass and rush-bottomed chair, and a copy of 'The Whistle' in his handwriting, besides Mr James M'Kie's valuable collection of all the known editions of his works. The Irvine Burns Club owns several manuscript poems, and the St James's Masonic Lodge, Tarbolton, in addition to the minutes signed by Burns, has the original manuscript of 'The Farewell' which he addressed to his companions in the craft. In the capital, the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities possesses a grim reminiscence in the poet's pair of double-barrelled pistols; and in the National Gallery is the famous painting of him by his friend Alexander Nasmyth. As already mentioned, what is probably the largest collection of Burns relics in Scotland is in the Edinburgh City Museum. To this the punch-bowl which forms the subject of this article would have been a welcome, and indeed a fitting, addition, for it was in 'Scotia's darling seat' that Burns spent the happiest portion of his chequered existence; but his metropolitan admirers have the satisfaction of reflecting that the relic reposes in the chief city of the Anglo-Saxon race, of which he is one of the foremost and most fascinating literary figures.

The Editor of *Chambers's Journal* is himself in possession of a copy of the first Edinburgh edition of Burns's Poems, containing numerous holograph notes by Robert Hogg, nephew of the Ettrick Shepherd, who for many years acted as secretary to Sir Walter Scott

at Abbotsford. The volume also contains the following lines written to an unknown correspondent:

'ELLISLAND, 16*th June* 1788.—This is now the third day, my dearest sir, that I have failed to see your physog. Come to me at once. Adieu!

'ROBT. BURNS.

'My old direction—Mauchline.—R. B.'

A final word may be said regarding other Burns relics from time to time recorded, but which cannot now be traced. From a letter written by Mr Arthur Campbell of Preston to Robert Chambers in 1843, we find that the silver snuff-box presented by Mr G. M'Iver to the poet was then in the possession of Mr Dobson, proprietor of the *Preston Chronicle*. In 1851 a Mr Hilson writes that he is owner of Burns's copy of *Junius*, and the same year Mr Hugh Macdonald of the *Glasgow Citizen* newspaper records the existence of the poet's copy of Cicero's *Orations* belonging to Mr David Robertson, Glasgow. The volume contained the following inscription in Burns's holograph: 'EDINR., 23*rd April* 1787.—This book, a present from the truly worthy and learned Dr Gregory, I shall preserve to my latest hour as a mark of the gratitude, esteem, and veneration I bear the donor—so help me God!—ROBT. BURNS.' Perhaps even more interesting was the copy of Young's *Night Thoughts* presented by Burns to Clarinda, and bearing the following inscription: 'To Mrs M'Ilhose this poem, the sentiments of the Heirs of Immortality told in the numbers of Paradise, is respectfully presented by Robert Burns.' This is followed by a note in the handwriting of Clarinda, presenting the volume to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the well-known Edinburgh antiquary. This interesting relic was sold with the contents of Mr Sharpe's library in 1851, and has not since been heard of.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

By W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D., Author of *Deeds that Won the Empire*, *How England Saved Europe*, &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE SLAVE.

THE wild landscape of the desert, a measureless waste of low sandhills that seemed to undulate beneath the white-heat which lies upon it; no wing of bird in the white-hot sky, no blade of grass or shadow of tree on the blistered earth.

On the crest of a low ridge of sand a figure is standing, shading his eyes with his hands as he watches the horizon to the north-west. He looks a true Bedouin, lean, bare-legged, brown-faced, a cotton cloth wound about his head, a ragged *haik* his only dress. Presently a second figure, a huge negro, his face black as ebony, climbs the ridge, leading a couple of camels. The negro laughs as the Bedouin speaks to him eagerly in Arabic and points to the horizon. The black stares long in the direction to which his companion's finger points, and then he shakes his head. He can see nothing. But the keener eyes of his companion can discern in the wavering horizon, dim in the heat-haze, a patch of steady purple. He claps the negro on the shoulder.

'*Thalatta*, Sidi—*thalatta!*'

The negro laughs contentedly in reply, though he does not understand his companion's words. A strange Bedouin this that lifts up on the crest of that hill of sand the cry of Xenophon's Greeks when they saw the sea! Then the pair mount and ride away, the sand rising in white dust under every stroke of the camels' feet.

It is Jack Lawrence come back from the desert. 'He is hard to kill,' said his uncle, and this was certainly true. Nearly three years have gone by since, a semi-blind captive, plodding behind his master's camel, he disappeared in the heat-filled horizons of the great desert. He seemed to have vanished from human knowledge. In London they mourned for him as dead—all save Denise, to whom love taught, somehow, an obstinate hopefulness. And now Jack has come back out of the furnace of slavery, free, armed, unpursued, a companion by his side. He is aiming for one of the ports on the Gulf of Suez, and from the ridge of sand he had caught the first glimpse of the far-off purple sea.

The tale of his experiences as a slave would make a romance; but it was clear that slavery had set no evil mark on him as he stood erect and fearless on the sandhill. Yet there were some changes in him. The steady eyes were as honest as ever, but they had a new expression. Eyes that have looked on danger as a daily and familiar thing learn an intent watchfulness of glance no other eyes know. The face had new lines of sternness written on it. It wore the aspect of that rare strength which comes of suffering endured and conquered. It was a face that would have arrested attention in a crowd.

. . . . . .

The Arabs on their homeward journey had travelled due south, halting every third or fourth day at some little oasis, with its cluster of muddy wells. They were rich in booty, and their riches brought some perils with them. They might be plundered. They would be a temptation to every group of hungry Bedouins within a hundred miles. So Jack's captors were making for the remotest oasis in their territory, and with each day's travel the chances of escape grew fainter. To make a dash of fifty miles or so to the coast was comparatively easy. But to travel back across such

wide spaces of trackless desert needed a training and preparation not to be soon or easily got; and Jack realised that the problem of escape had taken quite new dimensions.

A weaker man might have abandoned hope; but as he lay on the sand in the dark, with the slumbering Bedouins about him, Jack studied the new conditions coolly. His natural courage was great, and somehow the thought of Denise gave it an edge of steel. He *must* get back to her! It filled him with a sort of scornful anger to think that a score of ragged and untaught Arabs should keep them separated.

He studied keenly the personnel of the band. He resolved to master their language and their methods of life. He would learn the secret of their endurance and their skill in desert-travel. Why should not the hieroglyphics of the desert landscape become as legible to him as to them? His brain, strong in the resources of civilisation, should pluck from theirs all the knowledge they held. Pride of race and civilisation stirred in him. His senses were as keen as theirs. He had a knowledge they did not possess. Why should not a civilised man outsee, outmarch, and outlast a savage?

Then his courage found a better root than even pride of race and civilisation. Did his Christian faith count for nothing? It surely put him in touch with nobler forces than any of which these untaught Bedouins had any experience. As he reflected he saw that it was a peril great and deadly that he might lose the moral qualities which parted him from these children of the desert, and sink to the morals as well as the offices of the slave. In the last analysis it was a spiritual interval which separated him from his captors, and in self-defence he must keep that interval as wide as possible.

He was in a strait betwixt two. He must show himself better than these Bedouins or become worse, and either by measureless degrees. So he clung to his religion with a new energy—the energy with which a drowning sailor in a wild sea clings to a lifebuoy. And what was his religion? He had no Bible but what stole out, in half-forgotten fragments, from the cells of his memory. How he longed for the little ragged Testament made sacred by the touch of a dead mother's hand! But Denise had it; and somehow, as he thought of it, that Testament which had passed from his hand to hers became a new link betwixt them.

It was odd what parts of the Bible he remembered and what he forgot. But what he forgot only threw into bolder and loftier relief the passages he remembered. The Bible for him, under these conditions, resembled a landscape seen through mists. Only the loftier peaks were visible. And what were these?

The one great luminous fact which that half-forgotten Bible yielded was the figure of a personal God; God not an abstraction, a Force, a stream of tendency; God as a father having personal relations with His child; God revealed in Christ and interpreted by Christ. Fragments of verses, sweet as the strain of the half-forgotten songs of childhood, awoke in Jack's memory. Bible stories too—the stories he learned as a child at his mother's knee—somehow emerged, and clothed themselves with strange meanings. Poor Lawrence found hidden messages in them. The tale of the Hebrew children unscorched in the fiery furnace—what a childish story! But did it not make visible at one point a fact which held good everywhere and always, the fact of a divine companionship with men in trouble? If so, then, was not some unseen Son and Brother of man beside him in the white furnace of the desert? So Jack got what many in happy conditions never get—a personal and verified Bible.

His religion, it may be added, fulfilled one other office which many miss in it. It gave him the constant sense of companionship. God was with him, filling all loneliness with the sense of a divine Presence. This Presence, too, was shared by those he loved and by all the saints. It became the one link betwixt himself and Denise, and it still held good when all others failed. All the dreadful emptiness of space parted them. She was beyond the reach of his senses. No touch of hand, no meeting of eyes, was possible. But here was one realm at least in which they met—a realm in which he was free and had kinship with unknown orders.

Great is the power of faith! This lonely slave in an Arab camp, lost in the solitudes of the desert, stretched his arms with exultation as he felt himself in kinship with the heroic spirits of all lands and ages.

At the back of his courage there was, it has to be confessed, one pagan element. He looked at his situation with unshrinking eyes, and realised that the worst that could come to him was death. He could die, as brave men did in battle, and not count it an evil beyond endurance. And when he had measured in this way the worst possibilities of his lot he felt almost light-hearted. Nay, he felt transfigured. The black fact of death was a door, not *out* of life but *into* life.

Jack mastered the language quickly, for he heard no other sound than it. He found what may be called the arts of Bedouin life few and not difficult to acquire. His theory that the civilised man, with the strength of a trained brain, can beat the savage in his own arts if driven to practise them was justified by the facts. He quickly learned to interpret the desert as well as the Bedouins who were born in its melancholy depths. He could bear heat and thirst and hunger as bravely as they. He grew as tireless, as quick-sighted, as patient of toil.

He taught the children of the little camp new games and told them new stories; and, as children of all lands are very much the same, he quickly

won their hearts. The blacks became docile to him. In brief, race told, knowledge told, courage of will told. But it was the moral qualities in the captive Englishman which told most of all. He acted on some better law than the rest of the camp. He somehow carried with him stronger forces. So this slave became a power in the camp.

One happy incident enabled Jack to win an influence over the old sheikh which probably saved him from some of the worst experiences of a slave's life. The sheikh, with another Bedouin, started to visit a friendly camp some three days' journey distant, and took Lawrence with him to attend to the camels. Midway on the return the two Arabs suddenly resolved to visit a long-deserted oasis nearly a hundred miles off their route.

They reached the oasis towards the evening of the third day. It was a little, sunken valley, with rocky cliffs on three sides, and a track leading down over loose stones on the fourth. As they descended, a stone on which the sheikh's camel trod slipped under its feet, and the beast fell clumsily, throwing its rider and rolling on him. The sheikh lay unconscious as Jack and Hamed bent over him. There was a deep cut in his head; one ankle was twisted; he was crushed about the chest. The camel refused to rise; but they lifted the unconscious man, carried him to the shade of the rocks, and with rough surgery bound up his wounds.

Hamed presently went off to examine the little valley, and came back just as the sun was setting. Jack could see that his face was gloomy. He examined the sheikh, who had recovered consciousness during his absence, but was now lying in a stupor of sleep. The Bedouin squatted on the sand, lit his pipe, and smoked for an hour in silence. Then he arose and went off to examine the injured camel, still lying where it had fallen. He came back and stood, the light of the fire playing on his dark face.

'Allah wills it,' he said; 'the sheikh cannot ride. I will go off and fetch help.'

He was busy for a while with his camel; then he came back to where the sheikh was lying, and took up the water-bag and proceeded to carry it away. Some impulse made Jack jump to his feet.

'You must not take that,' he said; 'the sheikh may want it. You have your own.'

Hamed dropped the bag, snatched a knife from his belt, and turned on Jack with a threatening gesture. But something in the steady look and fearless attitude of the white slave checked him. For a moment, in the light of the fire, the two men looked at each other with threatening eyes; but the stronger spirit of the white man overbore the Bedouin, and with a guttural curse he turned and walked off; and through the dark Jack heard the clatter of his camel's hoofs on the stones. In the morning the sheikh had recovered all his senses, and looked round with questioning eyes at his companion.

'Hamed is gone,' Jack explained. 'Your camel is crippled, you cannot ride, and he is gone to fetch help.'

The sheikh's face darkened. 'He has abandoned us,' he said. 'He will never return.'

Hamed did not belong by blood to the tribe. He had fled from his own clan to escape punishment for some offence, and had been allowed to remain at El Kabla. But the sheikh knew his man, and knew he was faithless. Then Jack told how Hamed had tried to carry off the water-bag of the sheikh.

'Has he taken the other?' the sheikh asked.

Jack went over to the place where the trappings of his own camel were piled, but the water-bag had disappeared. The sheikh showed no surprise at the news.

'But are there not wells here?' asked Jack.

The sheikh shook his head doubtfully.

'The fresh wells here failed. The one that remains is salt. That is why the place was abandoned.'

Jack set off to examine the wells. Three were dry, and had evidently been dry for years. He discovered a fourth, close to the foot of the cliff, but on tasting the water in it found it bitter with salt. Some saline deposit in the strata through which the water trickled made it as undrinkable as sea-water.

As Jack stood by it, with the taste of the bitter fluid on his lips, he realised the whole situation. Here were two men, one of them crippled, in the heart of the scorched desert, at least three days' journey from help, with one poor skin of water for them both. The sheikh was helpless. Why should he not mount his camel and make a dash for freedom? He would at least have a chance of escape, while to stop was to perish. He came back to the sheikh, and told him what he had found. The sheikh looked at him with suspicion.

'You will leave me,' he whispered at last, 'like Hamed.'

'No,' said Jack.

'Why should you not?' said the sheikh sullenly. 'It is fate.'

'Hamed may come back yet,' Jack argued; but in the look in the sheikh's eyes was a sufficient answer.

Jack stood thinking over the situation. To stay was to die. His camel was poor, but at least it gave him a chance. Then he looked at the sheikh. To leave a crippled man to perish with thirst was to a man of Jack's race and faith impossible.

'I shall stop,' he said, 'and take my chance. I will not leave you.'

The sheikh looked at him long and with doubting eyes; but Jack had dismissed the question, and busied himself with examining the sheikh's injuries. The dislocated ankle had been tightly bandaged, but it was plain some of the injured man's ribs had been broken, and Jack wound a bandage tightly round his body. He knew how quickly the Bedouin recovered from what seemed almost fatal injuries.

The sheikh would, no doubt, recover from his wounds, but it would only be to die from thirst.

In the morning Jack mixed a little barley-meal and water for the sheikh, but did little more than wet his own lips. Help might come, and the scanty store of water must be made to last as long as possible. The sheikh watched suspiciously as Jack poured out the precious fluid from the water-bag. He noted the scanty portion the white man took for himself, and understood with the quickness of a son of the desert his slave's purpose. From that moment he seemed to dismiss his suspicions.

Meanwhile Jack walked back to the salt well and looked at the cool water as it lay in the shade of the rock. It was death hidden under the mask of life. Was there no art by which he could rob the water of its deadly saltness? The sheikh, wise in the lore of the desert, was helpless; but a civilised brain ought to be able to solve the problem. Jack stood long, recalling all he had heard of the devices of shipwrecked sailors or lost travellers, as well as all that his knowledge of science could teach him.

At last he turned back to the sheikh. Something in his bearing spoke of hope, and the Arab looked at him with questioning eyes.

'Yes,' said Jack, 'I think I can make that bitter water sweet.'

He took the sheikh's long gun, broke it loose from its wooden stock, and examined it. It was an iron tube nearly four feet six inches long. He then took from the sheikh's saddle a small iron kettle. It was a bit of plunder from the French camp, which the sheikh valued and took with him on his journeys not so much for its utility as for its strangeness and to exhibit in other camps as a trophy. Jack tore a strip of goat's skin from the saddle, and soaked it in the salt well to make it flexible. He placed one end of the gun-barrel against the spout of the kettle, and wound the goat's skin round the junction of the two again and again, lashing it tightly. It formed a flexible joint betwixt the kettle and the gun-barrel. He filled the kettle with salt water, 'jammed' on the lid tightly with damp cloth, and placed it on the fire, with the gun-barrel resting on stones and stretched out like an enormous spout with a slight downward inclination.

Presently the kettle boiled, and the steam found its way down the long barrel. Jack had wound strips of blanket round the barrel, and he kept them cool with water. As he expected, the steam passing through the long, cool barrel condensed, and presently a bead of water formed at the end of the barrel. It dropped into the bowl that Jack had placed there. Other drops followed; they grew at last into a tiny thread of water. It tasted of gunpowder, it was warm and insipid, but at least it was drinkable. And as long as he could find fuel Jack knew in this way he could keep up the supply of water.

The sheikh had watched the whole process with uncomprehending eyes; but when, towards midnight, Jack brought him the little bowl half-full of the tricklings from the gun-barrel he understood, and his look repaid Jack.

Ten days afterwards Jack and the sheikh crept into El Kabla. The sheikh had sufficiently recovered to be able to ride, and Jack brought both the crippled man and camel safely back. Their long absence had excited wonder, but no one thought of going in search of the missing party. The sheikh told at the camp-fire the story, and many guttural expletives were expended on the missing Hamed. No particular gratitude was shown to the white slave by the camp at large; the sheikh himself spoke no word of thanks. The Bedouins are not a voluble race; but from that time he silently protected his English captive from humiliations and injuries which might well have proved intolerable.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD MANSIONS OF PARIS.

By P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

PART I.

PARIS has many aspects. It is the gay city of pleasure and of the crowded boulevard, the haunt of the tourist, the abode of the artist, with its Quartier Latin and its Montmartre, the apotheosis of the triumphs of the First Napoleon, the scene of the architectural experiments of Baron Haussmann. Old picturesque streets, mansions famous in history, have been swept away in order to provide space for the monotonous creations of modern builders, and the long lines of houses, boulevards, and faubourgs where each building exactly resembles its fellow.

In this busy, pleasure-seeking modern Paris I love to escape from the riot of the cafés, from the endless stream of vacant-faced pedestrians who throng the boulevards, from picture-gallery and museum, in order to ferret out the bits of old Paris which have hitherto escaped the attacks of the destroyer, to build again in imagination the old inns and palaces, to wander with Dumas or Stanley Weyman along the ancient streets with their swashbuckling heroes, and to conjure up the scenes of Parisian ancient life.

If you know where to look you can find part of the walls of the old Bastille, that terrible prison

which seemed to have engraved over its portal, 'Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.' You should go along the Boulevard Henry IV. and seek the Rue Lesdiguières. Passing along until you come to the second or third house, you will find a small court, and opposite you will see a thick wall built of large layers of great hewn stones, against which leans a shed. This wall is all that remains of the ancient wall which surrounded the fortress. It was situated at a nearly equal distance from the entrance gate from the Rue St Antoine and the Little Arsenal. It was formerly much higher, and in recent times part of it has been destroyed. The Rue Lesdiguières at the time of the taking of the Bastille was only a long passage, the outlets of which were closed by a double grill, and was made on the site of the ancient Hôtel Lesdiguières, inhabited by Peter the Great. This wall is only an example of what the curious may find in old Paris if they know where to look.

Many objects that delight the antiquary are too well known to be recorded here. Most of the churches belong to the Renaissance period, and furnish examples of the style that flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There is, however, the ancient Church of St Germain des Près, the oldest in Paris, commenced in 1001 A.D., and dedicated by Pope Alexander III. in 1163. It was the minster-church of the Abbey of St Germain, a rich and powerful monastery, which always had a cardinal or a prince or king for its abbot. The church has been so much restored and decorated that it is difficult to discover its most ancient portions, but fragments may be found here and there. Some of the columns of the triforium of the choir belong to the sixth century, and their bases and capitals to the twelfth. During the Revolution the church became a saltpetre manufactory; and when it was converted again to its sacred uses much restoration was required. The old palace of the abbot may be seen in the Rue de l'Abbaye, built by Cardinal de Bourbon in 1586. It is built of brick and stone, and much decorated. An escutcheon bearing the arms of the founder, surmounted by a female figure, appears above a pavilion. The house is now the abode of artisans, and has lost its ancient grandeur. The prison of the abbey, rebuilt in the seventeenth century, was celebrated for the sad scenes of revolutionary violence and horror in 1792, and disappeared half a century ago.

Every visitor to Paris knows that gem of ecclesiastical architecture, the Sainte Chapelle; and, of course, Notre Dame, much modernised and restored; and St Germain l'Auxerrois, whose bell was the signal for the Massacre of St Bartholomew. It is interesting to picture again the scenes that were enacted in the celebrated *places* of old Paris: the tragedies that occurred in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, the old Place de Grève, which saw the hanging of the Huguenot chiefs Briquemont and Cavagnes by the order of the unscrupulous Catharine de' Médici, and the torture and execution of Comte Montgomery, captain of the Scottish Guard, who accidentally caused the death of her husband Henry II. at a tournament. A procession of victims of a despotic Government as well as of criminals seems to pass us as we stand in this *place*. We see Foulon, the unscrupulous Controller of Finance, and his son-in-law Bertier, compelled to eat hay, which he suggested as suitable food for the starving populace, and here hanged on lamp-posts; and there stood the guillotine which claimed its daily crop of victims until it was removed to the Place de la Concorde. Who can imagine that in that peaceful spot, where the fountains play and the Luxor obelisk rises, nigh the *cafés-chantants* and summer theatres, were enacted so many historical tragedies: the guillotining of Louis XVI. and his sister; of Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Louis Philippe Egalité; and in their turn Danton, Robespierre, and, by poetical justice, the inventor himself of the hateful machine that decapitated wretches wholesale? Well said Chateaubriand, when it was proposed to erect a fountain on the spot where Louis XVI. died, that all the water in the world would not suffice to remove the blood-stains which sullied the place.

But our main concern centres round the old palaces and mansions of Paris, houses once great and important, that echoed with the sound of gay revelry, and were inhabited by men and women who made history, but are now forgotten. They are the abodes of the *bourgeoisie*, the homes of manufacture and industry, and no one seems to know or can relate the tidings of their former greatness. In one of these old houses, once the residence of a distinguished cardinal in the eighteenth century, we observed to the *concierge*, 'Did not Cardinal Perraud live here?' '*Mais, oui, monsieur, il est mort.*'

In the old centre of Paris, the Isle of St Louis formerly the Isle of Notre Dame, because it—belonged to the Cathedral Chapter—we must look for some of these old mansions. The other isle, now joined to it by a bridge, was anciently the Isle of Cows, because of the good pasturage which it afforded. It has been the scene of many stately religious and civil ceremonies. Here in 1313 Philip le Bel gave brilliant fêtes when his son the King of Navarre attained to the grade of knighthood. Here came Edward II. with his father-in-law and his brother-in-law when the three kings and many lords of the Court took the cross at the hands of the papal legate, although they had no desire or intention of inaugurating a new crusade. It was the scene of many religious plays which delighted our forefathers, and here were acted the dramas of *Adam and Eve*, the *Massacre of the Innocents*, *Caiaphas and his Court*, and the *Judgment of Pilate*. When Philip quarrelled with Pope Boniface VIII., the farce of *Master Renard* was performed. The Church of St Louis is not very remarkable or graceful. The vandalism of 1793 and 1794

threatened it with destruction and to convert it into an emporium of fish and vegetables. Two of the statues were changed into the goddesses of Reason and Liberty.

Foremost amongst the old houses is the Hôtel Lambert, which occupies the extreme end of the Isle. It was built by President Lambert de Toringy from the designs of Louis Levau, the first architect of the Grand Monarque in the seventeenth century. Lebrun and Lesueur decorated it with consummate skill; François Pèrier succeeded them in the task of beautifying the house. The Flemish sculptor Van Obstal modelled in stucco some of the ornamentation under the direction of Lepautre. A great gate leads to the court of honour, which is surrounded by battlements of the Doric order. Opposite, a flight of steps leads to a grand landing. The gallery on the first floor on this side of the river was painted by Lebrun, who adorned it with mythological subjects, especially the Labours of Hercules. Lesueur covered the walls of the Salle des Bains with many pictures of sea-goddesses, nereids, Diana in her Bath, and similar representations. The house has suffered many vicissitudes and had many owners, and amongst these were Dupin, the Marquis du Châtelet, the Comte de Montalivet, and the Duchess of Orleans, mother of Louis Philippe. Here Voltaire lived for a time with Madame du Châtelet at the time when he conceived the plan of *La Henriade*. The great Napoleon came to a conference here with M. de Montalivet in 1815, when his cause was lost. This beautiful house has lost much of its ancient magnificence, and many of its pictures by Lesueur were sold to the Government for preservation in the Louvre Museum. Amongst these were twelve compositions which adorned the Salon d'Amour and the Cabinet des Muses. At one time it was a mere storehouse for military beds, and what I take to be part of the old mansion is still used as cottages for artisans. It is now the property of the Czartoriski family, and has been restored with much taste and skill. Lincelle was the architect of the restoration, who has preserved well the purity of the style of the ornamentation. The paintings have been restored by Eugène Delacroix. The gallery painted by Lebrun exists still in all its original beauty, and we still are able to admire the carved medallions of Van Obstal and the wonderful ceilings painted by Lebrun, and his Marriage of Hercules and Hebe. Some of the paintings of Lesueur are left in the staircase, in an oval antechamber on the first floor, and in the Salon des Bains in the attics. The Hôtel Lambert is more fortunate than many of the other old houses of Paris in having been so carefully preserved and restored.

Near at hand is the Hôtel de Lausun, which, alas! is in course of demolition, and a surly guardian refused us admission. Possibly he was considering our safety, as there was much scaffolding about, and the walls looked not secure, and stones and bricks might have fallen on our heads. The house bears the inscription, 'Hôtel de Lausun, 1657.' In another part of the building is inscribed 'Hôtel de Pinodau,' which demonstrates that the house once belonged to the family of the Marquis de la Vallée de Pinodau and Ogier of Lorraine. Roger de Beauvoir resided here in the time of Louis XIII., and inaugurated the lax manners that showed themselves in the Court of Louis XIV. by receiving here the secret espousals of Mademoiselle, the little daughter of Henry IV. It was, however, Antonin Nompar de Caumont Lausun or Lauzun, Marquis and Duke of Puyguilhem, Marshal of France, who conferred the greatest distinction on this old mansion. He was only twenty-five years old when he entered into possession of the property. He was a man full of spirit, gay, prosperous, and happy. He was a lover of literature at a time when genius, wit, and learning abounded in France; when Corneille and Racine, Molière and Régnard, Boileau and La Fontaine, La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère, Descartes and Pascal, formed a galaxy of talent of which few countries, few ages, can boast. We can imagine the wits of the day, the great writers, tragedians, comedians, assembling in this house around the hospitable board of the young Lausun. The young man had his opinions, and after twelve happy years found himself in the Bastille. He was, however, soon released, and returned to this house. Honours were bestowed upon him. He was created Marshal of France, and in 1671 commanded the royal forces in Flanders. But he had enemies at the Court of the Grand Monarque. He had privately married Mademoiselle, Duchess of Montpensier, and thus incurred the wrath and jealousy of Madame Montespan and Count Louvois, the great financier of Louis. Poor Lausun was disgraced and imprisoned, and after five years was exiled. England, the home of many French exiles, welcomed him, and when the Stuarts' course was run and the throne of James II. tottering, Lausun conducted his poor queen to France. When Mademoiselle died he married Mademoiselle Durfort, the daughter of Marshal de Lorges. He lived to a great age. We see him conducting the auxiliaries to Ireland in 1689, and three years later he was made a duke. He died at the convent of Petits Augustines, aged ninety years, in 1723. In the time of Louis Philippe the house was let in apartments, and here lived Théophile Gautier. Before this chapter reaches my readers it will have entirely disappeared.

On the Quai d'Orléans is the Hôtel Dubosc, which bears the date 1789. No. 5 is the old mansion once owned by Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, which is now a museum, but unfortunately it was closed when I visited it. No. 20, on the Quai Béthune, is the old Hôtel Mazarin, which is but a relic of its former greatness. There is a fine entrance gateway, and a bronze fountain in the courtyard. We ascended a stone staircase, which replaced one of great magnificence, and discovered on the highest story some mural paintings by

Lebrun. The chambers once occupied by the Cardinal, the great statesman of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. who took a leading part in the affairs of France, and was practically the ruler of the kingdom until his death in 1661, are let to divers owners. You can see his crafty and cunning face, as he entered this gateway, devising taxes whereby he might enrich himself and his kingdom, stamping with rage at the opposition of the Parliament or at the schemes of the *frondeurs*, hurrying away in a hasty flight from France to seek safety abroad, returning in triumph, and every day amassing wealth, which he bequeathed to his nieces, who doubtless lived here and in other mansions of the Cardinal as princesses. The home was doubtless filled with monkeys, the Cardinal's favourite pets. They were carefully tended and highly scented by his nieces, those celebrated ladies whom satirists distinguished by the name of Mazarinettes. Thus does the witty author of *Le Passeport et l'Adieu de Mazarin* write of them :

> Ainsi donc par vos limonades,
> Par vos excellentes pommades,
> Par la bonne odeur de voz gants,
> . . . . .
> Par les singes que tant aimez,
> Qui, comme vous, sont parfumes
> Par les belles Mazarinettes, &c.

The Hôtel Mazarin could tell strange stories.

No 24 on this *quai* is the Hôtel d'Ambrun. Turning to the left, we see the Rue Bretonvilliers, with an arch leading to the Rue St Louis, and a part of the old mansion of Le Ragois de Bretonvilliers, President of the Chamber of Accounts, erected soon after the Hôtel Lambert. Very little of this house remains, as a great part of it was destroyed during the Revolution of 1789. The mansion contained a beautiful gallery painted by Bourdon, and also four large paintings by Poussin and pictures by Mignard after Raphael. The chambers were very magnificent and curious. But all their beauties have disappeared, and modern houses of an inferior character have been erected in the garden of this ancient mansion. It was once the residence of the Duc de Tallard, Marshal of France (1652–1728), who fought many battles for France, and was wounded and taken prisoner by the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim.

Opposite the Hôtel Lambert (No. 3 Rue St Louis) is a house of Fénelon, the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray (1651–1715). He was the tutor of the Dukes of Burgundy, Anjou, and Berri, and possibly here wrote his celebrated *Aventures de Télémaque*, which caused him so much trouble and led to his disgrace. We need not recall the controversy which arose about that famous book, his defence of Madame Guyon, Bossuet's denunciation of the good Archbishop as a heretic, and other scenes in his life. Many sleepless nights must Fénelon have spent in this old house while he reflected on the malice of his enemies and his own dangers and vicissitudes.

No. 45 Rue St Louis is the Hôtel Chenizot, which was built at the beginning of the eighteenth century by the proprietor, who gave his name to it. In 1840 the city of Paris converted it into a palace for the Archbishop of Paris. Amongst other distinguished occupants of the see who lived here were Archbishop Affre, who was shot by the revolutionists of 1848 in the Rue du Faubourg St Antoine when he was trying to persuade the populace to peace; Archbishop Sibour, who was assassinated in 1857 by an ex-priest in the Church of St Étienne du Mont; and the venerable Archbishop Darboy, who was shot by the Communists in 1871. You can see their blood-stained garments in the cathedral. The Archbishop's palace is now in the Rue de Grenelle.

Amongst other noted houses in this quarter is the Hôtel Marigny, the abode of Poisson de Marigny, brother of the infamous Madame de Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV. He was a great patron of art, a friend of Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert, and doubtless profited greatly from the influences of his sister in the Court of Louis. No. 39 has in the cellar a date engraved, 1680; No. 35 was built for the coachmaker of Louis XIV.; and Nos. 27, 29, and 31 were part of the patrimony of M. Lelong de Drenen, an *emigré* at the time of the first Revolution, and were, therefore, sold as the property of the nation.

These are only some of the ancient mansions which may be discovered in this portion of Paris. In another article I propose to direct your steps to some others in other parts of Paris which are equally interesting and possess even greater historic interest.

HOUSE DECORATION AND HEALTH.

By JAMES H. GALLOWAY.

IT has been said that a house well decorated is half-furnished. One may add another sentence, and say it is also essentially healthy. Even in these advanced days this latter fact needs to be reiterated; for, although scientific and medical men recognise that the decoration of the home is an important hygienic element, the majority of people do not. Too often it has been considered as a thing that could profitably be dispensed with, probably owing to the fact that this important property is not at once apparent to those who have not given the subject due consideration. An aged manager in a large firm of decorators used to persist in calling his trade a luxury; but there is every reason to believe that he

said so only to his men to impress them that the customer would not have the work done unless it were done quickly and cheaply—a pretext to make them hurry over their work. His case may, to a certain extent, be pardoned as well as that of the majority; but those who seriously persist in calling decoration a luxury cannot justify theirs. The devotees of the 'simple life' may think differently, because they do not know clearly what the truly simple life may embrace. At any rate, if art is a necessity, as Walter Crane observed a short time ago, then surely the minor art of house decoration is doubly so.

Plaster, wood, stone, and metal are covered with paint or other material primarily to protect the surface; hence the idea is in vogue that where such surfaces are not exposed to the action of the weather it is not essential to coat or cover them with anything. Such an argument might have some cogency if protection were the sole use for paints and allied materials. Indeed, in some old churches one may see seats standing at the present day quite guiltless of paint or varnish, yet in excellent condition; but such cases are exceptional, and not at all to our present point. The case stands for house decoration nowadays not so much because of its protective qualities as because of its artistic and hygienic value.

To the uninitiated there appears little relation between house decoration and personal health. In fact, it is frequently asserted that men were healthier long ago, though living in small-roomed, badly lit houses, devoid of paper, paint, or other decorative material save whitewash, than they are now, with all the improvement and extension in decorative art and building construction. Such statements, needless to say, are not based on statistics or sound reasoning. Quite otherwise is found to have been the case, and if we look closely for a moment at some points concerning the subject of decoration we shall find that they to no small extent assist in the maintenance of individual and social health.

For a simple instance take the case of a newly built house. During the first year, at any rate, the walls will be hung with an inexpensive paper, distempered, or left bare. Now, there can be no question as to whether the decorative methods or the other is the better. When newly plastered walls have been papered with cartridge they dry, but dry so gradually that the minimum quantity of dampness is in the air of the house at one time; hence there is much less risk of danger to health than when walls are allowed to dry uncovered, for in the latter case the maximum amount of moisture is always present. Distemper, at least of the patent washable quality, acts in a somewhat similar manner, though paper generally is to be preferred, as it does not usually allow the lime-salts to escape so readily as the distemper does. A German professor was wont to say that a new house should be given to one's greatest enemy for the first year, to one's most unappreciated friend the next, and to one's self ever after; but by utilising a comparatively simple decorative medium it is quite possible to escape danger all through.

Consider our hospitals, too. What would be the result if their walls were left unpainted or untreated in some decorative way? For one thing, the aspect of such a ward would soon be unbearable and irritative to patients, thereby becoming to some extent detrimental to their recovery. For another thing, such walls could not be cleaned so easily, and would be much colder and more liable to attract dampness than if painted.

But after these points are conceded, prejudice may still linger as to the nature of the materials used by the decorator. Many nonsensical ideas still prevail in regard to this subject, and such ideas, doubtless, have much to do with the belief that house decoration can have little or nothing of hygienic value to offer. One has only to recall how, some years ago, an eminent medical man wrote concerning the dangers of arsenic in wall-papers—the headaches and other ailments due to its presence—to be convinced of one indictment frequently applied by people against that form of decoration. It is not unusual to hear of ladies who will not choose green papers they like because they believe they are sure to contain arsenic. Now, as a matter of fact, there should be very little doubt concerning that. Arsenic is seldom, if ever, employed in the manufacture of wall-papers at the present day, and, at any rate, it is a mistaken notion to suppose that green is the only colour capable of containing it. Mauves, blues, and other tints were not devoid of it in the past. Its use, however, has practically ceased in the wall-paper trade, because equally brilliant tints can now be had from coal-tar—which fact, moreover, renders such colours considerably cheaper.

It may be observed, though, that there is one danger which ordinary wall-paper possesses, at least, negatively. It is not germ-proof, and, especially after a case of infectious disease, there is a risk of bacilli harbouring themselves within its porous texture. This fact has been demonstrated more than once by experiment and by painters having taken such diseases when employed in stripping wall-paper. So thoroughly is the danger becoming recognised that in some places local laws have been passed to the effect that all paper must be taken off any apartment where infectious illness has occurred, whether the room is to be redecorated or not. This is obviously an essential, and for hygienic reasons is worth a great deal more than the little extra expense involved. Of course, where no such illness has taken place and the house is kept in proper condition, ordinary wall-papers are not at all a menace to a healthy existence.

But, thanks to the evolution in decorative materials, there can now be had wall-coverings which are perfectly germ-proof, and consequently do not require stripping even after an infectious case. Their impervious surface can be thoroughly washed with soap and water without the least

detriment to their texture or colour. The ordinary sanitary wall-paper is the pioneer, so to speak, of these, and even the best quality of it is not to be despised as a hygienic agent. It can at least be cleaned much better than the common sort of wall-paper; though, of course, it would not be fair to compare it with the newer style. The maid who attempts to wash the so-called sanitary washable paper will hardly attempt it a second time. With the later papers all this has been changed. Practically the only serious drawback they have is the price. Embossed papers, such as lincrusta, anaglypta, and cordelova, are of the thoroughly washable type when painted or decorated in some way, but there is doubt in regard to their hygienic importance, owing to some of their raised surfaces forming so many small ledges for dust, which subsequently is difficult to remove even with soap and water. For ceilings they are very adaptable and artistic, but need not be referred to particularly here, as the newer style of wall-covering is much superior. Types of these latter are tekko, salubra, and pegamoid paper. They can be obtained in silky, lustrous, and matt surfaces suitable in design and colour for any apartment, from the kitchen to the drawing-room. Recently another wall-covering has been invented with all the advantages of silk and none of its attendant disadvantages. This is the newest material of all, which imitates silk so exactly in texture and lustre that the difference cannot easily be detected. There are other imitations of silk fabric in the market for hanging on walls; but, so far, the colours have been more or less liable to fade somewhat quickly, usually tending to become duller and grayer. The latest imitation, however, is said to be in colours perfectly fast to light, as well as being perfectly washable and germ-proof. It is, moreover, one-half cheaper than any others; and, considering its distinct hygienic and artistic advantages, it is certainly worth consideration.

Of course there are also many coloured canvas wall-coverings in the market, the majority of which are antiseptic and washable. They are very suitable, for artistic as well as health reasons, in such apartments as libraries and billiard, breakfast, and smoking rooms; and, when in a suitable colour, as a background for pictures they cannot be surpassed. They are liable, like most plain papers, to show a little at the edges when hung; but, this being understood, they have practically no other drawback. Fabrikona, ras-cota, and decotex are the principal of these; and where a slightly rough but healthy surface is required on walls nothing better could be selected. There is always a feeling of cosiness derived from them, too, that cannot be obtained from any other wall-covering. Apart from these qualities, it is interesting to note that, during the earthquake at San Francisco, where one of these canvas coverings had been used the walls remained quite intact, though all other walls were more or less badly cracked. From this it follows that on walls liable to cracking, such materials may be used with advantage.

These in no wise exhaust the stock of hygienic coverings. There are several metal tile decorations in the market which have come to the front in recent years, and are effective hygienic materials. We refer to such coverings as emdeca and metloid, which are eminently adapted for bathrooms, kitchens, pantries, and larders. They are formed of thin metallic sheets with glazed outer surface, hard and impervious, thus resembling porcelain tiles, though much more beautiful in design and colour. They are only one-half the price of tiles, yet admirably fulfil all the purposes of the latter. To look at them suggests cleanliness and healthiness, and the maid who cannot find time to keep such wall-coverings in perfect condition is worse than lazy. If anything, they are time and labour savers, and for apartments where frequent cleaning is required to keep them in a sanitary state, no better wall decoration could be obtained.

But wall-coverings are by no means the only materials in which progress has been made towards a greater healthiness. The sanitary distempers so much in use at the present day are other examples. These can hardly claim to have the impervious surface and, consequently, hygienic properties of the latest wall-coverings; but, considering the difference in price, they are almost as good. If a room be done well with duresco, Hall's distemper, or zingessol, it will bear sponging; whereas the ordinary size-colour will not, and, as a consequence, cannot be so hygienic. Further, this latter material has the invariable tendency to rub off on the clothes sooner or later, while the others usually become harder and more washable. Besides this, ordinary distemper gives shelter to bacilli, and the size used to bind it is usually liable to putrefaction—two things avoided by sanitary distempers. To make these latter fulfil their proper function as health-agents, it is, of course, necessary that they be cleaned frequently, for if they be allowed to become too dirty there is then a great risk of abrading their surface during the process of cleaning.

When all is said, however, paint still remains one of the best, safest, and most hygienic agents that can be used in the house. Wood and walls well done with paint are perfectly sanitary, and may be kept so by repeated washing. Despite what many people say, there can be no valid objection urged against paint. Its smell has been objected to as the cause of nausea and headache, and one cannot deny that it sometimes is so; but it would probably be safe to say not in more than one person out of every hundred exposed. Moreover, such cases are not worth serious consideration, as they occur only while paint is drying and immediately after, and by proper precaution might be reduced to a minimum. In fact, it has been found by many and varied experimental tests that certain disease-germs actually succumb to paint. For example, one French scientist

found that by placing typhoid and diphtheria bacilli on painted surfaces they became quite inert after a week or two; therefore it will be seen that the benefits accruing from the use of paint in the home far outbalance its demerits. Of course, up till recently the majority of paints used have been of a poisonous nature, and this may account for the fact that some people have a horror of paint, especially while in its drying stages. Such people may be assured that when harm does accrue from the use of paint it is usually the user of it who suffers, not the inmates of the particular house. White-lead, the usual basis of paint, is undoubtedly a poison; but people who object to its use in their homes may have their paint made from quite a non-poisonous basis. Oxide of zinc, for instance, supplies such a basis for the making of paints that are not at all inferior to those made from white-lead. In comparison with the latter, it is much more durable, whiter, and will stand sea-air and sulphur fumes. There are many other harmless pigments from which paints may be made, yet none can claim the merits of zinc oxide, so it may be recommended with safety, even though there be no objection against white-lead. In France it is the principal basis of paints, and there is no reason why it should not be so here. The recent decorations carried out at the British Museum are in themselves proof of this, all the paint-work being done with paints from such a basis. With its use, too, there would be less objection to the unpleasant smell of paint, because in thinning zinc oxide for application very little turpentine—the cause of the usual smell—is required.

But as a hygienic paint-material there is nothing to beat the white enamels now so much in vogue. The craze for enamel is, consciously or unconsciously, an important aid towards a healthy environment. The best quality of decorator's enamels are made of a non-poisonous pigment in thorough combination with a special varnish, and so long as it is in good condition it is absolutely germ-proof and easily cleaned. One has only to consider its smooth, glossy, and impervious surface to be convinced of this. Varnished woodwork or walls are in this respect somewhat similar; but as a hygienic agent white enamel has the advantage of showing at once any dust or dirt marks, and consequently is usually kept cleaner.

To retain all the hygienic advantages of gloss enamel, and yet suit tastes that do not care for lustrous surfaces, flat or matt enamels have recently been invented. These dry like flat paint—that is, without lustre—and, like the other enamels, are manufactured from a non-poisonous basis. One superiority they have over flat paints is that they will bear much more scrubbing.

Reference may also be made here to another decorative material that tends to make damp houses dry and consequently healthier. This is duripan waterproof stone-finish. It goes without saying that modern brick houses are often damp inside owing to the action of rain externally. Duripan comes in here, and is an excellent remedy. One coat on the brick surface is enough to make it quite waterproof, and the appearance of the building may be greatly enhanced thereby, as the material can be obtained in various colours and with a coarse or fine texture. It is also very adaptable for inside work, such as cellar or underground walls where dampness is liable to rise from the foundation.

But enough has been said regarding the hygienic value of particular materials. At the present day the main reason why people decorate their homes seems to be an artistic one. Go where one will, one is sure to find some attempt at house decoration; and though the paper be of the crudest and cheapest description, such facts nevertheless denote that some sort of artistic craving is at work. This is a good thing, because a love for decorative beauty is one road to greater healthiness. It is not infrequently remarked that a certain room is not worth cleaning, meaning thereby that the paper and paint in that particular room are too shabby to improve by housewifely means. Such remarks imply that the mistress of a house takes a greater interest in keeping her house clean, and in consequence healthy, when it is in good condition so far as regards its decoration. A minister once said that he had the impression that loud wall-papers in a study meant loud sermons. Whether this be so or not, the underlying principle is true. Surroundings have a psychological effect, and if the effect is good it indirectly leads to greater healthiness.

Keats said, 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' and so far he was correct. It might be added, however, that beauty is also health—health of mind and body. This is what beauty of whatsoever kind invariably tends to, and it is especially so in the province of house decoration.

THE DESERTED MILL.

The old mill-wheel is silent,
The water runneth slow,
The trees are green again as in
Those loved days long ago.
But there no maiden sits and spins
The gossamer which hope begins.

The birds are flying onward,
The clouds are light and gray,
The waterfowl are silent
When floating all the day.
The lilies bloom alone, and die
Unblest, unseen by any eye.

And so life ever changeth,
Each year a passing day.
The morning gold, the evening red,
Both quickly dream away.
And yet what is, is ever best,
For after work comes welcome rest.

WALTER SMITH.

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SIXTH SERIES.

A BORDER BURN.

IT rises high upon Cheviot Fell, nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea. On all sides are great hills shaggy with heather and dark with peat-mosses. Looking southwards, we see a desolate country of moor and mountain stretching far away into the heart of Northumberland. On the other hand lie the hills of Glendale, and beyond them winds the broad, fertile valley of the Tweed. To the east, across Milfield Plain, the eye is caught by the steel-blue glitter of the distant sea. On the very verge of the hollow lands the conical shape of Roscastle pushes wedge-like into the cloudless sky, its huge flanks dipped in deep woods, its crest crowned with the crumbling remains of an ancient British camp. At its foot stand the old gray towers of Chillingham, in whose secluded demesne still wander at will the sole survivors of those immense herds of wild cattle which once roamed in primitive freedom through the trackless forests and lonely mountain solitudes of Northumbria.

Westwards the fells overlap one another like the waves of an angry ocean. As we gaze north again, the Eildon Hills—'three crests against a saffron sky'—show approximately the position of Melrose (the Celtic *maol-ros*, or bare moor), with its Abbey, most romantically situated of ruins, and Scott's stately home of Abbotsford, picturesque despite its false Gothic of Ruskin's abomination; then the bold sweep of the Lammermoors and the peaked cap of Duns Law bar a wider range of vision into 'Caledonia stern and wild.'

The burn, at first a slender thread of sparkling water, runs singing down a narrow pass; shut in on every side by frowning, precipitous crags, it still makes a merry, lilting music as it goes. A savage, dreary spot! Even in summer-time the sun's rays never penetrate here. Through the long winter months 'tis the home of brooding mists. For roof it has but the thinnest strip of sky. Deep drifts of frozen snow linger, loath to depart when spring blooms are starring the valley-pastures below in Milfield Plain; they melt at last, and then the burn, swollen to a thundering torrent, rushes headlong down the gorge, leaping over mighty fragments of rock, bearing with it the trunk of an uprooted pine as easily as if it were a broken twig; waking the sullen echoes of the place with hoarse outcries, until one can almost fancy the scream of the kelpie, the malignant water-sprite, that, rumour has it, haunts the ford at the foot of the ravine when the storm-fiend is abroad and 'nights are long and mirk.' The croaking raven still nests here, high up in the shelter of inaccessible crags; driven from wood and policy by the animus of the gamekeeper, shot at sight by that worst of vandals the Cockney sportsman, this is one of his last places of refuge, and he clings to it, even as in old days the natives of the country-side fled to these same mountain fastnesses when the fierce Northmen came sailing overseas to ravage the fertile valleys, and depart leaving behind them, in place of cultivated fields and prosperous homesteads, blackened ruins and desolate, waste places. Here, too, the gray badger has his earth among the rocks, and lives free from all fear of persecution.

Once clear of the pass, the burn winds ever downwards on its way to the plain. Sometimes, as if weary of singing, its voice dies to the merest whisper, soft as the sigh of the wind in the reeds or the sough of the night-breeze as it sweeps through the fronds of the mountain fern.

Are the lonely hills green with the freshness of the spring of the year? Are they garbed in purple—the imperial robe of summer? Or are they afire with the dull red of the fading bracken, and hung with the pale gold of autumn woods? With each season, whether it be 'the time of tender, opening things' and the dawning of a hope as wide as the world, or the sombre sadness of the year's decline, when the message is one rather of a quiet resignation, the song of the stream is ever in perfect accord with Nature's changing moods. Life flourishes wherever it flows. Great speckled trout lurk in dark pools beneath its overhanging banks. The gray heron stands sentinel for long hours, his only movement an occasional downward

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plunge of his bayonet-like beak when an unwary fish ventures too near the smooth-worn boulder upon which he mounts his guard; and all day long the plaintive curlew cries above the wide stretches of swinging heather. The heron appears to have a very leisurely flight, but when he is seriously alarmed his powerful wings will carry him out of danger at a great speed.

Where the burn opens out and ripples musically over a bed of brown pebbles the seat of the otter may frequently be noticed on the sand left dry since the waters were last in spate; but the big rivers farther north are more especially his happy hunting-grounds. He is a most extravagant feeder, ofttimes catching a salmon from sheer wantonness, it would seem, taking one bite out of its back just below the neck, and leaving the remainder lying on the river-brink to be preyed upon by water-voles or picked up perchance by a prowling fox.

Now the burn dips between the shoulders of two opposing fells, each fringed with a straggling but extensive plantation of larch and fir—a favourite resort of blackcock; I have rarely passed that way without flushing a couple of brace or more. At certain seasons the golden-plover abounds; and over the crest of the hills, on the rolling moors, the red grouse crow defiantly, particularly when the weather is about to change and big masses of cloud come surging up out of the heart of the western mountains. Semicircular shelters, fashioned of peat-sods piled breast-high, dot the moors at intervals; these are for the convenience of sportsmen, when in August the sharp crack of the double-barrel rouses the mocking echoes, and feathers fly as the driven grouse pitch headlong to earth and stain the purple heather with their crimson life-blood. For the rest of the year the shelters are patronised chiefly by sheep, for great flocks of the celebrated Cheviot breed roam for miles over these rich grazing lands, and every now and then one may come across a shepherd's shealing backed against a hill or nestling in some solitary cleuch overhung by ash and alder, with perhaps a little burn brawling below on its way to the distant lowlands.

In places where the burn has inundated its banks and left the ground marshy the jack-snipe makes his home. When startled, he rises with a peculiar cry which sounds like *sceap! sceap!* and wings away upon his zigzag flight, the despair of so many shooting-men, although, as he seldom fails to resettle at a comparatively short distance, a second shot may generally be obtained.

Just before the burn flows into the wide and cultivated plain it makes a clear leap of fifty feet, falling, a cascade of foam, over a chaos of rocks and crags into a deep, clear pool. Here in June the banks are festooned with honeysuckle; every nook and cranny is green with maidenhair fern and delicate mosses; dog-roses, tinted pink-and-white like the sea-shells we sometimes find upon the shore, grow almost to the water's edge; perchance a late primrose peers shyly from some sheltered corner, and the tall foxglove's pyramid of bells swings to and fro in the gentle breeze. Twenty feet above the pool, the steep slopes are golden with the flower of the broom—the *planta genista* of the kingly Plantagenet line; and higher still, on the summit, grows an impenetrable acre or so of whin-bushes, the chosen lair of the big hill-fox when he comes prowling after the tender young rabbits that steal out to feed as the sun dips down into the mountains, or else he crouches with wistful eyes watching the ducks and chickens questing round the mill buildings immediately below the linn. Rushing past the great water-wheel and the old white house, the burn makes a sharp curve which carries it almost to the foot of proud Homildon, the hill whereon long years ago the Percy and the Douglas met in a sanguinary fray, during the course of which the latter was taken prisoner, and his followers who held the hill were simply mown down by the cloth-yard shafts of the English archers. The name Red Rig, or Ridge, still clings to the locality, commemorative of the bloody nature of the conflict. In the valley, a thousand feet below, stands a huge gray boulder, all weather-stained and encrusted with lichen; here, tradition has it, the bones of those slain on Homildon were buried after the battle, and the stone placed in its present position to mark the dismal spot. Indeed, the whole of the Borderland is rich in memories. Hardly a hill, hardly a heugh, that has not its legend handed down to us in those stirring ballads, the outpourings of the poetical and imaginative spirit which is the especial heritage, it would seem, of a primitive and warlike people. Even the names one encounters in the district are indicative of the stormy days of internecine strife—Bloody Bush Edge, Hell Path, to take only two of them.

In Milfield Plain the burn mingles its waters with those of the river Till, which in turn joins hands with the Tweed, to flow into the sea at Berwick. How does the old rhyme go?

> Says Tweed to Till,
> 'What gars ye rin sae still?'
> Says Till to Tweed,
> 'Though I rin with speed,
> And ye rin slaw,
> For ae man that ye droon
> I droon twa.'

In point of fact, the sullen Till has an unenviable reputation for treacherous quicksands and deep, dangerous pools; consequently, at one time or another, it has levied a heavy toll upon human life.

Still following the burn, despite its juncture with the river, as it winds, silent now and sluggish, through Milfield Plain, past the little market-town of Wooler, which stands upon an outer bastion of the Cheviot range; past the spot where, tradition tells us, Earl Surrey camped the night before the fateful fight of Flodden Field; past the hamlet of Doddington, with its gray and ruined peel-tower—a

veritable place of refuge in the days when England and Scotland strove mightily for supremacy, and bearded moss-troopers rode with jingle of sword and stirrup along the narrow tracks which are yet discernible across hill and down dale; and so beneath the shadow of Yeavering Bell, perhaps the most graceful of the Cheviot Hills—its summit crowned with a broken altar reared long ages back by sun-worshippers whose temples were not made with hands—until it flows swiftly under the massive arch of Twizel Bridge. Here, upon a September day nearly four hundred years ago, Surrey crossed the Till at the head of his array, and by this flanking movement flung himself between the Scots encamped on Flodden Edge and their native land, what time the fated James was dallying with 'Heron's witty dame' at Ford Castle, now one of the seats of the Marquis of Waterford. To-day, looking upon Flodden, crested with peaceful woods, it is difficult to realise that its slopes once ran red with the blood of fifteen thousand men, victors and vanquished. Scarce a family of note in the whole of Scotland that was not impoverished of its noblest and best upon that disastrous occasion.

Our burn, now doubly lost in the waters of the Till and the Tweed, turns seaward, and flowing past 'Norham's castled steep'—a fortress which, as the headquarters of the Warden of the Eastern Marches, has in its time sustained a hundred sieges—so falls at last into the outstretched arms of the ocean.

But my most cherished recollections of this 'wan water from the Border hills' cling to the bare, mist-hung mountain-side where it has its source. Every crag, every stunted, twisted tree, is a familiar friend. Yonder little shealing that lies so snugly in the heugh, protected by a circle of sturdy pines, is a place of happy memories—alas that 'seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,' and, for that matter, still roar! Spring, summer, autumn, winter, each season has its own peculiar charm in this land of the heather-flower. And best of all good times, perhaps, is at the close of a day in late October, when the red hills flaunt the gold of the mountain-ash and the pale orange of birch and alder; when the rose-tint fades from the lofty summits of the lonely mountains and the deep-crimson stain dies from the dark night-clouds above Flodden Edge. The tired rooks are homing to the twilight woods; the plovers are wheeling restlessly before settling down to repose; an owl hoots drearily from a belt of dusky firs. Gradually the shadows thicken until the swelling outlines of the moors become merged into one indistinguishable whole, and a solemn silence, a profound peace, falls like a benediction upon the dim shapes of the everlasting hills.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE ESCAPE.

JACK guessed that El Kabla must be in the heart of what is known as the great Nubian Desert, and almost as far south as the twentieth degree of latitude. Due north, under certain conditions of the atmosphere, could be seen faintly the summits of a mountain range. He picked up from the gossip of the camp every hint as to the desert geography he could, and decided that these mountains were the extremity of the range that is thrust forward like a spear from what is known as the Great Cataract, midway into the melancholy waste that stretches from the Nile to the Red Sea. He knew that the Nile lay far to the west, the Red Sea to the east.

For him, then, the way of escape ran northward, and by preference to the east of the central range. If he went to the west of it he would be travelling inward towards the Nile, and must strike a belt of populated country in which it would be almost impossible to escape detection. To the east of the range lay, it was true, a vast stretch of desert solitudes; to plunge into its empty landscapes was in the highest degree perilous; yet some instinct made him turn his face eastward. The sea lay there. There were French garrisons along the coast and British ships upon the waters. The very thought, indeed, of the restless sea, with its leaping waves and blowing winds, filled him with longing.

The tribe lived chiefly by plunder, making forays on the caravan-tracks east and west; but Jack knew he must postpone his dash for freedom until they made some bold foray to the north. Every mile in that direction was for him a mile nearer safety. But the months went by, and no band from the oasis turned the heads of their camels northward.

And meanwhile Jack's position amongst the Bedouins became more difficult. He knew that the sheikh, in his grim and taciturn fashion, was the one friend he possessed; he stood silently betwixt 'El Nazarin'—as Jack was called—and the cruelties practised on the other slaves. But he was growing feeble; his power over the fiercer spirits of the tribe grew less every day. His son Hassan was of a brutal temper, with an evil fire of fanaticism running through his brutality, and Jack felt that he hated him because he was a Christian. So for the unfortunate 'El Nazarin' the interval betwixt escape and death was swiftly narrowing.

There had been noisy debates amongst the Bedouins on some proposal for a more daring foray than usual, and at last it became clear that a

great adventure was resolved upon. Camels were carefully examined, saddles repaired, arms cleaned, stores of food and water prepared. A raid, it was at last announced, was to be made on the caravan-track leading to Wady Halfa; and with a leap in his blood Jack realised that this meant a bold ride of many days through waterless country to the north. The moment for making his dash for freedom was near.

Early one morning the party rode out. It numbered some forty, including half-a-dozen slaves; and Jack was delighted to see that Sidi was one of the party. The sheikh was too old to accompany them on an adventure which would tax the endurance of the warriors of the clan to the utmost. Hassan acted as leader. This, Jack knew, was for him an unhappy circumstance. There was a disquieting malignity in the Bedouin's eyes as they fell upon him. 'El Nazarin' need expect scant mercy if he gave any occasion for cruelty. Even if he gave none, the cruelty was sure to come; and the look on Hassan's gloomy face hardened Jack's resolve to seize the earliest moment for breaking away from the band. But still he waited with resolute patience; each day's journey northward, he believed, improved his chances.

The band pressed on with speed in spite of almost intolerable heat, for the stretch of waterless country to be crossed was wide, and the temper of even the Bedouins grew more cruel under the strain of travelling. A scanty measure of water was served out twice a day to each member of the party; but the slaves had a smaller allowance than even their masters, while Hassan seemed to delight in giving to 'El Nazarin' only enough to tantalise him and to leave thirst parching his tongue and burning like a fever in his blood.

On the seventh day the heat was intense. It seemed as if the very air would take fire. About noon a faint wind from the south began to stir. It filled the atmosphere with particles of dust which stung as though they were white-hot flakes streaming from the mouth of a furnace. The sky grew dark with a purple haze. Jack looked round for a moment on the band through the dust-filled air. The Arabs were plodding on, their *haiks* thrown over their faces. They were hardly visible in the eddies of strangling dust.

The wind rose fast. In less than an hour it was screaming above them like a hurricane. The lighter dust was blown away, and so it was possible to see some little distance; and through the eddies of dust-filled air could be seen, on an amazing scale, the most terrific phenomenon of the desert—the sirocco. The furious wind seemed to tear from the ground vast masses of sand, whirl them into cylindrical shape, and drive them gyrating at speed across the landscape. Jack counted no less than twenty of these huge pillars of sand in movement at once. Some were travelling with the speed of a galloping horse across the floor of sand, their summits torn into streaming fragments. Others moved with a majestic slowness, their tops rising almost beyond the reach of eyesight. The procession of giants came and went as though in the convolutions of some titanic dance.

At the spectacle the band had suddenly dismounted. Many flung themselves down, thrusting their very faces into the sand; others crouched with their *haiks* thrown over their heads. The camels squatted, stretching their long necks as close to the ground as possible. The slaves were left to their own devices. Jack, like the rest, had flung himself on the ground; for to stand upright was impossible. But though the wind-driven sand pricked his face as if with flying needles, he could not take his eyes from the monstrous tangle of spinning sand-pillars hung betwixt the storm-vexed heavens and earth.

Presently Jack realised that this strange dance of whirling columns was drawing to a centre, and the meeting-point threatened to be on the very spot where the band lay crouched. He saw two of the vast, reeling pillars crash together and fall, and a sudden hill of sand marked the spot where they tumbled. Every now and again a sort of cataract of sand would fall upon the party, flung from the flank of some rushing column, and the half-strangled men would fight their way out of the living grave with difficulty. If one of these great masses broke upon the party Jack knew that they would be blotted out of existence in a moment.

At last, through the haze of eddying dust, he saw one great column moving with majestic slowness, its top almost rising beyond the reach of sight, straight upon them. It seemed to tear up the surface of the ground as it came on. The vast mass of sand which composed it was in a state of wildest agitation. It was a sort of vertical whirlpool of sand-particles running up into the sky.

As Jack watched its oncoming he felt sure this was the end of everything for him. But when still a couple of hundred yards distant it curved in slow and stately fashion to the right, and then went past in a thundering roar, flinging upon them as it went a spray of sand that in a moment buried the entire party.

Jack was crouched beside his camel, and found a sort of shelter behind its hairy back. He lay passive till the rain of hissing sand above him had ceased, and then at last, and almost with the sensations of a dying man, struggled out. The dance of cloud-pillars had swept away. The wind had fallen. The air was still dark with suspended dust-particles. Jack cleared his throat of the strangling sand with difficulty, and drew a deep mouthful of air; but the fiery atmosphere seemed to scorch his very lungs. He dragged out his water-bag and drank a mouthful of the tepid fluid.

The full weight of the column had not fallen on the party, but the spray of flying dust had been piled over them till they were buried. An irregular

cluster of mounds marked the position of some of the camels; beyond them the piled sand rose to a great hillock.

Jack set to work frantically on the mound nearest to him, beneath which he knew Sidi lay. He dragged him out presently, his black face swollen in the agonies of suffocation. He poured betwixt the thick lips a little water, and the negro presently recovered, coughing violently to clear his throat of sand. For an hour the two toiled to rescue the other members of the band.

Hassan was one of the first dragged out. He was nearly dead. Sidi shook his fist exultantly over the Arab's distorted features; but Jack thrust the negro aside and poured a little water down the choked throat of his tormentor, and left him to gather strength while he laboured to rescue others. Hassan's long gun lay beside him, and before he left him Jack slipped the flint from the lock. He could not trust the Bedouin's gratitude, even though he had saved his life.

Some of the Arabs dragged from beneath the sand were dead; and, in addition, nearly one-half of the party lay buried beneath the gigantic hillock beyond all hope of rescue. The huge mass of tumbled sand was their grave. Some fifteen or sixteen camels had struggled to their feet, and were standing moaning, still in terror and distress.

Out of a band of forty only fourteen had escaped, and some of these were still insensible. Jack realised that the moment for his escape had come. It had come in a tragical fashion, it was true; but perhaps it was all the more favourable on that account. He beckoned Sidi to him.

'I shall take my chance,' he said to the negro, 'and escape.'

The negro nodded comprehendingly and energetically, and declared he would go too. Jack looked at him steadily for a moment.

'Yes,' he said, 'you shall come if you will; but it is life or death for us.'

Sidi grinned cheerfully in reply, and the two set to work at once to prepare for their flight. The rescued Arabs were too stupefied to interfere with them. Jack chose the two best of the surviving camels. One was what is known as a *heirie;* the compact frame, the symmetrical limbs, the finer hair, were all signs of breed. A *heirie* of an inferior kind, known as a *talayeh*, was chosen for Sidi. No camel in the party, Jack knew, could overtake either of those he had chosen. Some bags of dates were seized, the best of the water-bags, two long-barrelled guns with ammunition. Sidi had chosen a couple of spears and two formidable knives, and in a few minutes Jack felt he was equipped for escape.

Hassan was still leaning against a hillock of sand when Jack walked up to him.

'I am leaving you camels and food enough,' he said; 'but we part here.'

The Bedouin stared fiercely at him without reply, but while Jack was speaking his brown hand stole out and grasped his long gun. His fingers ran over the lock, but the flint was gone.

'You are helpless, Hassan,' said Jack, who had quietly watched the process. 'If "El Nazarin" were a Bedouin you would be lying *there* still;' and he pointed sternly to the piled sand.

Sidi, who stood by him, laughed derisively at the Bedouin, and stooped over him as though to strike him. He had unnumbered cruelties to repay, but Jack plucked him roughly back.

'The man is helpless. Do not strike him.'

He turned, mounted his camel, and rode off, Hassan staring after him in fierce silence. Jack wasted no regrets over the Bedouins lying strangled beneath that hill of hot sand. Perhaps he had himself caught a touch of Bedouin pitilessness. The world, he believed, would be sweeter and happier without them.

As he rode away a rush of gladness swept through his very blood. He never dreamed of an escape like this. He was mounted, armed, equipped, with a loyal comrade by his side, and he turned and looked gratefully at Sidi's huge form. He knew they need fear no pursuit. Hassan would creep back slowly to the oasis, and when he reached it he could organise no band to follow them. Whatever perils lay in front of them, there were none behind. A sense of freedom swept through him like an intoxication. He threw up his arms with a shout. Sidi laughed.

'We may die, Sidi,' he cried, 'but we shall never be slaves again.'

'I am your slave,' said Sidi.

'No; you are my comrade.'

Then followed many days of steady travelling—days crowded with perils, scorched with heat, sore with fatigue, but yet days illumined with hope. For, as they travelled, the black shadows of slavery grew ever fainter behind them. There was enough in the experience through which they passed to tax the utmost fortitude they possessed. No matter with what energy they pushed on over the arid and measureless plain, they seemed to make little progress. It was as though they were mere insects imprisoned in some great swinging circle of sun-scorched hills.

The sickle-like horizon was almost as clear as that of the sea. The sun broke over the curving rim to the east, climbed to the flaming zenith, and sank in another flame of colour over the westward rim; and under the arched fire of that terrible sky they travelled like men in a dreadful nightmare, it almost seemed, without making progress. The mountain peaks on the left hand kept their place unchanged day after day.

And yet, as they travelled, Jack felt his heart grow lighter with every stroke of his camel's legs. The sea was still far off, but something of its freshness stole into his blood. A weight seemed lifted off his imagination. He looked about him with a

new vision. He began to realise what may be called the fierce beauty of the desert—the splendours of sunrise and of sunset, the long day, with the soft, insistent pad of the camels' hoofs running through the hours like a thread of music.

The wheeling shadows marked the flight of the hours. At daybreak they stretched far to the left; at noon they swung foreshortened under their very feet; as the sun went down they crept far out to the right.

Again and again they saw the wonder of the mirage. In the still heat the landscape seemed to undulate, the stones to move and flicker. Then out of the wavering plain broke the vision of lakes reed-fringed and bird-haunted, stretches of clear water in which the clouds were mirrored; and the two fugitives rode on, staring like men bewitched on this aerial picture of cool waters painted on the hot floor of the desert.

Sometimes fierce winds rose and beat on them, and Jack realised that the sea of the desert has its waves as truly as the ocean itself. For the driving wind would pile up tiny hills of running sand, then level them again, as if in sport, till the whole plain seemed to rise and sink in restless, running crests of brown spray.

The days were sharply edged with danger. Sometimes they had to creep past a Bedouin village in the dark. Sometimes, pressed by thirst, they rode boldly into an Arab encampment. Dismounting, they would stand till the sheikh came out, and exclamations of *salaam* and *aleikoum* were interchanged—the greeting of the desert. Jack kissed the dirty *haik* of the sheikh or his equally dirty hand. He could talk the vernacular of the desert as readily as he once talked the *argot* of the Paris slums, and he would tell some tale how they belonged to a remote tribe raided and almost destroyed by some hostile clan.

Sidi's dark face usually served as a guarantee of genuineness to the pair; but the desert is full of suspicion, and again and again they narrowly escaped detection.

Once they had to maintain a running fight for a couple of days, and only the speed of their camels and Jack's good shooting saved them. But onward still they rode. The space they had to cross seemed measureless. A mountain peak to the west kept march with them for days, till it seemed as if they would never drop it. At night the Southern Cross kept its place unchanged in the purple heavens until Jack thought it would never dip towards the horizon. But still onward, with unfailing courage, the pair pressed. Freedom beckoned them, and Hope.

(To be continued.)

THE SIMPLON TUNNEL

THE longest tunnel in the world by nearly three miles, the Simplon, has a history which, apart from its merits as a mechanical triumph, is of considerable interest. It is quite fifty years since the idea of cutting it occurred; but it was not until forty years later that the work was actually taken in hand. The new passage into Italy makes the distance between Milan and Paris thirty one and a quarter miles shorter than by the St Gothard, and sixty miles less than by Mont Cenis.

Doubts were thrown by experts as to the possibility of constructing a tunnel of such great length, with seven thousand feet of mountain above it. Accordingly the Swiss Government summoned an international commission of experts: Signor Giuseppe Colombo represented Italy; Herr C. J. Wagner, constructor of the Arlberg Tunnel, represented Austria; Mr Francis Fox (of Sir Douglas Fox & Partners) represented Great Britain. Mr Fox is the only Englishman identified with the undertaking, of which he has given a most lucid narrative in his *River, Road, and Rail.* Work was begun at Brigue in Switzerland in August 1898, and the tunnel was pierced by February 24, 1905. Some three thousand men were employed in three shifts of eight hours during the twenty-four hours. The health of the men was kept up by means of attention to food, baths, and personal hygiene. The progress made for months at a time was eighteen feet of gallery during the twenty-four hours, which exceeds the rate of progress of any similar undertaking. At four thousand four hundred mètres from the Italian entrance, a large spring of cold water, sending out twelve thousand five hundred gallons per minute, was struck; the other troubles, all of which were successfully overcome, were due to hot springs of high temperature and soft rock. Mr Brandt (of Messrs Brandt, Brandan, & Co., the contractors) died in the course of the undertaking. His hydraulic perforator or drill is a rotatory and non-percussion drill, three inches in diameter, with a pressure on the cutting points of ten tons, moving at slow speed, but capable of being quickened. Armed with a steel tool with three cutters, it gnawed the antigorio gneiss through the mountain.

As illustrating the scientific accuracy of the whole calculations and plans, it is worthy of note that, although the distance between the two sets of workmen was twelve and a quarter miles and it took over six and a half years of constant boring to effect a union between them, the final partition was pierced as accurately as if both bodies of workers had each other in sight from the start! It took thirteen years to bore the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and nearly ten years to cut through the St Gothard; yet the former is only eight miles,

and the latter between nine and ten, so that the Simplon Tunnel has been constructed in nearly one-half the time, and has been more accurately engineered than either of its predecessors.

The Simplon really consists of two tunnels, each having a single track at about fifty-two feet distance, and these are connected by transverse galleries. One only of them has been arched; the other will be completed as a second tunnel when the traffic requires it. The complete tunnel is eighteen feet high by seventeen feet wide. The only miscalculation in connection with this huge undertaking would appear to be in the original estimate as to the cost. It was thought that two million seven hundred and eighty thousand pounds would cover the outlay; but it is now found that this sum is short of the actual expenditure by more than half a million sterling, the exact figures being three million one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. This seems a large sum to spend on a railway tunnel; but it is not nearly so large as the sum spent in constructing some of the new 'tube' railways in London. Roughly, the latter cost the companies something like five pounds an inch, while this great Alpine tunnel cost less than four pounds per inch.

Writing to a contemporary, one of our greatest engineers said: 'None can fail to sympathise with the workmen who, after many years of dark burrowing in the rock from both ends—each party endeavouring to get at the other—could, at last, hear one another's voices through the thin partition of margarite, chalk, gneiss, mica, and gypsum which separated them; and one can quite understand how it came to pass that when the Mont Cenis Tunnel was being cut both Swiss and Italians shouted themselves hoarse with delight when they came so close to each other that a single stroke of the pickaxe would bring them face to face after so many years of laborious effort to get at each other.'

À propos of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, it is interesting to note that during the first four years of its construction the average progress made was not more than nine inches per day; whereas, by the aid of Brandt's hydraulic drills, the great speed of twenty-two feet per day was obtained in cutting the Simplon. Of course, even with the most scientific of modern appliances, the work of boring a tunnel is necessarily slow and arduous; and when we remember that it took thirteen years to cut out the Mont Cenis and nearly ten to get through the St Gothard, it is certainly a high feather in the caps of the Simplon operators that they carried out their work at the rate of two miles each year, from start to finish.

It was at first proposed to use steam-trains in the tunnel, but afterwards the electric system was decided upon on account of the great heat coming from the hot springs, and because of the difficulty of ventilation. Electric locomotives hauled two-thirds of the passenger-trains from the commencement. For more than a year past electric traction has operated all of the traffic passing through the tunnel, although there have been a few temporary interruptions. The electrification of the line from the Italian portal at Iselle to Domo d'Ossola, eleven and a half miles in length, is now proceeding.

Mont Cenis lies between Savoy and Piedmont. The mountain is eleven thousand seven hundred and ninety-two feet high; and, under the orders of Napoleon, the great engineer Fabbroni constructed a road which cost three hundred thousand pounds. But the tunnel (which was begun on the Italian side in 1857 and on the French side in 1863) cost three million pounds. So that, notwithstanding the difference in length, the outlay was something similar to that entailed by the directors of the Simplon Tunnel; while the St Gothard Tunnel (1872–80) ran into no less a sum than nine million and eighty thousand pounds. Of this amount, we are told, 'Switzerland contributed one million one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, Italy two million two hundred thousand pounds, and Germany one million two hundred thousand pounds; while one million eight hundred and forty thousand pounds was raised by shares and two million seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds by mortgage.' As a financial investment this line has proved a great success, the shareholders' dividends being annually on the increase. The summit-level of the St Gothard Tunnel is three thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight feet above sea-level; that of the Simplon Tunnel is only two thousand three hundred and thirteen feet.

Stimulated by the cutting of the Simplon Tunnel, and afraid of loss of traffic, the French Ministry has commissioned plans for a railway between Chamonix and Aosta, which would necessitate a tunnel of eight and a half miles through Mont Blanc between Chamonix and Entrèves. There is a movement in Italy also for the boring of a tunnel through the Splugen by way of the Grisons and Milan; and Genoa, which is gaining ground as compared with Marseilles, requires new routes to the Alps to cope with expanding trade.

THE HEEL OF ACHILLES.

II.

PASSED the spring and came the summer, flower-crowned like a bride. The cherry-trees had doffed their virgin wreaths and donned the jewels of maternity so prodigally that their boughs hung low and the red treasure which freighted them gleamed thickly through the green dusk of crowded leaves; and Miss Tapscott, proud in the joy of possession, lived her life of isolation in the green open, nor asked for any companionship save that of the fruitful trees, the piping birds, and the prim little beds of lavender and geraniums and flaunting marigolds which she herself had planted. Not once in all the weeks she had inhabited her half of the divided property had she come in contact with her co-legatee, or caught even so much as a passing glimpse of her or her boy; for each held rigidly to the terms of agreement, and widow and maid might have been as widely separated as the two poles for all intercourse there was between them.

Sometimes, it is true, Miss Tapscott could catch the sound of childish laughter or the soft murmur of a woman's voice from the other side of the high board-fence which divided the two gardens; but it did not bring to her any sense of loneliness, any desire to level the barrier which separated these other lives from hers; and it was not until mid-June that anything occurred to disturb the peaceful serenity of the spinster's isolation.

A storm overnight had found a weak spot in the garden-fence, and levelled a portion of it far down by the rear boundary-wall, where the cherry-trees hid it from Miss Tapscott's eyes; making a gap about two feet wide in the thick screen of morning glories and scarlet-runners and climbing nasturtiums which Miss Jo had planted to mask the grim bareness of the unpainted boards. In time her sharp eyes would be sure to ferret it out when she made her regular morning tour of inspection; but that time was not yet, for the storm had made havoc among her flower-beds, and beaten and broken her treasured geraniums remorselessly.

But other eyes had spied it if hers had not; and Miss Tapscott, down on her knees with a door-mat under her, busy pruning and tying up her mangled plants, was suddenly startled by a voice saying close to her elbow, 'Your chewweries is all comin' off the twees by themselves; so I bwinged 'em home to you—see!' and, glancing sharply up, she beheld standing beside her a small, bareheaded figure, with a red-stained face and a looped-up pinafore half-filled with luscious windfalls.

Miss Jo rose to her feet and indignantly stabbed the air with her pruning-shears.

'Now, you march right straight out of here this instant,' exclaimed she, 'double-quick now; and tell your ma that this is ag'in' agreement.'

'Oho! what funny big scissors!' laughed the child, totally unused to being repulsed or spoken sharply to, and therefore failing to understand Miss Tapscott's ire. 'Does your mummy let you play wiv scissors? Mine don't. Here's your chewweries. I eated some.'

'Well, you kin eat the rest, then; I don't want 'em,' snapped Miss Jo ungraciously. 'Git along now, and go back where you belong. How'd you get in here I'd like to know? Did your ma hev' the cheek to let you come?'

'Mummy don't know. Mummy's lyin' down. It's one of her "bad head" days,' replied the child plaintively. 'And I didn't have nuffin' to do but jiss walk in the garden and play wiv my kitten. It was kitten what finded the hole in your fence first.'

'A hole in the fence?'

'Oho! Look! here's a big, big chewwery. "Open your mouf and shut your eyes, and I'll div you somefing to make you wise." You mustn't look. Jiss bend down and open your mouf.'

'Oh, get along with you! I never see sich a pesterin' critter. Where's that hole in the fence, hey?'

'"Open your mouf and shut your eyes, and I'll div you somefing to make you wise."'

'Oh well, then, *there*, you pesterin' little nuisance! I suppose there ain't no other way of gittin' rid of you; and if'——

A big cherry dropped into her mouth, a shower of others fell upon the grass at her feet, and at the same moment she felt two little clinging arms wrap themselves tightly about her neck, and a pair of warm, soft little lips press themselves to hers. And at the same time, 'I getted first kiss! I getted first kiss!' laughed the child, releasing her and clapping his hands joyously. 'Now, you dot to pay "forfeit" and be my horsie. Dit app!'

'Well, of all the—— Lands sakes alive! what on earth—— Let go my skirt. I never see sich a perseverin' little imp in all my born-days. The way your mother's brung you up is somethin' scandalous.'

'Dit app!' reiterated the laughing child. 'I'm doin' to dwive you to Banbury Cwoss to see the hole in the fence. Dit app! It's "forfeit," and if you don't pay "forfeit" you has to div two hundred kisses and cawwy me up to bed in your arms, you know; same as mummy.'

'Good land!' exclaimed Miss Jo in dismay, 'I never see sich a child. There ain't no shakin' you off nor gittin' rid of you nohow; you jist pester and pester until a body *has* to give

in. Where's the hole in the fence? Oh, down that way is it? Well, come on, then, and be done with it!'

And with that—well, you'd hardly believe it; indeed, she found it hard to believe it herself—Miss Jo threw down her pruning-shears and skipped forward; and had any one peeped over the garden-wall at any period during the course of the next minute and a half he would have been treated to the spectacle of a maiden-lady in a sunbonnet and blue-yarn stockings prancing goat-like down the orchard-path, with a laughing child clinging to the tail of her skirt and lustily shouting to her to 'Git app!'

From the first it had been Miss Tapscott's firm determination to put the child on the other side of the fence and to nail up the boards as soon as the breach was pointed out to her; but, oddly enough, when they came to it at last her whole attention seemed to be claimed by the large quantity of cherries which the storm had stripped from the trees, and which now lay scattered thickly on the close-cropped grass.

'It's pufficky sinful for all that fruit to go to waste,' mused she. ''Tain't hurt a bit, and it'll make beautiful cherry-pies.—Be you fond o' cherry-pie, babby?'

'Oh, I love it! And so does mummy.'

'Ye do, hey? Well, jist you run up to my back-door—I'm clean tired out with your gallivantin', and ain't got breath enough left to stir a feather—and fetch back that little wicker basket you'll see settin' on the winder-ledge, and we'll pick these cherries up and you kin take them in to your ma when you go. Hurry up now—I've got my geranium-beds to attend to quick's ever I kin git back to 'em.'

But even when the cherries were gathered up and placed in the little basket, the geranium-beds still waited attention and the gap in the fence still remained unclosed; for the untidy state of the grass under the trees where the fallen leaves and the broken twigs lay appealed to Miss Jo's love of neatness, and she and the child busied themselves in collecting them and bearing them away to the rubbish-heap. It was while they were in the midst of this operation that an anxious voice sounded, and a pale, frightened little woman appeared at the gap in the fence.

'Oh Wally boy, how you frightened me, dear!—I woke up and couldn't find him anywhere, Miss Tapscott.—Come back, dearie. You mustn't go in there—mummy promised that you wouldn't.—Please forgive him, Miss Tapscott; I'll see that it never occurs again.'

'Oh, he ain't hurtin' nothin', and he's sort of been company,' admitted Miss Jo grimly. 'I'll allow it's ag'in' regulations, but I guess it won't kill nobody for once. The storm blew down the fence, and his kitten ran in here. I've give him some cherries to make a pie of. He says him and you likes cherry-pie, and—well, there's more fruit than I kin use anyway, so you're welcome to it.'

'Thank you so much; it's very kind of you.—Come, Wally dear.—Can't we send you some of our roses in return, Miss Tapscott? They are in the very perfection of bloom.'

'I've told you once I hate roses!' snapped Miss Jo resentfully. 'My bread's in the oven, and I ain't got no time to talk. Good-mornin'.'

And with this ungracious parting she walked away and went back in the direction of the house. But although the rest of that day was passed in the regular routine which had marked all her days since the time of her coming into her inheritance, and garden and orchard offered her the same inducements as ever, somehow or another they offered them in vain; the day didn't seem quite like all the other days, and she was conscious for the first time of a wee little shade of loneliness—conscious of missing a piping little voice keeping up a running fire of questions and comments, of a little yellow head nodding at her while she pruned and weeded, and of a soft little hand brushing hers when she dropped bits of rubbish into the leaf-basket.

And so it fell out that the gap in the fence was not mended that day, nor yet the next, nor the next again; and, although no storm came to strip the cherry-trees of their scarlet treasure, each morning unfailingly there was a scattered mass of 'windfalls' lying on the grass beneath the trees at one particular spot—an utterly irresistible temptation to the lonely little figure that went past the gap in the fence at the hour when 'mummy slept, and her head was bad,' and Wally boy and 'Kitty' were left to entertain each other in the garden.

At such times Miss Jo would always swoop down with her grenadier stride and catch the young intruder, and 'allow' grimly that 'You ain't got no right to come in here, and I'll hev' to remember to nail up them boards. But now you are here, you may as well stay and help me do my weedin', to pay up for it.' And always—just before mummy was due to wake up and come out into the garden—Miss Tapscott would bundle boy and kitten back through the gap and ungraciously submit to a parting kiss as she ordered the child to 'Be off now about your own business. And don't you dare ever come in here unless it's to pick up windfalls. I'm goin' to nail up this hole soon's ever I kin git time to remember it—I really am.'

But, although June passed, and July came and deepened, and August drew near, her memory never appeared to jog her with regard to that particular piece of mending, and the gap was still unclosed. But, more wonderful than this, the windfalls continued without the slightest intermission, no matter what the state of the weather overnight might be; and when the cherry season was over these marvellous trees dropped apples or plums or peaches, as the mood seized them, with a daring defiance of

nature which could have deceived no one but a child.

In this way July followed June, August came and August went, and by the time September, with its grape-scented air, filled Miss Jo's garden with rafts of white and red and purple China asters, Wally boy's visits—beginning with one per diem, and growing thence to two, had increased to three—one in the morning, one directly after noon, and the third just before twilight came—for 'mummy's' headaches had increased in frequency, until 'mummy' seemed to pass most of her time in sleeping these days, and even the sound of her voice was seldom heard in the now almost bloomless rose-garden on the other side of the dividing fence.

'I ain't no patience with her, lollin' around and lettin' you take keer of yourself,' commented Miss Jo one day when the child came toddling up the orchard-walk with his pinafore awry, his hair at sixes and sevens, and the cheek against which he held the kitten all smudged with blackberry-stains. 'You ain't been washed since lunch-time, and them there holes in the knees of your stockin's is jist the way they was two days ago. Who put that apron on yer? Done it yerself, didn't yer? Yes, I thought so! Turn around and let me look at you. Sakes alive! there ain't but one button on it from top to bottom. Well, of all the shiftless, idle, good-for-nothin' wimmen ever *I* heard of, I reckon your ma takes the cake. Stand still a minute till I wash your face and run my pocket-comb through that untidy *mop!* Agreement or no agreement, I'm goin' round to give that woman a piece of my mind. It's puffickly scandalous the way she lets you go. A good sound talkin' to is what she needs, and she's goin' to get it, too, or I'm a Dutchman.'

In this manner the spinster discoursed as she set to and made the child a little more presentable; and, this done, she took him by the hand, marched down the orchard and through the gap, and, with fire in her eye, bore down on the porch where Mrs Thorburn slept in a deep old rocking-chair, with her thin hands loosely folded and a bunch of late-blooming roses in her lap.

She awoke at the sound of Miss Jo's coming, and looked up with her great hollow-ringed eyes and her faded and wasted face; and at sight of her all the fires of resentment died out of the spinster's breast and a great pity—a great fear—filled it instead.

'For Heaven's sake, child, why didn't you let me know you was so bad as this?' she exclaimed contritely. 'I never see nobody change so in a short time in all my born-days. What on earth be you a-settin' out here for, in your state of health? My goodness! you look as though you was on the p'int of givin' up the ghost.'

'I sometimes think I am,' said Mrs Thorburn pathetically. 'I don't think I'd mind if—if it were not for my baby. I miss Walter so much! I've missed him every day since we were divided.'

'Missed fiddlesticks!' sniffed Miss Jo contemptuously. 'There never was a man yet that was wuth a woman a-dyin' for. What you want more'n all the fiddle-faddlin' "Walters" that ever hampered up the world is a mustard-plaster, a bed, and a bowl of hot gruel; and I'm goin' to give 'em to you, too. —Open that door, sonny, and show me the way to your ma's room. I'm goin' to put her to bed, where she belongs.—What's that? Heavy? Goodness, child, you don't weigh more'n a pint o' nuts, and I kin carry yer as easy as turnin' a pancake. Or, wait a bit! Mebby I'd better run in and git the bed ready first. Ugh!'—with a sudden shudder of repulsion—'chuck them dreadful roses away, for pity's sake; the smell of 'em makes me sick—makes me hate everythin' in the world—everythin' and everybody.'

'They were always Walter's favourites,' replied the widow wistfully. 'I love them for that as much as for their beauty. He was such a good man, Miss Tapscott, so kind and tender and true, and his passion for roses was almost worship.'

'I never knew but one man like that, and he—well, hangin' was too good for *him!*' asseverated Miss Jo, her face darkening and hardening, and the creases tightening about her mouth. 'Killed a woman's whole life, he did; and there ain't no murder worse'n that. She was a deal older'n him, and had a little money laid by. Not much; jist enough to keep her when she growed old; but he laid his plans pretty good, and she was a fool, and fell into 'em. Made her think he loved her, he did; got her to draw out her money and give that and some trinkets that had been her mother's into his keepin' jist the day before the one that had been set for 'em to be married. She never see him ag'in after that. He run and left her, takin' everythin' she had in the world. *He* loved roses—that man—they was a reg'lar passion with him. I tell you I wouldn't trust a man who loved roses further'n I could see him after that.'

'You would if you had known Walter, Miss Tapscott; I'm sure you would. Wait! Let me show you. He had the noblest face, the noblest character, that ever was. Look!'—fumbling at her collar and drawing up from its hiding-place a queer, old-fashioned, flat gold locket attached to a fine thin chain—'he gave me this when we were married. It was his dead mother's. Here's the T. that stands for Thorburn, see!'

Miss Jo did see. She was looking with eyes that were large and round and full of a curious light. Her thin face had grown oddly white; her nostrils were expanded and her mouth pursed up until it looked like a little red eyelet set in a face of dough.

'Look!' said Mrs Thorburn, opening the locket and holding it out on the palm of her hand. 'It's Walter's picture. Could any one look into a face like that and not love and trust it, Miss Tapscott?'

'I dunno,' replied Miss Jo, moistening her lips

with the tip of her tongue and speaking in a queer, shaking, far-away sort of voice. 'I ain't much of a judge of people's looks. 'Scuse me. I've jist remembered I've got company comin', and I believe there they are now.'

Then she turned and went quickly down the garden-walk, passed through the gap in the fence, caught up the displaced boards, and with a stone nailed them back into position again, and, sinking down on the grass under the cherry-trees, laid her folded arms across her knees and her forehead upon them, not saying one word, not making one sound.

The afternoon wore away; the twilight came and went; the night fell with solemn hush and the magic of twinkling stars; then, all of a sudden, there sounded a mighty crash—repeated again and yet again; and as Mrs Thorburn, startled by the sound, left Wally's bedside and came out upon the veranda and looked down the long, bright garden-paths, lo! a shower of flying wood cut through the air and crashed into the rose-bushes, and there in the moonlight stood Miss Jo, armed with a long-handled axe, beating and banging and cutting into the dividing fence and levelling it from end to end.

'Oh Miss Tapscott, what in the world are you doing?' exclaimed Mrs Thorburn in amazement.

'Sort o' comin' to my senses, I reckon,' replied Miss Jo, as she swung the axe round and sent another board flying. 'It ain't nuther Christian feelin' nor yet common-sense for us two lone wimmen to go on livin' like this. You need a nurse to brace you up and fetch you round to health ag'in, and I need—the boy! The Lord's showed me the way, Mrs Thorburn—He truly has!—and I know now that there ain't nothin' in the world like fetchin' up a *good man's* child in the way he should go to keep a critter from growin' sour and *un*human. I guess there's somethin' of the mother-feelin' set in a woman's heart and nature whether she's cut out for an old maid or not. Anyways, this here fence is comin' down for good and all, and me and you is goin' to bring up that boy together and make a good, God-fearin', honest man of him.'

'Like his dear father, bless him!'

'Better!' said Miss Jo, as she swung the axe with redoubled vigour. 'At least, better if better kin be—which, from what you say, I don't suppose it kin!'

THE END.

THE OLD MANSIONS OF PARIS.

II.

ON the other side of the Rue de Rivoli, remote from the Île de St Louis, there is a little, narrow street which bears the name of the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois. This title carries us back to the Middle Ages and the intricacies of the feudal times. The *bourgeoisie* of the medieval period had their grades as well as the *noblesse*. They were more or less subject to the will of their lords; but the *franc-bourgeoisie* were altogether free, and could change their abode or their master according to their own will and pleasure. They gave their name to two streets in old Paris, of which this one retains its ancient title. Here are to be found some buildings of divers periods which contrast strangely with the modern houses.

At the corner of the street of the Rue Vieille-du-Temple is the Hôtel Barbette. This house is linked with a tragic scene in French history. It was the residence of kings and queens. Here resided Queen Isabel of Bavaria, the wife of the mad King Charles VI. (1380–1422). She was a bad woman, who treated her insane husband with gross cruelty, keeping him in close confinement, while her behaviour to him rendered his malady worse. She loved and schemed for Louis, Duke of Orléans, the king's brother, and shared with him the government of the realm during the illness of the king. He often came to her at this Hôtel Barbette, and many affairs of state and of love were enacted in the old mansion. But the Duke incurred the wrath of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, who was his rival in power. One day, as Louis was leaving this house and riding out by the gateway, he was attacked by the servants of the fearless Duke and assassinated. Far-reaching were the effects of the murder at the gates of the Hôtel Barbette. The Duke gloried in his deed, hired a famous preacher to vindicate it, surrounded himself with a body-guard of butchers, and boldly walked about Paris with them. Soon we see him entering the Hôtel Barbette, and being well received by Queen Isabel, whose lover he had slain. Of the factions that arose which led to the coming of Henry V. to France and the battle of Agincourt, and of the proclaiming of our English Henry VI. king of France, we need not tell; but you may be sure that this house witnessed many scenes of historic interest and many anxious negotiations.

Little is left of its former glories. The turret at the corner of the street is the part best preserved. It is ornamented with rich arcades, and the window has its primitive grating. You can see the central archway which leads into a sort of bystreet which appears to be a *cul-de-sac*. Squalid cottages appear on each side, the walls of which preserve the ancient walls of the Hôtel Barbette, the former residence of kings. Not long ago, between Nos. 18 and 16 in this street, there was a narrow passage with

three stone steps which had seen many generations of steeds and been used by many people for mounting their horses. Queen Isabella used them to mount her palfrey, and Nicholas the Bailiff was accustomed to rise more slowly in his stirrup when he rode his mule. He was the Auditor of the Accounts of Louis XVI. He had for his neighbour Thomas de Rentilly, captain of the Grenadiers of the Royal Guard, who received the property from his father-in-law, Leclère de Grandmaison, Treasurer-General of War. After the captain of the Guard came Mascarany de Lavalette, and then Langois de la Fortette, President of the Court of Accounts. Richer de Boismauclair owned the house at the time of the great Revolution, having inherited the property from Thébault de Baurain.

In this street there is another house which is famous in history, and bears the name of the Hôtel de Gabrielle d'Estrées, the beautiful but frail lady who became the mistress of Henry IV. Outside the house the bust of that monarch proclaims his connection with its fair owner, and that here she received some visits from her royal lover. If this house wrote its memories it would have many strange stories to tell. It would state that during the reign of Louis XIII. it was owned by Étienne Briois. M. de Bordeaux was the proprietor when Jacques Gomboust designed his plan of Paris, and by marriage it passed to Louis Sanguin, Marquis de Livry. Thomas de Pange sold the house in 1754 to Michaut de Montaran, Dean of the Grand Council and Treasurer of Brittany; and then it was acquired by Charles Chartel, Treasurer-General of Artillery. United with the house was in former times its next-door neighbour, rebuilt by M. de Livry after the designs of Boffraud in 1709. It was separated from the other house for the residence of Chancellor Voysin, whom Madame de Maintenon had made Steward of St Cyr after the dismissal of De Chamillart. The last Duke of Roquelaure, the little son of him who had so strongly urged King Henry IV. to leave his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées, was installed in this *hôtel* after the decease of Chancellor Voysin. The inheritor of a great name and the hero of many military achievements, he was raised to the dignity of Marshal of France; but he left only two daughters to uphold the traditions of his noble family. The house has preserved its sculpture and its balconies, and is now police-barracks.

The next house was formerly known as Le Mayrat, and was occupied by President le Vallier and by President Poncet, Marquis de Louvois, Governor of Navarre, Master of the Garderobe of King Louis XIV. It was sold to William de Couchant, captain of the Guard, in 1740.

Close by, in the Rue Pavée, is the once famous Hôtel de Lorraine, called also at various times Hôtel Savoy and Hôtel d'Herbonville. It was begun about the year 1550 for or by the celebrated Diana of Poitiers, the beautiful lady who won all hearts and exercised a powerful influence over the weak King Henry II. Some say that she was his mistress, and that she sold her honour to the king in order to save her father's life, who was condemned to be executed on a charge of treason. Married to an old man, Louis de Brezé, her life was not happy, and she had many admirers. Her influence was quite predominant at Henry's Court. She was created Duchess of Valentinois. This house, which is now devoted to trade and industry, retains many marks of its former grandeur. The building was finished by a natural son of Charles IX., Charles de Valois, Duke d'Angoulême, a name famous in history. He was the son of Marie Touchet, who lived in a little house in the Rue des Barres, and readers of Dumas' *Henri de Navarre* will remember the king's visit to his mistress. That little son, had he been legitimate, would have prevented the succession of Henry III., Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., and have changed the course of the history of France. He fought bravely on many a battlefield, was engaged in divers conspiracies, and once nearly lost his head. The house looks imposing in spite of its degradation. The principal part of the building is decorated in the Corinthian style, flanked by two wings, one of which has been partially restored. The walls are ornamented with bas-reliefs, and, in allusion to the famous Diana, the sculptors have represented many crescent moons and scenes of the chase with heads of deer and dogs. Amongst other famous owners of the house was Constable Anne de Montmorenci, a prominent noble of the Court of Henry II., the rival of the Duke of Guise, who is said to have laid the first stone of the mansion and to have constructed the staircase. Phebus d'Albret, Count of Miossano, Governor of Bordeaux and Marshal of France, died here in 1670; and Brunet de Chailly, Guardian of the Royal Treasure, lived here. It takes its name from the President of Lamoignon, who bought the house in 1684. Here was installed in 1763 the first library of the city of Paris.

The little Hôtel D'Albret in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois is worth noticing. It is in the style of the Renaissance, and has an eighteenth century staircase with beautiful ironwork.

The best-preserved house, and one of the finest in this street, is the Hôtel Carnavalet, now a museum, in which are preserved many objects of interest relating to the history of Paris. The entrance is in the street once known as Culture Sainte-Catherine, now called the Rue Sévigné after the distinguished lady who once inhabited this noble mansion. It is unfortunate that the name of the priory of St Catherine-au-val des Ecoliers should have thus been obliterated. The house stands at the corner of the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois and the Rue Sévigné. It was commenced in 1544 by Jacques des Ligners, President of the Parliament of Paris, and representative of France at the Council of Trent. Two great artists of the period—Pierre Lescot, architect, and Jean Goujon, sculptor—were employed in its construction. After some years

they were summoned by the king to carry out some works at the Louvre, and were succeeded by the architect Jean Bullant and some pupils of Jean Goujon. After the death of the founder in 1556, the unfinished house was bought by Françoise de la Beaume, Countess of Montreval and widow of François de Kernevenoy, a great Breton lord, who, according to Montaigne, had no equal in the management of a horse; he was the esquire of King Henry II. and the tutor of the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III. Kernevenoy was known at Court by the name Carnavalet, which his widow retained and conferred on her mansion. The house has been much altered since her day, but it is possible from old engravings and descriptions to form some idea of its state at that period. The principal part of the house was of two stories, as you see it to-day from the courtyard, with its imposing bas-reliefs and its high windows. There were wings on each side and a front facing the street; but all these were only ground-floor rooms surmounted with beautiful dormer-windows and high roofing-slates. There was a beautiful staircase which led from a *loggia* or gallery. This was painted, and received its light from the courtyard by means of arcades filled with plain glass. Grotesque faces carved by Ponce grinned down upon the spectator. A great gate opened upon the street, and inside there was a kind of triumphal arch, as we see it to-day, embellished by the delicately carved figures of Jean Goujon. The arms of the lady, supported by two little genii, appear on the tympanum of the arch. The shell of the house was there; subsequent ages have contributed to its beauty.

Madame de Carnavalet sold her house in 1602 to M. Florent d'Argouges, the Treasurer of Queen Marie de' Medici. In 1654 it was purchased by Claude Boislève, Superintendent of the Finances of the Realm, who had rapidly made a great fortune by supplying the army with provisions, a financial process which still is known to exist. The house was not great or grand enough for his fastidious tastes; so he set about its transformation with the aid of François Mansard in 1655 to 1661. Happily he retained the earlier work, and, unlike many restorers, showed reverence for the achievements of former artists. The buildings of the wings were raised, much decoration was done, and the house nearly approached to its state at the present day. Its master, however, was ruined. He was involved in the disgrace of Fouquet, and was condemned and despoiled by the Chamber of Justice. The house passed in 1662 into the possession of Gaspard de Gillier, who assigned it to his brother-in-law, M. d'Agaurry, a gentleman who was interested in the affairs of the king and occupied the position of Collector of Taxes. He let the house to François-Marie, Prince of Lorraine, Count of Lillebonne. The Prince was usually fighting on foreign battle-fields, but his wife and his two daughters lived here in strict retirement. These little girls were taught to regard themselves as princesses, and Madame de Sévigné and the Court gossip, Saint-Simon, used to laugh at their pretensions and ridicule their ambitions. Madame de Sévigné was determined to gain possession of the Hôtel Carnavalet—'*chère Carnavalette*,' as she loved to call it. She accomplished her will, and set up a *salon* which was frequented by most of the famous men of the day—Retz, La Rochefoucauld, Arnauld de Pomponne, Seguier, Turenne, Condé, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and many others. Here with her lived her daughter and son-in-law, the Countess de Grignan and M. de Grignan, and her uncle, the Abbé of Coulanges, each having a suite of apartments.

Since that time other changes have taken place in the old building. In 1698 Brunet de Rancé took possession and employed several renowned painters to decorate some of the rooms. He gave it to his daughter, the wife of Pierre Arnaud de la Briffe, in whose family it remained until the time of the Revolution approached. Afterwards it passed through several vicissitudes. It was at one time a library, then a school, and then in 1866 the city purchased it for a museum.

The house, in spite of the changes which have taken place, is a perfect example of early seventeenth-century French domestic architecture, and the carvings and sculpture which adorn it are worthy of close examination. On the first story are four beautiful bas-reliefs representing the Seasons, with the signs of the Zodiac. The right wing of the house, of which the ground-floor only belongs to the Renaissance period, has curious grotesque heads carved on the keystones by Ponce, representing fauns and satyrs, and above them are bas-reliefs of Juno, Hebe, Diana, Flora, and the Four Winds. Ponce's grotesques appear also on the left wing.

There are so many sculptures attributed to Ponce in the sixteenth century that he must have been a most prolific artist. Perhaps there were several carvers who bore that name. One man could scarcely have accomplished all. The question is difficult.

Three beautiful bas-reliefs by Goujon adorn the entrance-door in the left wing, leading to the principal staircase. The bas-reliefs on the first story represent the Four Elements, Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, and are the work of Van Obstal, whose art we have seen elsewhere. He was the Flemish sculptor whom Cardinal Richelieu brought to Paris, and who did much work at the Louvre. At the side of the entrance there are figures by Goujon representing Authority, a figure standing on a globe and holding in her hand a yoke and a staff, two tame lions, baskets of flowers, and Flora. A statue of Louis XIV. now stands in the courtyard, conveyed here from the Hôtel de Ville.

The ground-floor of the part facing the Rue Sévigné has on the keystone of the portal a figure of Abundance by Goujon, with a carnival mask,

a playful allusion to the name Carnavalet. On the tympanum are little genii bearing palms and holding an escutcheon. Submissive lions appear on the right of the doorway. Why are they so represented? We generally see lions roaring, *regardant*, fiercely defying the world. These figures were intended to signify the obedience which a good citizen should render to the laws of his country, to Right, Justice, and the King. On the first-floor stands Vigilance holding a lamp, a cock, a winged frontlet, and a spur; Resolution, holding a club, leaning against a shield, with an open book of the law; and a statue of Minerva. Facing the Rue de Francs-Bourgeois is a bas-relief by Van Obstal, representing Wisdom and Love bringing back Peace and Abundance, alluding to the marriage of King Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa, daughter of the king of Spain, and the treaty of the Pyrenees. The garden of the house contains some additional rooms recently erected for storing the relics of old Paris, and here may be seen several interesting buildings of the city which have been removed to this site. There is the Arc de Nazareth, which formerly stood near the Palais de Justice, the Bureau des Drapiers, and the Pavillon de Choiseul, a fine specimen of the architecture of the age of the Grand Monarque.

Paris contains many other interesting old houses and mansions which are little known, and have to be diligently searched for by those who wish to study the ancient domestic architecture of France. Perhaps in these two articles on the Old Mansions of Paris enough has been said to whet the appetite of the curious and to interest strangers in the study of one of the most attractive features of the capital of France.

A SPANISH ROBINSON CRUSOE.

By JOHN D. LECKIE.

ALTHOUGH it is generally believed that Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* is founded on the experiences of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch sailor who was put ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez—which is said to have disappeared during the recent earthquakes on the west coast of South America—this is a mere supposition. According to Defoe's own account, Robinson Crusoe's island lay somewhere near the mouth of the Orinoco, in the Caribbean Sea. It so happens that there exists the account of a shipwrecked Spanish sailor who was cast ashore on an island in the Caribbean Sea, on which he spent seven years before he was rescued.

The account is given by the famous Spanish historian Garcilaso de la Vega. In the original Spanish narrative, from which the following is taken, the date on which the sailor was shipwrecked is not stated, but from certain facts in the narrative we are led to believe that it took place about the beginning of the sixteenth century. An English translation of the *Commentarios Reales* of Garcilaso de la Vega (from which the following account is taken) appeared in the year 1688; and as Defoe's history of *Robinson Crusoe* was published in 1719, it is not improbable that he read the account given by the Spanish historian, and that it furnished him with the idea, in whole or in part, of his immortal work.

The experiences of the Spanish sailor Serrano are in many ways much more wonderful than those of Selkirk; for whereas Juan Fernandez is an island well wooded and watered, and abounding in game, the island on which Serrano was wrecked was a mere sandbank, entirely devoid of wood and water. Robinson Crusoe when he was cast ashore on his desert island had a large supply of stores and tools at his command, which he took out of the wreck of the stranded vessel. Serrano, on the other hand, was cast ashore with no other implement than the knife which he carried in his belt.

It is interesting to follow his account, and to know how a man stranded in this primitive condition not only managed to survive, but even to live for seven years until he was rescued by a passing ship.

The Spanish chronicler states that the islet (or islets) which are known under the name of Serrana—having been so named in honour of the sailor aforesaid—lie in the track of vessels bound from Cartagena to Havana; but this seems to be a mistake on his part, as the Serrana islets or *cays* (as low sandy islets are generally called in the West Indies) lie nearly a thousand miles to the southward of Havana, and are therefore not in the direct track of vessels bound from Spain to the capital of Cuba.

We give the following account as nearly as possible in the words of the Spanish historian.

Pedro Serrano was a sailor in a Spanish vessel bound to the Caribbean Sea. The ship in which he sailed was wrecked on one of the dangerous sandbanks which abound in the neighbourhood of the islets. Being a skilful swimmer, he got ashore, and was the only one who was saved of all the crew. He found that the islet on which he had been stranded was little more than a sandbank, without a permanent supply of either wood or water. The islet at that time had no name; it is therefore probable that it was remote from the track of commerce, as indeed it is to-day. The Serrana *cays* are laid down on the chart as three small islets surrounded by numerous sandbanks, and are avoided by all kinds of craft on account of the dangerous shoals with which they are beset.

So barren was the islet that it did not even contain a blade of grass with which he might perchance satisfy the pangs of hunger. The first night he passed in the most dreary manner, lamenting his misfortune, as he seemed only to have escaped death by drowning to suffer an end still more terrible—death from starvation. At daybreak the next morning he resolved further to explore the island, and he was fortunate enough to find a quantity of shellfish—as crabs, shrimps, and the like—of which he caught as many as he could, and ate them raw, not having the means of kindling a fire.

The seas in the neighbourhood abound with the finest green turtle, the animal so beloved of aldermen, which proved to be the salvation of our shipwrecked mariner. The first turtle he saw crawling up on the beach was welcomed with enthusiasm, for here he perceived a means of supplying himself with an abundant supply of food of the richest kind. When the turtle had crawled some distance away from the water, doubtless with the intention of depositing her eggs in the sand, as is her wont, he attacked her and turned her on her back, a position in which these animals are perfectly helpless and incapable of moving. Then he drew his knife, cut her throat, and, famishing with thirst as he was, drank greedily the blood which poured out of the wound. Other turtles continuing to arrive were treated in the same manner. He had now more meat than he could consume; the surplus he cut into long strips and dried in the sun, in the manner of the dried meat used in the West Indies and South America, where it is known as *tasajo*. But the meat was not the only advantage he derived from the turtles. He felt sorely the need of a vessel for storing up the rain-water which falls abundantly in those latitudes, but which was immediately absorbed by the sandy soil. This want was supplied by the shells of the turtles, which formed admirable receptacles after he had extracted the meat.

In this way he passed the first few days killing turtles. Some of these were as large as the largest shields, and others the size of bucklers. The mention of shields and bucklers seems to indicate, as do also other details, that this shipwreck took place about the beginning of the sixteenth century—in fact, not long after the waters of the Caribbean Sea had commenced to be furrowed by the keels of commerce; for towards the close of the same century shields had already become obsolete, though small round bucklers continued to be used by the Scottish Highlanders as late as 1745.* Some of the turtles were so large that with all his strength he could not turn them over on their backs. He tried the effect of mounting on their backs or getting astride of them, but the animals simply dragged him along with them into the sea. In the turtle-shells he stored a considerable quantity of water, as some of them held more than six gallons.

Having solved the important problem of how to obtain a supply of food, he next set about devising some means of producing fire, for so far he had been compelled to eat all his food raw. With the fertility of resource which marks the stranded seaman, he commenced to search for one or two pebbles or flints, with which he could create a spark by striking them against the steel back of his knife, but his search was in vain, for in the whole island he found no pebbles larger than coarse grains of sand. This fact did not discourage him, for, being a skilful swimmer and diver, he set to work to explore the bottom of the neighbouring sea, diving here and there until he was fortunate enough to find some pebbles, of which he selected the most suitable for his purpose. Still he was unable to produce fire with them, as they were too much rounded by the action of the water. With infinite trouble he managed to split one of the pebbles, and by striking the angular surface against the edge of his knife he was overjoyed to find that it produced sparks of sufficient size to give hope that he could kindle a fire. After having overcome so many difficulties, the production of fire from the spark was a comparatively easy matter. He tore a piece of his garment into shreds to serve as tinder, and after many vain attempts he at last succeeded in creating a flame. That must have been a red-letter day in his solitary life, for with fire at his command he now passed from the existence of an animal to that of a man. His next step was to collect carefully such scraps of wood and rubbish as the waves cast up on the shore, and with this material he made a fire with which to cook his food. In order to prevent the rain from extinguishing the fire which he had created with such great pains he built a kind of hut over it with the shells of the turtle he had killed, and he watched the flame with incessant care so as not to let it go out.

Serrano had not been two months on the island before he saw himself reduced to a state of nature, for his scanty clothing was now worn to shreds. In that latitude, however, one suffers more from the heat than from the cold. When his body, exposed to the rays of a tropical sun, suffered from the intolerable heat he refreshed himself by taking a bath in the sea, for not only did he suffer from a lack of clothes, but there was not even a spot in the island which afforded shelter from the sun's rays. In this respect he was infinitely worse off than Robinson Crusoe, who, when his clothes gave out, made new ones from goat-skins.

In this manner three years passed. During this time several ships passed in sight of his island; but, although in every instance he made a large bonfire to attract their attention, they gave him a wide berth, either because they did not perceive the smoke or else because they feared the dangerous sandbanks which surrounded the island. Serrano at times was so disconsolate at his fate that he

* *Chambers's Encyclopædia*: article 'Shield.'

deliberated whether it would not be better to end his miserable existence by throwing himself into the waves. His body being continually exposed to the inclemency of the weather, his hair grew so long that he appeared as hirsute as a bear, while his beard extended below his waist.

After three years of this exile, Serrano was cheered by the arrival of a companion to share his dreary existence. One morning he was surprised to see the figure of a man who had been shipwrecked the previous night and had escaped on shore by clinging to a plank. At daybreak he perceived the smoke which proceeded from the fire Serrano had made; and, guided by this sign, he came in sight of the solitary Spaniard. When the two men saw one another it is difficult to say which was the more frightened of the two. Serrano imagined that he saw the devil in human shape come to tempt him; while the other jumped to the same conclusion, and not without reason, for he saw a being naked, dishevelled, and covered with long hair, who could scarcely pass as human. Each man fled from the other, Serrano exclaiming, 'Oh Lord, deliver me from the devil!' When the other heard this he took heart, and said, 'Do not flee, brother, for I am a Christian like yourself;' but seeing that Serrano still had misgivings, he commenced to repeat the Creed, which the former hearing, he turned and embraced the new-comer with effusion as a brother in distress.

Serrano, suspecting that his new acquaintance must be suffering from the pangs of hunger, set food and drink before him, which he devoured ravenously, and they commenced to talk of their adventures and to console one another in their distress.

Serrano, now having a companion, found a great burden had been lifted from his existence, and the two employed the time in company in searching for shellfish, driftwood, and other means of sustenance, taking turns in watching over their wretched fire, that it should not become extinguished.

The author of the *Bab Ballads* recounts the case of two shipwrecked mariners who met on a desert island, but being perfect strangers and not having been introduced, would not speak to one another. By tacit mutual consent each one kept to his own side of the island, until one day No. 1, happening to soliloquise, mentioned the name of Robinson, an old schoolfellow. Hereupon No. 2 exclaimed, 'Excuse me, but I knew Robinson.' The ice being thus broken, the fact of their possessing a mutual acquaintance formed a bond of companionship. But not long afterwards a boat was seen to approach the island, and a man in convict's garb stepped ashore. Both acquaintances at once recognised the new arrival—it was Robinson! The tie which had been formed was instantly severed, and the two acquaintances again cut each other dead, each one keeping to his own side of the island.

Something similar happened in the case we are now describing. Serrano and his companion quarrelled over a trivial matter, one having blamed the other with having neglected some insignificant detail of his work. Thereafter came a dissolution of partnership, and each one cooked and foraged for himself. But it was impossible for two shipwrecked mates to continue for any time in this condition of mutual enmity, and they ended by begging each other's pardon and became friends as before. During their period of companionship they saw several ships pass, and made the usual signal by kindling a bonfire; but the vessels went on their course unheeding, as previously, which plunged them into the greatest despair.

Seven years after Serrano had landed on the island he saw a ship pass so near that they perceived the castaways and lowered a boat to rescue them. Serrano and his companion, who meantime had become as naked and hirsute as the former, feared that the new arrivals might be frightened at their savage appearance and flee at the sight of them. They therefore commenced to recite the Creed, which alone saved them from being once more abandoned, for their rescuers could scarcely believe that they saw human beings before them.

Serrano's companion died on the voyage to Spain, but he himself arrived safely and afterwards travelled to Germany, where the Emperor (apparently Charles V.) was at the time. The Emperor conferred a pension on him, but he did not live long to enjoy it, dying soon afterwards in Panamá.

Garcilaso de la Vega adds that this narrative was related to him by a person who knew Serrano, and had often heard him relate his adventures.

TO NEPTUNE.

Lord of the Ocean! Spirit of the Air!
Command thy favouring breeze that it may blow
Our ship to port, to where fresh waters flow
Into the salt, which, mingling, soon will share
Thine ocean's rest. Thus, also freed from care,
Our hearts may find the friends of long ago.

What joy to tell our friends of derring deed,
Of many journeyings o'er hill and dale!
How will they clap their hands, their faces pale
With horror, or, entranced, bestow full meed
Of praise upon our magic words, which lead
Them far afield, held spell-bound by our tale!

What joy to hear again familiar names,
Familiar voices, lingering o'er our own!
To sit beside that ancient hearth of stone,
Where as of yore the huge log bursts with flames,
Where goblin forms with memory play their games
And trick us to believe we ne'er were gone!

Ah, Father Neptune! hast thou too a home,
Perchance bedecked with fair mermaiden hair?
Or is thy habitation everywhere?
The roof above thy head the mighty dome
Of sky, beneath thy foot the ocean foam?
Where'er thou art, great Neptune, grant our prayer!

H. W. C.

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UNEMPLOYMENT.

NEARLY two thousand years ago was spoken the parable in which a certain householder asked certain labourers, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?' and they answered, 'Because no man hath hired us.' Five times in the course of that day did the householder send a batch into his vineyard, so greatly did the supply of labour exceed the demand. Here was unemployment. Yet the atmosphere of the parable is calm; there is no hint of distress; the whole reads like an idyl. How explain this contrast to unemployment as we know it to-day?

Jerusalem and the other places to which pilgrims resort are of course very different now from what they were nearly two thousand years ago; but industrial Palestine remains the same—a land of pasturage and agriculture. In describing it, therefore, we use the present tense.

The population is concentrated in small towns and large villages, so that the landscape is not dotted with dwellings, cottage or mansion, as in England; for in Levantine countries isolation is associated with insecurity. Directly or indirectly, all the people live *by* the land, none of them *on* it. The town population is thus largely agricultural, and the village population wholly so; and from both town and village, morning witnesses an exodus of labourers landwards, leaving the towns half-empty and the villages all but deserted, until the evening. Unlike our navvies, the labourers of Palestine are thirled to the soil, being small landholders; and they differ from migratory labourers in character, being conservative in sentiment and regular in their habits.

In the family of the small landholder there arises, according to the number and sex of his children, a surplus of labour, which finds outlet on the big landholder's estate. The labourers of the parable must, therefore, be thought of, not as waifs caring for nobody and for whom nobody cares, but as sons or less near relatives of men, small indeed, but of assured position, who at close of day would welcome their lads back to bed and board, whatever might have been their fortune in the market-place, that spacious rectangle where, in every town and in the larger villages, buying and selling go on in the open air, and wanters and wanted congregate on market-days.

It thus appears that the unhired labourers of the parable correspond, not to the unemployed who, there being no bread in the house, cry out in the street, but rather to the silent unemployed of the great middle-class, familiarly represented by the briefless barrister. If this typical gentleman have ample private means, patience is his only trial; but there are countless would-be workers of both sexes in the middle-class, in whose case patience is attended with hardship, impelling them to hunt for work inferior to that for which they have qualified, in order to supplement the scanty private means, their own or of the family they belong to, on which meanwhile they live. It is thanks to these silent unemployed that vacancies in public and private offices can be filled up at once. If they miss the post vacated, some other one awaits them; for otherwise, after no matter how many removes, the situation could not be restored. How great is the service thus rendered to the community appears in the disaster that has overtaken the Free Church of Scotland, through dearth of the silent unemployed known as unplaced probationers. Some two score of its congregations remain without a pastor!

For distinction's sake, let us call those who claim public relief the 'clamorous' unemployed. They consist of two sections—namely, casual labourers out of a job, and regular workers out of a situation. Whence comes their unemployment? The sources are various, and variously affect the two sections.

Affecting both sections, the intemperance, wastefulness, and improvidence of individuals conduce, one might say conduct, to unemployment; strikes and lockouts inflict it on both. Affecting regular workers, the trades-union insistence on a uniform wage, whereby degrees of efficiency are not marked by differences of pay, places elderly men, and those

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suffering from only a slight though chronic complaint, on the brink of unemployment; with the result that many who could, and gladly would, have accepted partial wages for partial work topple over. Affecting the casual labour section, the birth of natural casuals brings continual accession to its numbers. These are they whose nature it is to shirk continuous work, so that only spurts can be got out of them, *dolce far niente* filling up the intervals. They are of the same breed as the 'ins' and 'outs' of the workhouse, the tramps who spoil the amenity of country life, and the 'ne'er-do-weels' of the middle-class. Not settling to any study or business at home, these last are sent abroad, if haply they might in a new environment become new creatures. But a situation is obtained only to be lost; and they dawdle through the years, subsisting mainly on remittances from home, so that—in Canada especially—they are spoken of as 'remittance-men.' When they survive the remitters, casual labour alone is open to them, with unemployment staring them in the face.

One great source of unemployment lies in the substitution of machinery for hand-labour and the invention of new processes, whereby the output is both increased and cheapened. The ruin that waits on these two changes, or on either, is measured by the extent of the industry affected. Witness the sacrifice of a whole generation of textile workers in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when the power-loom superseded the hand-loom. Not only in the back-streets of towns and in villages, but also in the homesteads of small farmers, the whir of the shuttle had been the sound of daylight. The mere weaver soon succumbed; and though the farmer-weaver struggled on, necessity in the end made him give up his home, of which nothing—when anything—now marks the site save roofless, crumbling walls, a stone seat, an ash-tree, and traces of a garden!

The modern phenomenon of recurrent crises of unemployment throughout the industrial world is not yet accounted for. That arises from the keenness of international competition, whereby the output of manufactured articles tends ever to overtake the demand; so that once in every ten years or thereabouts the world becomes glutted with them; whence a crisis, industrial, commercial, financial—a long-lasting crisis, for as it has taken years to accumulate the congestion, so it takes years to disperse it. When orders slacken, workers are put on half-time; and when they cease, so does work.

Like the silent unemployed, the clamorous also, especially the casual labour section, serve the community. In the words of Charles Booth: 'Our modern system of industry will not work without some unemployed margin, some reserve of labour.' How otherwise, indeed, operate our docks? Or, descending to the other end of the scale, whence would sandwich-men come forth to advertise the programmes of our public entertainers were there not unemployed within call? Here emerges an economic ground, alongside the humanitarian, for listening to the call for relief.

Emigration is no remedy. Canada and Australasia want men accustomed to farm-work and women willing to do house-work; but such are not among the unemployed. There is, however, some scope for migration within the United Kingdom, because work and the corresponding kind and number of workers are not always found together. Hence the value of Labour Exchanges, of which Germany has one in almost every town of fifty thousand inhabitants; London has twenty-three, linked by telephone to a central office. Will they ever be spread over the whole country, unless they become part of the industrial organisation of the State?

Local relief is afforded by municipalities when, in view of the unemployed, they carry out works of repair and cleaning in the slack season; but the mainstay of local relief, both here and abroad, is work on the land, which bears hard on those who have known only indoor work. A member of Parliament, compositor by trade, declared in the present House of Commons that he would rather go to prison than work on the land.

Unique among methods of dealing with the unemployed is the 'Ghent system,' which prevails in Belgium, and occurs sporadically in France and Germany. Its policy is prevention, hardly at all relief; and prevention is effected by backing up all efforts of self-help. Hence its beneficiaries are almost exclusively regular workers, because among them chiefly are self-helpers to be found. Its method is shown by the destination of its pecuniary grants as under: (1) to members of trades-union unemployment funds, a percentage on the allowance paid out of these funds to members out of work; (2) to individuals who have saved in view of unemployment, in proportion to the amount saved; (3) to savings-banks established in view of unemployment; (4) to individuals, without conditions, according to state of funds and intensity of unemployment; (5) to trades-unions that have established unemployment funds.

Our methods being still in the experimental stage, we are ready to learn from all quarters, especially from our daughter-lands at the ends of the earth, among which New Zealand holds the lead in social experimentation. If here, as there, every lad leaving the elementary school were debarred from casual labour and obliged to learn a trade; and if, even with the limitations there imposed, work at reduced wages were here also open to men no longer at their best, we should be two important stages in advance of our present position.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

SOME six weeks after the sirocco which destroyed Hassan and his band, Jack and Sidi were picking their way through a belt of rocky country, a tangle of wild ravines. They were nearing, Jack believed, the upper coast of the Red Sea. The day had been one of intense heat. The sun's rays were flung back on them from the cliffs on either side until the pair felt like a couple of ants under a burning-glass. The ravine rose sharply, and their camels grunted and moaned with distress as they climbed. They reached the crest at last; and, in spite of the torment of the heat, Jack as he looked round felt afresh the beauty of a desert sunset.

The mountain peaks above them were crimson; the steep rocks on either hand were red. The sunset poured, a stream of flaming colour, through the ravine and splashed the tumbled rocks that strewed it with tints of blood. All the west was a flame of glory. Great bars of light, like thrusting spears flaming and broken, ran from the horizon to the zenith. Jack stopped his camel involuntarily to stare at the sight, but Sidi rode a few paces ahead, his figure showing in hard, black silhouette against the sunset.

Presently Jack noticed that he was staring down from the crest with great eagerness. He suddenly threw up his hands, as if in wonder. He plainly saw something of an unusual sort, and Jack pushed his camel forward to see. Beneath their feet was a shallow, saucer-like little valley, a floor of sand, with the black, sun-baked rocks for imprisoning rim; and strewed on the sand Jack saw with astonishment half-a-dozen bodies. They were not sleeping; the rigid attitudes told they were dead. They were not Arabs. To Jack's wondering eyes they seemed to wear a sort of European uniform.

He pushed his camel down the slope and stopped by the first of the prostrate figures. The man was dead, killed, as a glance showed, not by gunshot or spear-thrust but by thirst or heat. The face was dry as that of a mummy, and the tight-drawn, semi-transparent skin sharpened every feature. The lips were drawn back into a dreadful grin; the eyebrows were lifted as though with a look of astonishment. But what awoke in Jack a sense of bewildered amazement was the dress of the dead man.

It was that of an English marine, with belt and side-arm and cartridge-box. Jack went with ever-growing wonder from one body to another. There were seven in all, and one was plainly that of a petty officer. The body was in a sitting attitude, propped against the rock. Under the cap was a bullet-wound.

Jack sat down on a rock to stare at the sight in wordless astonishment. He could scarcely credit his senses. To stumble in the desert on the dead bodies of a group of British marines! Where did they come from? Had they fallen out of the sky or been flung ashore from some wreck?

No; it was plain they were not a wrecked party. The condition of their arms and dress proved this. They were not the fugitives from some defeat, for they bore no mark of battle or pursuit upon them. Jack remembered that the body leaning against the rock had a bullet-hole in the forehead. He walked up to it again. The pistol lay beside the dead man's hand. The wound had been self-inflicted. The man had shot himself in despair, perhaps, after seeing the rest of his party perish.

Some few hundred yards ahead, where the little ravine curved round the point of rock, another body was lying. It was that of a tall and powerful man. He was completely naked. The man's musket and some of his clothes were scattered in a line betwixt his corpse and the rest of the party.

Jack began to decipher the meaning of these dreadful hieroglyphics. The unhappy wretch was stronger than the other members of the party, and had outlived them by a little space. He had gone mad with thirst, and with an impulse common in such cases had stripped himself naked. Then he had run or staggered on till he fell.

The whole story by degrees became intelligible. The party plainly belonged to some British man-of-war. A landing had been made on the coast, and this little party had been detached for some special service. They had lost themselves, and the fierce heat of the desert had destroyed them. The dry skin on the dry bones told the whole tale.

In after-days Jack learned that this was exactly what had happened. In August 1799 two British frigates, the *Dædalus* and the *Fox*, made a dash at Kosseir, then held by the French. They cut out some dhows in the port, breached the walls of the fort itself, but failed to carry the place. Some boat-parties were sent ashore; they landed south of the town for the purpose of destroying the wells from which the town was supplied with water, and the marines belonging to one boat had got separated from their comrades and perished. These were the men whose bodies Lawrence found lying as we have described.

The light had faded in the west by this time; the whole sky had changed into a colour of faintest emerald. Here and there the white flames of the greater stars were visible, and with the coming night a weight of measureless and awful silence seemed to fall upon the little valley. The silent hills crouched under the silent skies. Noon and midnight in the desert are both marked by a strange and listening

silence; but as Jack sat with that strange company of the nameless and forgotten dead about him the stillness of the night seemed to take a yet more awful aspect.

Little had he dreamed that when, after years of slavery, he should meet his countrymen it would be in that strange form. What dark tragedies the desert held! The dead lying about him were of his own race, the sons of English villages. And from the lush meadows, the running streams, the tangled hedges, the cool skies, the blowing winds of their native land, they had found their way to this lonely spot to die under the fierce African sun. As Jack sat and meditated the Southern Cross had risen, a slanting quaternion of stars, sign of the alien skies under which the dead were lying.

Presently his thoughts took a more practical turn. It was clear the dead men came from a vessel of war. They plainly had not travelled far, for they had no camels or supply of stores. This showed that the sea was near, and a port visited sometimes by vessels of war. It was many months since they had landed, but there might be one there even now; and Jack's blood tingled with expectation at the thought. In the morning they would turn the heads of their camels to the east.

He could do nothing for the dead bodies about him. Their side-arms or the short and clumsy muskets were of no use to him. Their dress was absurdly unsuited to the climate. He would have buried them, but he had no spade for the task. The fierce African sun that had slain them must be their keeper. But Jack thought with a pang that perhaps more than one woman's heart in far-off England was torn with unforgetting grief for those who lay about him.

Sidi crouched in the sand near him. The dead bodies about him shook his nerves with fear—not that they were dead, but that they were the dead of another race, wearing a strange dress, and flung here by some strange fate. He began a negro lament, and the cadence of the wild, lamenting notes seemed to deepen inexpressibly the melancholy that filled the night and brooded over the silent dead.

(To be continued.)

A WEEK IN CANADIAN BACKWOODS.

THE railway line between Montreal and Three Rivers, in the province of Quebec, is enriched with the names of many saints; in fact, every wayside station commemorates a saint. The train proceeds deliberately. In the cars there is but one class, and the travellers are of one class. French Habitants, accompanied by very large families, get out at the stations, and others get in. If the visitor from Europe has promised himself the rush and exhilaration of the usual American railway journey, he meets with disappointment. The train crawls; the faces of the peasants wear the patient look of those who habitually travel in trains that crawl. The country—flat, cultivated, and a little drear—looks as tame and docile as the faces of the travellers. After weeks spent in the United States and large Canadian cities, there is a pleasant sense of being in a country that is not going forward, and amongst a people not struggling ambitiously into different conditions. These are rural French Canadians, a peasant people who have always been told by their priests to be contented with their lot. Perhaps the priests are right; for, though more than two million Habitants are now in the United States, they are not regarded as a success out of their native surroundings.

The stations—St Agathe, St Adile, and the rest—are far from the villages whose names they bear; these are to be seen in the distance, the spires of the churches rising against the horizon. Not one had its station near at hand. We go past saint after saint, and at last reach St Azore, a station, like the others, planted by the roadside three miles from the town of that name. This is our destination, and we get out. One quaint figure is alone on the platform, with outstretched hand and wide, welcoming smile. It is the driver who has been sent to conduct us to the spot in the Laurentian hills where we are to camp for a week. Outside the station, a foot deep in mud, stands his strange one-horse conveyance, a kind of hooded cart, with a board in front for the driver and two seats under the hood.

We are to be the guests of the Dominion Club at its headquarters on Lac Claire. Various kindly members have described the place and how to get there, but we have never narrowly inquired as to the means of access from St Azore to the camp. We only understood we were to be met and driven to the spot. With a glance of surprise at the state of the road before us, we climbed into our seats, expressing a hope that the end of our journey lay distant only a mile or so. When with one sudden jolt the horse started, in obedience to an ejaculation from the driver, we realised that the cart was constructed without springs. We criticised the road, which was very bad—one sea of mud and full of holes; but before the end of the journey we looked back to the first mile as having been easy and pleasant. Our first remark to the smiling driver was to ask him anxiously how many miles lay between us and the camp. His reply was unintelligible, and from his amusement we gathered that he understood nothing of what we said. Reflecting comfortably that our French was too good for him, we confined our remarks to increasingly severe comments on the road, which became

at every yard more impossible. The explanation really was simple: the road is a good one in winter, and winter here lasts for eight months of the year. This was May, and in May the frost begins to come out of the ground. It is a frost that has gone down solidly six or seven feet into the earth, and the breaking up results in mud unspeakable. Used only by the scattered farmers and labourers of this remote country, the road has never been properly made, nor is it any one's business to keep it in order. It is a road, and that is all that can be said. We implored the driver to forsake it and drive in the fields. Unconscious of our real agony of mind and body, he merely smiled his eternal smile, and we plunged on, watching the wheels sink every yard or two into holes from which extrication seemed unlikely. The horse was a miracle of cleverness; it waded out of deep holes and scrambled up and slid down abrupt little hills in a manner that was astonishing. The driver never used the whip at any crisis. He emitted a series of noises suited to each dilemma as it arose. When all went well it was a loud 'Hu-u-u!' but the sound became more intense and less loud with the gravity of the situation. When immediate catastrophe threatened, and the animal was immersed to the girths in mud and one wheel slowly sinking into a ditch, the noise was almost a coo, soft and persuasive: 'A-dah, a-dah, a-daah!' The sound, which to us seemed most inadequate, inspired the horse to fresh efforts, and disaster was averted. These anxieties continued for eleven miles. On and on we floundered, penetrating at last into a thick wood. Then the road ceased, and we lumbered perilously down a last rugged slope with a sigh of relief. 'This *must* be the place, for the road goes no farther.'

There was not a sign of any camp or human habitation. Before us spread the gray waters of a lake; all around were the silent woods. Below us by the shore were to be seen two flat-bottomed canoes and a little group of rowers, some of whom now came forward to carry our luggage from the cart, from which we descended with unspeakable thankfulness. It had rained the whole time, but this was such a minor discomfort that we hardly noticed our dripping condition. The driver, still smiling broadly, watched us embark, and we glided away over the lake very pleasantly, though the rain was still pitiless. Our companions were Habitants—French Canadian—though the lank black hair and high cheek-bones proclaimed their Indian blood. Our experiences in the cart had taught us the futility of asking how far we had yet to travel. We gave ourselves up to the pleasant gliding sensation of the canoe. It was early in May, and at the edges of the lake the last thin sheets of ice cracked and broke away at the touch of the paddles. On all sides of the gray lake rose the gray woods, broken here and there by a rocky headland or a red scaur. Nothing else could be seen, and for hundreds and hundreds of miles you might travel on and on and see nothing but the wastes of waters and the impenetrable woodland heights—hill and lake, hill and lake—far as man may wander into the great, still regions. As yet the closely growing trees showed no green; waiting the first burst of hot sunshine, they kept their wintry reserve, and shortly would rush suddenly into the fervid summer glory that would last so short a space. Meanwhile all is gray-brown, deep, silent, impenetrable.

Presently we rounded a headland, and our guides pointed out a group of log buildings by the waterside. Here the wood has been cleared away, and the Dominion Club has built its headquarters. Awaiting us on the landing-stage stood Mr B., the secretary. His most kindly welcome and the mighty fire burning on the stones of the log-home were alike comforting after the toils of the journey. As we grew warm and dry we took in our first pleasant impressions of the 'camp,' with its two spacious wooden rooms, the bare simplicity of proportion and furnishing giving a distinction most restful to the senses. Upstairs were a number of little bedrooms, and across a space of grass stood another log house, where meals were served. Scattered about were other smaller huts. It looked almost like a little village, simple, intimate, homely.

The Dominion Club has five hundred members, some Canadian, but for the most part New York men. They have fishing and shooting rights over half a million acres, and have raised here and there in the immense wilderness of woods and waters log houses to form shelters for the members while on their sporting expeditions. In spring the countless lakes and rivers afford excellent trout-fishing, and there are moose, caribou, bears, and partridges. The stir of camp-life goes on among the groups of huts, for here at headquarters are gathered together sometimes as many as a hundred guides—some French peasants, some half-breed Indians (the last survivors of the ancient Huron tribe). They know the trails through the woods, the channels of the rivers, the fishing-grounds of the lakes. They have the instincts of the wilderness and a lifetime of training. All the spring and summer months they gather here from scattered villages of Quebec, spending the days in attendance on the members of the club. Their work consists in carrying the light canoes on their heads through the trails of the forest; then when a lake is reached they launch the canoes and paddle across to where the next trail lies hidden in the entangled underwood of the shore. Sometimes the journey is continued for days, from hut to hut, and parties of sportsmen disappear under their guidance for a month at a time into the wild fastnesses of the woods. In the winter the guides return to their villages to work upon farms or as lumbermen. Descendants of the *voyageurs* of old—the *coureurs de bois* whose adventurous enterprises, lawless as they were, had their part in the making of Canada—instinct and training have combined in revealing to them the secrets of the forest immensities, the accessible *portages* through the tangled growth, the channel

through the rapids of the river. They know the woodland lore, and for the most part these foreign subjects of the King know nothing else. The great slumbrous tranquillity of the woods has entered into the blood of the race. They know neither discontent nor ambition.

Hither also come the trappers, men whose lives have been spent in intimacy with Nature among the solitudes, with a knowledge of the habits of animals which has long become instinctive. Long lonely months they pass on their rounds among the lakes and hills, laying and visiting traps for bear and the smaller fur-bearing animals such as beaver and mink. These trappers are a race apart, often with blood nearly purely Indian, and with all the Indian's wonderful instinct for hunting. Often these lonely lives end in a lonely death; the trapper disappears into the woods on an accustomed journey, and is never seen again.

Even as the people are alien with the strangeness of a race derived in the far past from wilder stock than our own, so the natural surroundings have an indefinable strangeness too. Lac Claire, with its heavy fringe of untouched forest, is as unknown in character as the cry of the loons whose black forms move across the distant waters. Now and again the drumming of the Canadian partridge—something like a large grouse—breaks upon the ear. No birds are singing; the solitudes are for the most part voiceless. Very soon everything is going to break into a vivid summer, but meanwhile there lacks the exhilaration of our own slow, exquisite spring awakening. In May the woods are still sad, the nests still unbuilt.

Yet we have chosen the time of our visit well, for before the end of May will begin the torment of mosquitoes, and a very little later the 'black flies' make their appearance and render the region insupportable. Club members are arriving daily—we see their loaded canoes rounding the point—to enjoy the few weeks of fishing between the breaking up of winter and the arrival of the black fly. For the most part these sportsmen remain only a night or two at headquarters; taking with them guides and canoes, they depart into the wilderness. But every night we are a party of eight or ten at dinner. Everything at table is of the simplest, but the cooking is good. It is all done by a staff of French peasants under the command of Josette the cook, who superintends the household work of the camp, and on whose goodwill depends our comfort. She is black-eyed, friendly, and sympathetic; it was a pleasure to see the triumph of her smile as she handed at dinner some dish which we should have thought quite beyond the resources of the camp. Everything about the place bore the stamp of cleanliness and efficiency, with a perfect simplicity that was a constant refreshment.

The first day chanced to be wet, and my husband fished in Lac Claire, getting one trout between five and six pounds in weight. This is by no means unusual, for trout are constantly caught weighing ten and twelve pounds, though we never saw one of these. With rods, guides, and canoes, we made daily excursions from trail to trail, from lake to lake, among surroundings so alluring in their wild liberty that the life of the woods laid hold of our imagination; and, as if we could claim the adventurous, stirring blood from long-dead *voyageurs*, we penetrated daily with growing enjoyment into the solitary places, gliding past the haunt of beaver and loon along the tideless creeks, landing to explore a tangled island, beating out a path in some unravelled undergrowth.

We spent more than one long day on the solitudes of a remote mere called Lac de Paille. It was reached by two *portages*—gradual ascents first from the camp to Lac Pierre, where the lumbermen were busy, and the water thick with floating logs, among which our canoe pushed very cleverly; and then by another, from a very wet landing on the other side, through the forest to a higher lake than any we had visited. The name of our guide was Bateese Leblanc, a typical specimen of the Habitant, whose quaint French-American dialect the poems of William Drummond have made familiar. He enjoyed short excursions from the canoe into the brushwood in search of a partridge's nest or to show us a bear-trap, and displayed curiosity and amazement when, on his asking us how far we had travelled to fish in this district, we replied, 'More than three thousand miles.' This staggered his imagination, and he made no further effort for some time, except to inquire my age, and look pained on receiving an evasive reply. He knew his way wonderfully, for he had not been to Lac de Paille for fifteen years; he said he doubted if any one had been there during that time, and when we mounted the last height of the *portage* and the mere came in sight, the statement seemed easy of belief.

The word *mere* expresses better than any other the aspect of the great sheet of still, gray water, surrounded by a morass of reeds. It was quite different to the other waters, for the woods were more distant from the shores, and we seemed to have risen into a larger, lighter atmosphere. The lake was rather a very slow, shallow river coming noiselessly down through a tangle of gray reeds and opening out here and there into wide, glimmering, shallow spaces. Across these spaces and by deeper channels we glided without sound save the gentle dip of the paddle and the flick of the line as my husband cast and cast again. The fishing was only a secondary interest; the thrill of the great isolation held us, the exquisite sense of loneliness where, wide and still, the mighty forests stretched away to those boundless horizons of the Great North Land, the only region left of earth's secret places. Now the morasses drew to narrower channels, the woods clustered nearer, and we saw at the end of the mere the inflow of a small river, dropping a few feet over stones, and forming a pool in the shadow of the trees, and here we ran the canoe in among

fallen logs and reeds. Standing on a stone just below the tiny fall, my husband threw a large white-and-scarlet fly, and with the first cast hooked a fine trout, with the next cast another. They literally fought for the fly, and for the space of half-an-hour he continued to land fish weighing between one pound and three pounds, to the number of eighteen. We then decided to give them a rest, and paddled away to other places, lunched, and then returned to the pool again and fished, successfully landing ten more trout.

Late in the afternoon we had to set forth on the return journey, and as the canoe glided noiselessly from the shadow of the forests where they closed in about the river, out into the wide spaces and narrow channels, there broke upon the silence a strange, harsh cry. The voice of the bird known as the stake-driver is hard to describe; it is necessary to hear it in order to realise that the note of any feathered creature could be so discordant. It is like the bray of a donkey—quite as loud and sustained—prefaced by a series of heaving groans. The effect of this sound breaking upon the silence of the desert places is indescribable. It is generally not far off, for the stake-driver gives forth these notes in order to scare intruders from the region of its mate's nest; though nothing, one would judge, could be better calculated to draw attention to the spot. Notwithstanding the fact that the noise continued for some time, and near as it must have been, we never saw the bird. Bateese professed to have seen one, and said it was a gray bird with long legs, as large as a hen. While we listened another sound broke across the water, this time a wet sound of suction at short intervals, which Bateese could neither recognise nor explain. The canoe was now gliding between banks of reeds and bog where the lake narrowed to a stretch of shallow channel. Suddenly an agitated whisper broke from Bateese, 'Look at dose great beeg moose.' With a wonderful thrill of excitement we saw, standing in the morass at the edge of the water, two huge bull moose. They had come to drink, and the sound we had heard was caused by their feet plunging in and out of the bog as they crossed from the forest to the lake. They were distant from us only about fifty yards. With lifted heads they remained perfectly motionless, staring at the sight of what was probably their first view of human beings. Immovably they gazed, to the obvious disquiet of Bateese, whose experience of moose led him to expect them to run away. 'Is de lady afraid?' he said, a remark which amused us at the time, though afterwards we were told that moose will sometimes pursue and attack out of curiosity. That we were in very shallow water was a fact known only to Bateese, who thus understood our unenviable position in the event of the huge animals taking to the water in pursuit. Our only anxiety was to adjust the camera with as little movement as possible to secure so desirable a snapshot. So the canoe drew nearer and then glided past the watching moose, and only then did they slowly turn from the water and make their way back into the forest, trotting deliberately up the slopes, where the great brown forms were soon lost to sight among the trees.

To return to camp with such an experience to relate and such a haul of trout to show was a triumph. We had seen mink besides, had examined a beautifully constructed beaver-house and woodpecker's nest, and a curious swimming furry animal three feet long from nose to tail, which I alone had seen, and described so badly that its species could never be decided. The expedition had been full of sensations, and we could not resist going back to Lac de Paille another day. Standing on the same stone in the same pool, we got ten more large trout, but never saw anything after the first hour, so concluded that we had emptied the place of fish for the time. Again we heard the hideous cry of the stake-driver, but saw no more wild animals. On that afternoon the mosquitoes came out, and we broke camp next day.

Very regretful were our good-byes to the little group of friends—Mr B., whose warm, genial friendliness is one of our brightest memories; the various members of the club, who had done all that was possible with kindly welcome and interest to add to our enjoyment; Josette, who came out of her kitchen to allow herself to be photographed for the first time in her life; and Bateese, who was full of gentle melancholy at our departure, as he paddled us away from the camp across the lake to the landing where our conveyance awaited us.

We reached St Azore by the same road as we came. Its condition was worse, because the frost was still further broken.

Lac Claire lies more than three thousand miles away. As I write these lines, remembering the strange charm of the region, it rises in the mind as a dream-land of a dream-life. With thoughts of the far solitudes we have seen come thoughts of the regions farther still—the boundless wastes we shall never see, upon which, for generations to come, no voice will ever break, no foot ever fall. Yet these profound solitudes have a voice of their own, these immensities are calling to us to-day. In this wild continent lies the far future of Britain, the land of her promise and of her utmost inheritance. For this is Canada, and the voice is of the greatest land calling to the greatest people. Out of the shadowy legends of her past she must at last emerge into the development that shall raise her to be a power in the world's history. Her wilderness awaits the splendid conquests of peace.

Should any reader of these lines chance to find himself among the mountains of Quebec, in the land of forest, stream, and lake, let him remember in equipping himself that the white-and-scarlet fly that proved so deadly with the trout in Lac de Paille is called the 'Parmacini Belle.'

PAUTÖE.

By Louis Becke.

'PLEASE, good white man, wilt have me for *tavini* [servant]?'

Marsh the trader, and the Reverend Harry Copley, the resident missionary on Motumoe, first looked at the speaker, then at each other, and then laughed hilariously.

A native girl, about thirteen years of age, was standing in the trader's doorway, clad only in a girdle of many-hued dracæna-leaves. Her long, glossy black hair fell about her smooth, red-brown shoulders like a mantle, and her big, deer-like eyes were filled with an eager expectancy.

'Come hither, Pautöe,' said the missionary, speaking to the girl in the bastard Samoan dialect of the island. 'And so thou dost want to become servant to Marsi?'

Pautöe's eyes sparkled. 'Ay,' she replied. 'I would be second *tavini* to him. No payment do I want; only let him give me my food and a mat upon which to sleep, and I shall do much work for him—truly, much work.'

The missionary drew her to him and patted her shoulder.

'Dost like sardines, Pautöe?'

She clasped her hands over her bosom and looked at him demurely from underneath her beautiful long-lashed eyes, and then her red lips parted and she showed her even, pearly teeth as she smiled.

'Give her a tin of sardines and a biscuit or two, Marsh,' said the parson. 'She's one of my pupils at the Mission House. You remember Bret Harte's story, *The Right Eye of the Spanish Commander*, and the little Indian maid Paquita? Well, this youngster is *my* Paquita. She's a most intelligent girl.' He paused a moment, and then added regretfully, 'Unfortunately my wife dislikes her intensely—thinks she's too forward. As a matter of fact, a more lovable child never breathed.'

Marsh nodded. He was not surprised at Mrs Copley disliking the child, for she—a thin, sharp-visaged, and austere lady of forty years of age—was childless, and older than her cheerful, kind-hearted husband by twelve years.

'I wish you would take the child, Marsh,' said the missionary presently. 'She is an orphan, and'——

'I'll take her, of course. She can help Leota, I dare say, and I'll give her a few dollars a month. But why isn't she dressed in the usual flaming style of your other pupils: skirt, blouse, brown-paper-soled boots, and a sixpenny poke bonnet with artificial flowers, and otherwise made as one of the "brands plucked from the burning" whose photographs glorify the parish magazines in the old country?'

Copley's blue-gray eyes twinkled. 'Ah, that's the rub with my wife. Pautöe won't "put 'em on." She is not a native of this island, as you can no doubt see. Look at her now: almost straight nose, but Semitic, thin nostrils, long silky hair, small hands and feet. Where do you think she hails from?'

'Somewhere to the eastward—Marquesas Group, perhaps.'

'That is my idea too. Do you know her story?'

'No. Who is she?'

'Ah, that no one knows. Early one morning twelve or thirteen years ago—long before I came here—the natives saw a small topsail schooner becalmed off the island. Several canoes put off, and the people as they drew near the vessel were surprised and alarmed to see a number of armed men on deck, one of whom hailed them, and told them not to come on board, but that one canoe only might come alongside. But the natives hesitated till the man stooped down and then held up a baby-girl about a year old, and said, "If you will take this child on shore and care for it I will give you a case of tobacco, a bag of bullets, two muskets, and a keg of powder, some knives, axes, and a two-fifty-pound tin of ship-biscuit. The child's mother is dead, and there is no woman on board to care for it." For humanity's sake alone the natives would have taken the infant, and said so; but at the same time they did not refuse the offer of the presents. So one of the canoes went alongside, the babe was passed down, and then the presents. Then the people were told to shove off. A few hours later a breeze sprang up, and the schooner stood away to the westward. That was how the youngster came here.'

'I wonder what had occurred.'

'A tragedy of some sort—piracy and murder, most likely. One of the natives, named Rahili, who went out to the vessel, was an ex-sailor who spoke and could also read and write English well, and he noticed that although the schooner was much weather-worn, as if she had been a long while at sea, there was a newly painted name on her stern—*Meta*. That in itself was suspicious. I sent an account of the affair to the colonial papers, but nothing was known of any vessel named the *Meta*. Since then the child has lived first with one native family and then another. As I have said, she is extremely intelligent, but has a curiously independent spirit—"refractory," my wife calls it—and does not associate with the other native girls. One day not long ago she got into serious trouble through her temper getting the better of her. Lisa, my native assistant's daughter, is, as I dare say you know, a very conceited, domineering young lady, and puts on very grand airs—all these native teachers and their wives and daughters are alike with regard to the

"side" they put on—and my wife has made so much of her that the girl has become a perfect female prig. Well, it seems that Pautöe refused to attend my wife's sewing-class (which Lisa bosses), saying that she was going out on the reef to get crayfish. Thereupon Lisa called her a *la'akau tafea* (a log of wood that had drifted on shore), and Pautöe, resenting the insult and the jeers and laughter of the other children, seized Mademoiselle Lisa by the hair, tore her blouse off, and called her a "fat-faced, pig-eyed monster."'

Marsh laughed. 'Description terse, but correct.'

'The deacons expelled her from school and ordered her a whipping; but the chief and I interfered, and stopped it.'

The trader nodded approval. 'Of course you did, Copley—just what any one who knows you would expect you to do. But although I am quite willing to give the child a home, I can't be a schoolmaster to her.'

'Of course not. You are doing more than any other man would do for her.'

. . . . . .

Twelve months had passed, and Marsh had never had reason to regret his kindness to the orphan. To him she was wonderfully gentle and obedient, and from the very first had acceded to his wish to dress herself in semi-European fashion. The trader's household consisted of himself and his two servants, a Samoan man named Āli (Harry) and his wife Leota. For eight years they had followed his fortunes as a trader in the South Seas, and both were intensely devoted to him. A childless couple, Marsh at first had feared that they would resent the intrusion of Pautöe into his home. But he was mistaken; for both Āli and Leota had but one motive for existence, and that was to please him—the now grown man, who eleven years before, when he was a mere youth, had run away from his ship in Samoa, and they had hidden him from pursuit. And then, when Tikki (Dick) Marsh, by his industrious habits, was enabled to begin life as a trader, they had come with him, sharing his good and his bad luck with him, and serving him loyally and devotedly in his wanderings throughout the isles of the Pacific. So when Pautöe came they took her to themselves as a matter of duty; then, as they began to know the girl, and saw the intense admiration she had for Marsh, they loved her, and she entered deep into their warm hearts. And Pautöe would sometimes tell them that she knew not whom she loved most—Tikki or themselves.

Matters, from a business point of view, had not for two years prospered with Marsh on Motumoe. Successive seasons of drought had destroyed the coco-nut crop, and so one day he told Copley, who keenly sympathised with him, that he must leave the island. This was a twelvemonth after Pautöe had come.

'I shall miss you very much, Marsh,' said the missionary—'miss you more than you can imagine. My monthly visits to you here have been a great solace and pleasure to me. I have often wished that, instead of being thirty miles apart, we were but two or three, so that I could have come and seen you every few days.' Then he added, 'Poor little Pautöe will break her heart over your going away.'

'But I have no intention of leaving her behind, Copley. I am not so hard pressed that I cannot keep the youngster. I am thinking of putting her to school in Samoa for a few years.'

'That is very generous of you, Marsh. I would have much liked to take her into my own house; but—my wife, you know.'

Two weeks later Marsh left the island in an American whaleship which was to touch at Samoa. There he intended to buy a small cutter, and then proceed to the Western Pacific, where he hoped to better his fortunes by trading throughout the various islands of the wild New Hebrides and Solomon Groups.

During the voyage to Samoa he one day asked Pautöe if she would not like to go to school in Samoa with white and half-caste girls, some of her own age and others older.

Such an extraordinary change came over the poor child's face that Marsh was astounded. For some seconds she did not speak, but breathed quickly and spasmodically as if she were physically exhausted; then her whole frame trembled violently. Then a sob broke from her.

'Be not angry with me, Tikki; but I would rather die than stay in Samoa—away from thee and Āli and Leota. Oh master!' She ceased speaking and sobbed so unrestrainedly that Marsh was moved. He waited till she had somewhat calmed herself, and then said gravely:

''Twill be a great thing for thee, Pautöe, this school. Thou wilt be taught much that is good, and the English lady who has the school will be kind'——

'Nay, nay, Tikki,' she cried brokenly, 'send me not away, I beseech thee. Let me go with thee and Āli and Leota to those new, wild lands. Oh, cast me not away from thee! Where thou goest let me go.'

Marsh smiled. 'Thou art another Ruth, little one. In such words did Ruth speak to Naomi when she went to another country. Dost know the story?'

'Ay, I know the story, and *I* have no fear of wild lands. Only have I fear of seeing no more all those I love if thou dost leave me to die in Samoa.'

Again the trader smiled as he bade her dry her tears.

'Thou shalt come with us, little one. Now, go tell Leota.'

For many months Marsh remained in Apia, unable to find a suitable vessel. Then, not caring to remain in such a 'rackety' and expensive port, he rented a native house at a charmingly situated

village called Laulii, about ten miles from Apia, and standing at the head of a tiny bay almost land-locked by verdant hills. So much was he pleased with the place that he half-formed a resolution to settle there permanently, or at least for a year or two. Āli and Leota were delighted to learn this, for although they were willing to go anywhere in the world with their beloved Tikki, they, like all Samoans, were passionately fond of their own beautiful land, with its lofty mountains and forests and clear-running streams.

And Pautöe, too, was intensely happy, for to her Samoa was a dream-land of light and beauty.

Quite near to Laulii was another village, Lautonga, in which there lived a young American trader named Lester Meredith, an ex-sailor. He was an extremely reserved, quiet man, but he and Marsh soon became friends, and they exchanged almost daily visits. Meredith, like Marsh, was an unmarried man, and one day the local chief of the district jocularly reproached them.

'Thou, Tikki, art near to twoscore years, and yet hast no wife; and thou, Lesta, art one score and five, and yet live alone. Why is it so? Ye are both fine, handsome men, and pleasing to the eyes of women.'

Marsh laughed. 'Oh Tofia, thou would-be matchmaker, I am no marrying man. Once, indeed, I gave my heart to a woman in mine own country of England; but, although she loved me, her people were both rich and proud, and I was poor. So she became wife to another man.'

Pautöe, who was listening intently to the men's talk, set her white teeth and clenched her shapely little hands, and then said slowly, 'Didst kill the other man, Tikki?'

Marsh and Meredith both laughed, and the former shook his head. And then Tofia turned to Meredith.

'Lesta, hast never thought of Maliea, the daughter of Tonu? There is no handsomer girl in Samoa, and she is of good family. And she would like to marry thee.'

Meredith smiled, and then said jestingly, 'Nay, Tofia, I care not for Maliea. I shall wait for Pautöe.—Wilt have me, little one?'

The girl looked at him steadily, and then answered gravely, 'Ay, if Tikki is willing that I should. But yet I will not be separated from him.'

'Then you and I will have to become partners, Meredith,' said Marsh, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

. . . . . .

A few days after this Meredith returned from a visit to Apia.

'Marsh,' he said to his friend, 'I think it would be a good thing for us both if we really did go into partnership, and put our little capital together. Are you so disposed?'

'Quite. There is nothing I should like better.'

'Good! Well, now I have some news. I have just been looking at a little schooner in Apia harbour. She arrived a few days ago, leaking, and the owner will sell her for eighteen hundred dollars. She will suit us very well. I overhauled her, and except that she is old and leaks badly from having been ashore, she is well worth the money. You and I can easily put her on the beach here, get at the leak, and recopper her at a cost of a few hundred dollars. We can have her ready for sea in three weeks. You, Āli, and myself can do all the work ourselves.'

Marsh was delighted, and in less than an hour the two men, accompanied by Āli and Tofia, were on the way to Apia, much to the wonder of Leota and Pautöe, who were not then let into the secret—the newly-made partners intending to give them a pleasant surprise.

On boarding the little craft Marsh was much pleased with her; and during the day the business of transferring the vessel to her new owners was completed at the American Consulate, the money paid over, and the partners put in possession.

The same evening Āli, a splendid diver, succeeded in finding and partly stopping the main leak, which was on the bilge on the port side, and preparations were made to sail early in the morning for Laulii.

The partners were seated in the little cabin, smoking and talking over their plans for the future, when the former master and owner of the schooner came on board to see, as he said, 'how they were getting on.' He was a good-natured, intelligent old man, and had had a lifelong experience in the South Seas. By birth he was a Genoese; but he was intensely proud of being a naturalised British subject and from his youth having sailed under the red ensign of Old England. Marsh and Meredith made him very welcome, and he, being mightily pleased at having sold the *Dove* (as the schooner was called) and also having dined exceedingly well at the one hotel then in Apia, became very talkative.

'I can tell you, gentlemen, that the *Dove*, although she is not a new ship, is as strong and sound as if she were only just built. I have had her now for nearly thirteen years, and have made my little fortune by her, and I could kiss her from the end of her jib-boom to the upper rudder gudgeon. But I am an old man now, and want to go back to my own country to die among my people; or else'—and here he twisted his long moustaches and laughed hilariously—'settle down in England, and become a grand man like old General Rosas of South America, and die pious, and have a bishop and a brass band at my funeral.'

The partners joined the old sailor in his laugh. And then Marsh said casually, and to make conversation, 'By the way, captain, where did you buy the *Dove*?'

'I didn't buy her, my bold, breezy lads. And I didn't steal her, as many a ship is stolen in the South Seas. I came by her honestly enough.'

'A present?' said Meredith interrogatively.

'Wrong, my lad—neither was she a present.' Then the ancient squared his broad shoulders, helped

himself to some refreshment (more than was needed for his good), and, clapping Marsh on the shoulder, said, 'I 'll tell you the yarn, my lads, for you are only lads compared with me, aren't you? Well, here it is. About twelve or thirteen years ago I was mate of a San Francisco trading-brig, the *Lola Montez*, and one afternoon, when we were running down the east coast of New Caledonia, we sighted a vessel drifting inshore—this very same schooner. The skipper of the brig sent me with a boat's crew to take possession of her—for we could see that no one was on board. I boarded her and found that her decks had been swept by a heavy sea, which, I suppose, had carried away every one on board. I overhauled the cabin, but could not find her papers, but her name was on the stern—*Meta*.'

Marsh started and was about to speak, but the old skipper went on.

'During the night heavy weather came on, and the *Lola Montez* and the *Meta* parted company. The *Lola* was never heard of again; she was old and as rotten as an over-ripe pear, and I suppose her seams opened and she went down. So I stuck to the *Meta*, brought her to Sydney, and renamed her the *Dove*. And she 's a bully little ship, I can tell you. I think that she was built in the Marquesas Islands, for all her knees and stringers are of *ngiia*-wood (lignum-vitæ) cut in the Marquesan fashion, and set so closely together that any one would think she was meant for a Greenland whaler. Then there is another thing about her that you will notice, which makes me feel sure that she was built by a whaleman, and that is the carvings of whales on each end of the windlass barrel, and on every deck stanchion there are the same, although you can hardly see them now, they are so much covered up by yearly coatings of paint for over a dozen years.'

Meredith rose suddenly from his seat.

'You 'll excuse me, but I feel tired, and must turn in.'

The visitor took the hint, and did not stay. Wishing the partners good luck, he got into his boat and pushed off for the shore.

Then Meredith turned to Marsh, and said quietly, 'Marsh, I know that you can trust Āli; but what of Tofia?'

'He 's all right, I think. But what is the matter?'

'I 'll let you know presently. But first tell Tofia that he had better go on shore to sleep. You and I are going to have a quiet talk, and then do a little overhauling of this cabin.'

Wondering what possibly was afoot, Marsh got rid of the friendly chief by asking him to go on shore and buy some fresh provisions, but not to trouble about bringing them off until daylight, as he and his partner were tired and wanted to turn in.

Leaving Āli on deck to keep watch, the two men went below and sat down at the cabin table.

'Marsh,' began the young American, 'I have a mighty queer yarn to tell you. I know that this schooner, once the *Meta* and now the *Dove*, was originally the *Juliette*, and was built by my father at Nukahiva in the Marquesas. Now, I 'll get through the story as quickly as possible; but as I don't want to be interrupted, I 'll ask Āli not to let any chance visitor come aboard to-night.'

He went on deck, and on returning first filled and lit his pipe in his cool, leisurely manner, and resumed his story.

'My father, as I one day told you, was a whaling skipper, and was lost at sea about thirteen years ago; that is all I ever did say about him, I think. He was a hard old man, and there was no love between us, so that is why I have not spoken of him. He used me very roughly, and when my mother died I left him, after a stormy scene. That was eighteen or nineteen years ago, and I never saw him again.

'When my poor mother died he sold his ship and went to the Marquesas Islands, and opened a business there as a trader. He had made a lot of money at sperm-whaling, and, I suppose, thought that as I had left him, swearing I never wished to see him again, he would spend the rest of his days in the South Seas, money-grubbing to the last.

'Sometimes I heard of him as being very prosperous. Once, when I was told that he had been badly hurt by a gun accident, I wrote to him and asked if he would care for me to come and stay with him. This I did for the sake of my dead mother. Nearly a year and a half passed before I got an answer—an answer that cut me to the quick: "I want no undutiful son near me. I do well by myself."

'Several years went by; and then, when I was trading in the Fijis, I was handed a letter by the American consul. It was two years old, and was from my father—a long, long letter written in such a kindly manner and with such affectionate expressions that I forgave the old man all the savage and unmerited thrashings he had given me when I sailed with him as a lad.

'In this letter he told me that he wanted to see me again—that made me feel good—and that he had built a schooner, which he had named *Juliette* after my mother, who was a French Canadienne. He described the labour and trouble he had taken over her, the knees and stringers of *ngiia*-wood, and the carvings of sperm-whales he had had cut on the windlass butts and stanchions. Then he went on to say that he had been having a lot of trouble with the French naval and civil authorities, who wanted to drive all Englishmen and Americans out, and had made up his mind to leave the Marquesas and settle down again either in Samoa or Tonga, where he hoped I would join him and forget how hardly he had used me in the past.

'The gun accident, he wrote, had rendered him all but blind, and he had engaged a man named Krause, a German, as mate, and to navigate the *Juliette* to Tonga or Samoa. Krause, he said, was a man he did not like or trust; but, as he was a

good sailor-man and could navigate, he had engaged him, as he could get no one else at Nukahiva.

'With my father were a party of Marquesan natives—a chief and his wife and her infant, and two young men. The schooner's crew were four Dagoes—deserters from some ship. He did not care about taking them, but had no choice.

'Some ten days before the German and the crew came on board, my father secretly took all his money—eight thousand dollars in gold—and, aided by the Marquesan chief, made a secure hiding-place for it by removing the skin in the transoms, and then packing it in oakum and wedging each package in between the timbers. Then he carefully relaid the skin and repainted the whole. He said, "If anything happens to me through treachery, no one will ever discover that money, although they will get a couple of thousand of Mexican silver dollars in my chest."

'Well, the *Juliette* sailed, and was never again heard of. That brings my story to an end, and if this is the *Juliette*, and the money has not been taken, it is within six feet of us—there;' and he pointed calmly to the transoms.

Marsh was greatly excited.

'We shall soon see, Meredith. But first let me say that I am sure that this *is* your father's missing schooner, and that she is the vessel that thirteen years ago called at Motumoe, and those who sailed her sent Pautöe on shore when she was an infant.'

Then he hurriedly related the story as told to him by Mr Copley.

Meredith nodded. 'No doubt the missionary was right, and my father's fears were well founded. I suppose the German and the Dagoes murdered him and the four Marquesans. Krause, of course, would know that my poor father had money on board. And I dare say that the Dagoes spared the child out of piety—their Holy Roman consciences wouldn't let 'em cut the throat of a probably unbaptised child. Now, Marsh, if you'll clear away the cushions and all the other gear from the transoms, I'll get an auger and an axe, and we'll investigate.'

Rising from his seat in his usual leisurely manner, he went on deck, and returned in a few minutes with a couple of augers, an axe, and two wedges. Marsh had cleared away the cushions and some boxes of provisions, and was eagerly awaiting him.

Meredith first of all took the axe, and with the back of the head struck the casing of the transoms.

'It's all right, Marsh. Either the money or something else is there right enough, I believe. Bore away on your side.'

The two augers were quickly biting away through the hard wood of the casing, and in less than two minutes Marsh felt the point of his break through the inner skin, and then enter something soft; then it clogged, and finally stuck. Reversing the auger, he withdrew it, and saw that on the end were some threads of oakum and canvas, which he excitedly showed to his partner, who nodded, and went on boring in an unmoved manner until the point of his auger penetrated the planking, stuck, and then came a sound of it striking loose metal. The wedges were then driven in between the planking, and one strip prised off, and there before them was the money in small canvas bags, each bag parcelled round with oakum, which was also packed tightly between the skin and timbers, forming a compact mass.

Removing one bag only, Marsh put it aside; then they replaced the plank, plugged the auger-holes, and hid the marks from view by stacking the provision-cases along the transoms.

Ali was called below and told of the discovery. He, of course, was highly delighted, and his eyes gleamed when Meredith unfastened the bag and poured out a stream of gold coin upon the cabin table.

That night the partners did not sleep. They talked over their plans for the future, and decided to take the schooner to San Francisco, sell her, and buy a larger vessel and a cargo of trade-goods. Meredith was to command, and Tahiti, in the Society Group, was to be their headquarters. Here Marsh (with the faithful Ali and Leota, and of course Pautöe) was to buy land and form a trading station, whilst the vessel was to cruise throughout the South Seas, trading for oil, pearl-shell, and other island produce.

Soon after daylight the anchor of the *Juliette* was lifted and she sailed out of Apia harbour, and by noon Leota and Pautöe were astonished to see the little craft bring-to abreast of Laulii village, and Marsh and Meredith come on shore.

Later on in the day, when the house was free of the kindly but somewhat intrusive native visitors, the partners told the strange story of the *Juliette* to Leota and Pautöe, and related their plans for the future.

. . . . . .

'Pautöe,' said Meredith, 'in three years' time will you marry me, and sail with me in the new ship?'

'Ay, that will I, Lesta. Did I not say so before?'

CONSOLS AND RENTES.

IT is the glorious privilege of most countries to possess a National Debt, and in the case of the leading nations the amounts are very large. If we include the capital represented by the railways, Germany heads the list; but, excluding these, France leads the way with £1,000,000,000; Russia probably comes next, though the exact amount is not known; the third place falls to Germany, if the Empire Debt and those of Prussia and the other states be grouped together, the total being £836,240,000, exclusive of railways; and the fourth place falls to the United Kingdom with £750,000,000.

The present article is concerned only with the United Kingdom and France, and the term Consols will be used for the National Debt of the former and Rentes for the latter.

Giving our own country first place, the National Debt consists at present of about £615,000,000 of 2½ per cent. stock and £135,000,000 of practically 2¾ per cent. stock, registered in the names of the proprietors in the books kept at the head-offices of the two Banks of England and Ireland, which act as the agents of the Government.

Comparatively few persons have much personal experience with Consols. The work is transacted very much by the stockbrokers of London and Dublin, and the experience of those who have attempted to do their own work is not altogether encouraging. Speaking generally, the procedure is such as to present very serious obstacles to those of the humbler classes who have not solicitors and stockbrokers at their command. Further reference will be made to this later on.

The French Government has never utilised the Bank of France as its agent, but deals direct with its debt. The whole £1,000,000,000 bears interest at 3 per cent., and is represented partly by stock registered in the name of the owner in the Treasury Register (*Grand Livre*) and partly by bonds of varying amounts, with coupons for interest attached.

Another remarkable difference between Consols and Rentes is that Consols are held by only about two hundred thousand persons or institutions, thus giving an average holding of £3750 each. It is believed that Rentes are held by at least two millions, showing an average of £500, and in very many cases the holders are of a class who would never dream of investing in Consols. Finally, Consols fluctuate very much in value, a terrible disadvantage in an investment; they varied nearly 7 per cent. last year, while the French only varied 2½ per cent., and stood exactly at the same height at the end of the year as at the beginning. This is in accordance with the well-known financial law that stock which is widely held is far less prone to sudden fluctuations than when held by a few holders in large 'blocks.'

It may be interesting to give some particulars of the procedure of the two countries. The British system consists, as already mentioned, in entrusting not only the custody of the register of stockholders but all operations connected with Consols to the two head-offices of the Banks of England and Ireland. Sales, purchases, and dividends are all managed at these two centres, and if a man cannot attend in person he must find some one in the capital to act as his attorney in signing the books in his name. The deed appointing the attorney must be prepared by the Bank, and the precautions to be taken in executing it make the whole procedure burdensome and perplexing to the last degree to the humbler classes. Up till recently an owner had to attend at the Bank to get his dividends unless he gave an order to send them by post—a pleasant thing for a farmer in Sutherland to contemplate! The Bank of England has made a change in this respect, but not the Bank of Ireland. The great public companies of the United Kingdom have all abandoned this system of procedure by power of attorney. They do not require their shareholders to sign the register, as the Banks do, and they issue to the holders of their stock or shares a certificate, under their seals, showing how much stock is held by the owner; and if they receive by post an ordinary transfer correctly executed and the old certificate they cancel the latter and issue a fresh one in the name of the new owner, while all dividends are sent through the post by crossed cheques. There is a special Act of Parliament to deal with forged transfers, but this is not needed here. The change is as great as that between the old system of booking seats for a stage-coach early in the last century and the modern one of taking a railway ticket.

The effect of the difficulties in regard to Consols as compared with the system of the great companies just described has decidedly militated against the popularity of Consols. The poor man in humble circumstances, living far from London or Dublin, has no one to whom he can give a power of attorney, even if he mastered the formalities for its execution; his investments are, therefore, confined to the stocks he can buy and sell on the spot. It is true that there are stockbrokers in the larger towns; but it is also notorious that, as they cannot deal with Consols except through their London or Dublin agents, they do not recommend them.

A further difficulty is found in the fact that the Banks do not give a certificate. The purchaser has nothing to show, and if he die suddenly there is no document to tell his executors what has become of his savings. The Bank will eventually appropriate the dividends and stock to the Dormant Funds Account.

Noting the difficulty of the procedure as regards Consols as compared with ordinary investments,

many people have advocated the sweeping away of the whole system and the cordial adoption of the modern one as perfected by the companies.

So far so good; but there is another very important difference. The French utilise bonds, while the British do not. These bonds need some description. The French public debt is divided into two great divisions: Redeemable and Irredeemable Stock; and each of these is subdivided into stock and bonds. The Redeemable Stock is represented partly by stock registered in the Treasury in the names of the proprietors, as in England, and partly by bonds payable to bearer, passing by delivery from hand to hand, and provided with coupons for the interest. The Irredeemable Stock, in addition to both these, has also what are termed 'Mixed Bonds' (*Titres Mixtes*), which are bonds not transferable by delivery but by registration, though furnished with coupons for dividend purposes. The French issue formal certificates for stock to the holders, and the certificates are produced when the dividends are paid, and the payment is noted on the back of the bond.

This system appears clumsy, and when the French procedure is examined historically it is found that originally their system was in many respects the same as the British; but so early as 1831 a new procedure was started in the shape of bonds of various face-values for the principal of the debt, with coupons attached to them for the interest, which were cut off and cashed as they accrued due. These bonds, which passed by delivery from hand to hand without intermediary, and which have since been widely imitated by other countries, proved to be highly popular among people of small means. The smallest value was originally 50 francs (£2), but they have been gradually reduced till the minimum of 2 francs was reached in 1882. In the opinion of very many of the most competent authorities it is this popularity and simplicity of system, and not any inherent tendency to thrift of the French people, which has led the nation to become inveterate holders of Rentes; so that, while Consols are held by the classes, Rentes are in the possession of the masses.

A striking instance of the popularity of the Government Funds or Rentes occurred in 1871, when the French Government found themselves called upon to find £200,000,000 for the German war indemnity. The loan was subscribed several times over, and the gigantic sum was raised among the peasantry, the small traders, the farmers, the shopkeepers, by the mass of the country. The wealthy did not fail to come forward gallantly; but it was the support of the humbler classes which made the operation a success, and extorted the involuntary admiration of Prince Bismarck.

The following are the denominations of the bonds payable to bearer: Perpetual or Irredeemable Stock: 2f., 3f., 4f., 5f., 6f., 7f., 8f., 9f., 10f., 20f., 30f., 50f., 100f., 200f., 300f., 500f., 1000f., 1500f., and 3000f. The 'Mixed Bonds' are issued in similar amounts. Redeemable Stock: 15f., 30f., 60f., 150f., 300f., 600f., 1500f., and 3000f.

The fact that the tendency has been to issue bonds of lower and lower denomination shows that there is a demand for these small bonds, and in connection with this it is worthy of remark that of recent years the British public has grown very partial to companies whose shares are only £1 each.

It is believed by many that the explanation is that comparatively few people have £10 at their command—that is, ready to be invested without damaging their working capital—but they often have sums of £1 or £2; and this is just the sort of investor who likes a bond which he can keep. In his secret soul he has far more confidence in the security of his own old chest than in all the vaults, safes, and strong-rooms of the Banks of England and Ireland united.

Of late the British Government has had much difficulty in connection with Consols, which have fallen greatly in value, and which must be issued for carrying out the policy of the Irish Land Purchase Acts. It will be curious if this crisis leads the Government to discover that the present system of Consols is archaic, and ends in the cordial adoption of the certificate system of the limited liability companies, together with the issue of 'Bearer' and 'Registered' or 'Mixed Bonds,' with coupons for payment of the interest.

THE TOMB-HUNTERS OF EGYPT.

By Day Allen Willey.



N the valley of the Nile men are engaged in one of the strangest occupations which human beings pursue: hunting for tombs of the past. The discovery of human bodies which have been preserved in the form of mummies has been frequent in Egypt, and we know of many ancient kings and other personages that have been found in various places; but in almost every case the modern discoverers have learned that some one has been there before them—robbers who centuries ago entered the resting-places of the dead for the purpose of stealing the jewellery, vases, urns, and other valuables which had been left with the bodies by friends and relatives.

The great object of the tomb-hunters is to find a burial-place which has not been plundered, for they believe that it will not only contain great riches in gold and precious stones, but that the funeral

ornaments, as they are termed, will be of much value in throwing more light on the civilisation which here existed thousands of years ago. This is why the excavators include Americans and Europeans so interested that they are really devoting their lives to this search beneath the world, some of them employing labourers at their own expense to make the explorations. In the region about Thebes many archæologists are thus searching into its past history. For ten years and over some of them have not been out of Egypt, seldom leaving the desert plains and valleys which form the scene of their operations except for an occasional visit to Cairo to study the books and documents on the older Egypt which are in its library.

The little colony of explorers do not give their work a very dignified title. They speak of the different excavations as 'digs.' So the tourist who chances up the great river in one of the puffing steamboats or in that ideal sailing-yacht of the Nile, the dahabeeah, will be told of the German 'dig' carried on under the supervision of eminent savants from Germany; he may hear of the American 'dig,' a great hole in the sand and rock made with the money spent by a wealthy American who hopes some day to find a tomb with its treasure-hoard intact. Not far from this is an Anglo-American 'dig,' where a little band of British and American scientists have been excavating by means of money provided by the Egyptian Exploration Fund of London.

Yes, it is a fascinating occupation, this attempt to reveal the mysteries of what was once the heart of the world's civilisation, but is now a region of desolation where dwell only the fellah and Berber. No one knows when the tools will expose a structure erected perhaps thousands of years ago, which will be entered by man for the first time since its royal occupants were adorned with jewels, wrapped in literal cloth of gold, and left for ever in their chamber furnished and ornamented with things of wood and metal priceless because of their exquisite workmanship and their rare material.

That the ancient monarchs were thus honoured by their families has been shown by a discovery recently made in this region. True, another had already broken into the tomb before the scientists who found it; but so much of its furniture and ornaments had been left behind that an idea could be gained of the marvellous riches it had originally housed. The tale of those who last entered the tomb as related by them is well worth the telling:

'We went down the lower steps on through the rock-hewn descending corridor. It was barren. No works of funeral art strewed the floor; and the walls, unlike those of other tombs, were bare of both carving and painting. At the end of the corridor, where the second staircase was flanked by shelves, a mere bundle of dried onions lay on the rock. But on one of the steps a roll of papyrus met our eyes. Just beyond it we found a wall plastered with mud and sealed with the priestly seal. This alone separated us from the tomb itself; and the top was so broken that we could peer over into what for centuries on centuries no eye had seen: a confusion of dark forms shimmering mysteriously here and there with a touch of gold or of silver.

'Squeezing our way between the wall and the rock-ceiling, we were in the midst of such a medley of tomb-furniture that, in the glare of our lighted candles, the first effect was one of bewilderment. Gradually, however, one object after another detached itself from the shimmering mass, shining through the cool air, dust-free and golden. Against the wall to the left stood a chair, and beyond it a gilded coffin-cover lay upside-down. In it was a conventional mask that gleamed golden through the dark veiling, and the mummy whose head this mask had covered lay farther off, its body partly encased in gilded open work. Against the wall to the right leaned two "Osiris beds," flat surfaces on which seed had been sown, which in sprouting had outlined the figure of the god. Not far off, along the hall, opposite the door, stood a row of boxes like tiny closed sentry-boxes, each containing a statuette; in front of these, shoulder-high, the oblong black mass of a "sledge," the outermost case for a mummy. To the left stood a bed. Nearer again lay a silvered mummy-case; and on this, and on a second mummy beyond it, a shaft of cold blue light struck down from the outer day.

'By daylight, then, mingled with the light of flickering candle-flames, we examined the second mummy. By candle-light alone we searched the first. Both had been plundered by the thief of long ago. First breaking one of the "sledges" and throwing mummy-cases hither and yon, he had taken from both mummies everything of intrinsic value except a plate of gold closing the aperture through which the heart of one had been removed by the embalmers. Not a jewel, and only part of one necklace, remained of all those with which the dead must once have been bedecked. But if such trophies were lacking, those of surpassing splendour and significance still packed the tomb-chamber from hall to hall. In the bottom of a mummy-case, from which the thief had removed the cover, he had left a cushion and a graceful alabaster vase. In another mummy-case he had neglected an alabaster jar and the cover of an embroidery-box which he must have carried across the chamber to a second bed, on which it now lay beside a superb gilded chair. Near by, where the floor suddenly fell one deep step to a lower level, he had thrown, among a multitude of sealed jars, half of the gilded open-work casing which had encircled one of the mummies. Near these jars, again, he had propped a coffin-case against one corner of the tomb. Here, too, he had left a third bed, and one of the most important of all one finds in a tomb, a chariot, the curving front and wheel-rims of which shone through the darkness golden and scarlet.

'After such long burial, alabaster is at first curiously fragile, then firm again and strong; and gold-leaf is so delicate that it may peel off at the touch. Yet alabaster and gold-leaf—cloth, too, and veiling—were almost absolutely uninjured. The graceful alabaster vase, three beds, the mummy-cases, came glowing and glittering into the day. Near them we found a box containing "canopic" jars of alabaster—jars in which the viscera of the dead are preserved; also little sentry-boxes, each of them holding an *uspapti* figure, or image of a servant for the dead. Another box actually contained food—legs of mutton and other meats; and there were no less than seventy-two sealed jars full of fruits. All these things, and more, emerged from their long burial as dustless as when the tomb had first been closed. And as a certain alabaster pitcher appeared, a wasp came buzzing up and sipped what we maintained was the still fluid honey poured into it more than three thousand years ago to satisfy the human immortality cravings of Ioua and Tioua.'

Such was the discovery made when the tomb of the father and mother of one of Egypt's famous and most beautiful queens was opened. It is situated in an 'American dig' where, as already stated, excavations have been made through the liberality of an American gentleman who has become an enthusiast among the tomb-hunters. This is Mr Theodore M. Davis, an eminent archæologist from the United States, who has been engaged for about three years in burrowing beneath the sand and rock which lie in what is now known as the Valley of the Kings in the Thebes region. Only during the heat of the summer does the work cease, and at times the explorer has had a little army of nearly two hundred men engaged in the search. He it was who also discovered the tomb of the queen we have referred to—Queen Tii. While her burial-chamber had also been entered by the robber no one knows how many centuries ago, and most of its funeral decorations stolen, as well as the jewels with which she was undoubtedly decked, the alabaster mould encasing the head of this illustrious mummy was found unbroken, as well as a wonderfully beautiful garment in which she was encased. The making of the alabaster mask is one of the arts only known to the ancients who inhabited the valley of the Nile. The alabaster mould has been brought to America, where it has been carefully examined by experts in archæology. It is entirely of alabaster, with the exception of the eyes and eyebrows, which are composed of the substances known as lapis-lazuli and obsidian. The features preserved by the mould are of remarkable beauty, but, strange to say, little resemble the type of the ancient Egyptians, with the exception of the lips. The curve of the nose is more of a Greek outline. This has caused scientists to believe that Queen Tii may have been of European descent.

The features of the father and mother of this royal woman are also considerably different from the faces of other mummies which have been found in the Nile country. So carefully and artistically did the embalmers of this period do their work that when the remains of Ioua and Tioua were examined in their tomb-chamber the life-like expression on their faces caused the observers to be amazed. Although dark and shrunken by the thousands of years during which they had been walled up in the rock, the character of the features was as clearly shown as if death had but recently claimed the pair.

The extent of the tomb furniture and ornaments, and the ample supply of food which had been stored in jars and other receptacles for the benefit of this illustrious dead, can be realised when it is stated that a caravan consisting of no less than six camels and one hundred and fifty porters was required to transport the contents of this tomb across the desert to the Nile, where it was transported by steamer to Cairo and placed in the noted museum in this city devoted to Egyptian antiquities.

This was the way in which Ioua and Tioua made their last journey: They were first swathed with many folds of thin cloth completely covering them from head to foot. Then they were wrapped in a heavier fabric, and finally placed in little wooden boxes. Each box was securely strapped to the back of a camel, and beside it walked a guard of Egyptian soldiers, in addition to half-a-dozen porters, while every few hours the fastenings were carefully examined to see that they had not been broken. To prevent the natives from stealing any of the treasures, ornaments, or contents of the jars, another body of soldiers accompanied the porters who bore them.

VOICES.

'Come!' 'Tis the glad lark calling
My thoughts to the golden vales.
'Come!' 'Tis the bright brook brawling
'Neath the grass in the cloister'd dales.

'Come!' 'Tis the west wind flowing
Afar to enchanted isles.
'Come!' 'Tis the wild rose blowing
Soft kisses o'er blossomy miles.

'Come!' 'Tis an elf's sweet cry,
Sounded in star-domed wood.
'Come!' 'Neath a moon-chasten'd sky
A mermaid favours my mood.

'Come!' 'Tis the sea's sad song
Filling my listening ear.
'Come!' 'Tis the throb of the throng
That reels through life's thoroughfare.

Hark! was it an angel speaking?
Ah! yes, a sweet angel of earth,
Just as my fond dreams were breaking:
'Come, dear, to thy child-gladden'd hearth!'

R. J. Cooney.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

DO we assume too readily that for the best and most restful holiday we must transport our minds and bodies to some region remote from their regular habitation, near the sea or in the country, up on mountains or to the streets and buildings of foreign cities? And can it be that, if the time is spent wisely and with consideration, the most enjoyable and healthful—yes, even healthful—change from the regular routine of the working year is to be obtained in the City with which we are most familiar, and where the greater part of our lives is spent? It is a point to be thought of; and, indeed, let it be said that there are some of the wisest men in London who constantly spend their longest holidays—those they care for most, and those which give them the most benefit—in the heart of the great Metropolis. We know of at least one person of a little eminence who annually bids good-bye to the members of his family and friends, and departs from his house in a western quarter for the enjoyment of his vacation. But the cab that wheels him away with his bags and general impedimenta does not take him to Euston, Paddington, or any other of the great railway stations which at this season are thronged with persons going far to the north, or to the south, east, or west, in search of change, but to some hotel in the middle of the town, where he settles himself for a month of enjoyment of all the riches of comfort and pleasure such as London yields perhaps more than any other city in the world. Approached in this way, the town affords a very real change to the man who moves about it constantly not as an independent seeker of relaxation and enjoyment, but as the busy workman who has little time for the contemplation of things that are outside his daily habits. The general aspect is different, and it is alluring. Never before did he realise how here he has the means of gratification of every passing fancy and of every long-standing dream.

Does the mind desire quiet and the contemplation of Nature and the solace of the singing of birds, there are places in the great parks where such quiet may be obtained, and the resting man may deceive himself that he is far from the throbbing centre of life; or, if there must be no deception, a journey that is less irksome than any of the daily excursions that are lightly undertaken during Continental trips will take him among the sweetest scenes up the river or to the most charming country of Surrey or Hampshire. Equal rest for the body with more pictures for mental food may be had in a voyage down the busy parts of the Thames. Days may be spent, if the holiday-making Londoner is so disposed, in seeing for once some of those sights of London that only the Londoner never sees; and, if the mind favours some investigations of a semi-original character, there are still strange things to be seen in the town that even the most knowing and observant of the residents are not acquainted with. Thus it was only the other day that a novel pleasure was furnished to us in the contemplation of a farmhouse in one of the most densely populated parts of London—Soho. There it is easily distinguished by a high-pitched roof with red pantiles, and there are two old-fashioned dormer windows looking down on the entrance to the gallery of a great theatre. Only forty years back, when the family who are the present occupiers, carrying on a trade of furniture trimming, first took possession, there was still a cowshed attached to the building.

* * *

Rest of another kind may even be had at one's own club—if it is one of the big clubs—in August, for we may enter there and find the generally crowded apartments almost deserted, and with books and papers by one's side, and with every home-comfort instantly obtainable from those who are the nearest approximation to one's personal servants, may doze away in roomy arm-chairs or on large stuffed couches. Or one may adopt any other conceivable means for change and the cultivation of health. One may

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swim or skate, spend a week in a home for rest in a West End square, or daily loll in the sweet coolness of the resting-chamber of a Turkish bath establishment, enjoying the most complete departure from the conventionalities of dress which are imposed by the times. Or any kind of game that has ever been invented may be played. Music, the play, or a hundred other varieties of entertainment of varying degrees of intellectual merit may be enjoyed in the evening; or the time may be killed at the great exhibitions, surrounded by myriad lights of different hues, while the indigo sky of night is open overhead and hung with its own million of twinkling lanterns, gentle zephyrs fan the face, the plashing of falling waters pleases the hearing, and a cornet solo from the band-stand makes one pause to listen now and then, but is not of so much importance that attention to it may not be ceased at any moment. All this is indeed very artificial; but, after all, it is the very best of its kind, and in this age there must be something artificial about the best and simplest of recreations. The greatest charm of a holiday in the town is the absence of all irritation and inconvenience. In the country, at the seaside, and on the Continent routines are prescribed daily and annoyances are constant. The life of ease and complete comfort cannot be led. Hours must often be observed for meals, food that is not entirely agreeable is sometimes served, and one is often uncomfortably aware that others take note of one's existence and one's customs. But in our great town there is no one who takes notice—at any rate in August, and when we wander in our capacity as holiday-makers. Among millions the individual is of no consequence and no interest. He may rise at his own hour, feed at his own time, and exactly according to his own fancy and wherever he will. He may lie in bed all day, and take his meals there, or he may not go to bed at all. Nobody cares; nobody makes any remarks. He may carry out any conceivable whim in the way of cure, regulate diet and habits to the very utmost nicety. He may do anything and be anything, from the British workman to a Chinese savant. And where are there more really healthy conditions of life to be had than in this great town? There may be little or no ozone in the atmosphere—it may be ordered, however, at short notice—but there are other things that make for health besides ozone. Those that do most in this matter are the things that one wants and likes, such as we have been speaking of. Is it not some indication of the merit of London, from these points of view, that when we come back to it from distant places we appreciate it the more each time, and for a day revel in all its convenience and comfort and the deep satisfaction which it affords? In July we may think that we have known London long enough for a lifetime; but at the end of August we are frequently of a mind with Dr Johnson, that when a man is tired of London he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford.

While prudence and thrift are the most commendable of virtues, and generally approved, there is, we may agree, something to be said for the practice of the 'to-morrow we die' school in not counting the cost of a feast or holiday when once determined upon, either before it, during participation, or when the full enjoyment has passed and there only lingers in the mind a thin vapour of happy remembrance. Therefore, some all-wise adviser might reasonably at such a time as this counsel the public that is all bent on holiday-making and pleasure-seeking as at no other season of the year—bent on expending a larger sum on health and enjoyment than would be warranted on any other occasion—to be careful and calculating in the making of plans, and then to worry no more about mere matters of poundage and pence, for in such heart-burnings is there sure destruction of three-fourths of the pleasure that is to be derived from vacations. Let us accept the change that we find in our pockets at the end of these days of idleness as exactly the proper amount, without any reckonings, and go forward to the new account on the matter-of-fact system of daily life with this sum as the balance that was expected. There never was any reckoning of such costs that brought any satisfaction to the reckoner, or indeed did him any good in any way whatsoever; for where is the man who, having spent overmuch on having one 'good time,' and ruefully reflected upon it after with many determinations as to future conduct, did not, when time had in its usual process healed this little wound, go to enjoy another 'good time' with no regard for those old misgivings, but rather, in many cases, a subconscious determination to have the fling with less restriction than ever? So shall we say that the maxim of the moment is, 'Be prudent, or moderately prudent, and abandon care and too anxious thoughts of cost.'

* * *

Yet, while not reckoning up our own little bills, there is some harmless interest in reckoning up those of others, and those of great aggregates of people, of which we indeed make up our own little part. And it really does not unsettle the City clerk or small tradesman who is lolling in the sunshine and sparkling atmosphere of Margate, at a total cost of not more than three pounds a week, to be told that an American millionaire is just about to spend a little matter of fifty thousand pounds on the realisation of some freakish whim in the matter of holiday pleasure, or that the clerks like himself spend in the aggregate half a million or so during each week in the holiday-time. Lately we had the chance to meet a person who was peculiarly situated in his association with the holiday question, his business necessitating his studying costs and possibilities from every point of view, and having all manner of statistics at his disposal. He could tell you what everybody spent on holidays, and how exactly the money was distributed, and his

figures were apparently beyond doubt as to accuracy. A few items of information from the general stock were vouchsafed to us. In a certain limited sense, Switzerland is one of the most popular holiday-grounds in the world, and its popularity is increasing; although one of the most famous medical men of the day—one who is a favourite with the most exalted when they are sick—has vigorously protested against the habit of going to Switzerland as being too little restful for the folks who have to work in cities, and to us he said that it were far better that the City man should spend his three weeks or a month in bed than that he should use the time in climbing mountains from day to day. However that may be, the fact remains that the popularity of Switzerland has been greatly increasing during recent times, and the total number of hotels in the country has been more than doubled during the last twenty-five years. There are more than two thousand of them now, all fully equipped for the patronage of the wandering English—others also, but chiefly the English and Germans. In a year now it is estimated that no fewer than four hundred thousand visitors go to Switzerland, and that they spend a total of over six million pounds sterling, which means that every individual Swiss has about two pounds for himself as the result of the harvest that comes from the visitors. Lucerne has the lion's share of the spoil, for in the season before the last one no fewer than one hundred and eighty-six thousand visitors settled themselves there for long or short periods, and they left nearly two and a quarter millions of money in the place, which the inhabitants reckoned as meaning sixty-nine pounds a head for themselves. But it would appear that far more money is spent by holiday-makers in France than anywhere else, for the most reliable estimates of the country's revenue from this source vary from a hundred to a hundred and twenty millions, which means about three pounds per head of the French population; Italy takes twenty millions a year; and Norway, with a very short season, from half to three-quarters of a million.

* * *

These are large sums of money, and the mention of them might lead some ultra-philosophical minds on to reflections upon waste and want until it were urged again that man is not made for work alone. And even the British workman who takes his holidays humbly at Blackpool, or some such place as that, may wonder when he knows what expenditure he and his kind are responsible for in the month of August for holidays. These thrifty people have an excellent system whereby they save the money for their annual holidays week by week through the year, depositing it with clubs established for this special purpose, and withdrawing it when the time of 'wakes' or general holidays arrives. It was estimated that last year a sum of no less than two hundred and twenty thousand pounds was distributed in this way by the saving-societies of Oldham to their customers. At the society in connection with one manufactory alone, belonging to a well-known firm of textile machinists, a sum of twelve thousand and fifty pounds was distributed to the employés on the eve of the holidays. At Blackburn the saving-societies distributed over one hundred thousand pounds to their members when the holidays began; and one society, existing in connection with a Sunday afternoon chapel-meeting, disbursed sixteen thousand pounds to its members. Blackpool gets most of this money. Blackpool is a wonderful place, perhaps in a way the most wonderful holiday-ground there is in the world, although its peculiarities are perhaps not such as would appeal to all people so much as they do to these hardy toilers of the mills, who go there in their tens of thousands, and enjoy themselves completely. No wonder that Blackpool can afford to spend two thousand pounds a year on picture posters alone—pictures showing the piers and the boats on the sea, and the big towers, and wheels, and the shops on the front, all in bright colours that make the hearts of the cotton operatives long for the coming of August, and the wakes, and the closing of the mills, and the grand distribution of the holiday-money.

* * *

Just lately it has been the true season of the Park, and even as we write the season still lingers, and the Park for a few more days will present its gayest appearance. When not merely any Londoner but any Britisher refers to 'the' Park, there can never be any doubt that it is to the most historic park of all that he refers—Hyde Park. Of all the open lands of the entire country, even of the world, one might say, free to the passage and enjoyment of the public, this is the most famous, and so we must regard it as the queen of parks. Each month of the year sees it assume a different complexion, not merely in its foliage and flowers and tints, but in the people who visit it at regular hours of the day. Some there are—people tied to London, busy professional men who must take exercise of some kind daily, and naturally find this to be the most convenient place to take it—who are in the Park day in and day out; but these for the most part make up a sombre crowd, and the time to see the Park at its best is in the height of the London season, during the ten weeks or so when wealth and fashion are making their utmost display in the capital. Then indeed the Park seems to be the heart of all society, just as we might say that the quarter round about the Bank of England is the heart of all finance. Threadneedle Street and Hyde Park may be regarded as in a considerable measure the complements of each other. 'Why Hyde?' is a point that many people have wondered upon, perhaps, as they have strolled through the Park in the morning. It is just one of those little questions that the indolent townsman asks himself over and over again, and never takes the trouble to get any definite answer, such as is contained in the simple

statement that there was a manor of Hyde which belonged to the Abbey of Westminster, and good King Hal took the manor from Abbot Boston by a mock exchange in 1536, and His Majesty enclosed the first Park, in which, we are told, the French Ambassador went hunting in the middle of the sixteenth century. In later days the Park was thrown open to the public; but during the period of the Commonwealth it was put up for auction and sold, and not many people now have any idea how near London and the country came to losing it altogether. The man who bought it was one Anthony Dean, who gave the sum of nine thousand and twenty pounds eight shillings and twopence for it. This Dean was a shipbuilder, who reserved the timber that grew in the Park for his business, let out the pasture, and levied a toll on all carriages that entered. This state of affairs naturally moved some excellent Londoners to expressions of indignation, and we have Evelyn grumbling: 'I went to take the aire in Hide Park, when every coach was made to pay a shilling, and every horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who has purchas'd it of the State.'

* * *

It is with such recollections as this and a thousand others—as of Old Noll driving through the Park ostentatiously the six horses which the Duke of Oldenburgh had given him, when he was pitched from the box of his carriage and a pistol went off in his pocket, but fortunately did him no harm—it is with such recollections that at this time, when the Park is thronged with the richest and most exclusive people, and it is really a sight of sights so far as the Metropolis is concerned, that one opens with pleasure a book that has been written by Mrs Alec Tweedie, and published timely by Mr Eveleigh Nash, on *Hyde Park: its History and Romance*. Mrs Tweedie gives us the whole story from the beginning, enlivening it constantly with the most piquant anecdote; and she not only gives us a pretty and true picture of the Park as it is to-day, but provides an account of such interesting matters as the birds that inhabit this open space, of the flowers that grow in it, the beautiful trees that at this moment show a verdure which would suffer little by comparison with the foliage of a country lane. A countryman might find it a little hard to guess what is the Liver Brigade; but they all know in the Park, and, as Mrs Tweedie says, this brigade is a regular London institution. Judges, barristers, surgeons, physicians, actors, writers, African millionaires, and German Jews all ride in the morning between half-past seven and ten o'clock. Many of them, as she says, are known to each other, and consequently friendly greetings and pleasant chats are exchanged while the Liver Brigade take exercise, knowing well that on their return home to bath and breakfast they will have to settle down to the Law Courts, chambers, or the consulting-room for the rest of the day. That hour's ride in the morning has been the salvation of many a brain-weary man and woman.

We have often pointed out in these pages how men and women in London in these days dress more for comfort and convenience and less for appearances than ever they did, and Mrs Tweedie greatly deplores the circumstance, and the difference that it has made to the show in the Park. Certainly now that the motor is such a feature of that show the Park is not what it used to be. The Park was not always a safe place of resort, and we are reminded that as late as 1772 its state was so bad that a bell used to be rung at fixed intervals in Kensington to gather together people who had ventured from London and were wishing to return. One night Horace Walpole was driving with a lady to some evening entertainment, and was held up by a highwayman on the road. The lady at once, with the most excellent composure, handed the robber her purse, which was bulging with money. He seized it and rode off, smiling with satisfaction; but the lady laughed last as she remembered that the purse had been thoughtfully stocked with counterfeit money specially for occasions of this kind. Duels in number there have been in the Park, as one might be sure without being told. One of them was in 1792 between the Earl of Lonsdale and Captain Cuthbert of the Guards. The latter was on duty in the neighbourhood when some confusion of traffic occurred in Mount Street, so that he forbade any carriages to come there. His lordship, driving by, was almost the first to be stopped, and was much incensed thereat. 'You rascal, do you know I am a peer of the realm?' he cried; to which the Captain answered, 'I don't know that you are a peer, but I know you are a scoundrel for applying such a term to an officer on duty, and I will make you answer for it.' And so they fought later on with pistols, and the gallant Captain had a narrow escape of the most serious injury, for a ball from Lord Lonsdale's pistol struck the button of his coat, else it would have passed into his body.

* * *

Some publishers of books tell us that the novels of the season are but a poor collection on the whole, and that inspiration and art are even less evident than they have been in recent times, so that the public are more and more disposed to rely for their lighter reading upon the cheap reprints of the classics or works of some established quality. Perhaps it is partly the result of the prevailing weakness in fiction that the taste increases for works of a light biographical and anecdotal order, a circumstance upon which we have previously commented. Almost every week sees some excellent addition to this library, and lately there have been two or three which have deservedly attracted attention. The inner history of affairs in the Victorian era is being constantly unfolded, and a most fascinating addition to the published works upon it is the little volume which has been published by Sir Theodore Martin, old friend of Queen Victoria, under the title of *Queen Victoria as I Knew Her* (Blackwood & Sons).

Its pages are few, but they are really valuable, and they give us some views and knowledge that even the bulky volumes of the Queen's Letters failed to do. We find it of special interest at the moment to contemplate what was the late Queen's attitude towards the prevailing question of women's rights and suffrage. In 1870, when there was much talk upon the subject, she wrote to Sir Theodore in this strain: 'The Queen is most anxious to enlist every one who can speak or write to join in checking this mad, wicked folly of "Woman's Rights," with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety. Lady —— ought to get a *good whipping*. It is a subject which makes the Queen so furious that she cannot contain herself. God created men and women different; then let them remain each in their own position. Tennyson had some beautiful lines on the difference of men and women in *The Princess*. Woman would become the most hateful, heartless, and disgusting of human beings were she allowed to unsex herself; and where would be the protection which man was intended to give the weaker sex?' These were the words of one who, though she had to play the man's part during her lifetime, was ever and always, as we have the most abundant proof, the uttermost woman in feeling and instinct.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—WHAT THE TWO MEN SAW.

THE next morning, while the stars yet hung in the sky, the pair mounted and rode out of the ravine, halting for a moment as they reached the summit of the pass to look back. The shadow of the night still lay on the little valley, and still in unchanged attitude on the floor of sand slept the dead. With a wordless salute, a gesture of compassionate farewell, Jack wheeled his camel and rode away.

Their course lay to the east, though again and again they were thrust out of that track by lines of cliffs and the stony shoulders of the great hills. For hours they rode, Jack, with a thrill of expectation, scanning from each hill-top in turn as they reached it the eastern skyline in search of the sea. But there was only the unchanged landscape of the desert—a floor of sand, an horizon pricked with outlines of far-off purple hills.

At last, looking steadily betwixt two hills that stood apart, showing a clear segment of the horizon, he caught a streak of paler but steadier purple, and shouted in the fashion already described, '*Thalatta! thalatta!*' He was like stout Cortez when, standing silent upon a peak in Darien, he saw the Pacific. Jack stared with wild eyes at that band of far-off purple. Beyond it was England, with all that England held.

Sidi, however, had ceased to look eastward. That haze of colour was too remote to impress his limited imagination. He was staring at the nearer landscape. Something had caught his attention. They were in movement again by this time, but Sidi rode with head turned now in one direction, now in another, like a man who is listening. At last he stopped his camel abruptly.

'What is it, Sidi?'

The big ears of the negro were literally twitching with the strain of their owner's listening. His eyeballs were almost starting out of his head.

'Listen!' he cried, and he looked wildly round in the air. Jack stopped and bent his head. He was presently conscious of some strange murmur of sound that seemed to come from the upper chambers of the air. But it died away; and after listening for a few moments Jack, with an impatient gesture, put his camel in motion again. A sound as of a vast crowd heard in the lonely desert must be a trick of the senses.

Still Sidi rode with that strange attitude of intense listening. Presently he stopped again, and Jack drew up his camel also. Both men listened. Yes, there was a sound about them as of a moving multitude, the tread of many feet, the creak of wagons, the hum of voices. The sound came in rhythmical beats as though from the feet of an army on the march.

It was vague, far off, a mere thrill in the air; but it certainly was there. Was the desert enchanted? Last night the sight of the unknown dead on the sand; to-day the sound of the unknown living in the air! While the two men listened and stared about them, with a thrill of half-superstitious dread creeping through their blood, there came faintly a sharper sound as of metal. It was the ring of steel.

The ground fell sharply before them in a long, dry, curving ravine, like the empty and sun-scorched bed of some African Mississippi through which for thousands of years a great river had run, and now ran no more. As the two men neared the edge, that strange, soft tumult of sound that a few minutes before seemed to fall upon them from the upper chambers of the air now rose from beneath their feet. They stood at last on the edge of the ravine, and looked down.

A great column of men was moving beneath them. Their weapons, the orderly rhythm of their tread, told that they were soldiers. Here *was* an army on the march! For one bewildered moment Jack thought it was a mirage that cheated his senses. How had the lonely hills suddenly become peopled with an armed multitude in this fashion? But there was nothing of the uncertainty of a mirage

in the scene. All the characteristics of a modern army in full march were reproduced in the scene in the valley below them. There was the solid column of linked battalions, the officers riding on their flanks, the camels, the guns, the ammunition-wagons.

But it was an army of silence. No sound of pipe or beat of drum rose in the air. Even in the bewilderment of that sudden vision Jack noted the absence of military pomp and pride in it. The march was not merely as slow as that of a funeral; it was almost as melancholy. Men and horses alike moved with drooping heads and an aspect of weariness. The very camels shambled with stumbling feet and downheld necks.

By what miracle had an army been dropped suddenly into the hot solitudes of the desert in this fashion? Was it a defeated force fleeing from some overwhelming disaster? But the ordered ranks showed no sign of defeat, and the slow march was plainly not pricked by fear.

Presently another astonishment fell upon Lawrence. What he saw was a British force—the uniforms, the build, and the look of the men made this certain. But just then solid and far-stretching battalions of men with dark faces came round the shoulder of the hill. Regiment after regiment went by, and still the stream of dusky visages showed no signs of exhaustion. Whence came this army of white faces and black?

Sidi pointed at the scene and chattered and gesticulated with the utmost excitement, but Jack was frozen dumb by mere wonder. How did a British force with guns and ammunition-wagons come to be marching in this fashion through a waterless desert in a savage land? Towards what battlefield were they pressing? In the tumult of astonishment which possessed him clear thought was impossible, and yet Jack found a clue to the problem in the battalions of dark faces marching beneath him.

They plainly came from India. They must have landed on some part of the coast of the Red Sea, for no other waters lay to the east. Marching westward, it was equally plain they were striking inland towards the Nile. An Indian army marching from the Red Sea to the Nile! There must be some great expedition that took in both India and England on foot.

But Jack stopped no longer to speculate. He put his camel in motion and plunged down the stony slope of the ravine. Presently the sound of rolling stones attracted attention below. An officer looked up. He saw two Arabs coming with almost reckless speed down the side of the hill towards them. A word of command ran along the column. It halted. The men began to handle their arms. Two or three officers put up their glasses and examined the approaching figures. A mounted officer came cantering from the head of the battalion to see what had happened.

Jack came on at breathless speed, but found himself unable to speak for mere wonder and joy. British faces and uniforms were before him! An officer had stepped out to meet him, followed by a sergeant and a file of men, while other officers were searching the crest of the ravine with their glasses. Had these Arabs any followers? For the officer waiting to meet Jack saw before him only an Arab, lean and brown, a long gun slung behind his shoulder, a white rag about his head, a huge negro riding behind him.

Jack showed no signs of pulling up his camel, so great was his gladness to find himself amongst friendly faces.

'Stop the beggar, sergeant,' said the officer.

The sergeant put his musket across the nose of the camel. Jack looked at the face of the officer. It was freckled, burnt, dusty, with blue eyes beneath the scanty straw-coloured eyebrows. Not a striking or intellectual countenance; but Jack's heart seemed to leap into his throat as he saw it was the characteristic face of a countryman.

'I am English,' he said briefly and with a broken voice.

'English, by Ged!' cried the officer in astonished tones; 'you don't look it.'

The sergeant, with the file of men behind him, grinned. Here was an Arab of the Arabs claiming to be English! Jack saw the numeral '10' on their hats. It was the Tenth Regiment of the line.

'Who are you, my man?' asked the officer. 'What are you doing here?'

'I am English,' repeated Jack. 'I have been a prisoner amongst the Arabs for years, and have made my escape.'

A murmur of sympathy rose from the men.

'Were you wrecked on the coast?' asked the officer. 'What is the name of your ship?'

Jack shook his head. 'I do not belong to the navy.'

'Are you in the service?' asked the officer eagerly. 'What was your regiment?'

'No, I do not belong to the army. I was in the Foreign Office.'

'The Foreign Office! Egad, they would not recognise you in Whitehall to-day.'

Another officer meanwhile was questioning Sidi.

Jack had regained his self-command, and commenced to put eager questions. 'Where have you dropped from, and who are you?' he said.

'Oh, we are Sir David Baird's force from India, on our way to the Nile. We are to join Sir Ralph Abercromby's army in Lower Egypt.'

Yes, Jack had stumbled on that most daring expedition in British history. The men at the head of affairs in England were civilians, but they planned on a large scale and showed some imagination in their plans. They had sent Sir Ralph Abercromby with fifteen thousand men to Alexandria, while Baird with eight thousand men was to cross the Indian Ocean, grope his way up the Red Sea, land if possible at Suez, and join hands with Abercromby on the Nile.

Here was an expedition coming over almost unknown seas to uncharted ports, carrying an army which was to march across one hundred and thirty miles of waterless desert, drift down the Nile in boats, and join hands with another army sailing from English ports. Napoleon's 'nation of shopkeepers' had set on foot an adventure more daring than any he himself had attempted.

Jack now understood the black faces in the army. He understood, too, the funereal melancholy and slowness of the march. Here were troops newly landed from crowded transports marching under the pitiless African sun, and suffering the torments of thirst and dust as they toiled across the weary miles of hot sand.

'You must tell your story when we camp,' said the officer who had ridden from the head of the column. 'We must get in movement again.'

A brief word of command ran down the column, and with the rhythm of disciplined feet it was set in motion again; and like a man in a dream Jack rode beside the battalion of the Tenth.

Presently he dismounted. Sidi took charge of his camel, and he walked beside the friendly officer, picking up with eagerness all the news of the civilised world since he, trudging at the tail of the old sheikh's camel, had vanished from it. He heard the story of Napoleon's return to France, of his rise to power as First Consul, of the victories like a procession of thunderclaps that had struck down Austria, the tale of Hohenlinden and of Marengo, the story of the fall of Pitt from power just to hand, as well as the news of Abercromby's landing at Alexandria.

The officers of the Tenth plainly regarded all this as of less importance than the story of their adventures as an expedition, and these were sufficiently strange. Strong winds had scattered the fleet while crossing the Indian Ocean and coming up the Red Sea. The General had arrived at Kosseir, to find the Admiral missing; the flagship had found its way, a solitary sail, to Suez. The transports came straggling in like broken-winged sea-birds, and were collected in the Bay of Kosseir; General Baird could get no news of what was happening in Lower Egypt. To march inland might mean the loss of the whole army. It seemed impossible to go forward and intolerable to go back.

At last the news had come of British success. Alexandria had been won, but Abercromby was dead. General Hutchinson had assumed command in his place, and was marching on Cairo. Baird was now pushing his men across the desert betwixt Kosseir and Geneh, and thence to the Nile. When they reached the river they must sail or march down unknown hundreds of miles, and join hands with Hutchinson's men.

Jack listened like a man in a dream. Yesterday the desert solitudes lay about him, the world of his fellow-men seemed remote and almost unattainable. To-day he was riding beside a whole army; the great tale of the world was filling his ears—tidings of the fall of kingdoms and Cabinets, the clash of battling hosts. He was glad when night fell and the army encamped. He flung himself down on the sand, exhausted with the crowded events and strange emotions of the day.

Sidi, on his part, had less susceptibility to emotion than his English comrade. He had discovered some negro servants attached to the officers' mess, and sat laughing and chattering with them as though they had been his closest kinsmen.

(To be continued.)

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG, LAD!

By Francis Cunynghame.

A BRIGHT sun in a cloudless sky, the heat quivering on the river, a cluster of white and a pink sunshade at the bottom of the punt, and the endless rhythmic upward and downward movement of the pole. Such is the picture.

Of course there are people who hate the river, and would refuse to go on it for worlds—Johnnies, for instance, who consider it inexpressibly dull; others who feel seasick; and others still who would deem your river-folk both fast and foolish, not to say immoral. But then, of course, these last people are unmitigated bigots, who shut themselves up in their coal-cellars, with nothing but their own noses to see in front of them—that is, even allowing that they can see at all. How can they know the joy of finding yourself far away from the noisy town, moored to the bank of a thick-wooded island all smelling of forget-me-nots and wild thyme, with a charming girl sitting opposite you in the bow? It is part of a big picture, well focussed, and with harmonising colours, and it is all summed up in the mind of the initiated and the connoisseur in that single phrase 'a day on the river.'

You get up at your usual time, and have a nice, satisfying breakfast, consisting of porridge first, then a little fish, and a mutton-chop or kidneys-and-bacon, followed by a boiled egg, some marmalade and fruit, with a slice or two of ham, perhaps, if you feel hungry, to fill in the odd gaps. And then, having read the paper, you collect together 'a few things you may want,' and reach the station as the clock strikes eleven. All very jolly and comfortable so far, but where is the girl? For, naturally, you have asked Adeline, Betty, or May to come with you. Of course, you have; *il va sans dire.* You take the tickets, and then drop them in the effort

of trying to buy a couple of magazines whilst carrying at the same time a bottle of moselle, some French cakes, a basket of strawberries, and a lady's sunshade, which she left behind the last time you were with her.

You wait patiently and look at the bookstall until you find yourself in the way of a truckload of luggage, when a courtly 'By your leave, sir!' makes you jump like hot cakes, and you spill the strawberries, and the boy behind the bookstall picks them up for you, and grins at the parasol. You then stand at the gate where they snip the tickets. But no girl. And the train goes in two minutes! Your *sang-froid* now deserts you, and you stand on one foot and then on the other, then you begin to stamp, and finally pace excitedly up and down like a beast before feeding-time at the Zoo, and collide with every choleric old gentleman who fancies he is late for the train.

And then at last she comes, in a fearful hurry, with a thousand excuses, and 'What a dear you are to remember my sunshade!' And you rush through the gate and are bundled higgledy-piggledy, pell-mell, into a carriage by a perspiring porter; and the train moves out.

The river!—the beautiful, shining, gay, irresponsible, transparent river! It is lunch-time, and you have punted energetically for three miles, past the dull outposts of the town and waterworks; you have gratefully, being hot, entered the shady reaches of Little Ditton, where you became extremely lazy; and have at last by sheer lack of time and the exigencies of the feebler man within pushed on at a good speed past the Palace to the backwater below the weir. And Adeline or Betty or May will say that this looks a very nice place; and so here you stop, and hang over the side and catch and grapple and wobble about—in fact, do all and sundry of the different tricks people perform when they moor to. Then a feeling of compunction and the rightness of things in general seizes the girl, and she asks whether you don't think you ought to get beyond the lock before lunch, for remember it is a long way to Sunbury; 'and you know we promised the FitzWhat's-their-names we should get to the picnic by three o'clock.' You make an instinctive note in your head that if there are any powers on earth that can prevent your getting to the FitzWhat's-their-names' picnic those powers will be called into action, or you're a gone coon. For, fancy the idea of having to go and make yourself entertaining at a picnic, fetching water and washing-up things, and all that kind of rot, when you might be at the bottom of a punt with the dearest girl in all the world beside you, and just doing absolutely nothing but playfully teasing her and tickling her nose with a dandelion! Besides, one picnic in the day is enough for any one, let alone the fact that you have carted the moselle and the strawberries and the cakes from town, and a heavy luncheon-basket all the way from Tubbs' boathouse.

And then, dear lady, think of sitting on the grass in your best flannels! For if there is one thing a man does pride himself upon, it is his appearance on the river. A pale-blue striped shirt, a low turn-over collar, his old school colours in a tie, brown leather belt, immaculate trousers with a mathematically straight line down them, white boots, and on his wrist a watch; and then, when he steps ashore, a plain straw hat on his head, and on his back a blazer or the usual lounge coat and waistcoat—*en effet*, he is at his best, and he knows it. And so is the girl, for all river-girls look nice whether in white or pink or blue or the daintiest of rose-patterned muslins. They carry beautiful sort of hand-painted sunshades—at least some of them do—and have the loveliest of hats and the dearest little faces in all the world.

Naturally, therefore, Adeline, Betty, or May—or whoever the girl is in this instance—is both charming and fascinating, as you have already gathered. But you should see her getting out the luncheon-things, and laying the cloth, and dipping the glasses into the river—oh dear!—because they're not quite clean enough already in her estimation! All you can do is just to sit back at the other end of the punt, watch her energy, and take a quarter of an hour opening the moselle.

There is nothing like a river picnic really, if there are only two people to share it. It is much more fun than a crowd. For, as any one can imagine, there is nothing more trying than being one of six in a double-sculler when some one is trying to pass you the cold chicken—you're lucky if you get so much as the plate! But with two sitting *tête-à-tête* together, with enticing things set out before you on a board that is laid across the sides, and a nice tablecloth, and all—why, what more could you wish for on a summer day when all the world is young?

And then at last you have got those beastly wires undone, and the cork goes pop, and all the precious nectar inside bubbles over. It is one of the most delightful, wickedest joys in creation to let off a champagne cork at a passing boat; and the fat party steering remarks with a sneer, 'Oh, champagne indeed! Hope they won't capsize coming back!' And so you pour it into the glasses, undo your paper napkins, and set to with gusto; and mighty glad you are to have something after the exertions of the morning! Then you take up your glasses and clink them together, and look into each other's eyes; and the whole world smiles with you, and the sun shines, and you are very, very young.

Luncheon is over, things are moderately washed and packed away, crumbs collected from the floor, and the rope that moors the punt unfastened. It is about three o'clock already, and the dear girl has insisted on going to the FitzWhat's-their-names' picnic. 'You know, we need only stop there half-an-hour,' she says. So, willy-nilly, one must try to gather together a little of one's erstwhile

strength and push on. There seems to be some rather indistinct idea that one slept a little after lunch, because one remembers being brought to the proper sense of things by a nasty bumping against an outstretched tree-trunk, occasioned by the wash of one of those beastly great big steamers with bad gramophones on board. But that may have been a passing fancy. However, work, work, work now, or one will never be at the picnic—and the devil take the hindmost!

First, of course, there is the fun of the rollers, which is only exceeded by the fun of a crowded lock when the lock-keeper wants to know how long you are going to prevent every other craft of known or unknown denomination from entering. But then, provided you can get some one to help you up with the other side of the punt, there is really no difficulty; you have landed her at the top in a jiffy, and are far away from the evil smells of the launches before you can say 'knife.' Then, again, punting on past the house-boats and along another dull stretch of flat country, at last you reach a sequestered glade behind an island, where the river is so shallow that you can touch the bottom, and weeping willows toy in the waters as the summer breezes pass by them.

This was to be the meeting-place. And sure enough there is no mistake about it. For the Fitz-What's-their-names skelter down to the bank and help you ashore, and shake you by the hand till you wish the whole lot of 'em were at the bottom of the river. Then you resign yourself for at least two hours, and look perfectly bored. Ordinarily a sort of show like this is rather amusing; but some people haven't the knack of doing things in a sensible way. Mrs FitzW. informs you that you are not the last to arrive. 'Oh no, pray don't apologise, for the skiff with all the water, and the kettle, and the rest of the things hasn't put in an appearance yet.' This is just like one's luck. So one sits down in a bare, empty space, before a huge white tablecloth, and tries to talk to a fellow with beans in his mouth, whose only conversation consists in anecdotes *à propos* of the dances he has been to. Rather uninteresting to a fellow who never goes to them!

Half-an-hour passes; a skiff is seen approaching in the distance. The whole picnic party gets excited and waves like Robinson Crusoe when he saw a sail. And sure enough the skiff has no wish other than to make port under the weeping willows; so every one troops down to meet it in a body, headed by FitzW. himself, who is short and stout, and wears a cabbage-leaf at the back of his hat. And then, wonderful to relate, who should be in the skiff but young Bluebottles and his fiancée! Fancy entrusting the kettle and the water and the rest of the show to an engaged couple—and Bluebottles, of all persons! Bluebottles is the most careless, devil-may-care person in all the world, wears blue glasses, and looks rather like a Chinaman. Mystery how he got hold of the pretty girl he is to marry in two months' time; but so he did, and Heaven bless them! They both have thousands of excuses on the tips of their tongues about trains leaving earlier than they were scheduled and the boat having sprung a leak. Nobody much cares for their excuses, however, as every one wants the kettle.

A quarter of an hour passes. Five sturdy lassies have coaxed a fire and made the tea, and every one sits down to enjoy it. Another half-hour and you begin to think it is time to go, when one of those fearful busybodies suggests rounders. Awful game rounders! And of course young Teddy FitzW. has stump and ball and everything bang ready; so half of the people are sent to digest their tea in this manly toil, and the younger fry (including yourself) are set to play the appalling game where you run behind some one else's back before a second some one else has time to catch you. And, of course, no sooner have you got behind Adeline, Betty, or May's back, and are just discussing the subject of how to make a graceful exit from the proceedings, than it is time to run again to some other party if you don't want to get caught. And to be in this predicament is a great disgrace and an appalling nuisance as well.

At last, however, Bluebottles comes to the scratch and goes up to bid Mrs FitzW. good-bye just as that good lady is arranging to send couples off into the wood for half-an-hour 'to amuse themselves'—no doubt a splendid arrangement, and they may be amusing themselves together there to this day for all you can tell or care.

The picnic then, as far as one's self is concerned, is over. You heave a sigh of relief, and vow one thing, and that is that you will never come to one again. Then you go down to the boats, and Bluebottles suggests you should swop. The girl hates steering and is much more comfy in a punt, but they hadn't got one at Tubbs's when they left. And Adeline, Betty, or May is luckily of the entirely opposite opinion; so you agree, for you rather fancy the different exercise. You immediately start, therefore, to throw all Bluebottles's belongings out of his boat, while the good chap gently lifts all the things out of yours. You get into the skiff, Bluebottles pushes you off, you take up the sculls and feather them into the rowlocks with a neat movement of the wrists, and away you go.

It is the same story: past the same low stretch of open country to the lock and down the rollers, past the Palace and the Mole to the house-boats and Little Ditton. Then soon it grows dusk, and a slight miasmal vapour rises over the water, the lights come out one by one, and they are all palaces that border on the stream, and there is no sound save the swish and gentle grating of the rowlocks as you pass from earth to fairyland and the world of dreams.

And then presently, ever so softly, comes the sound of music, and the girl at your side whispers, 'Hush!' so you rest on your sculls and listen, turning round and peering into the darkness. It is

a voice as pure as crystal, a rich, impassioned tenor, and the words are those which you know so well and become the sadness of the darkening river, '*Ah che la morte ognora è tarda nel venir.*' There is the wild, despairing cry of *La Miserere*, '*Addio! addio, Leonora! addio!*' and the music stops. You allow your sculls to play gently with the water, then take them out and drift slowly down.

There is a house-boat all white, with Japanese lanterns and fairy lights and baskets of marguerites and geraniums hanging around. And all about in the water is a world of tiny craft—punts and skiffs and dingies and electric-launches. All are waiting —a silent audience—at this impromptu concert. Occasionally a girl's laughter breaks the silence, some one lights a cigarette and shows the outlines of a handsome face and the dim features of those about; occasionally an oar dips, or the drops of water from an uplifted punt-pole sparkle and catch the light like a spray of diamonds. Then again there is a song, and it is Musetta's well-known melody in the second act of *La Bohême*, with all the meaning and all the pathos that its notes contain. A faint sound of clapping; the girl beside you leans over and whispers, 'Gramophone,' and you are loath to hear the word lest it should break the illusion; but you marvel instead that there is no trace of the instrument in the voice, only the rich, passioned notes of a Melba or La Tettrazini.

You have stayed here long enough; one by one boats have slipped from the rest and got lost in the darkness. Silently you also creep away and pull down-stream. Five minutes pass; a song comes to an end, and then a new one begins. You listen again. It is a barcarolle, and sends one back to Venice and the Italian lakes and the shores of the Bay of Naples:

> Sul mare luccica l'astro d'argento
> Placida è l'onda, prospero è il vento.
> Venite all 'agile barchetta mia,
> Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

It is so far away now you can but just catch the music, but the words come back to you in the echo. Then your sculls dip ever so gently again, and the boat glides on out of hearing and there is no more sound; only the world and the stars above and around, and close by in the darkness the dim features of the girl you love.

FATE TAKES UP HIS FIDDLE.

HALF-WAY up the pier at a popular south coast watering-place sat a man looking, with eyes that took in nothing, down on the dancing waters. He was a tired man, and had snatched a fortnight from the paper which paid a trifle for his nights with the idea of running over to the Continent and losing in some babel of foreign tongues an identity of which he was sick to the death. At the last moment energy had failed him, and he had tamely booked to this old 'resort,' to which he had so often come with his people as a child. Well, his 'people' were all dead now, or all, at any rate, who cared whether he was alive or dead himself.

Reckoned by mere years, Clarence Archdale was still a young man. The period somewhat fatuously called the 'prime of life' lay more than ten years ahead of him, yet he felt that, if he had not indeed passed it long since, he would never get there. Journalists are often older than those in less precarious trades. Youth goes with the illusions, and there are few careers in which you part with these earlier or with less struggle. Archdale had gone down from the 'varsity—was it fifteen years ago or fifty?—full of promise and ambition. Neither had been fulfilled, for his was not the work that satisfies a crowd which demands omniscience at one half-penny. Up went his head, as if in defiance of some unspoken thought, and now his eyes rested on the old castle amid the ruins of which he had played as a lad. There also, a little later, he had wooed her with whom, when life's prizes seemed to lie within his reach, he had dared to dream of the 'fellowship more quiet even than solitude.' Well, he had the solitude instead, and she, as soon as his failure to 'range himself' was apparent beyond a doubt, had married the soldier-cousin, brave in all the honours of a frontier war, and had gone out to India. He had never seen her again, and he had never loved another woman. Life, which could have given him so much, had done nothing for him. Never, since the vealy triumphs at Balliol, had the chance of distinction come his way, or at any rate he had never seen it. He wondered. Here he was to-day, after fifteen years at the mill which grinds even those who turn it, and his income had only recently attained to the dignity of Mr Asquith's notice.

Once more his eyes sought the water, and life seemed as futile as the effort of those endless waves, rolling up to the shingle, hurrying back for reinforcements, then returning to the charge and spending their strength, all to polish a few pebbles! He pushed the soft felt-hat back off his brow, and marvelled that he should have taken so commonplace a holiday; he who, in college days, had sworn that fastidious hatred of the profane crowd which has classical authority and marks the eclectic undergraduate at his worst. Fancy him sitting here in a crowd that listened to the too familiar waltz of the 'Merry Widow,' which a band was playing on the parade. At least, he thought, if the Continent was too much fag, he might have sought a blessed fortnight's forgetfulness of life's vulgarities in some sweet Cornish cove, with no companions but the

grim old cormorants drying their wings on sun-bathed rocks in an attitude suggestive of the lectern in the village church. Why had life given him no chance, no single chance? Other men of his year had risen in the world through influence, push, luck, anything but merit. Ogilvie, who had married the plain daughter of Graythorne, the biggest solicitor in Lincoln's Inn, had taken silk, and was doubling his wife's already handsome income. Barton, to whom that South African millioniare had taken a fancy on the Union Castle boat on the way out to Madeira, was managing mines (of which, at any rate at the time, he knew nothing at all), and had an income of four figures. Only he, Archdale, had been left. Let us not too severely blame the fallacy of his argument; we have all looked on life from the same standpoint before now. Deep in the back-numbers of memory he delved for evidence of one single stroke of luck that had been his. He honestly thought his quest impartial, but how could the search be other than fruitless with him in such a back-to-the-wall mood as he was at present?

Of a sudden, brought back to earth from the shadowy mists of a profitless past, he realised that his eyes had unconsciously focussed on something of more pressing interest. Breasting the rollers, close beside the pier, was a fair-haired lad, evidently not enjoying his swim as he should. Archdale remembered even now that he had never been a swimmer. A weak heart, which he had lived down by the time he was thirty, had precluded any kind of athletics in his school-days. As he could not swim, he did not even bathe, for the spectacle of immense red men in exiguous bathing-drawers dancing at the rope's-end by the machines had always disgusted him beyond words. And now he realised that the lad was in difficulties. The tide, high a few moments ago, had turned to the ebb, and the current was setting strongly to the westward. It evidently had the little fellow down there at its mercy, and was taking him towards the pier. The little swimmer threw himself on his back, probably for rest, and his fine young face was twisted with a look of fear. Archdale sprang to his feet and looked round for help. Hang it! if he had only been a swimmer he could have saved that little life. But for this—— Hang it, again, the boy had gone! Before he quite knew how, Archdale had leaped on the rail and dropped feet first close to where the boy had sunk. A practised swimmer would instinctively have kicked off his shoes and thrown off his coat; but, you see, he had not the instincts of a swimmer, and went in as he was. A score of those on the pier rushed to the spot, a hundred others rushed down the beach, and three rowing-boats converged rapidly on the figures floundering together in the water, Archdale and the boy equally helpless and now going down together. But strong hands reached out, and, amid wild cheering from the shore and overhead, dragged them from death. On the beach they lay gasping for breath, the centre of a now enormous crowd. A longshoreman was making critical remarks about the rescuer's behaviour in the water. 'Bloke looked for all the world as if 'e couldn't swim 'isself!'

Through the crowd pushed a man who, you could see with half an eye, meant getting there, assumed his right to be in front. The clean-shaven, square-jawed face was redeemed from heaviness by the waving hair that escaped from beneath the Panamá and by a pair of eyes that just now looked tender as a mother's. An American, every inch of him, he just pushed aside those who blocked his path to right and left, and fell on one knee beside the still unconscious lad. Through the fairway he had made in that sea of humanity came a younger man, self-possessed, yet evidently a prey to strong emotions. With the help of a policeman, they carried the boy between them up the beach, and he was driven off in a fly with the younger man for company. The elder, he with the face suggestive of a copy of Meissonier's 'Napoleon' a little out of drawing, returned to the beach and made some inquiries of the bystanders, with the result that he made his way to Archdale, now on his feet and feeling foolish in his dripping clothes. The two presently moved on in close conversation, and one or two of the more curious in the crowd, very jackals for such scraps of talk as they could gather without being snubbed, heard such fragments as:

'Say, and you can't swim! . . . and yet you legged it over the side after my little one!'

Archdale, with an Englishman's deprecation of heroics, admitted that this was so.

The American was a hard man. He had ground his lesser rivals in the mill and slept of nights, for such were the ways of his country. Yet he swallowed a lump in his throat, and held out his hand to Archdale, who felt his own gripped in a vice.

They were on the parade now, and Archdale had hailed a cab, anxious to get back to his hotel and change his things.

'Then you 'll dine with us, anyway, this evening, unless you would rather go straight to bed. Queen's Hotel, seven-thirty.'

Archdale was sure that he did not want to go to bed, and the American handed him a cigar (which he took from his breast-pocket) and also a card, on which was inscribed 'Sherman P. Dunster, Dunsterville, Pa.'

. . . . . .

After dinner, over the port and nuts, Archdale found himself telling his host more of himself and his life than he had ever remembered telling any one before. What he did not realise was that he had never before had so good a listener. It was the way of Sherman P. Dunster, of Dunsterville, Pa., to listen while other men did the talking. That was how he had come to own five million dollars' worth of real estate. But he was not at this moment bent on increasing them. His thoughts were running in an unwonted channel. Instinc-

tively, however, he realised that he had to deal with a proud and sensitive young man who must be driven gently. It is only in books written by dismissed servants or disillusioned immigrants that the American capitalist is a wholly brutalised machine without one human instinct. Sherman P. Dunster, who could be as hard as a flint, could also be as tender as a woman. So the evening passed pleasantly enough, and after taking leave of the ladies—including a pretty daughter with violet eyes and a soft accent that Archdale at once lost his heart to—he returned to his hotel.

An acquaintance begun in such circumstances soon ripens, and during the next week he was constantly with his new friends. Then he had to get back to Fleet Street, promising to dine with them the following week at Claridge's on their way back to the States. As he sat in the train his thoughts ran pleasantly on the episodes of the past few days, or at any rate on all in which Violet Eyes had figured.

He turned the key in the door of his dingy chambers in the Temple, and found only two letters—one a particularly offensive summons from his chief, who had evidently been short-handed. This he had opened first in case there might be anything urgent. The other was marked 'Wait arrival' and post-marked 'Hastings.' Hastings? Whom did he know there, except—— But he ripped open the envelope, and this is what he read:

'Queen's Hotel, Hastings, *August 27th.*

'My dear Mr Archdale,—This letter will await you at your London address, which I have found in the Directory, as I am anxious not to disturb our few remaining days of pleasant intercourse here with anything in the nature of business. I have gathered from your conversation that you are not tied by any close bonds to the old country. I have also gathered that you have had considerable experience with high-class newspapers. It so happens that I am proprietor of the *Dunsterville Comet.* It has not hitherto been high-class, but it is going to be right now if you will take over the editorship. Now, don't jump on me and think I am trying to repay you for an act of bravery. One does not pay for such deeds; they are their own reward. But I know that you would be the right man in the right place, and if you take the job you will leave me your debtor. If you could make all arrangements to come out with us, there will be a berth for you on the *Caronia,* sailing on the 15th of next month, and we can fix up all details on the voyage.—Yours cordially,

'Sherman P. Dunster.'

Archdale uttered a wild whoop and kicked over the only sound chair in the room. This brought over the threshold a shock-haired individual with a well-seasoned inquiry as to what the noise was about. Archdale pressed him to come out and dine, to carouse, to get drunk on old Falernian. The shock-headed intruder intimated 'without prejudice' (he was a barrister on the Chancery side) that his friend certainly had no immediate need of either old Falernian or new Highland Glen, but eventually, on hearing his news, surrendered to the mood of the moment, and the two presently went off to seek entertainment.

. . . . . .

Majestically the *Caronia* steamed up the middle of New York Harbour. It was a glorious morning, and the Statue of Liberty seemed to smile less ironically than usual on the huddled immigrants who had given up one slavery for another, who had fled from the tyranny of Czars to that of the dollar. Archdale leant over the rail, and beside him leant Violet Eyes. Friendship does not halt on board ship, particularly between two young people who are excellent sailors, who develop a common interest in bull-board and deck-golf, and who prefer walking miles round the promenade-deck when the rest of the passengers are hanging their legs out to dry over the arms of deck-chairs. For the next three months Violet Eyes was going to stay with friends in New York. The first day out from Liverpool she had been anticipating with all a young girl's enthusiasm the pleasures of that visit. The last day or two, however, her interest in it had perceptibly waned, and now the minx was actually impatient for Christmas at dear old Dunsterville.

Archdale had just expressed the hope that he would still be there. He had insisted, in his pride and independence, on a three-months' trial, at the end of which, if he felt unequal to his new duties, he was to return, handsomely reimbursed, to Europe.

'Why, sure,' said Violet Eyes, 'and why shouldn't you?'

'Well, you see,' was the reply, 'the experiment of an editor out from home mayn't answer. I'm not sure that I'll be up to the hustle and bustle of your country.'

'Oh, you'll learn. We'll teach you.' The eyes were dancing now.

'Anyhow,' was Archdale's next remark, 'I'll never live another week like this has been—never. Life can't hold two such weeks of freedom and completeness. I never lived before.'

Oh, memory! what of the matron even at this moment, in far-off Simla, going in to dinner on the arm of a military star of the first magnitude?

'Why, now, that's lovely of you to say so, Mr Archdale; but—but why "freedom and completeness"?'

For answer, he took up a little book that he had been pretending to read when she came along from her stateroom. It was a dainty volume of Stevenson's essays, such an old favourite of his that he knew long passages by heart. Finding the place he wanted, he closed the book and handed it to her with a corner turned down.

'Read that essay, will you?' And soon he left her, going to see his steward about the small baggage.

Cynthia, with a little shrug of the shoulders, carelessly opened the book, and, reading down the page, came to words that sent the blood mantling the whiteness of her neck and brow like sunrise on the snow-line: 'To live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free.'

And that was how he told her.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A SIMPLE RAT-EXTERMINATOR.

DURING the past few months the question of rat-extermination has been keenly discussed, with the attendant result that innumerable specifics of a secret nature have been launched on the market, each of which is claimed to possess infallible qualities. Whether such be the case or otherwise, the fact remains that the trap and terrier still stand as the most effective means of destroying the vermin so long as these repressive measures are carried out upon a continuous, systematic basis. That there are, however, numerous other simple remedies which possess certain valuable efficacies in this direction is very possible if the means of application were but known. For this reason, the experiments carried out by a German investigator are worthy of notice, for his instrument of destruction consisted of the sea-onion or squill. This article has frequently been described as an excellent medium for the purpose, but it has never been subjected to such scientific tests as those imposed by the above-mentioned experimentalist. His *modus operandi* was to crush the sea-onions in a machine with potatoes, which absorbed the juice of the squills, and to cook the mixture in a frying-pan with plenty of fat, so as to make a kind of crisp cake. This was distributed throughout the stables infested by the rodent, together with dishes containing water. In the morning no less than forty-three rats that had partaken of the dish were found dead. The result was surprising, since it was not believed that so many animals existed in the building, and under the circumstances it was feared that, owing to the insufficient quantity of the bait, some of the vermin had escaped unscathed. Further quantities were consequently prepared, being combined with minced meat for a change, but the rodents had become wary after the first experience, and the food was left untouched. The investigator accordingly suspended operations for some three months, when he again concocted the squill-potato-fat food, laying adequate quantities throughout the building. This time thirty-two dead rats were found, and no signs of the pest have been seen since. From this it would appear that the sea-onion, despite its simplicity as a remedy, has certain rat-destroying possibilities, and its value in this direction is enhanced from the fact that it is fatal only to the rat tribe. Considering the readiness with which the raw materials can be secured, it offers a cheap and ready expedient. In preparing the food, however, care must be exercised to prevent the juice of the sea-onion from coming into contact with the hands, as it sets up painful burning.

A NEW PURIFYING PROCESS FOR MILK.

The ensurance of a pure milk-supply possibly constitutes one of the most difficult scientific problems of the day. This is but natural, seeing that this liquid food constitutes a stable item in our dietetics, especially for the young. A long range of processes have been evolved for securing the desired end, from pasteurising and refrigeration to electrolysis and chemical sterilisation; but one and all are only partially satisfactory. During the past two or three years the efforts of scientific investigators have been centred upon the addition of hydrogen peroxide—H_2O_2—comprising two parts of oxygen and hydrogen respectively; and, although the bactericidal possibilities of this agent are well known, great difficulty has been experienced in so treating the milk as to prevent evidences of the fact being revealed by the palate. The problem to be solved was, 'What is the minimum quantity of the hydrogen peroxide necessary to produce sterility?' Upon this point there was a wide divergence of opinion, one scientist requiring over 6½ per cent. of the chemical. Milk bearing such a large quantity was undrinkable, owing to the strong metallic flavour it possessed as a result of the addition of the hydrogen peroxide. Another investigator, however, Dr C. Budde, a chemical engineer of Copenhagen, as a result of his careful study of the problem has achieved distinct success, since he can render milk absolutely sterile with such a minute quantity of the H_2O_2 as 0·035 per cent. His process is simplicity itself. The raw milk upon its arrival from the dairy is passed through a special type of centrifugal separator having only one outlet, so that, although the cream and milk are not divided, all suspended impurities are arrested. The milk is then heated to a temperature of one hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit, and the small volume of the hydrogen peroxide added. The chemical effect is that the hydrogen peroxide is decomposed by the enzyme catalase present in the milk into water, which, being composed of two parts of hydrogen and one part of water, releases one atom of oxygen. This nascent oxygen has extremely powerful bacteria-killing qualities, and it immediately seeks to seize upon another atom of oxygen. The secret of the Budde process is that the inventor has discovered the fact

that the quantity of hydrogen peroxide which the milk can decompose is also just sufficient to effect its sterilisation. Consequently no signs of the milk having been so treated can be detected by the taste. The chemical exercises no deleterious effect upon the subtle and valuable constituents of the milk; and when it is so treated not only is the souring of the article appreciably postponed, but for artificial feeding of infants there is no necessity of first boiling the milk before it is administered as a food, as is requisite with ordinary milk. The process has been subjected to prolonged and searching scientific and bacteriological tests, from which it has emerged with distinct success. It is now being extensively exploited in Scotland, and its value having become appreciated, it is being adopted in other parts of the country.

THE KEARNEY HIGH-SPEED RAILWAY.

Readers of Mr H. G. Wells's sociological volume *Anticipations* will recall the author's insistence that rapid transit is the sole solution of the question of congestion in great centres. Numerous efforts have been made to achieve this end, but it is generally realised that we must look to some system other than the ordinary railway for the purpose. For this reason great interest has been aroused by the new railway system devised by Mr E. W. Chalmers Kearney, which offers an ingenious development in accelerated railway transportation. Recently the inventor demonstrated the features of his invention in London with a working scale-model running upon a track some two hundred feet in length. The idea may be best described as a modification of the well-known mono-rail, with this distinctive difference: in addition to the single-track rail there is a rigid overhead line of lighter construction with which overhead wheels engage, thereby serving to maintain the upright position of the car. The two tracks are held solidly in alignment and gauge by semicircular supports, the ends of which grip the bottom and upper rails respectively, so that one cannot move without the other. The car itself is mounted upon four or eight wheels as desired, the wheels being mounted one behind the other in pairs upon bogie trucks at either end. Each wheel is a driver, since it carries upon its axle and coupled directly thereto an electric motor. By this arrangement the greater part of the weight of the car is near the track, the superstructure containing the passenger accommodation being relatively light, so that the centre of gravity is placed very low, and this factor almost serves to keep the car upright, so that but little pressure is brought to bear upon the guide-rail by the overhead wheels mounted tandem-fashion upon the roof of the car, also at either end. When the car is in motion, owing to the gyroscopic action produced by the traction-wheels, the pressure upon the top rail is practically absent. The secret of the invention lies in the design of the guide-wheels, which are cut very deep and in such a manner that rubbing friction is reduced to the minimum. The advantage of the arrangement is that not only is very high speed attainable—from one hundred miles per hour upwards—but travelling is very smooth and steady. There being only a single rail, lateral swaying is obviated. Moreover, it is perfectly safe, since derailment is impossible unless the permanent way is actually broken. Curves can be easily negotiated at high speed, since it is only necessary to tilt over the guide-rail to give the car an inward leaning to counteract the centrifugal force. Railway construction upon this principle would be appreciably cheapened, since the line could simply follow the contour of the country, thereby avoiding cuttings and embankments, and gradients up to one in three could be successfully traversed.

A HANDY TASSEL-FASTENER FOR BLINDS.

A natty little device which will appeal to the housewife as a means of facilitating a minor but often exasperating task is a fastener that has recently been placed on the market for securing tassels to blinds. There is a small clasp having a cap which opens on a hinge into which the knot at the end of the cord is slipped, and which is merely snapped on to the blind. Consequently, when it is desired to release the tassel, no untying of knots, cutting of cord, or use of tools is necessary, and the tassel and cord can be detached or replaced in a moment.

SALT MANUFACTURE BY FUSION.

For some years past efforts have been made to evolve a more expeditious and cheaper process for the manufacture of salt than the evaporating process which has been in vogue for so many centuries, in which the rock-salt as quarried in the mine, together with its numerous impurities, is dissolved in water and the latter subsequently driven off by means of fire beneath the evaporating pans. The new process may be best described as an application of the Bessemer converter used in the manufacture of steel. The dirty and discoloured rock-salt is discharged into a special furnace, and there quickly converted to a molten condition. Thence it is run into a receiver through which a current of compressed air is forced. This causes all the impurities in the molten mass either to be blown off into the air or precipitated to the bottom of the vessel, leaving an almost transparent liquid. The latter is then poured off into moulds and allowed to cool and solidify, the resultant product being pure and white, suitable for market. The solid block thus obtained can either be sold in this condition as rock-salt or broken up and ground into various sizes as required for different purposes. The most prominent feature of this process is not only the elimination of all impurities, but the fact that the salt is bleached. The extent to which the cost of manufacture is reduced may be gathered from the statement that whereas by the evaporating method a ton of coal will only yield one and a half tons of salt, worth thirty shillings, by the fusion process one ton of fuel will produce fifteen tons of finished salt,

suitable either for the table or commoner purposes, worth two hundred and twenty-five shillings.

ELECTRICITY FROM PEAT.

A comprehensive scheme for the utilisation of peat upon an extensive scale in Ireland is being projected. The scope of the project is to erect a central station upon the Grand Canal some twenty-four miles from Dublin, and to produce blast-furnace gas from the peat which will supply the necessary fuel to huge gas-engines which in turn will drive electric generators of sufficient capacity to furnish electrical energy over King's County and Kildare. The process to be exploited is that of a German inventor, whose extensive factory near Munich has been in successful operation for some two years past. The feature of this process is that peat containing as much as 50 per cent. of moisture can be satisfactorily used, the moisture becoming an essential ingredient of the water-gas, and preventing too rapid combustion. In addition to the production of the gas for the engines, an elaborate plant is installed for the recovery of the residual products, such as sulphate of ammonia, tars and tar-oils, &c., which in themselves are of appreciable commercial value. In the German factory the process is of a dual nature. Peat which can be air-dried to such an extent that only some 25 per cent. of moisture is retained is converted into peat-coke, which from a fuel-point of view is highly satisfactory, and is now used by the German navy and many leading industrial firms, while the raw material from which only about half of the moisture can be evaporated—this operation being dependent upon climatic conditions—is used for the production of the gas from which the by-products are extracted. Owing to the humid character of the Irish climate only gas-fuel will be produced. The process is also to be used in connection with peat-bogs in other parts of the country, and it should offer a means of utilising our vast resources of this raw material to commercial advantage.

THE ECONOMICAL DESTRUCTION OF CHARLOCK AND THE IMPROVEMENT OF CORN CROPS.

There is probably no farmer within the confines of these islands who has not suffered more or less from the infestation of his cereal crops by the yellow weed charlock, which thrives so luxuriantly to the detriment of the corn. Some nine years ago a determined effort was made by the introduction of a simple process to assist the farmer in ridding his land of this ubiquitous nuisance. The method is inexpensive and simple, comprising the spraying of the pest with a 3 per cent. solution of sulphate of copper by a suitable machine that has been designed for the purpose. The fields can be thus treated with equal effect either when the weed is young or in full flower. The cost of treatment, including material, machine, and labour, is not high, averaging about six shillings and sixpence an acre per annum, and in the course of a few years a badly infested field can be completely cleared. The destruction of the charlock naturally improves the quality and yield of the crops, so that the gain secured in this direction more than counterbalances the cost of the treatment. Those farmers, therefore, who suffer heavy losses from the severe infestation of their lands with the nuisance have a ready means of eradicating the weed and restoring the ground to its maximum crop-yielding value. The advantage of the process, moreover, is that no deleterious effect is produced upon the cereals by the sulphate of copper.

PORTLAND CEMENT FROM BLAST-FURNACE SLAG.

The economical and commercial utilisation of the vast quantities of slag which accumulate round our blast-furnaces opens up great opportunities. One of the latest projects for turning this waste to commercial account is the production of Portland cement equal in every respect to the article of this name which is generally employed. The inventor is Mr Sherard Cowper-Coles, the well-known electro-metallurgist, and his process consists in taking the slag in its molten condition as it issues from the furnace to an electric resistance-furnace. Here its temperature is still further raised, during which operation the necessary quantity of chalk is added. The whole mass is then subjected to electrolysis, which brings about certain reactions, the result of which is a cement similar to the best Portland cement. The advantage of the system is the small cost of manufacture as compared with the present methods, while, moreover, it is produced in practically one operation.

THE ORGANISED DESTRUCTION OF VERMIN.

Scientific and medical research having conclusively proved the fact that vermin constitute a menace to the health of the community, and indeed are responsible for the propagation and dissemination of many of the ills to which flesh is heir, an organised movement for systematic eradication thereof should be warmly supported by the general public, who after all are the persons most intimately affected. A few months ago a society under the presidency of Sir James Crichton Browne, F.R.S., was established, upon the broadest lines, for the eradification of rats, mice, sparrows, ticks, fleas, mosquitoes, and flies, to whose ravages a whole range of the most deadly epidemical diseases can be attributed. The society has enlisted the services of our foremost scientists and bacteriologists, and will make a special study of the habits of noxious vermin and the part they play in disease causation, together with experiments with various repressive measures that are from time to time evolved, for the purpose of ascertaining their destructive efficiency. Unfortunately, however, the society, owing to its identification with the efforts of rat-extermination by virus, was regarded by some people as an offshoot of the commercial interests concerned in the exploitation of the various

specifics, some of which have proved far from satisfactory. Such an impression, however, is quite erroneous; but we would urge the society to take a leaf from the procedure of the British Fire Prevention Committee, so that its actions may not be misconstrued or unfair advantage taken by the enterprising advertising agents of the firms concerned. Once this assumption is completely removed, the society—whose offices are No. 1 Palace Gardens Mansions, London, W.—will receive the unstinted support of those to whom it directly appeals, and to whom the extermination of the various nuisances is a matter of vital importance.

FIREPROOF AND DAMP-RESISTING FLOORING.

A new material which should appeal to those desirous of securing not only a damp-proof and fireproof but a perfectly sanitary flooring has recently been introduced to the English market from the Continent, where its utilisation has proved successful. The substance is of a secret nature, having a surface, when laid, similar to linoleum. It is composed of two layers, which together give a total thickness of five-eighths of an inch. The bottom layer is first placed in position, being secured by means of a special paste. This stratum is then also treated with the paste, which acts as a cement, and the upper layer superimposed. Within forty-eight hours it becomes a jointless, solid, and durable flooring. The surface can be coloured according to any required scheme, and it can be easily cleansed. The material has proved eminently suitable for hospitals and similar institutions, though of course it is applicable to any type of building where the above-mentioned requirements are desirable.

A HANDY BATH FOR SMALL COTTAGES.

If there is one drawback more than another incidental to small cottages, it is the absence of a bath. Whether it is considered to be a luxury or is omitted on the plea of expense is not known; but the fact remains that the tenant of cottage property highly prizes any such convenience that is provided for him, and will often sacrifice other comforts in a building in order to secure this accommodation, which in the interests of the general health might very beneficially be made compulsory. An excellent effort to remedy this deficiency is made in the patent tip-up bath. It is made of steel, coated with lead, and painted. Though as light as possible, it is very strong, and just the thing for hard wear such as it would experience in small property. As, however, exigencies of space in a cottage cannot permit a facility of this kind to stand as a permanent rigid structure, the bath is made to tip up when not required, so that it lies flat against the wall, or preferably is concealed in a small cupboard. The bath is so designed that the waste is permanently connected to the drainage system, so that no delay ensues in getting it ready or packing it away when done with. The article is supplied at a low figure, and its popularity is testified by the number of houses in the neighbourhood of Birmingham that have been equipped with it.

ESSENCE OF TEA.

The production of an essence of tea which, while sufficiently concentrated in strength, should still retain its delicacy of flavour has long been an unsolved problem to chemists and manufacturers alike. The extremely volatile nature of those constituents which give to tea its aroma and its inspiriting qualities has hitherto presented an insurmountable obstacle to all experimenters in this direction. But although hitherto unsolved, the problem has not proved insoluble. A firm of Edinburgh manufacturers has at last produced —under the inviting name of 'five o'clock tea essence'—an article in connection with which the difficulties, chemical and mechanical, have been overcome. This result has been the outcome, the manufacturers assure us, of twenty years' experiment and research, and the statement sounds in no way extravagant to any one with a sufficient knowledge of the properties of tea to enable him to estimate the difficulties. To obtain a cup of tea it is only necessary to place a teaspoonful of the essence in a cup and fill up the cup with boiling water. To certain classes, such as early risers, students, picnickers, long-distance travellers by cycle, rail, or motor, nurses and others on night-duty, tea essence will appeal in a very special way; but there is hardly any one who has not felt, at one time or another, the desire to drink or to offer a cup of tea if it could be had without the fuss of tea-leaves and teapots.

LE JARDIN SECRET.

I HAVE a secret garden of my own
  Where none may enter, for I keep the key.
What wondrous seeds therein I oft have sown;
What strange dream-birds have nested there and flown;
What perfect flowers have blossomed there full-blown!
  But not an eye save mine shall ever see
My secret garden where I walk alone.

The orchard-trees are hung with fruits most rare
  Within this garden where I walk alone;
And sometimes on the warm, flower-scented air
One hears the pipes of Pan low fluting there—
A burden soft the dream-bees' hum doth bear—
  Here in this secret garden of my own,
Where, for a little space, I hide from Care.

MARIA STEUART.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE THREE-ARMED BUDDHA.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'BEEN any callers, Baynes?' asked Frank Denaby of the door-porter as he rubbed his boots on the mat in the entrance-hall of Petersham Mansions, situated in the West Central district of London.

'No, sir, nobody has asked for you; but there's a telegram and a post-letter for you in the rack.'

Having secured the documents in question, Denaby ascended by the lift to the second floor. His latchkey admitted him to his small flat, consisting of a general living-room, in which he worked and ate and smoked and received callers, with a bedroom and a bathroom *en suite*.

The clock on the chimneypiece chimed five as he entered. The time was late September, and such wind as there was had an easterly tang in it, so the first thing he did was to strike a match and set light to the ready-laid firing in the grate. Then he drew up an easy-chair and tore open the envelope of the telegram.

'From Brandon, Carlton Hotel,' ran the missive. 'Home from Ceylon a week ago. Shall look you up at 6.30 to-day. Make no engagements for this evening.'

Denaby lay back in his chair and proceeded automatically to twist the telegram into a pipe-light. So his old chum Tom Brandon was back, probably for a holiday, after four years of tea-planting in Ceylon. Well, he should be glad indeed to grip him by the hand. They would have much to talk about and many reminiscences to air. He was glad he had no engagements for the evening; but, had it been otherwise, he would have put off everything in favour of dear old Tom.

Then, presently, he remembered that his post-letter was still unopened. He took it up and scanned the address with some curiosity. The sprawling script was evidently that of an illiterate person—a woman, so far as he could judge. 'Il Signor Denaby,' it ran, 'Petersham Mansions, Londra.'

After ascertaining that it bore no post-mark save a London one, he opened the envelope and extracted the enclosure, the contents of which were in Italian, and, translated, ran as under:

'SIGNOR,—I write this to warn you that your life is in great danger. Signor, you can hardly have forgotten Ruffo Rupini; but, if so, he has not forgotten you. That day at Naples, before he was put away five years ago, he swore vengeance against you. He is again a free man and here in London.

'Signor, the fire of his hate burns as fiercely to-day as it did then. By chance he has discovered where you live. Last night he cursed you in his sleep. This morning he sharpened his *coltello*. To-night he will leave home when the dark sets in. I pray to the Virgin, signor, that nothing may happen to you before morning. But I tremble—I tremble. Oh, beware!

'May the Holy Saints have you in their keeping, signor! TERESA.'

The pleasant smile which had lighted up Denaby's face at the reading of his friend's telegram died out of it as he took in the contents of the letter. Then he read it again, more slowly than before. That done, he lay back in his chair and began to go over in memory the circumstances in connection with the affair of Ruffo Rupini. But he had not been thus engaged more than a couple of minutes when, after a discreet tap, the door was opened by Baynes.

'A gentleman to see you, sir,' he announced; and hardly had the words left his lips before Mr Tom Brandon brushed past him into the room.

Denaby sprang to his feet, dropping the letter as he did so, and the hands of the two men met in a long, warm grip. When the first greetings were over, Brandon said, 'I am here before the time named in my telegram. I had a business

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appointment in the City, and was able to get away earlier than I expected.'

As soon as they were seated, one on either side of the hearth, Frank said, 'Are you over in England for any length of time?'

'Three months is the limit of my leave. But I mean to have a rippin' time while it lasts. And now tell me, dear old chappie, how the world has been using you since we parted last?'

'Quite as well as I had any right to expect it would. After my father's death and the wreck of our family fortunes, being an adept at shorthand and having published a sketchy book of travels, I was glad to accept the offer of a berth as a sort of general-utility man on the staff of *The Pharos*, a paper of the existence of which I hope you won't plead ignorance. Since then I've progressed somewhat. When the House is sitting I haunt the Gallery as an extra hand in case of emergencies. I attend such *premieres* as our theatrical boss thinks beneath his notice, and write the needful critiques. Now and then I run down into the country to report a political meeting. For the rest, I review such books of all sorts as Anstruther, our literary gun, turns up his nose at.'

'And it's a life that suits you?'

'I'm satisfied, and when I've said that I've said enough.'

Thereupon he rose, crossed to the sideboard, and brought out of it a box of cigars, a spirit-stand, and a siphon of aerated water. 'Help yourself,' he said, as he drew up a small table and placed the articles on it. Then each took a cigar, and for a couple of minutes silence reigned.

'You seem to have a comfortable little shanty here,' remarked Brandon presently, as he glanced about him.

'The accommodation is rather limited, but the position suits me; besides, I can't afford anything more expensive.'

Several good engravings on the walls, some Nankin and cloisonné ware, three or four Persian rugs on the floor, a couple of tables and sundry chairs, a serviceable writing-desk (littered with books and papers) under one of the windows, with a typewriting machine under the other, pretty well made up the room's plenishing. It looked like what it was, the home of a worker; but Brandon could not help calling to mind how different it was from the luxurious flat rented by his friend before the family *debâcle*.

Suddenly his gaze became concentrated on a bronze statuette of Buddha, about fourteen inches in height, which stood on the chimney-piece. At once he rose in order to examine it more closely. 'We have no end of these johnnies, with their curly locks, in Ceylon,' he said as he turned it over. 'But I don't remember ever seeing one before with three arms.'

'That constitutes its rarity, I opine. At any rate, I paid fifty guineas for it at a curio sale a few days ago.'

Brandon gave vent to a low whistle.

'Not for myself, mind you, but for my uncle Sir Frederick,' continued Frank. 'He has a mania for collecting Eastern curiosities of any and every kind, and no end of catalogues of forthcoming sales are addressed to him. But the dear old boy's a martyr to gout, and in the course of the last year or two I have attended a number of auctions as his representative. That's how this three-armed monstrosity came into my temporary keeping. It was marked in the catalogue, "Genuine Antique—Very Curious." That was enough for Sir Frederick, and I was instructed to buy it. Next week I shall attend another sale for him, after which this bronze and certain other purchases will be packed up and forwarded to him at Winterslade Park.'

'Every one to his taste; but, for my part, I shouldn't care to have this inane face staring at me night and day in my bungalow. I suppose that in Burma or Ceylon the fact of his being represented with three arms instead of two would cause his worshippers to hold him in especial reverence.'

'Possibly so, just as here in the West the same fact adds to his monetary value.'

When Denaby rose to his feet, at his friend's entrance, the letter in Italian had fluttered to the floor, and lay there unnoticed. Now, however, it caught his attention, and he picked it up, his face darkening as he did so. After a moment's hesitation, he handed it to Brandon, with the remark, 'Here's a precious effusion which reached me by post an hour or two ago. Read it.'

'In a woman's writing, is it not?' was Tom's first question.

'Yes.'

'And in Italian?'

'Yes.'

'Then take it back, old man. I know about six words of Italian and no more. But what's it all about?'

'I will translate it for you as literally as I can;' which, after he had switched on the electric light and drawn the window curtains, he proceeded to do.

Tom stared at his friend, when the latter had finished, with an expression of puzzled amazement. Then he said, 'What a funny rigmarole!—for of course it's only a rigmarole. There's nothing serious behind it, is there?'

'It depends upon what you mean by nothing serious,' replied Frank dryly. 'That Ruffo Rupini, at whatsoever risk to himself, will do his utmost to fulfil his oath, I do not doubt.'

'Good heavens! you don't mean it! And to-night, too! But who is the writer of the letter?'

'His wife.'

'Thunder! Now you've told me so much, you must tell me all.'

'That's what I'm about to do. Take another weed, then listen, and ask no questions till I've done.'

He refolded the letter and waited till Brandon had struck a match.

'Between five and six years ago I found myself in Naples for the first time,' began Frank. 'The many-coloured life of that gayest of cities fascinated me, and I lingered on longer than I had intended. One evening, in a deserted part of the suburbs—there was some *festa* or other, I remember, in full swing elsewhere—a man of the labouring class who was walking a few yards ahead of me was pounced upon by another man who sprang from out an archway where he had been lying in wait. There was the momentary flash of a knife, which two seconds later was buried between the shoulders of the first man, who flung up his arms, gave one cry, and sank to the ground. As I rushed forward the murderer turned to fly and we collided. For an instant he glared at me with bared teeth and protruding eyeballs; the next he was gone. But in that instant I had been enabled to note certain physical peculiarities, and it was owing to my description that the police were successful in tracking and capturing him, and it was my evidence at his trial which served to convict him. Then it was, as he stood in the dock, that he launched at me his oath to be avenged as soon as he should regain his liberty, for extenuating circumstances had been advanced in his favour, and he was merely sentenced to a few years' imprisonment. And now you know Ruffo Rupini's purpose in tracking me down.'

'A pretty sort of scoundrel, and no mistake! But what I fail to understand is why his wife, of all persons in the world, should be the one to warn you of your danger.'

'With her gratitude seems as powerful a motive as revenge in her husband's case. After Rupini was sentenced I caused certain inquiries to be made respecting his wife and family, and finding that they were on the verge of starvation, I made arrangements with an *avvocato* that the wife should be paid a certain sum per week during her husband's enforced absence. But I'm at a loss to imagine how she discovered my connection with the allowance.'

'It's a queer business, and I'm glad that I'm not mixed up in it. But as regards the warning in the letter, what action do you purpose taking?'

'None at all.'

'The police'——

'Would be puzzled to run down Rupini among London's millions even if I had a definite charge to make against the fellow, which I have not. No, I must just take my chance, and'——

'What a dunderhead I am!' broke in Brandon, with a resounding slap on his leg. 'Till this moment I had clean forgotten that I'm the bearer of a special invitation for you from my aunt, Mrs Lennox—surely you can't have forgotten her! Her only son comes of age to-day, and to-night she gives a ball, to which I'm going, and you with me.' He glanced at his watch. 'Jack Ponsonby's motor-car will call here in thirty minutes from now, and it won't take us longer than an hour to spin down to Minden Lodge; so you've just time to get into your evening togs. Should Signor Rupini favour you with a call to-night he won't find you at home.'

'Of course I've not forgotten Mrs Lennox,' said Frank, 'and I'm obliged to her for her kind invitation; but from the day circumstances made it needful for me to earn my bread-and-cheese I resolved to renounce the pomps and vanities—so to term them—to which I was addicted in the days when Fortune smiled upon me. I've exchanged the West End for Fleet Street, and whether I have cut my swell friends or they have cut me makes no difference so long as the result is the same.'

'The rule you've laid down for yourself may be all very well in a general way; but every rule has its exceptions, and I hold my aunt's invitation to be one of them. In point of fact, old man, I shall take your refusal as a personal slight. I may remark that a certain young woman with whom you used to seem on excellent terms is just now visiting at Minden Lodge.'

'To whom do you refer?'

'To my aunt's special pet, Elsie Deighton.'

Denaby bent forward and began to poke the fire in order that Brandon might not note the sudden flush that had mounted to his face.

'Yes,' he said with a fine assumption of indifference, 'once on a time Miss Deighton and I used to be very good friends.'

'She's just as charming now as she was then; more so, to my thinking. And didn't her eyes sparkle when I pledged my word to my aunt that they should see you at the ball!'

Before more could be said Baynes entered and announced that a motor-car was waiting at the door for Mr Brandon.

'All right,' replied Tom. 'Tell the chauffeur that I shall be down in the course of a few minutes.' Then, turning to Denaby, he said, 'Hurry up, there's a good fellow, and jump into your togs.'

Twenty minutes later the motor-car containing our two friends started on its journey to Minden Lodge, thirty miles away. Frank's last words to Baynes were, 'I sha'n't be back before morning.'

On the chimneypiece upstairs the three-armed Buddha was left staring into vacancy with expressionless eyes.

(To be continued.)

NEW JOURNALISM.

By Henry W. Lucy.

THE founder of New Journalism in this country is not among the group of journalists who to-day profitably carry on the business. It was Mr Frederick Greenwood, who in conjunction with the late George Smith founded and solely edited the original *Pall Mall Gazette*. When that luminary appeared in the journalistic firmament, British newspapers sedately, not to say ponderously, followed on the lines established in early Victorian days. There were three leaders of equal length, each divided into three paragraphs, the middle being a little longer than either of the others. Had that condition not been fulfilled no morning paper would have continued to respect itself. Every London paper had its resident correspondent at Paris, and some—the *Times*, for example—went farther afield among the capitals of Europe. But telegraphic news was scanty, and the Atlantic cable as yet was not. Everything was lengthy—the parliamentary reports unrelieved by touch of description of the scene amid which they were carried on, law reports, articles on abstruse subjects, and letters to the editor. To open a newspaper was to present to the eye a level pl in of print. There were no big type cross-headings, occasionally conveying more news than is to be found in the columns they adorn. Paragraphs were eyed askance by editor and sub-editor as something too trivial for the dignity of journalism. A good unbroken column—three, if matter would run to it—was the thing.

When Mr Frederick Greenwood planned the old *Pall Mall Gazette* he went straight to the heart of the principle, obedience to which, perhaps in exaggerated form, has been the basis of the success of New Journalism. He cut things short. He did not absolutely abolish the leading article, but one sufficed. In its arrangement he laid ruthless hands on the sacred principle of the three nicely balanced divisions. His leading article was broken up into paragraphs according to turns in the argument under illustration. No man sitting down to write a letter to a friend thinks of framing it in three divisions. Why so treat a leading article, which, after all, is a communication from a man with a pen in his hand addressing a multitude? Next he introduced the Occasional Note, whose price is above rubies. Under the old order of things, a man having, say, threepennyworth of idea felt compelled to beat it out through three paragraphs, the aggregate just exceeding a column of leader type. With the Occasional Note there was no incentive to unduly spinning out the thread of thought. On the contrary, the briefer the better for the point to be made. Another audacious innovation which shortened the lives of some aged printers' readers was the size and formation of the sheet. Save in respect of the *Times*, which charged threepence a number and had to live up to the price, London newspapers of forty years ago consisted of eight pages of unwieldy size. The *Pall Mall* came out a trim and handy sort of enlarged pamphlet.

It is melancholy to reflect that, having these material advantages, supplemented by a literary staff whose brilliance shone like a star amid the vapidity of hack journalism, the success of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was, in the first instance, due to a flash of that sort of Journalism we still call New. It was not the writing of Frederick Greenwood, FitzJames Stephen, or other of the scholars and gentlemen meeting in the dingy room in Northumberland Street that caught on with the public. It was a stray article of what is known as the sensational order, contributed by an outsider who had the temerity to pass a night in the casual ward and the gift of graphic description.

It was in the service of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the editorship of Mr Greenwood, that I first entered the Press Gallery of the House of Commons. In those far-off times—it was the year 1870—the Gallery was in all respects a different place from the institution as it now exists. It was an exceedingly close corporation, only the London morning papers being represented by regular staffs. The consequence was there were boxes sufficient for all duly qualified applicants. Indeed, two were appropriated to each paper—one for the staff, the other for the summary-writer. The benches at the back, now nightly fought for through the session by descriptive summary-writers, London Letter purveyors, and the occasional leader-writer, were then an empty space on which Steel, sole janitor of the Gallery, not always noiselessly slept. The aggregate number of reporters did not exceed threescore. Even for that number the accommodation for their comfort outside the Gallery was ludicrously inadequate. They were 'strangers' whose presence was winked at in spite of the retention among the Standing Orders of an edict prohibiting publication of report of debates under heavy pains and penalties. If they were wise they would take such goods as the Serjeant-at-Arms provided, and, forestalling the custom of Brer Rabbit yet unborn, 'lay low and say nuffin'.'

In this twentieth century there are provided for the convenience of the more than two hundred gentlemen who have access to the Press Gallery suites of spacious rooms in which notes may be written out, in some with the comforting assistance of the homely pipe or the lordly cigar. There are dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, tea-rooms, and an excellent library of reference. Less than forty

years ago meals, such as they were, were served in a little vestibule at the top of the stairs leading to the Press Gallery. Here in later years sat old Wright, who, in intervals of wakefulness, talked with the telegraph messenger-boys in conversational style more nearly akin to that of Dr Johnson than anything a nineteenth-century generation was privileged to enjoy. Wright, a character in whom Charles Dickens would have delighted, was a brand plucked from the burning by Lord Charles Russell when Serjeant-at-Arms. He was in early life brought up to the boat-building business somewhere on the banks of the Thames. The tradition in the Gallery was that the Serjeant-at-Arms, strolling at ease by the river's marge, heard him praying or singing a hymn (I forget which), entered into conversation, and was so impressed with his intelligence and simplicity of manner that he appointed him guardian of the outer approach to the Press Gallery.

In course of time Wright, perceiving an opening for business, furtively brought down in a red pocket-handkerchief (not, it was faintly hoped, earlier devoted to its appointed purpose) a chunk of boiled beef. This, engagingly displayed with plates and knives and forks on the table, attracted hungry gentlemen of the press accustomed to go outside in search of supper. Encouraged by growing custom, Wright supplemented the boiled beef with the knuckle-end of a ham. There he stopped. It was ever cold roast-beef and boiled ham. When the sybarite got tired of beef and ham he had ham and beef. I suppose it was due to handling knives and saws and things in the boat-building business that Wright developed a skill for cutting slices of ham and beef thinner than ever before were laid on the plate. That was a pardonable mannerism. What the fastidious found objectionable was that, whilst engaged upon the delicate operation, he brought his nose into undesirably close contiguity with the joint he carved.

When I began my work in the Press Gallery all the morning papers had a parliamentary summary, and all were modelled on the style of the column in the *Times*. It was then, as it remains to this day, a severely sedate, shorter report of speeches made in the course of the sitting. Since the start of the paper, the *Pall Mall* summary had been written by the assistant editor, Mr Hamilton Fyfe. An old Gallery man on the *Times* staff, he in this particular department of the new paper brought with him the *Times* style. The 'prentice-hand of Mr Fyfe's immediate successor did not venture to stray beyond the iron-bound limits. The understanding was that a summary-writer sat in the Press Gallery to hear, not to see. The slightest departure from that rule would have shocked the editorial mind and might have led to unpleasant consequences for the hardy adventurer.

It was on the morning edition of the *Pall Mall* I fleshed my maiden pen as a recorder of parliamentary events. The venture, a costly one for the princely proprietor, did not long survive my collaboration. In the autumn of 1872 I joined the staff of the *Daily News*, and in conjunction with Archibald Forbes took a step regarded at the time as something tending in the direction of New Journalism. Whenever an event of public importance took place—a wreck off Dungeness, unrest among the miners of South Wales, an agricultural strike in Warwickshire, a balloon ascent, a picturesque trial, certainly in one case an execution at Newgate—we attended, wrote more or less picturesque descriptions, and, if the event took place in the provinces, telegraphed it in time for the next morning's issue.

In 1873, there chancing to be on the *Daily News* staff a vacancy for the post of leader of the parliamentary corps and summary-writer, I was appointed to fill it. In the following year there were born a new Parliament and a new era in parliamentary procedure. Under the leadership of Isaac Butt, the Irish Nationalist party first became a coherent force. After brief struggle, Isaac Butt's inherent constitutional prejudices proving a block to his supremacy, he was pushed aside. Parnell came to the front, with grotesque but shrewd Joseph Gillis Biggar as his lieutenant. Disraeli was leader of the house. Gladstone, after for a while uneasily wearing the chains of voluntary quietude, blazed forth in denunciation of the Bulgarian atrocities. There were alarums and excursions in which Kenealy and Plimsoll played divers parts. There were all-night sittings, heated debates on foreign policy, and one tragic episode when opposition to a vote of credit led by Forster from the Front Opposition Bench was hurriedly withdrawn after Stafford Northcote read a telegram just arrived from Layard, Her Majesty's Minister at the Porte, announcing that the Russians were at the gates of Constantinople.

How were these incidents and scenes to be realised in the minds of the newspaper readers through the medium of the old-fashioned, still orthodox, summary? With trembling hand, a dash of colour was splashed upon the parliamentary summary of the *Daily News*. Attempt was made to invest the column with some of the light that nightly blazed in the House of Commons. The editor was not shocked. The public seemed to like it. It speedily became, and for thirty years remained, a recognised feature of the paper.

Another revolution tending towards New Journalism for which the *Daily News* is directly responsible is the collection and prominent publication of paragraphs of more or less exclusive political information. When I first knew the Press Gallery, the Lobby of the House of Commons was, to its occupants, as distant, certainly as unfrequented, as the Desert of Sahara. One or two of the more enterprising of the provincial papers supplied in their London Letters occasional gossip from the parliamentary arena. No well-regulated London morning paper would display in its columns small

wares of that kind. It was during the Parliament of 1880–85 that stray paragraphs conveying political information derived from private sources began to appear at the foot of the leaders in the *Daily News*.

My earliest efforts in this new field were hampered by telegrams coming down from the editor's room, over the private wire, asking for authority for particular statements. The credit of a great newspaper was a precious thing not to be endangered by what might have no sounder foundation than what Disraeli on a historic occasion, alluding to reports of Turkish evil-doings in Bulgaria, described as 'coffee-house babble.' When it turned out that some of the allegations were verified, some of the prognostications fulfilled, these paragraphs were eagerly welcomed in Bouverie Street, and appropriated with engaging freedom by the evening papers. One by one the other London morning papers followed the lead in this direction of the *Daily News*. Last of all the *Times* came also with its admirable column of Political Notes daily published through the parliamentary session. In respect of this phase of New Journalism, as in the matter of the descriptive summary of a night's doings in Parliament, all can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed.

Notice of one other small matter completes confession of personal complicity in the birth and growth of New Journalism. When, in the course of time, I came to the editorial chair of my *alma mater*, the *Daily News*, in common with its contemporaries, observed the custom of printing leaders without a heading indicating their purport. It is difficult to conceive any practice more indefensible. It was part of the Brahmin reverence with which utterances of the editorial 'we' were regarded. The provincial daily papers, less trammelled by ancient customs, frankly introduced their leading articles with an allusive or explanatory cross-heading. I was myself so far under the spell of unreasoned prejudice that I stopped short of that innovation on metropolitan practice. I compromised by introduction of the indented heading, to-day familiar in nearly every newspaper published morning or evening throughout the country. In the dead unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof, I tell myself in mournful numbers that had it been possible to patent the little device, charging a royalty, say of a tenth of a penny per leader page, I should to-day be one of 'them as is rich and rides in chaises.'

The exponents of New Journalism, the sale of whose products leaves the elder journals lamentably lagging behind, have, whilst embodying the principle of brevity that marked the old *Pall Mall*, introduced other features. Our most widely circulated halfpenny morning papers are, in brief, the result of grafting American Journalism on a British stem. Perhaps there is not much of the stem visible. The motto of New Journalism may be read by slight variation of a familiar line: 'Be smart, my child, and let who will be accurate.' The inherent weakness of New Journalism is its slavery to sensationalism. It must have with every fresh morning big headlines calculated to make its readers 'sit up,' whether at the breakfast-table, in tram, or railway carriage on their way to business. There is no implacable reason why the column of smaller type that follows should live up to the headline. Still, folk who have planked down their halfpenny want something in return. A newspaper reader cannot live by headlines alone. The weakness of the situation is that every day does not bring its sensation. Consequently a spirit of inventiveness is called in aid, and imagination rushes in where facts fail to tread.

This is a pity, as, though an occasional flash such as an imaginary massacre in a far-off capital, or a frenzied outbreak of a colonial premier by fond fancy feigned, may be overlooked, a continuance of putting forth fables as facts is apt to create a feeling of mistrust in the mind of the most generous public. If New Journalism were as reliable as it is readable it would be a mighty power in the land.

As it is, it has revolutionised the British press, not only by its abnormal circulation but by its influence upon the older class of newspapers. They all denounce its ways and timidly imitate some of them. In such a contest the race is not to the timid, and New Journalism, fearlessly going the whole hog, leads by many laps.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

By W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D., Author of *Deeds that Won the Empire*, *How England Saved Europe*, &c.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—IN THE BRITISH CAMP.

JACK was welcomed at the mess—such as it was—of the Tenth, and the change from a Bedouin camp-fire to the table of a British mess was bewildering. He sat amongst the officers of the Tenth like a man in a dream. Their talk sounded in his ears like an unknown language; he had lost the key to it. But the officers were on active duty, and, as is always the case under such conditions, were in high spirits, and their welcome to Jack had a delightful element of frankness in it. He had been rigged out in European dress at the expense of the wardrobes of half-a-dozen officers, and as he sat with his sunburnt features at the improvised mess-table he was a very striking figure. He had much to tell which

keenly interested his hearers. He knew the desert through which they had to struggle, with its risks and hardships, its perils of thirst, of heat, of attack from roving bands; and he had a hundred stories of wild incidents and strange experiences to relate.

But the question of his own future was already perplexing him. The sight of English faces, the sound of English voices and laughter round the mess-table, seemed to bring his old life back to him at a breath. The oasis set in the flaming sun, the dark countenances of the Bedouins, all the bitter memories of his slavery faded. He touched civilisation again. London was calling to him, and the faces London held. He stretched out his hand in the empty air involuntarily, as though to grasp unseen and far-off hands. What might not have happened in his own household circle during all those years? Did love still wait for him there? Did they mourn for him as dead?

Then there swept through him a wave of thankfulness that sent the water to his eyes. The suddenness and completeness of his escape amazed him. He had imagined himself reaching some little coastal village and seizing a boat and daring the risks of the sea, or stumbling perhaps on some French outpost and surrendering himself as a prisoner of war. He never imagined safety could be won except through some long procession of perils. And, lo! it had come in a breath, and in the shape of a whole British army, with its guns. Often when a slave in a camp of Bedouins, in the sleepless hours of the night or in the thirst and heat of a desert march, he had, in the language of the psalm, 'lifted his eyes to the hills' from whence help alone could come. And help *had* come—complete, final.

The major, who sat at the head of the mess-table, noticed the mood of abstracted silence into which their guest fell, and when the little gathering broke up he detained him for a few minutes and talked of his future plans.

'You must see the General,' he said at last; 'he is coming up from the port to-night, and goes on to Legeta to-morrow. He will settle things for you.'

The tone of confidence in which the major spoke amused Jack.

'The whole mess plainly believes in the General.'

'So does every man in the camp. The Sepoys make religious offerings to him. Your shortest and safest road to London,' the major went on, 'is with us. We shall strike the Nile and sail down it, or march along its banks to Cairo, and join hands with the British troops there. You can easily make your way from that point down to the Mediterranean.'

Jack did not reply, but he felt that this plan was hardly good enough. The pace of the army would be an irritation to him. The column crept on, with its huge 'tail' of camels and supplies, the men halting through the flaming midday and the long afternoon. His camel would leave the heavy-footed battalions hopelessly behind. If there was no other course possible he must push on alone.

That night, as he lay half-asleep, Jack heard, running like a thread of sound through his dreams, the trampling of horses, the clash of steel; and when he awoke he was told that the General and his staff had arrived, and had pushed on, without halting, to the next stopping-place. Long before dawn, while the sky still glittered with the light of a thousand stars, the column had broken camp and was on the march. Jack rode for a couple of hours beside the major of the Tenth, and then put his camel to the trot and pushed on ahead with Sidi to Legeta, to overtake the General. He reached the halting-place before noon, and early in the evening obtained an interview with Baird.

The British General was a figure to satisfy the eye of a soldier. In stature he overtopped every man in his own force; and the vast limbs, the massive features, the full, open eyes—with a sort of slow majesty in them—made him an ideal soldier of the medieval type. He resembled an Ajax Telamon in the uniform of a British major-general. Whether he had the forecasting brain of a great soldier might perhaps be open to doubt. The forehead, falling in from the wide brows too quickly, hardly suggested intellect of the highest order. But if he had lived in an age when war was a matter of personal combat, Baird's commanding stature and physical strength would have made him famous. He might have ridden, armed cap-à-pie, with Richard Lion-Heart; and there was a knightly strain in the Scotch soldier's temper as well as a knightly look on his face which made him fit for a place at the round table of King Arthur himself. After the guttural of Arab camps, too, Jack found Baird's broad-vowelled Scottish speech, through which the consonants ran like a thread of gravel, very pleasant to his ears.

Baird listened to his story with silent attention. He pricked up his ears when Jack told the tale of his long slavery, and questioned him closely as to the life he had lived in the oasis and the term of his captivity.

'Well,' he said, 'I spent as long in an Indian dungeon;' and he looked at Jack with a friendly air. He had himself been a captive for three years and eight months in Seringapatam, and the common experience gave him a sense of comradeship with his visitor. 'Your Bedouins,' Baird went on, 'might have taken lessons in cruelty from Hyder Ali.'

'But you had company, sir. I had no Lucas with me.'

The story of Baird's long captivity was a household tale throughout Great Britain, and the chivalry of Lucas, a fellow-officer of Baird, was almost as famous and quite as noble as the story of Bayard and the dying soldier. His captors were about to fasten a pair of heavy iron fetters on Baird's wounded limbs, and Lucas volunteered to bear two sets of

irons himself in order to save his comrade. Baird's eyes softened at the name.

'Ay,' he said, 'he died, poor fellow! in that devil's hole.'

Baird meditated a few moments after listening to Jack's story.

'I will give you all the help I can. You are eager to reach London, and the column will be too slow for you. But I am sending my aide-de-camp Budgeon in advance, with despatches to General Hutchinson. He must travel fast, but I don't think,' he added, looking at Jack's active figure and sun-browned features, 'that you will hinder him. You may, indeed, be a help to him, and the two of you shall ride together.'

Budgeon was called in. He was a little, short-legged, short-necked, square-headed officer, an infantry man, having a commission in the Eighty-fourth. Baird had chosen his messenger with a shrewd eye, for Budgeon was a light-weight, a soldier every inch, and his little, compact body was as hard as nails. He looked askance at Jack as soon as he heard they were to be companions. He meant to push on at speed and at any cost. This newly escaped slave was not a soldier; at best he would be an unknown factor in the enterprise in hand, and he might well be a drag upon it. But Budgeon took a fresh look at his proposed companion, and something in his build and look reassured him.

'You will do,' he said briefly.

But Jack found that he must part with Sidi. Budgeon bluntly refused to have him in the party.

'You need not come yourself,' he said ungraciously, 'if you do not want to come; but we cannot take the negro with us.'

There was no difficulty in finding a place for Sidi in the force; he was gladly taken on by the quartermaster of the Tenth. But it was hard to break a companionship cemented by so many perils and sufferings. Jack found it hard indeed to make Sidi understand why they must part, and the huge negro flung himself down on the sand, weeping like a child, when he heard the news. Jack felt his own eyes grow wet at the parting.

'I shall come back to Egypt,' he said, 'some day, and pick you up again;' and at the words Sidi lifted his face with a half-consoled look. Jack had arranged for an advance from the paymaster of the Tenth, and he poured into Sidi's broad black palm a glittering stream of gold. But the tears were running down the negro's face as Jack rode away, and the gold coins were slipping through his unheeding fingers.

The pair rode off from the camp as soon as night fell, and pushed on all night. The next day they struck the Nile at Ghennah. They had to find their way down more than three hundred miles of its course to Cairo. The river was already beginning to rise, the monsoon had set in, and if the current was in favour of the boat the wind was against it.

'The General,' said Budgeon as he looked meditatively on the river, and noted the lines of foam caused by the rush of the current against the wind, 'will have a hard job when he gets his troops afloat.'

Ghennah was a little patch of verdure set in the brown of the desert sands, with the river running past one face of it. It was rich in fruit-trees, in gardens, and melon-beds, in leaf and shade of every kind; and to the eyes of Jack, dulled by the glare of the white light and the brown and gray of desert sands for so many months, the green of the little river-side oasis was a perpetual feast in colour. But no suitable boat was to be had, and the pair mounted their camels and pushed on to the next stage.

For the next three days the pace was kept up. Sometimes they picked up a boat at a river-side village, manned it with a strong crew, and pulled through the glaring day. Then they landed, secured fresh mounts, and rode on. Nothing tired Budgeon, yet he would have fared badly but for his companion's knowledge not only of Arabic but of Arab character; and as the English soldier toiled on in the heat, his face crimson, his eyes almost apoplectic, he found that Lawrence could outride and outlast him.

On the morning of the fifth day three spear-points of deepest azure drawn with the sharpness of steel against the luminous sky were visible. They were the tips of the Pyramids. Later in the day, while the gray walls of Cairo were still out of sight, they struck a picket of British cavalry. The officer drew up his horse and stared with astonishment at the pair.

'Why, Budgeon,' he said, 'where have you dropped from?'

The two men clasped hands. He was Gray of the Royals, Budgeon explained, and they were old friends. Jack sat silent while the eager rush of question and answer betwixt the two went on.

'And the troops from India are behind you!' said the cavalry officer at last. 'That's a big thing and a plucky thing;' and he looked admiringly at Baird's messenger.

Then he told the great news. The French in Cairo had surrendered; the city was to be given up the next day.

Budgeon's face fell as he listened. 'Then we poor fellows from India are too late after all;' and the expression of disgust on his red features threw the cavalryman into a fit of laughter.

'We are too late.' That is the history of Baird's famous expedition packed into a phrase. It was daring in conception, singularly picturesque in its details, admirably led—Baird lost only three men in the march from Kosseir to the Nile—and yet it was a failure. It was whipped with storms across the Indian Ocean. It arrived at its destination a fleet with its Admiral missing, a General without his army. It struggled across the desert tormented by thirst, scorched by heat. It found its way for three hundred miles down the Nile to Cairo. And yet, during its whole course, it never saw a shot fired in battle!

The dates in the almanac register its failure. The desert march began on June 29; and Cairo had surrendered on June 28. Baird with his army arrived at Gizeh on August 8, only to find that General Hutchinson had left for Alexandria the day before. Baird followed, reached Rosetta on August 30, and learned that the French holding Alexandria had sent in a flag of truce on August 29!

(To be continued.)

GLENFINNAN.

AN April day, with a cold north wind—a day when the views are exquisitely clear and far-reaching, and when the hills stand out sharp and blue, their snowy tops so like the white clouds which chase each other across the blue sky and cast deep shadows on the mountain-sides. An April day, and one true to the somewhat fickle nature of that month. From time to time a shower of sleet or hail sweeps through the glen, enveloping everything in mist; yet the curtain is down only for a few minutes, and when it lifts the scene is even brighter than before, though round a far-off precipice a thin wreath of mist is left lingering like some hill-spirit, soon to vanish in the gay sunlight.

Up on the hillsides the wind is icy; but here, in the shelter of the glen, it is summer, and one lies lazily drinking the heather-ale and becoming more and more intoxicated with its glory.

Within a few feet of where I lie, thus employed, is a huge bell suspended between two stones. No one I have asked can tell me its history, yet I cannot but think that it may have some tale to tell, for all this ground is hallowed by the memories of 'old, unhappy far-off days.' At one time it has come from Ireland, to judge by the inscription, 'Erin go bragh.' Now, I suppose, it does duty for the little Roman Catholic chapel beside which it stands.

The builders of old days chose beautiful situations for their churches and monasteries, and their descendants have been true to the traditions as regards this chapel. Behind and on both sides, stretching a short way up the mountains, are woods, where the fresh green of the larches and the white stems of the birches—surely the most graceful of trees, even when their brown, feathery branches are bare—show up in vivid contrast to the dark-blue-green foliage and copper barks of those grand old chieftains of the forest, the Scotch firs. Down in the grass the primroses and anemones clamber luxuriantly over the banks, a wonderful size in this warm corner in the midst of the northern hills, and numberless tiny flowers peep shyly from beneath the tangled undergrowth. The birds, too, are making merry, and the air is filled with the spring songs of blackbird and thrush, while away up in the sky the larks are lilting with wild joyousness.

Above the woods the hillsides are grim and bare, brown heather and copper bracken, red-stemmed bog-myrtle, green moss and gray rock, all the gorgeous colouring of the Highlands, up and up to the glistening snow. Below, the loch lies sparkling in the sunlight, the shadow of its giant guardians reflected in its calm waters. A short distance from the shore is the little island of Eilen-finnan, where once stood a church, ancestor of the chapel on the hillside. Tradition says this church was one of seven built by a robber chief of the Camerons—a personage evidently anxious to make his peace with Heaven!—and that not so very long ago pilgrimages were made to the island by those who needed to propitiate the Powers above.

But the ruins of the robber's church have not the greatest claim to interest in this glen. At the head of the loch stands a tall pillar surmounted by a kilted figure, and to that figure the glen and all the country round owe not a little of their glamour and charm—to the 'yellow-haired laddie' who lit a flame of romance here which has not died out yet, and which it is to be hoped never will. What did he think of Glenfinnan, I wonder, as he was rowed up the loch yonder, or waited impatiently for the coming of the clans? Did he feel thrilled with its wild beauty, and with the knowledge that it was for a country such as this he was fighting? It must have looked then very much as it does to-day. Those magnificent Scotch firs on the knolls and round the bend of the road could tell a tale worth hearing if only they could speak.

Surely, if ever there are ghosts, here is the place for them—here, where the shadow of the gallant old cause hangs over every inch of ground. Perhaps at night, when the moon-mist gathers by the water-side, a ghostly Tearlach, with shadowy followers, raises the standard once more, and the phantom pipes skirl a triumphant pibroch. Or else on wild days, when the storm sweeps down the glen, and the mist clings to the hills, hiding everything from human eye, and the winds sing a coronach for his lost hopes, then Royal Charlie comes back to his own, and passes by, ragged and hunted, but gay and debonair, laughing and singing as of old.

After Culloden the Prince was back on the shores of Loch Sheil. An old manuscript which I have seen gives the story of one of his adventures thus: 'The Argyle Militia patrolled all round the loch, and broke all the boats for fear of his escaping and crossing the loch. In this emergency, his followers felled a large oak, and hollowed it with axes and fire, and at midnight put the poor Prince prostrate in it, and swam across the loch with the

rude boat tied to them. They could not row for fear of being heard.'

Very bitter must the contrast have been during these wanderings to the early days in Glenfinnan. Yet, was not the devotion he inspired worth more than the crown for which he fought? As a writer of the most delightful Highland stories has said: 'Was it not in victory he passed, conquering human hearts in which he will reign for ever, crowned with a love that will never fade?'

THE TOUÂREG.

By Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Bart.

I VISITED Algeria first in 1866–67, and again about 1876, then returning each winter for ten years. During my first visit the development of the colony was the theme of soldiers and civilians alike. The French had been in possession of Northern Algeria since the conquest in 1830, and had established themselves securely enough down to the desert frontier, which was administered by the Bureaux Arabes. Three principal ports had been created on the seacoast—Oran on the west, Algiers centre, and Philippeville east. Striking inland from these across the Sahel and Atlas Mountains, we come to Geryville, Medeah, and Constantine, and farther on to the Algerian Sahara, to Ouargla, Laghouat, and Biskra. But the problem was how to cross the Sahara to tap the riches of the Sudan, or how to obtain security for Algerian merchants, whether Mzabites or Europeans, when crossing the desert. Various projects had been formed and various *études* made, but the exploratory expeditions have not till this century had any success. The 'Mission Flatters' was cut to pieces, and a later expedition shared the same fate.

The real masters of the desert are the redoubtable Touâreg, descended from the original tribes that colonised North Africa. They are perfectly distinct from the Arabs, who overran the country in the year following the Hegira, and who hold the original Berbers in as much contempt as the Berbers hold them in hatred. The problem for the French is 'How to cross the Sahara.' Le Chemin de Fer Algérienne has been projected to link Algiers to Senegal, to recolonise the Sahara by means of oases rendered habitable by means of artesian wells, &c., and lastly to win over the Touâreg by force or goodwill to protect the commercial caravans to Timbuctu or Katsena.* 'It has got to be done, and France has to do it.' *Bonne chance, mes amis!*

I hear this year (1908) that a camel post, *méharistes*, has been established between Insalah, in the Touat (near the Morocco frontier), and Agadez (capital of the Pays de l'Air), so that the Touâreg have been pressed into the service of civilisation. Mr Savage Landor, in his work, *Across Widest Africa*, confirms this opinion.

The latest book on the subject of this little-known but highly interesting tribe or confederation of tribes is by Harding King in *Search for Masked Touâreg* (or more properly 'veiled'). He remarks that barely one Englishman in a thousand knows aught of these wild, untamable 'sons of the desert,' which is undoubtedly true. Quite lately, on the authority of Mr Boyd Alexander, in his interesting work *From Niger to Nile*, quoting an opinion of a Captain Cotton, the ancestry of the Touâreg is traced to the Saracens, and said to date from the time of the Crusades (about 1100 A.D.), thereby inferring an Arabic or Syrian descent, while a picture is given of a Touâreg (properly Targui, singular) armed cap-à-pie, with helmet and coat of mail.

'Monsieur Cotton, a French officer, who knew the country to the north of Lake Tchad, and had encountered the nomad Touâreg, told me that these people are supposed to be descended from the Saracens, a theory that is supported by the device of a Cross which the men still carry on their clothes, knives, and shields, and the women on their ornaments, in much the same way as the Crescent has become incorporated in descendants of the Crusaders. Many of the Touâreg still possess ancient coats of mail which their ancestors took from the Crusaders.'

This is all fallacious, as, according to the best authorities—and the French are entitled to all credit in this respect—the Touâreg are descended from *l'immense famille des Berbères*, who spread themselves all over North Africa and as far south as the Sudan centuries before any Arabian tribe was even called Saracen. Other branches of this 'family' are found in the Kabyles in North Algeria, the 'Aures' Mountains, and the 'Djudjura,' and probably in the Riff tribes of Morocco, as well as the 'Mzab,' the merchants of the Tell and Algerian Sahara.

The other tribes of Arabic descent followed in the conquering wave of Mohammed and his generals. So far as our notes go, the 'Chambaas' are most associated with the Touâreg, though in matters of marauding and unrest it is very much six of one to half-a-dozen of the other. Metlili is their chief city, and is the starting-point for the caravan voyage across the desert to Katsena—the object of every Arab of the northern Sahara once in his life. '*El Djereb dona el quetran, on el feker dona el Soudan*' ('For the scab, tar; for poverty [remedy being understood], the Sudan'). The name is explained by M. Henri Duveyrier as meaning robber of the night, corresponding to our highwaymen of King

*I have adopted the French spelling of all places, as found in their many maps of the districts under review.

George's times, a surname given them by the Arabs, but the negroes call them *les voilés* (or veiled ones), referring to their custom of veiling their faces, dating by legend to the time of Solomon. In sooth, *voleurs* and *voilés* have a disagreeable affinity. The name of their confederations is as follows: the Azdjer to the north-east, the Ahaggar north-west, in the mountain Hoggar, the tribes of l'Air to south-east, and the Aouélimmiden to south-west inhabiting the hilly country Adhagh. 'We are Im ô hagh,' say the Azdjer; 'Im ô charh,' say the Ahaggar; 'Im a jirhen,' say the Touâreg de l'Air. 'Our language is temahag or temahcheq, derived from "i ô hagh," which means "he is free—he robs." The Arabs call us "*targui*, *touâreg*," from *tarek*, which means those abandoned by God, because of our refusal to adopt the religion the Arabs tried to impose on us.'

The Touâreg are divided into two branches, those of the north and those of the south. The northerners are of pure blood, more or less white, with noble frame and features. Those of the south have mingled with the negro races of the Sudan, and show it in their features. The chief towns of the north are Ghadames (said to have been a town in the time of Abraham), Ouargla, Rhat, Murzuk (in Fezzan), and Insalah (capital of the Touat); in the south Agadez, and so to Katsena in the Sudan country. They are actually and practically masters of the desert, and control all the caravan routes whether to Timbuctu in the west or to Katsena in the east. Their chief source of revenue is either the plundering of independent caravans, or—like civilised nations with their custom-houses—the exaction of a duty on all camel-borne merchandise, or a charge for escort across the desert-belt, which is most scrupulously and honestly performed when sufficiently propitiated by gifts (!).

A photograph taken of some Touâreg prisoners when I was in Algeria in 1867 gives a very good idea of their usual dress, not in the least like that put forward by Mr Boyd Alexander. Wide pantaloons, over-stockings (*serouel*), a sort of tunic confined at waist, and a high turban which is brought over to form the characteristic and invariable veil. The women, be it remarked, contrary to the custom of Moslem countries, do not use the veil. 'Mounted on his rapid *mehari* (or dromedary), which devours space, the Touâreg carries with him a complete "outfit" of terrible arms, which he uses with most prodigious skill.' On perceiving an adversary he seizes his bow and discharges with strong hand a flight of arrows. These, it is averred (but oft contradicted), are poisoned; M. Duveyrier holding the latter opinion. Then he throws his *javelot* or charges with his long and redoubtable lance, falling back on his keen two-edged sword or his hook armed with teeth, or, if dismounted, seeks to brain his foe with a strong ring of green serpentine fixed on his right arm. 'Guns are only carried by the rich, who can afford powder.'

The term 'Saracen' was given by the later Romans to the nomad bodies of Syria, who at that time, according to Carlyle in his *Hero as Prophet*, were pagans until the time of Mohammed. This gradually became a general description of all 'Moslems,' much as in later times the English and French used the term 'Turks,' which word in true spirit of Christian charity we use in one of our collects. In the Basque pastoral plays the wicked are represented by *Les Turcs et les Anglais* put to flight by the good Français.

Washington Irving was content with the word 'Moors,' in the conquest of Granada, Spain, and part of France, although the term 'Saracen' may have been applied to them, as to the Arabians who fought for the Crescent under Saladin against the warriors of the Cross. M. Duveyrier remarks on the use of the Cross as a device of the Touâreg as seen on their saddle-bows and on their shields, while the Kabyl women wear a Cross tattooed between their eyes. People of Arabian descent and followers of Mohammed would not follow this custom, having adopted the Crescent, in which 'sign to conquer.' But was not the Cross, as a Christian symbol, only adopted at the Constantine period? The Berbers probably used it as a device long before this era.

The following legend of the veiled Touâreg—why they veil their faces—is translated from the French work *L'Assimilation* (Touâreg), published in the *Presse Algérienne* (1857):

'Solomon, once on a time, lost the ring he wore on his finger, a magic ring, source of power over the multitude of genii that people the immensity. A common "boor," having found the ring, suddenly was invested with all the powers. He seized the estates of the son of David, ascended the throne—a monstrous act worthy of Satan—dishonoured the royal couch. . . . After a series of vicissitudes, Providence permitted Solomon to repossess his ring, and with it all his power and glory. The usurper was put to death, but what to do with his offspring? The king decided, however: "God is great, and has a horror of spilt blood. The infants, therefore, may live; but that they shall not be pretenders to the throne, through the rank of their mother, their noses shall be cut off, so as to distinguish them as sons of a great culprit." This sentence was executed, and to hide their shame and deformity the children hid their faces under a dark veil, and then dispersed through the habitable globe. One of these came to the arid wastes of Africa, there planted his tent, chose a companion, and became "Father of the Touâreg."' Such is the legend, and certain it is that, whether in memory of their ancestor or no, the Touâreg always have their faces veiled.

This legend is similar to that of the shepherd 'Gygés' of whom Plato speaks in his *Republic*, and also to one in the *Dictionnaire Infernale*, by J. Collin de Planey. A genie, or dæmon, seized the throne of Solomon, and after various vicissitudes was overthrown and drowned in the Lake of Tiberias.

It is also conjectured that the legend is of Arab origin, because it is of a 'humiliating charac-

ter for the Touâreg.' It is hardly necessary to observe that the Arabs would not have invented such a story of a tribe descended from the Syrian tribes or Saracens.

M. Duveyrier thinks the custom is one simply of hygiene; but if so, why do the Touâreg invariably—the exceptions being very rare—refuse to unveil, even when in a temperate climate like that of Algiers?

'The Touâreg of the north, with white faces and Caucasian features, wear a blue-black veil; by contrast, those of the south, with negro characteristics, wear the veil white. In Arabic Ahel-el Litham signifies the "veiled people."'

Although it is beyond doubt the Touâreg refused the Mohammedan religion till about 719 A.D., they are now Mussulmans; but with the exception of their marabouts (priests) they do not practise the religion taught in the Koran, by which, it may be noted, the Arabs are absolutely bound. The true Berbers possess, besides the Koran, a book of a civil code called by them the *Kanoun* (or Canon). Their God is Amanai, the Adonai of the Bible. He is 'unique.' Heaven (*adjenna*), Paradise (*idjenaouen*), where men meet with the recompense of good actions after death, is inhabited by angels (*andjilous-en*). Hell is *timai-tân-elakhart* (the last fire). The devil *iblis* (reigns).

The Cross is found everywhere—in their alphabet, on their arms and shields, the pommels of their saddles, the hilts of their swords. On their camels' saddles are bells, abhorred by Islam. The women, especially of the kindred tribe the Kabyles, wear a Cross tattooed between the eyes. This nation 'rests' on Sunday, while the Arabs observe Friday.

Monogamy is practised as opposed to the polygamy of the Arabs, and women are treated with great respect and held in honour. They are well educated and possess much property. In the *Histoire des Berbères* it is written: '*Les Berbères étaient ou Chrétiens ou Juifs*,' and their chief Koceila was a Christian (Hejira 67 de T.C.—686 A.D.).

The Mozabites are a very strict sect, and they and the Touâreg use a form very much resembling the Lord's Prayer. M. Duveyrier believes the Touâreg have some connection with the early Christians, and looks for a reconversion of these sons of the desert to Christianity from their paganism veiled in Moslemism.

The Touâreg of the south, the 'Pays de l'Air,' professed Christianity before being violently forced into Mohammedanism. Their country is still called Arroumet* ('Country of Christians'). Enough has been said to prove that, like the Jews and Samaritans, there is a racial hatred between the Berber and the Arab, as there was in the case of the Celtic Britons and their invaders, Roman or Norman. In no case will the 'Saracenic' descent bear investigation. This is confirmed by Mr Harding King in a letter to the writer commenting on the 'wild theories as to the descent from the Crusaders.'

The following story of a Touâreg wedding is given by Mr Harding King: 'Two young Tarqui were enamoured of a beauty, Fatma, of another neighbouring tribe. Moumen had most gear, camels and the like, and mounted on his swift *mehari*, and in full panoply of arms, was a "proper man" indeed. Maastan was, however, the favourite, and it was soon seen where Fatma's beauteous eyes travelled when the two would pace swiftly before the *douar* where she resided with her widowed mother. Zarah was in full plump beauty of matronhood, and had her own views of how to replace the deceased, but made no objections to her daughter being courted, especially by Maastan. Moumen, however, arrived first, and made his bid—six good camels, the wedding dress, and a negress slave—for the slimmer and thinner maiden. Some surprise was evinced when she consented to Moumen's suit, and accordingly preparations were made for the wedding festivities, as well as for the handing over of the *dot*. These were arranged according to old and ancient custom. It should be noted that, while the Arab girls are practically sold by their parents to their future husbands, the Touâreg girls are free to choose a man of their own class, and retain their property after marriage.

'Fatma and the unmarried girls of her camp held a "Court of Love," in which Moumen and Maastan, with others, took part in a tournament. They filed past the ladies at a gallop on their *meharis*, hurling their lances, firing guns, with other exercises of a fantasia. Fatma might reward her chosen cavalier with one of the stone bangles, but it was noticeable that she did not so favour Moumen at this stage.

'The marriage ceremony took place in presence of a marabout, and to all intents and purposes the marriage vows were exchanged. Then the bride and her mother mounted into the *bassours*—large cage-like structures covered with gay cloths and rich fringes, reaching down nigh to the ground, in which the desert women are conveyed from *douar* to *douar*—mounted on camel-back, and escorted by the men of her camp, armed to the teeth, proceeded to the tent of her "future" husband. About midday the cortège arrived, and was met in the usual way by Moumen and his friends, when a sham fight took place for the possession of the bride. On the bridegroom prevailing, he seized the camel and *bassour* in which sat his bride, led it to his tent, and carried off his wife into her future abode. On raising her veil, what was Moumen's astonishment to find the ripe Zarah in all her ample charms in place of the expected young maiden! Zarah was, however, mistress of the situation. It is a legal point that the sham fight was the climax of the marriage, and she coyly demanded the ratification thereof, or a number of camels if she was "divorced" or bundled out of the tent.

'Now, the "best laid plans of mice and men gang

* *Roumi* is really 'stranger;' *l'ain roumia*, a beautiful small blue flower, is supposed to refer to the blue-eyed northerners, Goths and others, settlers in Algeria.

aft agley," and Zarah and Fatma had agreed on the deception, whereby the former would obtain a husband, the latter the man of her choice. It was easy for Zarah to enter the first *bassour* unrecognised in her veil, and for Fatma to place herself in the second, closely attended by Maastan. In the confusion of the mêlée, few saw the second camel quickly led away and soon lost to sight in the undulating dunes, through which the happy Maastan conducted his "spoil" to a well-hidden *douar*. To make a long story short, Moumen eventually agreed, according to the French maxim, that if one cannot have that which one wishes, it is necessary to be content with that which one has.'

The problem of 'assimilation' of these tribes is the most prominent in French colonisation. Of the three above mentioned the first or Kabyles are decidedly the easiest to manage. They are dwellers in houses grouped in villages, are industrious cultivators of the soil, and are more akin to the Aryan type than the Semitic. They supply the Tell with labour, working in the vineyards, orange-groves, and tobacco-fields, while on their own holdings they cultivate wheat, olives, figs, and make charcoal and pottery.

We made a charming driving tour through Kabylia from Tiziouzou to Fort National, the home of the Aitha-Irjens; and later I crossed the Djudjura, ascending Lalla Kadijah (the White Lady, the highest peak), and across to Beni Mansour. Picturesque white villages, red-tiled roofs with storks as sentinels on the chimneys, crown the mamelon-like hills, clothed from foot to top with rich verdure, olive and fig trees, under which grow quantities of maize, corn, and vegetables. Down the winding paths trip groups of merry maids, Etruscan-shaped jars on their heads, to the wells for water, often as not hustled by troops of small *borichos* laden with brushwood or charcoal.

On their market of Sunday (Friday) the elders may be seen sitting in Souk el 'Djemaa,' a half-religious, half-civil assembly. The 'Souk' proper is a most animated spectacle, of which there is a graphic sketch in *Les Mystères du Peuple Arabes*, by Charles Richard (1860). Since the insurrection of 1871 the Kabyles have settled down and are quite a factor in the colonisation of Algeria.

The Arabs, nomads as was their ancestor Ishmael, dwellers in tents, are not so easily brought into line, and do not take readily to French customs. The very presence of the Madonna in the churches is an offence to Mussulmans. 'Yet,' said an experienced *colon* to me, 'it will be through the women that assimilation may come. The Arab women see and envy the freedom of the French and Mahonais women, whose husbands work for them, and are learning the lesson all too quick for their lords and masters, and may yet demand emancipation.'

When you see in the crowded 'Sok' a haughty Kaïd looking with supreme contempt on the invariable Jew, or his successor the Christian, you think how the son of Hagar is repaying the slight put on his mother by the jealous Sarah, and that the outlawed Ishmael is paying out the sons of the pampered Isaac.

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS IN SPAIN.

A FORGOTTEN PAGE IN THEIR HISTORY.

By E. Bruce Lowe, M.A.

PART I.

From mountain-side and rocky glen
They hear, they answer, Huntly's call,
The gallant Gordons, well beloved,
Prepared to fight or fall.
Regimental Song of the Gordons.

NAPOLEON, roused to frenzied rage by the news of the intrepid advance of Sir John Moore in December 1808 upon his lines of communication, which balked his plan for the descent upon the southern provinces of Spain, declared, 'As for the British armies in Spain, I shall chase them from the Peninsula.' At that moment he commanded two hundred thousand veteran troops, while the gallant Moore could only rally from his scattered garrisons a fighting force of twenty-three thousand men; but with these he struck vigorously upon the armies commanded by Soult and Ney. Immediately Napoleon changed his plan; and although the Generals reported to him that the passes were now blocked with snow, his answer was that if the British troops could face the rigours of the winter march in the mountains, the men under his command must do likewise or die in the attempt; and he personally urged on the columns till, with the loss of many men and animals, the passes were traversed. The Spanish armies, upon whose support General Moore had relied, rapidly dwindled away; and Moore, having succeeded for the time in saving Southern Spain, recalled his advance-guard and prepared to retreat. The story of what followed is too well known to need repetition here; but in the trying marches and continuous fighting of the next four weeks the Gordons bore their part nobly, and in the battle of Corunna held the post of honour on the left wing until the defeat of the French was accomplished, but not without heavy loss, including Colonel Napier, of whom it was written, 'Every man in the regiment felt he had lost a friend. They knew that his place could not be filled.'

Previous to the attack on Napoleon's communications, the British army had been quartered in all the principal towns on the south and west of Spain and of Portugal, and in Lisbon large numbers of invalids and convalescents had been assembled. On the news of Napoleon's advance reaching Lisbon, these parties and detachments were at once formed into two battalions of about eleven hundred men each; one company of the first battalion was composed solely of men from the Ninety-second Regiment; the other companies were composed of men belonging to Forty-second, Seventy-ninth, and Ninety-first Highlanders, besides some Rifles.

Colonel Greenhill Gardyne, the latest historian of the regiment, in his most interesting and elaborate work, completed in 1903, has omitted to refer to this company, although in a foot-note he mentions the fact that some of the invalids of the regiment had joined what were called the 'corps of detachments.'

The work done by this company has, however, fortunately been preserved for us in the hitherto unpublished journal of an ex-sergeant of the regiment, who was an eye-witness of the campaign through which this detachment of the Gordons passed when it formed part of the army commanded by Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had landed at Mondego Bay. The crisis in the history of Europe was intense, for at that moment the Germans and Austrians had risen in arms against the French conquerors; and if the English Government had only sent an adequate force into Spain to support the rising of the Spanish and Portuguese allies, there is little doubt that five years' fighting in the Peninsula would have been saved. Instead, however, of providing an adequate force, the Ministers resolved to subdivide the magnificent army of ninety thousand men (which the Duke of York had collected so as to be immediately available to strike at whichever point should prove to be the most vulnerable in the armour of the French Colossus), and they despatched the hapless expedition to Walcheren and Antwerp, and sent a second corps to Sicily. Sir Arthur was compelled to accept the command of a force of only twenty thousand men, with which to secure the liberties of twelve millions of Spaniards and to overcome the combined armies of France, at that moment ten times more numerous than his own.

The soldier to whom we are indebted for the graphic details given below was Daniel Nicol, a native of Crossford, in Lanarkshire, his grandfather being a tenant under Count Lockhart of Lee. Having indulged his propensity for poaching, he was caught by Lord Douglas's gamekeeper salmon-fishing in the Clyde, and was to have been brought before the Sheriff at Lanark, when he made his way to Edinburgh and enlisted, on the 12th March 1794, in the regiment of Highlanders then being raised by the Marquis of Huntly. He mentions that, after being taken to the Council Chambers and passed by a surgeon, he received a red jacket turned up with yellow facings, white trousers, and three ostrich feathers stuck in his hat. It was not till he reached Aberdeen that he received his full uniform (a short jacket faced with yellow, kilt, and bonnet), in time for King George's birthday on the 4th June; and shortly afterwards the whole town was *en fête* when the news arrived of Lord Howe's great victory gained on the 1st June over the French fleet off Ushant. A treat was given to the soldiers in town, who paraded over the links, 'where a bullock was roasted and twelve hogsheads of porter set abroach. Dancing and sports were kept up to a late hour, while the Freemasons, with the trades in town, walked in procession with their emblems, &c.' He adds: 'Some fine-looking men were brought for our regiment by Captain Cameron of Fassifern, and on Tuesday, 24th June, the regiment was embodied by General Sir Hector Munro. The test of fitness set by the General was that each man should run past him for fifty paces, when only one man was rejected, being too old.' The Gordons then numbered seven hundred and sixty men, of whom seven hundred and fifteen were Scotch, chiefly from the northern counties, many speaking only the Gaelic language; there were also thirty-two Scoto-Irish, twelve English, and one was a Welshman.

Nicol saw service of a most interesting kind in the suppression of the rebellion in Ireland; and after engaging in the expedition to Holland, where he took part in the battle of Egmont op Zee, he passed through the whole campaign in Egypt from Aboukir to Cairo. After a spell of garrison-work in Ireland and in Glasgow, the corps was sent to Denmark and Sweden in 1807, and in the following year, on its return to England, was despatched to Portugal. It was shortly after the ignominious convention of Cintra, which for a time liberated Portugal from the French armies (when they might have fallen an easy prey as prisoners into the hands of the newly arrived and highly organised British forces), that Nicol entered upon his experiences in the Peninsula, which are detailed with so much graphic power in the very interesting manuscript which he has left behind him.

While in Lisbon he saw the departure of the Russian fleet, consisting of seven large vessels of the line and a frigate, which had been blockaded in the river by the British fleet, under Sir Charles Cotton, and which in terms of the Convention were allowed to set sail with the Russian colours flying; all to the intense indignation of the soldiers and sailors, who regarded the fleet as a lawful prize stolen from them in the moment of victory.

From August till October 1808 the regiment lay in the neighbourhood of Lisbon; and it was on the 1st October that, while on picket-duty in a ploughed field, Nicol was forced to remain all night exposed to the rain and wind, which produced a fever and obliged him to go on the doctor's list for two months. Meantime the regiment marched into Spain, and in

the following month began the retreat to Corunna. From the regiment he received a letter from an old comrade telling of his arrival at the Escurial near Madrid, and reporting the approach of the French, who were now advancing under Napoleon by Valladolid. 'We will defeat them,' said the letter-writer, 'with the help of the Spanish army, and return to England by way of France.' This prophetic utterance, which was realised in 1814, was the last communication that Nicol had with his regiment for many years.

As has been already related, the invalids of the Ninety-second left in Portugal formed a company of the first battalion of detachments, which was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury and Major Ross. The company of Gordons consisted of Captain Logie, Lieutenant Cattanach, Lieutenant Durie, Surgeon Beattie, eight sergeants, a piper, and seventy-six rank and file.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, having landed on 22nd April 1809, marched on the main road direct to Oporto, and came up, on several occasions, with the enemy under Soult. The Portuguese troops under Marshal Beresford joined in the march, and a battalion of these, under British officers, was added to each brigade of the British army. The company of Gordons was associated with a battalion commanded by Colonel Doyle, formerly a lieutenant of the Gordons when in Egypt, and he found that nearly a dozen of the men in the company had already served with him there. Nicol tells us that the old comrades gladly drank the health of their colonel and that of his uncle, Sir John Doyle, with whom they had also seen service. On 12th May 1809, about three in the morning, an explosion was heard which made the company stand to its arms, and this proved to be caused by the blowing up of the bridge across the Douro by the French army, which had entered Oporto and sought to cover its retreat.

Wellesley determined to force the passage of the river at all costs, and having got the enemy 'on the retreat,' to keep at them. He accordingly instantly prepared to cross this great river. The Gordons marched into Villa Nova and joined General Sherbrooke's brigade, which had landed in boats from Ovar. So close was the pursuit of the French that Nicol tells us that 'if our artillery-horses had been able to drag forward the guns, they would have taken many prisoners and have entered Oporto pell-mell along with the French.' The enemy, however, had taken possession of all the boats they could discover, and the fleet moved accordingly close into the mouth of the river and provided boats for the crossing. The Gordons' detachment, with two regiments, marched in double-quick time to the Sera convent, which the French had fortified and mounted with cannon, but which had been abandoned. 'We trailed arms and ran up the river-side through a fir-wood to a creek, where we found some large boats manned by Portuguese.' In them they crossed the river, when the French came fiercely upon them in two large columns, with cannon. The enemy were driven from the top of the bank, which was held by the Gordons till the Guards and the Third Buffs had almost crossed the river, when Nicol's battalion charged the French columns and the Fourteenth Dragoons attacked the French left and put them to rout with great slaughter. The inhabitants of Braga cheered the British troops as they approached, and took the opportunity of killing all the wounded Frenchmen they came upon, and stripping them.

After following the retreating Frenchmen for about a league, the British troops were recalled to Oporto. In the fighting the battalion had lost sixty men; and when they had got to quarters Sir Arthur addressed them and expressed how thankful he was to them for the way in which they had crossed the river, and so enabled the other regiments to follow so easily.

Nicol makes this remark in passing, that 'Marshal Soult was neither prepared to defend Oporto nor to retreat out of it, but seemed as if taken by surprise or confounded at our impudence in crossing the river in the face of the whole French army.'

At night the city was illuminated, and the men-of-war boats formed a bridge of boats by which on the following day all the cannon and cavalry were transferred to the north side.

When the regiment marched from Oporto Lieutenant John Durie was left behind sick, and the following day the same fate befell 'the good Captain Logie, which every man in the company was sorry for, the more so as no officer of the Ninety-second was left with them, and they soon felt the want of him.'

The French army, however, escaped over the mountains, to the extreme annoyance of Sir Arthur and the British troops, who blamed Marshal Beresford and the Portuguese, who had been posted in the passes to prevent this. 'But for this,' Nicol says, 'Soult's whole army would have been taken, as well as their guns and baggage. Negligence or mismanagement there was somewhere; but these things are not easily proved when committed by the higher powers. Beresford was challenged, and we heard no more of it; but General Toilson was sent back to England.' This, however, is only a soldier's surmise, as we know that it was the advance of Marshal Victor which compelled Sir Arthur to turn from the pursuit of Soult and join the Spanish General Cuesta, who had now reformed his force after being heavily defeated by Victor.

By the end of the month the troops had again marched 'over the bridge of boats across the broad and rapid Douro, and bade adieu to Oporto for ever, with its churches, convents, and good port wine. To the last the British troops paid more devotion than to the first.'

The Gordons had an unpleasant experience in crossing the broad, navigable lake between Ovar and Aveiro, for when they had embarked in boats, which were crowded, they were very uncomfortable, and the rain came on, with a high wind, so that many

of the boats were blown ashore, and the rest did not reach Aveiro till the forenoon of the following day. On landing, with Sir Arthur at their head, they were joyfully received by the inhabitants with a salute of twenty-one guns. After marching through Coimbra, they reached the river Mondego on the 4th June, when the King's Birthday was celebrated by a bathe in the river and the distribution of a pint of wine to each of the men. Now began the famous march which ended in the victory at Talavera, fought on the 27th and 28th July 1809, when the combined forces under Wellesley completely defeated the French army commanded by Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Naples, now King of Spain. It was for this great victory that Sir Arthur was created a peer under the title of Lord Wellington, and it is well worthy of being recorded that the Gordons had a distinct share in the honours of the day. Nicol's description of the battle is full of interest. He tells us that the army crossed the Guadiana and entered Spain with light hearts. He begins by giving a detailed statement of the officers commanding the various divisions and brigades, and supplies particulars of all the regiments in the army, which had an effective strength of twenty thousand men.

The approach of the Spanish army is well described by Nicol, who says: 'We got into a fine cultivated plain, when the French began to make their appearance in our front. Sir Arthur with his staff passed us, and we halted an hour at a village, where our cavalry dismounted and cut down some fields of ripe corn for forage. At this time we began to see great clouds of dust on the right of the plain. This was the Spanish army advancing. They had crossed the Tagus by the bridge at Almarez, and were now marching on the high-road to Madrid, driving the French outposts before them. Big words were now spoken by the boasters of taking Madrid, beating the French, and driving them out of Spain—great things were to be done that did not take place for years after.

'We halted on the 21st, and were ordered to appear as clean as possible, to be reviewed by the Spanish General Cuesta, commanding the army with which we were to act. Our army was drawn up in line. Sir Arthur and Cuesta arrived on the ground, escorted by a troop of British and one of Spanish cavalry; they rode along the line, we paying them all military honours. Cuesta was a fine, stout, rough-looking old man. He said he was happy to see us look so well after so long a march. We got one day's biscuit served out here; this was the last regular rations served out to our brigade.

'On the 22nd we marched past the Spanish Grand Army. As the French were in front, we were going to set them an example by commencing an attack on the enemy, for we thought that General Victor would give battle in front of Talavera. The Spaniards, amounting, it was said, to fifty thousand men, were drawn up on both sides of the road as we passed; they had some very heavy cannon—too unwieldy for the field—and many wagons, baggage-mules, asses, &c. This day was very warm, with much dust, and little or no water to be got. On the right side of the road was a stagnant pool; the cavalry rode through it, and some of our men went up to the knees amongst it drinking, though it was as thick as water-gruel.

'The French were drawn up in line about a league from Talavera. The attack was begun about eleven o'clock by the British artillery and our cavalry under General Anson, who turned the right of the French army, while the Spaniards under Duke Albuquerque, one of the best of the Spanish Generals, drove them back and through the town. Some houses and a field of wheat took fire, and the French retreated through the smoke to a position on the other side of the river Alberche, and broke down the bridge. The combined armies bivouacked in the vineyards and olive-grounds; the Spaniards in the town and by the side of the river Tagus, over which was a wooden bridge that kept communication with the country on the right bank of the river. Sir Arthur had a narrow escape this day. While reconnoitring, a cannon-shot was fired at him which carried away a branch of the tree under which he stood, within a few inches of his head—a lucky escape for him. He was fully determined to bring General Victor to action on the morning of the 23rd, and we were in readiness to march off the ground at five o'clock, when we were countermanded—to our disappointment. The Spanish General Cuesta, it is reported, would not fight on a Sunday. Well, he might be a very good Christian General, but he was no match for the French unless he could take, at any time, any advantage that might occur. This was an opportunity lost, for during the night the French retreated to St Olala, falling back upon their own strength.

(To be continued.)

THE HILL OF PEACE.

A SUN-SWEPT hill of russet grass,
Where fleet cloud-shadows softly pass,
And harebells—fallen flakes of sky—
Sway as the breeze goes dimpling by.

And here, clad in her gown of green,
Peace walks, sweet goddess! all unseen.
Through the dim beechwood's mystic aisles,
And where the open downland smiles.

Over the deep leaf-drifted ground
Her trackless footsteps give no sound;
Only the trees make sudden stir
And wood-doves croon to welcome her.

And through the trees she may look down
On spreading vale and clustered town,
Where men seek Peace in vain, for still
She dwells for ever on the hill.

EVA D.

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THE DREAM OF EDMUND NORWAY.

By S. Baring-Gould.

EDMUND NORWAY, captain of the merchant-vessel *Orient*, on her voyage from Manila to Cadiz, wrote in the log, which is still extant:

'Ship *Orient*, *Feb.* 8, 1840.

'About seven-thirty P.M. the island of St Helena N.N.W., distant about seven miles; shortened sail, and rounded to, with the ship's head to the eastward; at eight set watch and went below, with a letter to my brother, Nevill Norway. About twenty minutes or a quarter before ten o'clock went to bed, fell asleep, and dreamt I saw two men attack my brother and murder him. One caught the horse by the bridle and snapped a pistol twice; but I heard no report. He then struck him a blow, and he fell off the horse. They struck him several blows, and dragged him by the shoulders across the road and left him. In my dream there was a house on the left-hand side of the road. At five o'clock I was called, and went on deck to take charge of the ship. I told the second officer, Mr Henry Wren, that I had had a dreadful dream, and dreamt that my brother Nevill was murdered by two men on the road from St Columb to Wadebridge; but I was sure it could not be there, as the house there would have been on the right-hand side of the road, but it must have been somewhere else. He replied, "Don't think anything about it. You West Country people are superstitious; you will make yourself miserable the remainder of the passage." He then left the general orders, and went below. It was one continued dream from the time I fell asleep until I was called, which was five o'clock in the morning.

EDMUND NORWAY,
Chief Officer, Ship *Orient*.'

After this, in the log-book, follow the several entries of the rest of the voyage.

From the Cape of Good Hope to St Helena the course would be N.N.W., and with a fair wind the ship would cover about eighty or ninety miles in eight hours. So that at the noon of the day 8th February she would be about a hundred miles S.S.E. of St Helena—that is, in about five degrees west longitude, as nearly as possible. The ship's clock would then be set, and they would keep that time for letter-writing purposes, meals, ship-routine, &c.

Ship, long.	5°	0′	0″ W.
Bodmin, long.	4°	40′	0″ W.
	0°	20′	0″ W.

The difference would be twenty minutes of longitude, and the difference between the two places, where were Edmund Norway and his brother Nevill Norway one degree apart, would be four minutes. Reduce this to seconds: $4 \times 60 \times 20 \div 60 = 80$ seconds—that is, one minute twenty seconds. Therefore, if the murder as dreamt had taken place it must have occurred at 10·30 P.M.

Now, concerning this entry in the log-book, there can exist no doubt whatever.

Mr Nevill Norway, a timber and general merchant, residing at Wadebridge, was at Bodmin, in Cornwall, on the 8th February 1840, on horseback. About four o'clock in the afternoon he was transacting some business in the market-place, and had his purse in his hand, and opened it, and turned out some gold and silver, and from the silver picked out the sum that he required and paid the man with whom he was transacting business. Standing close by, and watching him, was a young man named William Lightfoot, who lived at Burlorn in Egloshayle, and whom he knew well enough at sight, and to whom, in charity, he had given the coat this fellow then wore.

Mr Norway did not leave Bodmin till shortly before ten o'clock, and he had got about six miles' ride before him ere he reached home. The road was lonely, and led past the Dunmeer woods. He was riding a gray horse, and he had with him a companion, who accompanied him along the road for three miles, and then took his leave and branched off in another direction.

A farmer returning from market somewhat later

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to Wadebridge saw a gray horse on the road, saddled and bridled, but without a rider. He tried at first to overtake it; but the horse struck into a gallop, and he gave up the chase. His curiosity was, however, excited, and upon his meeting some men on the road and making inquiry, they told him that they thought that the gray horse that had gone by them belonged to Mr Norway. This induced him to call at the house of that gentleman, and he found the gray steed standing at the stable-door. The servants were called out, and spots of blood were found upon the saddle. A surgeon was immediately summoned, and two of the domestics sallied forth on the Bodmin road in quest of their master. They made their way for about two miles, when one of them perceived something white in the little stream of water that runs beside the highway and enters the river Allen at Pendavy Bridge. They examined it, and found the body of their unfortunate master, lying on his back in the stream, with his feet towards the road; and what they had seen glimmering in the uncertain light was his shirt-frill. He was quite dead.

The body was at once placed on the horse and conveyed home, when the surgeon, named Tickell, proceeded to examine it. He found that the deceased had received injuries about the face and head, produced by heavy and repeated blows from some blunt instrument, which had undoubtedly been the cause of his death. A wound was discovered under the chin, into which it appeared as if some powder had been carried; and the bones of the nose, the forehead, the left side of the head, and the back of the skull were frightfully fractured.

An immediate examination of the spot where the body had been found ensued, and on the left-hand side of the road was seen a pool of blood, from which to the rivulet opposite was a track produced by the drawing of a heavy body across the way, and footsteps were observed as of more than one person in the mud; and it was further noticed that the boots that made the impress must have been heavy. There had apparently been a desperate scuffle before Mr Norway had been killed. There was further evidence. Two sets of footprints of men could be traced as if pacing up and down behind a hedge, in an orchard attached to an uninhabited house hard by; as it appeared, those of men on the watch for their intended victim. At a short distance from the pool of blood was found the hammer of a pistol that had been but recently broken off. Upon the pockets of the deceased being examined it became evident that robbery had been the object of the attack made upon him, for his purse and a tablet and bunch of keys had been carried off.

Every exertion was made to discover the perpetrators of the crime. Sir William Molesworth of Pencarrow sent his bloodhounds to track the murderers; but as they ran in a direction opposed to that which the superior wisdom of the searchers supposed they ought to have taken, they were called off.

Jackson, a constable from London, was sent for, and mainly by his exertions the murderers were tracked down. A man named Harris, a shoemaker, deposed that he had seen the two brothers James and William Lightfoot, of Burlorn in Egloshayle, loitering about the deserted cottage late at night after the Bodmin fair; and a man named Ayres, who lived next door to James Lightfoot, stated that he had heard him enter his cottage at a very late hour on the night of the murder, and say something to his wife and child, whereupon they began to weep. What he had said Ayres could not tell, though the partition between the cottages was thin.

This led to the examination of the house of James Lightfoot on 14th February, when a pistol was found, without a lock, concealed in a hole in a beam that ran across the ceiling. As the manner of Lightfoot was suspicious, he was taken into custody. On the 17th his brother William was arrested in consequence of a remark he made to a man named Vercoe, that he was in it as well as James. He was examined before a magistrate, and made the following confession:

'I went to Bodmin last Saturday week, the 8th instant, and in returning I met my brother James just at the head of the Dunmeer Hill. It was just come dim-like. My brother had been to Egloshayle, Burlorn, to buy potatoes. Something had been said about meeting; but I was not certain about that. My brother was not in Bodmin on that day. Mr Vercoe overtook us between Mount Charles turnpike gate at the top of Dunmeer Hill and a place called Lane-end. We came on the turnpike road all the way till we came to the house near the spot where the murder was committed. We did not go into the house, but hid ourselves in a field. My brother knocked Mr Norway down; he snapped a pistol at him first, but it did not go off. Then he knocked him down with the pistol. He was struck whilst on horseback. It was on the turnpike road between Pencarrow Mill and the directing-post towards Wadebridge. I cannot say at what time of the night it was. We left the body in the water on the left side of the road coming from Wadebridge. We took money in the purse, but I do not know how much it was. It was a brownish purse. There were some papers which my brother took and pitched away in a field, on the left side of the road, into some browse or furze. The purse was hid by me in my garden, and afterwards I threw it over the Pendavy Bridge. My brother drew the body across the road to the water. We did not know whom we stopped till, when my brother snapped the pistol at him, Mr Norway said, "I know what you are about. I see you." We went home across the fields. We were not disturbed by any one. The pistol belonged to my brother. I don't know whether it was broken. I never saw it afterwards, and I do not know what became of it. I don't know whether it was soiled with blood. I did not see any blood on my brother's clothes. We returned

together, crossing the river at Pendavy Bridge. My brother then went to his home, and I to mine. I think it was nearly about eleven o'clock.'

The prisoner upon this was remanded to Bodmin Jail, where his brother was already confined. Eventually the two wretched men were tried at Bodmin on 30th March 1840, and were sentenced to death, and both were executed on 13th April.

Now, the curious feature of the story is this: that Edmund Norway thought that there must have been nothing in his dream because in it he saw the ruined cottage on the right-hand side of the road, and as he remembered the highway it ought to have been on the left hand. But he was not aware that since he had left the neighbourhood the road had been remade, and had been carried to the side of the cottage, leaving it on the right hand.

This is a well-authenticated and most curious story of a dream, and I do not see how it can be accounted for by thought-waves.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A SURRENDERED ARMY.

WHEN they were within a mile of the gray walls of Cairo, Budgeon rode off towards the British camp in search of General Hutchinson; but Jack, with Gray and his men, pushed on towards the city. The sun was setting; the black shadows lay long drawn out on the arid soil. Suddenly there came from the city the deep, sustained sound of a gun.

Gray pulled up instantly. The cannon-shot puzzled him. Had fighting broken out in spite of the agreement to surrender? Three armies—French, Turkish, British—who had been fighting each other only a few hours before, and were now tumbled together in an area so narrow, made a very explosive human compound. A jest, a passing quarrel, a hasty blow, might easily spread into a battle.

While Gray with tightened rein leaned forward in his saddle, staring at the city, there came the sound of a second gun, and presently of a third. This was not the voice of guns in battle—quick, sustained, and furious; they were minute-guns—slow, measured, rhythmical. For a moment Jack thought they were the lament of a high-spirited army for its defeat.

But Gray was pushing on. He had plainly guessed the significance of the guns, and Jack followed him. A crowd was pouring out of the gate of the city nearest the river. At its centre were long, steady lines of French soldiers. They moved at a slow pace, with bowed heads and arms reversed. In the space betwixt the two lines was a gun-carriage with a coffin lying upon it, a group of officers, bareheaded, following in the rear.

'That is Kléber's body,' said Gray. 'They are carrying it back to France, the greatest honour that could be paid to a soldier.'

Jack looked with wonder at this spectacle of an army in the hour of its defeat honouring its dead leader.

'And he was not a Frenchman after all,' Gray went on, 'but a German, and the best man they had in Egypt.'

Kléber was no doubt a magnificent soldier, and amongst all the gallant men who followed Bonaparte in the expedition to Egypt he played the noblest part. When Bonaparte suddenly sailed for Europe the act was nothing less than a betrayal. It was the escape of a General leaving his army to be destroyed. The French soldiers in Egypt, when the event was known, were at the point of mutiny. Why should not the rank and file follow the example of their Commander-in-Chief? The shipping at Alexandria was actually seized by the troops, who were bent on returning to France.

It was then that Kléber played a great part. He and Bonaparte were in open feud with each other, and the command of the army he had abandoned was thrust by Napoleon on Kléber as a trap. Kléber's wrath was furious and open; but he remembered his duty as a loyal soldier, and his example saved the whole French army in Egypt from going to wreck. He was a sort of embodied conscience for his troops—a soldier's version of conscience, no doubt, with a very odd ethical strain running through it—but it was effective. Frenchmen are keen to recognise and quick to honour a noble act, and Kléber's loyalty to the task thrust on him restored the morale of the French.

When, a few months afterwards, Kléber fell under the assassin's knife, the grief of the army was deep and passionate. They were returning now to France, but they would not leave the dead body of the noblest soldier of them all to lie under the Egyptian sands; and with roll of drums and the peal of minute-guns, through long ranks of soldiers with bowed heads, Kléber's dead body was being carried to the boats. Jack was near enough to the French lines to see the faces of the men. They were veterans, their faces hardened in the furnace of battle and brown with the suns of Egypt; but many were in tears, some were openly sobbing.

At a little distance behind the gun-carriage was a cart with a bundle lying on it.

'That,' said Gray, 'must be the skeleton of the assassin. The beggars impaled him, poor wretch! and now they are taking his bones to France to show how they avenged Kléber's death.'

At this moment a troop of Turkish officers riding

past suddenly drew up, and a couple of their leaders pushed forward to stare at the passing coffin. It was the Grand Vizier with his staff.

'That is the man,' whispered Gray, 'who paid for the assassin's knife. The murderer, by Jove, looking at his victim!'

Jack was near enough to the Grand Vizier to see his face clearly. The strong features were impassive; the eyes that stared at the coffin had certainly no look of either remorse or pity in them. What pity, indeed, had a Turk to waste on a dead Frenchman?

The next day Jack succeeded in obtaining an interview with General Hutchinson. The British General had, beyond question, some of the qualities of a great soldier. He took command of the army after Abercromby's death, and his march to Alexandria was one of the most daring feats ever attempted. With five thousand British troops and a body of very uncertain auxiliaries in the shape of the Turkish forces, he marched to besiege a city garrisoned by thirteen thousand French veterans, leaving at Alexandria—within striking distance of his base, that is—another French army over ten thousand strong.

But seldom have fine soldierly qualities been hidden under a less soldierly guise than in the case of Hutchinson. As he sat in his tent Jack stared at him with wonder. His dress was slovenly; his shoulders were rounded; he blinked at his visitor with short-sighted eyes. His long, irregular features were yellow as if with jaundice. His speech was nervous and hesitating. He rose as his visitor entered, and went across his tent to a table to obtain a paper, and Jack could see that he walked in a fashion so shambling and ungainly that it would have filled a drill-sergeant with horror.

His manner was ungracious, and he stared at Jack while he told his story with eyes that seemed to be gazing into mere space. He offered no comment on the tale.

'You can go down with the troops,' he said curtly when Jack explained his anxiety to reach London. But this, Jack urged, meant much loss of time.

'I understand, sir, Colonel Montresor starts at once with despatches for London. General Baird was courteous enough to send me with his aide-de-camp; will you allow me to travel with Colonel Montresor?'

Hutchinson shook his head peremptorily.

'You have made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Gray,' he said; 'you can be attached to the mess of the Royals.' And with that he dismissed him.

Jack could only register the vow that, while he would start with the troops, he would break away for the seacoast at the earliest possible moment.

The next day the columns began their march, and seldom in the whole history of war has a spectacle so strange been witnessed. It was a procession of three armies, all equipped for instant battle; but two of them were escorting the third, under a treaty of surrender, to the seacoast.

The Turkish army marched first. It moved on a wide, irregular front, with flanks that contracted or spread themselves out irregularly. It resembled a mob rather than an army. Next, with a wide interval betwixt the two, came the British force, a little over four thousand strong. It was under Moore, a soldier with a genius for discipline that left an enduring mark on the British army of that day; and, as a matter of pride, the British troops were in the most exact order. They formed a tiny body—square, compact, solid, the ranks dressed as though on parade, the officers riding on the flanks of the columns, the guns with ammunition-wagons in the intervals betwixt the battalions, flanking-parties thrown out on either side.

Last came the French, an army of veteran troops familiar with victory; but its formation was loose: the columns were irregular; the officers marched or rode in clusters as they pleased. It was nearly fourteen thousand strong, with fifty guns, and it had surrendered to a force less than half its own strength.

Jack watched with astonished eyes the procession of flags go past him—Turkish, British, French; and the stream of faces was more picturesque than even the moving forest of flags. The Turks, in flowing dress, with fez and turban, with dark-visaged, expressionless faces; the square-shouldered, ruddy-faced British; the French, most of them little men, olive-complexioned, quick-eyed, with restless gestures. The Nile was black with boats carrying the sick, the wounded, and the plunder of the French army.

Jack meditated long on the spectacle. This, then, was the end of the proud army Napoleon led to Egypt. The fleet that carried that army had been shattered by Nelson's guns, and every ship in it was either sunk or a prize. Of the forty thousand gallant men with whom Bonaparte sailed from France, a third lay in nameless graves in the sands of the desert; another third was here, marching under the conduct of a British force less than half its own strength to the seacoast, to be sent back to France with the ignominy of surrender lying upon it; another third was besieged at Alexandria, and in turn would no doubt surrender.

The dream of the conquest of the East and a triumphant march to India was ending in a fiasco of this scale. Jack felt he was looking on a disaster sufficient to wreck the fame of a Cæsar.

And yet his old Brienne comrade had emerged from it with fortunes undestroyed! Somehow he so dazzled the imagination of France that she forgot she owed to him a lost fleet and an abandoned army. So the failure in Egypt was only the stepping-stone to what it was already clear would be a throne. Was it genius, or only chance, which thus made disaster itself—and disaster on such a scale—the title to a prize so stupendous?

The human memory is very eccentric. It has what may be called its blind spots, patches where it fails to register events or where the machinery for

reproducing them refuses to work. Every one remembers the surrender of Marshal Wurmser at Mantua in 1797 and of General Mack at Ulm in 1805. These are amongst the splendours of Napoleon's career. But no one, somehow, remembers the surrender of the army Napoleon himself led into Egypt, and abandoned there—a surrender as complete as that of the Austrians at either Mantua or Ulm.

As Jack watched the strange spectacle offered by the three armies, he reflected how widely his career and that of his old comrade had diverged. He had just struggled out of the ignominy of a slave's life; '*Paille au nez*' was on the steps of a throne. Jack knew he might have escaped that hateful slavery if he had accepted Bonaparte's offer outside Acre. Yes, his inconvenient conscience *had*, as his Brienne comrade warned him, 'spoiled his career.'

And yet he felt that he would go back to the sands of the desert and to the ignominy of Bedouin slavery a hundred times over rather than stoop to the baseness of such an errand as Bonaparte had proposed to him. He had lost some years of his life; but at least he had kept his conscience clean, and he had emerged from the desert and its sufferings with character strengthened and purified. Bonaparte's dazzling career had a strain of falsehood and of titanic selfishness running through it. That career, it was true, had escaped—though only by the narrowest interval—eclipse and ruin in Egypt, and had run on into new and unguessed splendours. But Jack felt sure that in the long-run it must end in failure. It was in quarrel with eternal morality. The Egyptian failure, which no one seemed adequately to realise, was only the prophetic hint of some yet greater and final disaster.

The three armies camped at night in the order in which they marched; but the French, with true military instinct, changed their formation. They threw themselves into a great square, with the Nile for the fourth side, and artillery and baggage in the centre. It was thus a force ready to strike at a moment's signal. But when the camp-fires were lit and sentries posted, many of the officers as well as of the rank and file both of the British and French wandered into each other's lines and sat in groups round friendly camp-fires.

From a hundred such groups the sound of jests and of laughter, with broken fragments of French and English, rose in the night air. There is a freemasonry amongst soldiers under such conditions. Only a few days before they were eager to meet at the bayonet's point. Now they might have been old and trusted comrades.

On the second night of the march a group of officers of the Royals, with Jack amongst them, strolled into the French lines. As they passed a camp-fire the light of the flame fell on a face which Jack thought he knew. He stopped and looked more closely. It was Corporal Lebrun, now wearing a sergeant's badge, and looking a little leaner and older than when they parted outside Acre. The sergeant looked up as Jack halted, then sprang to his feet and stood at the salute. Jack put out his hand with a smile and a hearty word of welcome.

'I am glad to see you have won a step, sergeant. Thank you for that gift of your pistol when we parted.'

The sergeant smiled afresh. 'I knew the Arabs would not hold you long, monsieur; but I hardly thought we should meet again in Egypt. How did that *canaille* treat you?'

For a few minutes the pair stood chatting, while the officers of the Royals moved on.

'But, sergeant,' said Jack as they were about to part, 'you did not get into Acre after all.'

'No,' replied the Frenchman with an execration; 'and that is why we are here;' and, with a glance of soldierly disgust, he flung out his hand in the direction of the British and Turkish camps. 'We are tired of Egypt,' he went on in explanatory tones; 'there is a bigger field in Europe, and so we have agreed to go there.'

'It is not a surrender, then?'

The sergeant's face flushed. 'The veterans of the army of Italy do not surrender. We march with our guns and flags; there is no dishonour on our colours.'

Sergeant Lebrun evidently tried to persuade himself that the march down the Nile was a friendly arrangement. The armies, on his theory, resembled duellists who by agreement were moving to some more suitable field. And Jack forbore to remind him that arms and guns were to be surrendered by even 'the veterans of the army of Italy' when they embarked at Rosetta.

'We have been three years in Egypt,' the sergeant went on, 'and no sensible man wants to stop here any longer. Egypt is an empty egg-shell. We shall be worth more to France *there* than here;' and he pointed in the direction in which he supposed Europe to lie.

Jack could not deny this. 'Our lads,' he said, 'seem very friendly with yours.'

'Yes,' said the Frenchman with a patronising air; 'they are good fighters, but they have no *élan*—no imagination. But there is no use our breaking each other's heads in this wretched country. We ought to fall into line together against those —— Turks.'

'Where is Lieutenant Ricord?' asked Jack.

'Kléber shot him.'

'Kléber!'

'Yes. He was in a plot to seize a ship and sail for France, and in the scuffle his major was killed. An example had to be made, and Lieutenant Ricord could be better spared than anybody else. The General wanted to stiffen discipline.' And Sergeant Lebrun plainly thought this a quite sufficient explanation of the fate of Lieutenant Ricord.

(To be continued.)

SANITATION BY ELECTRICITY:

THE PRODUCTION OF DISINFECTANT FROM SEA-WATER BY ELECTROLYSIS.

By F. A. A. Talbot.



N these days of populace-congestion, especially in the artisan and poorer quarters of our large cities and towns, and the necessity of enforcing strict regulations concerning sanitation for mutual protection and the prevention of contagious disease, any means by which the principles of hygiene may be simplified and cheapened so that the inhabitants themselves may be encouraged to assist in the work of the health departments affects the welfare of the community at large. The crowded nature of these areas and the too favourable conditions that prevail for the propagation of disease render this question extremely difficult. It is only by the liberal use of disinfectants that the neighbourhoods can be maintained in a more or less safe state of cleanliness. Thus the problem is resolved into a simple though continuous battle between the microbe and its destructive or restraining agent as represented by a powerful deodoriser. But the distribution among the humbler classes of the conventional disinfectant as represented by carbolic in either of its forms is an expensive undertaking, as is testified by Dr William F. Alexander, the Medical Officer of Health for the metropolitan borough of Poplar, where the distribution of carbolic disinfectants among the one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants of the district entailed an expenditure of eight hundred and sixty-two pounds five shillings and sevenpence during the year 1905. This is one of the most densely populated areas of London, and it is only by great efforts on the part of the authorities that cleanliness can be preserved.

With the view of facilitating the utilisation upon a more widespread basis of an efficient disinfectant for all purposes, Dr Alexander urged the adoption of a new system of producing a powerful deodorant which has been used with conspicuous success in one or two other cases—notably at Worthing during the typhoid epidemic of several years ago, and in the naval hospital at Netley. In the first-named instance the plant for carrying out the operation was only of a temporary character, but it proved remarkably efficient in combating the propagation of the typhoid bacilli. The process is simplicity itself, consisting purely of the passage of an electric current through sea-water; and in view of the ease with which the disinfectant can be produced, it is one that is eminently adapted to the exigencies of an extensive and crowded community as represented by such a densely populated poor district as Poplar.

As is well known, the fundamental constituents of sea-water are the chlorides of sodium and magnesium. When an electric current of sufficient intensity is passed through this solution a hypochlorite is formed possessing a high disinfecting value; in fact, according to Dr Klein, the eminent bacteriologist, the hypochlorites are exceedingly powerful disinfectant agents whether used in the presence of sewage or other organic matter; and, furthermore, they are true deodorants, which is not the case with those agents evolved from a coal-tar derivative, of which carbolic acid is the most familiar example. Every person is aware of the relief secured from the bathing of an open wound in sea-water, which not only reduces inflammation, but is also an excellent means of cleansing it of pus and other matter which militates against healing.

It is the more general and extended application of electricity that has enabled electrolysed sea-water to be brought so prominently before the public as a commercial possibility both economically and practically. The majority of our large towns now possess an electric lighting installation whence the necessary electric energy, the consumption of which is very small, can be cheaply secured. For ordinary purposes the general current-main supply may be used, though for a small apparatus it may be found requisite to reduce the voltage of the current.

Under the disintegrating influence of the electric current during its passage through the sodium and magnesium chlorides solution in the special apparatus known as the electrolyser the magnesium chloride becomes decomposed, as does also the water. At the positive pole of the electrode nascent chlorine and nascent oxygen or ozone are formed, and these two bodies immediately combine and form an oxygenated compound of chlorine, which, though unstable, possesses great oxidising power, and, moreover, it is soluble in the solution in which it is formed. The hydrogen resulting from the decomposition of the water together with the magnesium collects at the negative pole, producing magnesium hydrate, of which a part combines with the chlorine compound released, while the balance remains in suspension in the tank or electrolyser. The oxygenated compound of chlorine or hypochlorite is disinfecting, deodorising, and bleaching, like calcium hypochlorite, which is the active ingredient of bleaching-powder. The action of these chlorides is to all intents and purposes an oxidising one, since the chlorine is liberated by the action of the acids and to a certain degree by the carbonic acid in the atmosphere, reacts on water, and evolves oxygen, which in its nascent condition exercises a most powerful effect upon all organic bodies, especially those which are in the incipient stage of putrefaction.

The reduction of this simple process to commercial practicability has been effected by a French chemist, M. Hermite, who in 1893, as a result of

prolonged experiments, conclusively demonstrated that such a solution could be prepared at a reasonable cost by electrolysis. But it was obvious that if the method were to be universally applicable, it was essential that it should be available for towns remote from the sea—as are, indeed, the majority of the industrial centres in which congestion of population is the rule; it would be practically impossible for our inland towns to secure sufficient supplies of sea-water for the process. This difficulty has been overcome by the production of artificial brine from those principal constituents of sea-water, chloride of sodium and chloride of magnesium; which, strange to relate, has been found to be more efficient than the natural sea-water, owing to the high proportion of organic matter in suspension in the latter. The two substances are contained in separate saturators, from which the solutions are conveyed to the electrolytic tanks and submitted to the electric current. Since 1893 the process has undergone several improvements, and the most up-to-date plant of its type is that installed in the buildings of the Poplar Borough Council through the indefatigability of Dr Alexander, the Medical Officer of Health.

This eminent authority upon municipal sanitation and hygiene had for some time been impressed with the possibilites of such a process, and after investigating the large plant that is in operation at Rolleville in France, he sought the co-operation of Mr Bowden, the borough electrical engineer, by whose assistance the electrical difficulties were overcome, and urged its installation at Poplar. Curious to relate, however, his suggestion was vigorously opposed in certain quarters, on the plea that it was purely an experimental scientific development, and that its introduction would be attended with failure. Dr Alexander, however, continued his agitation, pointing out the incontrovertible fact that something like four hundred pounds were being expended annually in the provision of carbolic acid in powders and solution forms, and that by the electrolytic process, once the initial outlay had been overcome, a great economy could be effected which in time would more than recoup the preliminary capital expenditure; and at last the installation was sanctioned.

This plant is capable of producing sixty-six gallons of disinfectant per hour, the strength of which is a proportion of one part of chlorine to one thousand parts of water. This strength is sufficient for deodorising sewage and other purposes, but for ordinary domestic sanitary application half-a-part of chlorine to the same proportion of water is adequate. The saturated solution of sodium chloride and magnesium chloride is placed in an elevated tank, and from this point the liquid flows through four double troughs or cells constituting the electrolyser, arranged in steps one above the other to the delivery-duct at the bottom. Thus the flow of the solution is gravitational, a simple and automatic continuous method of working. The cells are each divided by a lateral partition, and in each of these two divisions five distinct 'elements,' comprising one positive and two negative plates, are suspended, the design being somewhat similar to that adopted in the ordinary type of accumulator. The positive electrodes comprise slabs of slate, round which are wound platinum wires which are perfectly indestructible, while the negative electrodes are of zinc. As there are four troughs similarly divided, with ten 'elements,' an aggregate of forty cells is thus secured. From the tank the magnesium and sodium chlorides solution enters the uppermost tank through a funnel, passes along the front division of the trough, and returns along the rear side of the lateral partition over a weir into a subdivision, from which it is drawn off through a U-shaped glass tube into the second trough, when the same cycle of operations is repeated, and so on until at last it falls from the lowest trough into a storage carboy. During the passage of the solution through the cells it is submitted to the electrolytic action of an electric current varying from two hundred and thirty to two hundred and fifty volts, and from fifteen to seventeen amperes, from the main cables of the borough's lighting circuit, the power per cell thus averaging from 5·7 to 6·2 volts per cell.

In order to ascertain whether the apparatus is operating correctly gauges are provided, together with a thermometer to indicate the variations in temperature occurring during the electrolytic action, since the latter is attended with a certain proportion of heat. This varies according to the intensity of the saline solution; and to control the electric current intensity a regulator or rheostat is used. It is also essential to agitate the contents of the mixing-tank from time to time, to accomplish which a special device has been designed. At the side of the electrolyser is a small bottle containing a solution of caustic soda, which is used to neutralise any free acid that may be present, and to act as a preservative, and this falls into the carboy drop by drop as it is being charged with the electrolysed disinfectant, the liquid in the carboy being stirred by means of an ebonite rod to ensure combination of the two fluids.

It will be realised that the process of manufacturing the disinfectant upon these lines is simplicity itself. The actual wear and tear upon the apparatus is practically a negligible quantity, the only parts requiring replacement being the zinc electrodes; but even this renovation is only necessary once in about seven years. The positive electrodes, being composed of platinum, are indestructible, and, moreover, in view of the high price of the metal, always constitute a valuable asset. It is imperative, however, that the apparatus should be maintained in a scrupulously clean condition to effect economical working and efficiency. The tanks or cells require daily flushings with clean water to remove any precipitate formed during electrolysing and to prevent encrustation

upon the electrodes themselves. A certain amount of deposit upon the latter is bound to ensue, and unless these are frequently cleansed this becomes firmly adhered to the exterior surfaces of the electrodes, nullifying or appreciably reducing their action.

The disinfectant produced in this manner is clear and of a slightly yellowish colour, emitting a decided but not unpleasant smell of chlorine, the proportion of which ranges from 4·5 to 5·5 grammes per litre. Bearing in mind the powerful germicidal properties of chlorine, this proportion is adequate for general disinfecting purposes, as practical application has conclusively demonstrated. At first sight there might be some doubt as to the stability of a disinfectant produced upon this basis; but the deterioration in cold weather, with the liquid stored in sealed non-actinic bottles, is almost insignificant, while when reserved in bulk in carboys the solution has been found to be approximately as strong at the end of a year as when it issued from the electrolyser.

In regard to its disinfecting potentialities, the most searching investigations have been carried out to emphasise its utility in this connection. When applied to the effluent from a sewage-farm it completely deodorises and sterilises it. Upon its application to such dangerous filth as putrefying meat, fish, or other decomposing matter, the organic substances resulting from such action, as well as the gases, such as sulphuretted hydrogen, hydro-sulphate of ammonia, &c., are destroyed with great rapidity. For inland towns where this system is in operation, and where supplies of sea-water are unavailable, M. Hermite has prepared a special compound, the fundamental constituents of which are the chlorides of sodium and magnesium in association with a certain secret preservative. When the electrolytic disinfectant produced from this material is applied to decaying substances such as those already mentioned, the foul smell attending such decomposition disappears instantly; chlorine is evolved, and continues to evolve as long as any oxidisable substances as represented by the microbe-infested matter remain. This chemical reaction shows that an excess of nascent chlorine is in course of production, and this permeates the liquid, finally coming into close contact with the existent germs, which are speedily destroyed; and the fact that this chemical reaction is in progress is testified by the distinct smell of chlorine which prevails, together with the development of the chlorine gas.

The greatest advantage, possibly, of this antiseptic is the facility with which it can be handled, owing to the absence of any poisonous qualities. Consequently no distinctively coloured bottles such as are necessary with other deodorisers like carbolic acid become necessary. It constitutes an excellent gargle for the throat, a liniment for wounds, or a wash for the eyes, it only being necessary to make a 10 per cent. solution. There is a slight burning sensation experienced, but it is of purely a passing character, while the taste is distinctly salt. This renders it of great value in the sick-room; in fact, it is considered to be more efficient as an antiseptic than the corrosive sublimate, the familiar expression for bichloride of mercury, which is so extensively employed in hospitals.

The actual cost of production, as already mentioned, is comparatively trifling. The electrical consumption averages ninepence per hour, representing a weekly expenditure under this head for an eight-hour day of six shillings, and for this sum four hundred and forty gallons of disinfectant can be produced. To this outlay, which is necessarily the heaviest item, must be added the cost of the chloride of sodium represented by common rock-salt, the chloride of magnesium, and the caustic soda, which average twenty-four shillings, seventy-seven shillings and sixpence, and eighty shillings and eightpence per ton respectively. During the past year the apparatus in operation by the Poplar Borough Council produced seventeen thousand gallons of fluid, the prime cost of which was thirty-three pounds ten shillings and threepence, made up as follows: electric current, two thousand five hundred and forty-three units at three-halfpence per unit, fifteen pounds seventeen shillings and tenpence; rock-salt (four tons), four pounds sixteen shillings; chloride of magnesium (two tons), seven pounds eighteen shillings and ninepence; caustic soda (one ton), four pounds and eightpence; water, seventeen shillings. Of course, in addition to this must be added the cost of labour in manufacturing, packing, delivering, and issuing the disinfectant, which represents an additional outlay of four hundred and seven pounds twelve shillings and sevenpence, while other incidental expenses bring the total to five hundred and ninety-seven pounds fourteen shillings and threepence. In view of the fact that this is the result of the first year's working, which was essentially of an experimental nature, and during which period considerable experience was obtained which will result in several appreciable economies being effected, it is in every way a success, especially when it is remembered that the cost of distributing carbolic disinfectants was nearly 30 per cent. higher. During 1905 the expenditure upon carbolic fluid and powder amounted to two hundred and forty-two pounds and seventy-two pounds two shillings respectively, aggregating three hundred and fourteen pounds two shillings; which total was augmented by other incidental expenses to eight hundred and sixty-two pounds five shillings and sevenpence, of which wages and special bottles constituted the heaviest items. To-day the health department produces for thirty-three pounds what formerly cost them three hundred and fourteen pounds.

Owing to the facility and cheapness with which the disinfectant can be produced, it is now being most extensively employed both by the inhabi-

tants of the borough for purely domestic purposes, the flushing of streets, sewers, &c., and by the borough's numerous hospitals, workhouses, asylums, and other similar institutions, which receive their supplies free of cost. The enterprise of the council in cheapening and improving the facilities for procuring such an efficient deodoriser is appreciated by the poorest classes, who are enabled to secure unlimited supplies of the fluid merely for the fetching, and indeed are seconding the efforts of their health department by the liberal use of the germicide, whereas under the previous arrangements they were unable to afford such a convenience. Consequently the hygienic welfare of the whole community is being substantially improved, and a far higher level of health secured. The scientific experiment, which was in many quarters hailed as merely a fad and a danger to the borough, has proved a remarkable success; and such municipal means of cheaply manufacturing what is now recognised by the scientific and hygienic faculties as a powerful disinfectant eminently suited to public requirements might very advantageously be adopted by other similar bodies in all parts of the country where the density of the populated areas, more especially in the poorer quarters, constitutes a constant serious menace to the safety of the whole of the inhabitants within the town or city boundaries.

THE THREE-ARMED BUDDHA.

CHAPTER II.

IT was an hour later. The folding-doors of Petersham Mansions stood wide open, the lamp in the entrance-hall had been lighted long ago, and Mr Baynes—affable, middle-aged, inclined to corpulence, and with the manner of a duke retired from business—was 'taking the air' on the steps, when a well-dressed man came up to him and asked to be directed to Mr Frank Denaby's flat.

'Mr Denaby is from home, and won't be back till morning,' replied Baynes. 'But if you like to leave any message for him'——

'Thanks; but I'll call again in the course of to-morrow,' broke in the other, and with that he made off like a man in a hurry.

Ten more minutes went by. Baynes had retired to his 'den,' as he termed it, in the hall, whence he could command a view of all who entered or left the Mansions. To him, as he sat there intent on the sporting news of an evening paper, there now came another stylishly dressed man, who, in brisk, business-like tones, said, 'I see that you advertise one of your flats on the fourth floor as being to let. As I think it may possibly suit my requirements, I should like to go over it, if the hour is not too late for me to be permitted to do so.'

'Not too late, sir, by any means,' replied Baynes, who was allowed a commission on every tenant he succeeded in securing. 'I shall have much pleasure in showing you over the suite in question. There's a splendid outlook from the windows.'

So presently the lift took the pair of them up to the fourth floor.

They had not been gone longer than a couple of minutes before one of the outer doors, which Baynes had shut before going aloft, was gently opened, and a third stranger made his appearance. Over his evening clothes he was wearing a black Inverness cape. After a comprehensive glance around—the lift-boy had been gone some time—he went up to a board on the wall which recorded the names of the various inmates of the Mansions, together with the number of the flat occupied by each. With a finger he ran down the list of names till he reached the one opposite No. 13. That done, he crossed the hall to the janitor's 'den,' went inside, and from among sundry other keys hanging in a row on numbered hooks he took the one under No. 13. It was the duplicate key of Frank Denaby's flat. In the hall he paused for a moment to listen. His confederate and Baynes were still on the fourth floor. Then, carrying the key, he bounded up the staircase almost as noiselessly as a cat could have done, and without halting on the first floor went swiftly up to the second. By the light of the electric lamp in the corridor it was the work of a few seconds to find the door of No. 13. Half-a-minute later he was inside the flat.

Transferring the key from the outside to the inside of the door, he softly turned it and locked himself in. The room was in darkness save for a dull glimmer from the dying fire in the grate; so he struck a match on the box he carried, sought for and found the electric button, and a moment later had switched on the light. He had hardly done so before the silence was broken by a soft, whirring noise, which he rightly interpreted as that made by the lift on its descent from the fourth floor, and he chuckled as he listened. So far all had gone well.

He now took a comprehensive survey of the contents of the room. He was standing with his back to the fire, and it was not till he turned that he perceived the image on the chimneypiece, and at once he pounced on it.

'So this is the josser, is it,' he said, as he turned the bronze over and over, 'that Mr Chundra Das is willing to pay two hundred pounds to obtain possession of? Some folk have queer fancies, and no mistake! For my part, I should be sorry to offer five quid for him, though he may be worshipped as a god in his own country. Anyhow, he's a stupid-looking old cockatoo.' He spoke half-aloud, as men

who have undergone a long term of solitary confinement are said to get into a way of sometimes doing when alone.

He put back the image and indulged in a long yawn. 'Snakes alive, how sleepy I feel after last night's adventure! There's no hurry for an hour or more. Mr Frank Denaby won't be back till morning, so the porter told Chidley, and I may as well make myself comfortable while the chance is mine. So kind of you, Frank, to leave out the drink and the weeds—just as if you expected me to look you up! You do me proud, dear chappie, and I shall have much pleasure in drinking your health.'

After removing his hat and cape, he mixed a stiff tumbler of grog, and swallowed half its contents at a draught. Then he took up the box of cigars. 'San Diegos, as I live! I'm in luck's way,' he said as he read the brand. Then he sat down in one of the easy-chairs by the fire, which still kept up a smouldering glow, and proceeded to light his cigar. His replenished tumbler was within reach.

As he sat smoking, with outstretched legs and with his shoulders resting against the cushioned chair, he yawned more than once. More than once his eyes closed, and he came back to consciousness with a start. But after a few more minutes his lids opened no more. He had sunk into a deep sleep, holding his half-smoked cigar between his fingers.

Mr Dick Frinton—known among his American confederates by the sobriquet of 'Fly-by-Night Dick'—was in his thirtieth year. Tall, thin, lithe, and alert, there was something markedly feline in his movements, more especially so when he was engaged in any of his nefarious transactions. Four persons out of six would have accounted him a pleasant-looking and fairly handsome man; the remaining two, being gifted with more discernment, would have averred that his light-blue eyes, at once shifty and furtive save when he was in one of his genial moods, were set too closely together, and that the habitual expression of his thin-lipped mouth was one of mingled craft and plausibility.

He was the son of a well-to-do country solicitor. For four years he filled the post of junior clerk in a provincial bank; then a way of defrauding his employers suggested itself to him, and he yielded to the temptation. For the next six months he led a gay life in Paris on the proceeds of his fraud, following on which came his arrest, his trial, and his sentence. On his release from prison he crossed to the States, and there before long he joined one of the most notorious gangs of safe-burglars between New York and San Francisco; but at length the Old Country had drawn him back.

One reason why he did not at once secure what he had come for and take his departure was because he knew that an hour later the night-porter would come on duty, when nothing could be more simple than for him (Frinton) to walk downstairs and so out of the building unchallenged, on the assumption that he was a visitor who had been admitted by the day-porter.

One, two, three hours passed, and then, had Frinton not been so soundly asleep, he would have been conscious of certain vague, faint, intermittent sounds, seemingly coming from no great distance away, which might well have aroused his curiosity to ascertain whence they originated and to what cause they were due. But he slumbered on and heard nothing. In a little while, save for the ticking of the clock on the chimneypiece, silence reigned once more.

When three or four minutes had passed thus, one of the folding-doors that gave upon the bedroom moved noiselessly on its hinges, and through the opening the black-bearded visage of Ruffo Rupini was cautiously protruded. For a full minute he remained motionless, his keen black eyes, after roving about the room, concentrating themselves on the chair by the hearth in which Frinton slumbered. The back of the chair being towards him, all he could see of the sleeper was the crown of his head. As he stood glaring at his intended victim an evil smile lighted up his swarthy features. It was clear that he mistook the man in the chair for Frank Denaby.

Inch by inch he advanced till he stood fully revealed. Then, after drawing a long, deep breath, he began to steal forward step by step, his body bent, his shoulders hunched, and with his right hand clutching something held behind his back. But at the fifth step the telephone-bell rang sharply, and on the instant he recoiled as if he had been shot, and vanished through the folding-doors.

As he did so Frinton sprang to his feet, his hand going instinctively to the hip-pocket that held his revolver. But next moment he recognised where he was and the nature of the interruption. 'Yep! it's close on midnight!' he exclaimed, with a glance at the clock. 'What a woolly-brained idiot I must have been!' Then the bell rang again.

Crossing to the instrument, he took up the receiver and blew through it.

'Who are you, and what do you want?' he asked.

'I'm *The Pharos*. Are you Frank Denaby?'

'That's me. Fire away,' was the reply. He had to trust to chance that the difference between the two voices would pass undetected.

'Be here not later than eleven in the morning. Special.'

'Right you are. Won't fail. Good-night.' He listened for the answering 'Good-night,' and then hung up the receiver. But on the instant he became aware through the glass of the overmantel of a stealthy figure creeping up behind him, and he faced round like a flash. As he did so the Italian made a spring, and the knife that was intended to be driven home in Frinton's back buried itself in his shoulder. With an execration, Rupini fled by the way he had come, but as he reached the folding-doors Frinton's revolver cracked out; there was a sharp scream, and the Italian disappeared. Fly-by-Night Dick stood for a few moments

staring after him, then the revolver dropped from his relaxed fingers, and he sank to the floor, a limp heap, and for a time knew nothing more.

CHAPTER III.

IT was close upon six o'clock in the morning when the motor-car which had brought our two friends back after the ball at Minden Lodge drew up at Petersham Mansions, where Denaby alighted, after arranging to meet Brandon later in the day and dine with him at the 'Savoy.' Janson, the night-porter, admitted him in response to his ring, and, after bidding the man good-morning, he ran lightly upstairs, for the lift-boy did not come on duty till an hour later.

His mood just then was one that was wholly strange to him. He was at once exultant and sad, lifted out of his ordinary self, while yet low down in his heart, faintly but clearly audible, sounded the tocsin of despair. Elsie Deighton had met him as if they had parted the day before. She had favoured him with three dances, and had been sweetness itself to him; more than that, he had read something in the depths of her eyes which thrilled his soul with rapture. Therefore it was that he was carried out of himself, while fully aware of his folly and of the hopelessness of a passion to which his honour forbade him to give expression in words. For Miss Deighton was the daughter of a rich man and an heiress, while he was merely a poor journalist with no prospects worth considering.

They had first met when Denaby was a young man about town, with a liberal income and brilliant prospects. He had at once fallen in love with Elsie, and had been on the eve of proposing to her when the news of his father's death reached him; following on which had come the discovery that the elder Mr Denaby had died a ruined man, the victim in part of his own folly and in part of the roguery of others. From then till now Frank and Miss Deighton had not met again.

His thoughts were full of her as he ran upstairs this morning. At the door of No. 13 he halted, produced his key and tried to insert it into the lock, but found that he was unable to do so. After two more attempts he stooped and peered into the orifice, only to discover that it was blocked from the inside, the key having been left by Frinton in the lock.

Wondering much and vaguely uneasy, Denaby passed onward to the side corridor out of which his bedroom opened. His key fitted the locks of both doors, and he turned it without difficulty in this one. A cold air struck him on entering. It came from the bathroom beyond, and on looking he was surprised to see the window wide open, for he had no recollection of having left it so. After partially closing it, he passed back through the bedroom and thence into the sitting-room, but on the threshold he halted, frozen with amazement.

Although it was now broad daylight, the curtains were still drawn and the electric light flooded the room. Facing him, on one of the big chairs by the hearth, reclined a man—a stranger—with a face of extreme pallor, and with a big crimson patch showing on the front of his shirt where he had torn open his coat and vest. On a chair near the outer door lay an unfamiliar hat and cape. The man was regarding him as curiously as he was regarding the man.

After pausing for a few moments to ask himself whether he was not dreaming, Frank drew a long breath and went forward a few steps into the room. 'Who are you, and what is your business here?' he asked.

Frinton paused for a moment before replying; then, pointing to the spirit-stand on the table, he said in a weak voice, '*S'il vous plaît, monsieur.*'

So Denaby poured into a glass a modicum of brandy, and was about to add water to it, when the other's exclamation of '*Pas de l'eau, monsieur,*' arrested his hand.

Frinton took the glass from him and swallowed the neat spirit with feverish eagerness. At once it seemed to revive him, and, grimacing a little, he contrived to raise himself into a sitting position.

'And now you will perhaps be good enough to answer my questions?' said Frank sternly.

'That, under the circumstances, some explanation is due to you, Mr Denaby, I frankly admit. As for who I am, that matters nothing, because you and I are strangers, and after to-day are likely to remain such. As for my reason for intruding upon you, that's another affair. To state the case baldly, I am here on a little matter of business.'

Frank's wonderment was in no wise lessened by these words. 'But who had the impudence to admit you to my rooms during my absence?' he asked.

'I had the impudence to admit myself. The doorkeeper being absent from his post, I took your key off its nail, walked upstairs, and let myself in. It was very simple.'

The fellow's coolness brought Frank's blood to simmering-point. Before trusting himself to say more, he drew back the curtains of the two windows and switched off the electric light.

'And what happened after that?' he asked as he went back to the hearth.

'Oh, I made a great ass of myself,' replied Frinton with a curl of his thin lips. 'But I suppose we all do that at times. Your whisky was tip-top, your smokes were spiffin', and your chairs, with their feet on the hearthrug, had a sweetly inviting look. The consequence was that before I knew it I was in the land of Nod—I hadn't been in bed for two nights and a day—and I didn't open my eyes till three hours had slipped away. And what do you think it was that awoke me then?'

He looked at Frank, but the latter remained grimly silent.

'Why, sir, your 'phone-bell. So, as you weren't

here, I took off the message for you. You're wanted at *The Pharos* Office at eleven sharp this morning, and don't you forget it.' He paused and held out his glass with a significant gesture.

'And what happened next?' asked Denaby, as he poured out a small quantity of brandy. His amazement was growing apace, but he saw that his strange visitor was in no condition to be hurried. He must be allowed to take his time and to tell his story in his own way.

'What happened next was this: a man, grasping an ugly-looking knife, suddenly made a dash at me out of the inner room, evidently intending to stab me in the back; but I turned in time and his knife took me in the shoulder instead. He stared me in the face for a moment and flung up his arms. It seemed to me that he had mistaken me for somebody else—probably for you, Mr Denaby. But by that time I had whipped out my revolver—there it is, under that chair—and as he was bolting through the doorway I fired. He let out one yell and was gone, after which I recollect nothing for a long while.'

He drank off the brandy and resumed: 'When I came to my senses I was in great pain, and found I had bled a lot. By-and-by I managed to lift myself into this chair, and here I've remained ever since—waiting for what might happen next, and not being able to get away, as I had intended doing. Yes, Mr Denaby, I think there's no doubt that the stab in my shoulder was intended for you. Possibly I've been the means of saving your life. In any case, I hope you won't forget the old saying that one good turn deserves another.' As he ceased he bent his eyes on Frank with an evident anxiety in them which he tried to veil under a cynical smile.

Denaby's face had turned nearly as white as Frinton's as the latter told of the attack upon him. That Rupini was the assailant was hardly open to doubt. Had not Brandon dragged him away, almost against his will, in all likelihood he would have been a dead man by now. After a brief silence he said, 'You have told me much, but you have not yet explained the reason of your surreptitious visit to my flat.'

Before the other could reply there was a sound of voices on the landing outside, which was followed by a knock at the door. Frank crossed, turned the key, and opened the door, revealing Baynes, who by this time had come on duty, accompanied by a policeman.

'Beg pardon, sir,' said the former, 'but the body of a man shot through the lungs has just been discovered on the pavement of the court on which the back windows open; and as a gold match-box, with your name inside, has been found upon him, the constable here wants to know whether you can throw any light on the affair.'

'Is the man dead?' queried Frank.

'As a door-nail, sir.'

But at this point the constable, without a word, pushed past Frank into the room. He had caught sight of a pallid, limp figure reclining on an easy-chair, whose shirt-front displayed a big smudge of blood.

Before he could ask a question Frinton, who had heard what passed at the door, spoke, as if anxious to anticipate anything Denaby might think well to say. 'I can throw some light on the affair,' he said in clear accents. 'Last night I called upon my friend Mr Denaby on a matter of business. Learning that he was from home, I obtained the key of his room in order to write him a note, which he would find awaiting him on his return. I had written the note, and was on the point of going, when a man, who must have been in hiding, rushed upon me from the inner room. His right hand held a dagger of some sort, and with it he made a desperate lunge at me—the proof of which you can see for yourselves. In a twinkling I whipped out my revolver, and as he was disappearing through the doorway I fired. After that I fainted, and that's all I know of the affair.'

By this time the constable was busy taking notes. After a pause he said to Frinton, 'Your shot seems to have cooked the rascal's goose, sir. As your presence will be required at the inquest, I must ask you to furnish me with your name and address.'

'My name is Spencer Montague. As for my address, at present I have none. You see, it's only twenty-four hours since I landed at Liverpool from New York. But for this confounded mischance, my address for a week to come would have been Morley's Hotel; now it will most likely be the nearest hospital. My friend here was on the point of summoning a doctor when you appeared, and till I've been examined I can give you no further information. Anyhow, I'll leave word with Mr Denaby where I may be found.' His voice faded into indistinctness and he again pointed to the spirit-stand.

Baynes and the constable left the room.

'I will order a doctor to be fetched at once,' said Frank as he poured out another modicum of brandy.

'No, not yet—if at all,' was the reply.

The young journalist's perplexity was by no means lessened by what had passed in the course of the last few minutes.

As if divining what was fermenting in the other's mind, Frinton now said, with a whimsical smile, 'At length, *mon cher monsieur*, you shall have the explanation to which, were it only for the sake of your hospitality, you are so amply entitled. The point is, where shall I begin?' He sipped his brandy thoughtfully.

'You can't begin better than by explaining what brought you here in the first instance,' said Frank with a sternness that was rare with him.

'Perhaps that will be best. Well, then, in a few words, my purpose in coming here was to despoil you of that bronze gimcrack on the chimneypiece.'

'Of the three-armed Buddha! But who on earth'—— He paused, and his eyes expressed the amazement he felt.

'Ah, that's where the conundrum comes in. I was nearly as much surprised as you are when Mr Chundra Das, an Indian gentleman at present staying at the Dynevor Hotel, offered me two hundred pounds if I could succeed in transferring the image from your keeping to his. But I've failed through an accident—not to speak of my own blazing folly in going to sleep. *Voilà tout.*'

If enlightenment had come to Frank on one point, it had left him with another riddle to solve.

There was a pause, which Frinton broke by saying, 'If it was worth the Indian gent's while to offer me two hundred pounds to steal the bronze for him, it seems clear that, for some reason or other, he must set a much higher value on it than that. Such being the case, may it not be advisable on your part, Mr Denaby, to find some more secure place for it than your chimneypiece? Although *my* attempt has failed, others may be made to obtain possession of it.'

'You are right, and I will see that it is at once put into safe keeping. You have been very frank with me, and in so far I am obliged to you. And now you will let me send for a doctor?'

'Bide a wee, as our Scotch friends say. If, on the one hand, Mr Denaby, I took the liberty of representing myself to that chump-headed "copper" as your friend, on the other I've borne the brunt of a murderous attack of which undoubtedly it was intended that you should be the victim; consequently I think we may cry quits so far as any obligation on either side is concerned. *Que dites vous, monsieur?*'

'So be it. You have unwittingly done me a greater service than you are aware of.'

'I'm glad of that. It will be something to look back upon in my shady record. And now it's high time for me to scoot.'

'But'——

'No, I'll see no doctor here. The police may come again, and put further questions to me which I might find it awkward to answer with a due regard for veracity. So, if you will be good enough to have a cab ordered, I'll sling my hook without delay.'

Five minutes later Mr Dick Frinton was helped into the lift by Baynes. A cab was waiting at the door. His last words to Frank were, 'Take my tip, Mr Denaby, and look carefully after that three-armed josser.'

As Frank stood by the fireless grate after the other's departure, a tangle of thoughts began to unravel themselves in his brain. The fact that Rupini was dead was what impressed itself most forcibly on his consciousness just then. Tragical as the man's end had been, it was impossible that Denaby should feel otherwise than relieved by the certainty that he had nothing more to fear from him. He was too well acquainted with the Italian character not to be aware that even if Rupini had failed in his first attempt, he would have tried again and yet again till he should either have succeeded in accomplishing his purpose or have been arrested and imprisoned for attempted murder. With such a man, the fulfilment of his vow would have all the force of a sacred obligation. That Denaby should experience a sense of relief not far akin from elation as he thought of these things was not to be wondered at.

After a time his musings took a turn. Was the strange story told by the man who had lately left him true or false—that he, Spencer Montague (as he called himself), had been offered two hundred pounds to steal the image of the three-armed Buddha? It was hard to believe; yet what would the fellow have gained by inventing such a rigmarole? He must have had some definite object in view in risking his liberty by his surreptitious entry of the flat, which held nothing that would repay an ordinary burglar for his trouble. The affair was a mystery, and such it would most likely remain. For all that, he would follow the advice which had been proffered him, and place the image in secure custody till he should be able to relieve himself of it by handing it over to his uncle. Fraser, his neighbour in the next flat, with whom he sometimes smoked and played chess of an evening, had a safe in his room, and he would ask him to lock up the image in it for the time being.

So much had happened in the course of the last hour that from the moment of his entering his flat the image of Miss Deighton had passed clean out of Denaby's thoughts. But now, while he waited for his breakfast to be brought up, his mind leapt back to the point at which his cogitations respecting Elsie and his own future were abruptly put an end to. Despondency held him in its chilly grip, for your genuine lover is a being of many moods. Last night he had tasted an exquisite pleasure such as he could look forward to experiencing only once more in his life. Mrs Lennox, who would be in town in the course of a few weeks, had promised to send him a card for her first At Home, and had extorted from him a promise to be there, telling him at the same time that Miss Deighton would accompany her to London. Well, having promised, he would of course go. It would be his unspoken farewell to Elsie. After that he would go back to the obscurity from which he ought never to have let himself be tempted to emerge. Precious memories would still be his; for the rest, Work must henceforth be his mistress. Mayhap she might prove his comforter as well.

Eleven o'clock found him at *The Pharos* Office, looking as bright and alert as ever he had done.

(To be continued.)

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS IN SPAIN.

PART II.

'ON the 24th, Monday, the Spanish General was surprised to find that the French had left their position. He now marched to pursue them and drive them out of Madrid, and fight them wherever he could find them. Sir Arthur explained that the British had no provisions, and that we could not move until these were supplied. But the Spaniard was obstinate, and crossed the river after the French; he was to do great things with the Spanish army since he got the French on the retreat. This day we waited patiently for a supply of biscuit, but none came. In the evening two pounds of beef each man were served out; this kept us cooking most of the night.

'25th.—We advanced to the Alberche and moved a division of cavalry and foot, under command of General Sherbrooke, across the river, to keep communication with the Spaniards and Sir Robert Wilson's division of Portuguese, who were far advanced on the road to Madrid, to our left. This division occupied the position the French had retreated from at Casalegas. We then returned to our old ground, and sent out parties in search of bread or wine, others being sent to gather wheat and peas in the fields. Very hard times these. In the evening our foragers returned, and brought a mule with two skins of good wine and some bread. This was distributed among the company.

'News reached us that General Cuesta and his Spaniards were in full pursuit of the enemy as far as Torrejos, and that Marshal Victor had gone on the Toledo road, where he was joined by General Sebastiani and his army. At this place the French, hearing that the British army was still at Talavera, faced about on the poor Spaniards. On the 26th news arrived almost every hour from the Spanish army that they had been attacked and beaten with great loss, and were retreating in confusion. I saw one of our officers who had been as far as St Olala; he stated that the streets of that town were entirely blocked up with the Spanish artillery, bread-wagons, baggage, &c., and that whole regiments were running like a rabble or a mob. We began to hear a cannonading at a distance, rolling nearer us.

'On the 27th the Spaniards began to arrive; they took up the ground on our right, in two lines, and entrenched themselves and made batteries on the high-road leading from the town to the bridge over the Alberche, and planted their heavy cannon in front of a chapel at our right. We expected a general attack, and our line was drawn between the river and the hill, a distance of about two or three miles. General Sherbrooke was called in from Casalegas, and General M'Kenzie was stationed with a strong advanced-post at some houses in a wood. I was sent with a working-party to raise a battery on some rising ground among the olive-trees. About two o'clock the French arrived at the side of the Alberche, and opened fire on our advance-guard, fording the river at the same moment. We kept them in check; but from where I was I could see that our people were suffering much, and retiring to take up their position in the line. The working-parties were ordered to stand to their arms, as the shot from the French was coming thick among us. We were then ordered to join our regiments as quickly as possible, and we joined our battalion on the side of the hill to the left of the line. A dreadful cannonade commenced on the British right, and the enemy attacked the Spaniards with their cavalry, thinking to break their lines and get into the town; but the Dons repulsed them manfully. The firing ceased on the right after dark, when the French had made a charge of infantry without success. From the place where we stood we could see every movement on the plain.

'At this time our brigade got a biscuit each man served out, when a cry was heard, "The hill! the hill!" General Stewart called out for the detachments to make for the top of the hill, for he was certain no regiment could be there so soon as we. Off we ran in the dark, and very dark it was; but the French got on the top of the hill before us, and some of them ran through the battalion, calling out, "Españioles, Españioles," and others calling, "Allemands." Our officers cried out, "Don't fire on the Spaniards." I and many others jumped to the side to let them pass down the hill, where they were either killed or taken prisoners in our rear. I saw those on the top of the hill by the flashes of their pieces; then we knew who they were; but I and many more of our company were actually in rear of the French for a few moments, and did not know it until they seized some of our men by the collar and were dragging them away prisoners. This opened our eyes, and bayonets and the butts of our firelocks were used with great dexterity—a dreadful mêlée. The Twenty-ninth Regiment came to our assistance, charged, and kept possession of the top of the hill. This regiment lost a number of men on the highest point of the hill, where the French had a momentary possession, and affairs hung in the balance ere it was decided who should have this key of the position. The enemy tried it a second time, coming round the side of the hill; but as we knew who they were, to our cost, a well-directed running fire, with a charge, sent them into the valley below, their drums beating a retreat. General Hill's division arrived, with two guns, after the affair was over, and, I was told, got credit for this hard contest, when they were dragging their guns about the foot of the hill and did not

fire a shot here until next morning. The firing ceased on this point before eleven o'clock; all was silent on the plain long before. Our brigade got into formation as well as it could, with our left to the top joining General Hill; a deep ravine or hollow was to our front. Some other regiments came on the side of the hill and formed a second line, and some guns were posted to the right of our brigade. I believe it was only after nightfall that our Generals found the importance of this post. We got ammunition served out, and had time to count our loss, which was very great. Vedettes were placed a few yards in front, and we sat down in the ranks and watched every movement of the enemy. About one in the morning we could hear and see the French moving their artillery on the other side of the hollow about two hundred yards from us. Some firing commenced; it ran from the left to the right, for we could see every flash in the plain below us. Order was restored, and a death-like silence reigned among us. The French kindled great fires in rear of their lines. I had a sound sleep for a short time, being one of those who could sleep half-an-hour or twenty minutes at any time or place, and feel myself much refreshed.

'28th.—As daylight appeared each army gazed on the other and viewed the operations of last night. Round the top of the hill many a red-coat lay dead; about thirty yards on the other side the red and blue lay mixed, and a few yards farther, and down to the valley below, they were all blue. The French fired one gun from the centre as a signal for all their line to commence action. Their guns began to pour grape-shot and shell into our lines, and three columns came bearing for the hill. We were ordered to lie close to the ground, but when the enemy was about fifty yards from us we started to our feet and poured in a volley, then charged with the bayonet, and ran them down into the valley, cheering, and firing upon them, for they proved better runners than we. They retreated across the valley to our left, leaving many killed and wounded behind them, and some ammunition-wagons, from one of which I took two three-pound loaves of bread. This was a noble prize where there were so many hungry men. We were ordered to pursue no farther than the rising ground at the foot of the left side of the hill. They crossed the valley and formed on some rocks on the other side, and threatened to turn our left. Two Spanish battalions were sent over to them, which kept them in check, and they kept up a popping fire at each other most of the day. Our guns on the top and side of the hill kept blazing away upon the French guns and columns within reach.

'After the attack was over here, we heard some heavy firing down on the plain among the olive-grounds, but from where we now were we could not see what was going on; the Forty-eighth Regiment and some others were withdrawn from the hill to the plain. About eleven o'clock the enemy, being baffled in all his attacks upon our lines, withdrew his troops a little. As we did not move to follow them they deliberately piled arms and set about kindling fires and cooking their victuals. A brook ran through the plain; to it both armies went for water as if truce was between us, looking at each other, drinking, and wiping the sweat from their brows, laughing and nodding heads to each other; all thoughts of fighting for the time being forgotten. Water was in great demand by our brigade, and parties were sent off for it; others were sent to bury the dead that lay thick about us, and to assist the wounded to the rear.

'Our brigade took up the ground it had quitted in the morning, and the Forty-eighth and Sixty-sixth Regiments took up our ground, for we expected the enemy to make another brush for the top of the hill, and in this we were not deceived. About one o'clock the French army was in motion again, and three divisions were on their way to the hill, one on each side, the other to the front. Our guns on the hill opened upon them, but did little execution to what we expected; it was said, "They are the German Legion artillery." The enemy's right division got under shelter of a large house in the valley, where they stood in close column and sent forward their sharpshooters to within a few yards of us. At this time the British cavalry entered the valley to check the French right. The Twenty-third and German hussars formed across the valley, and, supported by the heavy dragoons, charged the right division of the enemy. This charge, though nobly executed, had not the effect intended, for the French opened a steady fire upon them, killed and wounded and took many of the Twenty-third Light Dragoons prisoners, and forced the remainder back on General Anson's heavy brigade, which kept this division of the enemy from advancing any farther. We stood looking at the affray for a few moments, until General Stewart's brigade was ordered to advance to the top of the hollow, when all the others were ordered to lie close to the ground, as the French had taken up a position with their heads above the rise, and were doing much mischief. We sustained a heavy fire from the enemy's guns on the other side of the hollow, which were making lanes through us, and their musketry attacked us on our flanks. We cleared the enemy from our front and right, but they maintained the heights on the other side; and, as we were lower than they, they punished us severely. All the other troops were brought into action, and the battle raged along the lines from right to left, and nothing could be heard but the long roll of musketry and the thunder of the artillery intermixed. Captain M'Pherson of the Thirty-fifth Regiment, who commanded our company this day, was down, and my right file was taken off by a cannon-shot. William Bowie and John Shewan were killed on my left, and Adam Much lay in the rear, wounded.

'About four o'clock I was struck by a musket-ball, which grazed my left knee and passed through

my right leg about two inches below the cap of the knee. I finished my loading and fired my last shot at the man who wounded me, for I could plainly see him on a height a few yards to my front; I think I should have known him if he had come in my way afterwards. I called out to Sergeant John Gordon that I was wounded; he was the only non-commissioned officer belonging to the regiment I saw at his post. I made along the side of the hill as well as I could, using my firelock as a crutch. I looked back at the brigade, and saw it was much cut up. I passed Colonel Alexander Gordon, formerly captain in our regiment, killed; and Brigade-Major Gardener, who had been an active officer of our brigade all morning—he and his horse lay dead together; Major Ross, Thirty-eighth, and Captain Bradley, Twenty-eighth Light Company (I knew him in the light battalion in Dublin), badly wounded. I stepped over many men lying on the ground here to rise again no more. The shot was tearing up the ground on my left and right, as the French cannon were doing great execution at this time, and their shells had set the corn-fields on fire in the plain, and brush-wood and long grass were blazing on the sides of the hill; and many wounded men, unable to get away, were burned to death. If I had sat down no doubt the same lot would have been mine, so I kept hopping along until I came to a large white house where many wounded men were waiting to be dressed. Here I found the surgeon of the Gordons, Dr Beattie, who came at once to me and dressed my leg and put a bandage on it. He then gave me a drink of water, and told me I had caught it at last. I, smiling, replied, "Long run the fox, but he is sure to be caught at last." This made many smile whose bones were sore enough. I had now time to look about me, and I saw that things were going on in the plain little to our advantage. Some of our guns were drawn to the rear to take up a fresh alignment. Feeling very weak, I took a mouthful of water and a slice of the loaf that I got in the morning, when I found a musket-ball in it, which had pierced my haversack and lodged in the loaf. I sincerely returned thanks to God for preserving me in the dangers to which I had been exposed, and gave myself great credit for all I had done. Thus pleased with myself, I got up and hopped along for the town of Talavera.

'I trudged along in the rear of the line, with some more men in the same condition, for the town, although about this time it seemed rather doubtful whether the French would be there before us. I felt myself getting very weak through loss of blood, and had to make many halts among the olive-trees; and I was vexed to see so many men of different regiments, especially the King's German Legion, skulking in the rear when they should have been doing their duty in front with their comrades—going prowling about with bad intentions, I knew by their looks. And as for the Spaniards, some battalions of them had left the field in mobs during the action; not those actually engaged, but those in the second and third lines. This was disgraceful conduct.

'I reached the town and sat down on the steps of a door, when a young woman brought me a pitcher of water and vinegar, and many a pull I took of it before I let it out of my hands. I then went to the general hospital, a large convent, where hundreds of men were lying in the courts and passages and on the stairs. I lay down and put my head on the dead body of a man of the Sixty-first Regiment, and slept amid all the uproar and bustle. I awakened about dark, and got into one of the large rooms. I saw no one I knew but Adam Much of our regiment, who was wounded about the same place as myself. I lay down beside him. We slept soundly until morning, when I was wakened by the surgeons performing their operations, cutting off legs and arms. I found myself stiff and sore. Dr Beattie came and dressed our wounds. On the afternoon of the 29th Adam Much's wife found him; this was a joyful meeting, as he was supposed to be killed. I got about two glasses of wine from her, which greatly revived me; this was a glass in need, not to be forgotten.

'On the 30th we were carried to the battalion hospital, situated in a church. I got plenty of clean straw, and had one of the steps of the high altar for a pillow, and had some good soup, of which I had much need. Here I learnt the particulars of both armies. The firing was kept up until evening, and we kept our ground and no more on the 28th. Early on the morning of the 29th, when a fresh attack was expected, the French crossed the Alberche and retreated in good order to their old positions. Thus, although commanded by King Joseph in person, and Marshals Victor and Jourdan, and General Sebastiani, with about forty-eight thousand men, they could make no impression on the British lines, and we were the mainstay of the Spaniards. In this action our loss was very great. Generals Mackenzie and Langworth were killed in the field. According to a statement which I saw, the number of killed and wounded was: officers, three hundred and thirty-seven; sergeants, two hundred and eight; drummers, twenty-nine; rank and file, four thousand eight hundred and ninety-two—a total of five thousand four hundred and sixty-six. Of the first battalion of detachments there were above three hundred men killed and wounded. Our company had forty-eight men in the field, of whom six were killed and twenty-four wounded.' *

(To be continued.)

* Omau, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, gives the total British casualties as five thousand three hundred and sixty-three; killed, thirty-four officers, seven hundred and sixty-seven men; wounded, one hundred and ninety-six officers, three thousand seven hundred and nineteen men; missing, eight officers, six hundred and thirty-nine men. The French casualties were seven thousand two hundred and sixty-eight.

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CONCERNING THE CRINOLINE.

By WILLIAM ANDREWS.

AT various times in this country there has been popular the fashion of wearing dresses of considerable circumference, extending as much as from twelve to fifteen feet, by means of hoops and crinolines. In the time of Queen Elizabeth the article which distended the dress was known as a farthingale. The last time the crinoline was in fashion was from about 1855 to 1866. It grew to an enormous size, and women who wore it were the butt of the comic journals and the theme of the writers of satire. When the fashion started whalebone was largely employed. The papers published half a century ago are full of paragraphs similar to the following, drawn from the *Leeds Intelligencer* of 29th August 1857: 'Last year the price of whalebone ranged from two hundred and ninety to three hundred and fifteen pounds per ton. This year the Dundee Union Whale-Fishing Company has sold the cargo of the *Jumna* at four hundred and forty pounds, and we believe that now five hundred pounds per ton is the price asked for the two remaining vessels. We doubt not, says the *Dundee Courier*, that the shareholders of our whaling companies all agree in their admiration of the crinoline.'

Naturally, the great demand for the whalebone increased its price, and other and cheap materials had to be introduced to meet the requirements of the classes and the masses. Steel became popular for the purpose, and the fashion kept spreading in every direction. Much inconvenience was caused by women with large crinolines, as they filled so much space in a room or carriage, and often women were burnt to death when their dresses caught fire. We remember our old friend, Mrs George Linnæus Banks, the novelist, author of *The Manchester Man*, &c., telling how she saved several lives by rolling the women on fire in hearthrugs. She was injured in the hand through attempts to put out a fire.

The subject has its amusing as well as its tragic side. In a journal dated 27th August 1857, it is related that a Mrs London arrived at Plymouth from Jersey; and while the vessel was lying at Catwater an ungallant Excise officer caused her extended crinoline to be examined, and two pounds of tobacco were found in her bustle. It was evident by its appearance that the bustle had done its fair (?) owner some service.

We find in the same journal a story from Scotland which was deemed sufficiently diverting to be reported in a Yorkshire newspaper. 'As the river steamer,' we are told, 'was leaving Greenock the other night, on her homeward passage, a young lady got up in the most fashionable style—that is, with an immense superstruction of flounced skirts, supported by an internal and complicated scaffolding of hoops—stepped on board. Unluckily, however, the lowest hoop caught on a projecting timber-head, and caused her to stumble and fall. From this situation she nimbly gathered herself up, and, had it been all, might soon have forgotten the accident. A still worse lot was hers. The strain at the time of the fall had the effect of loosening the strings, tapes, or buttons by which the expanding apparatus was sustained, so that before she had taken half-a-dozen steps the whole came tumbling down about her feet, to her own dismay, but to the delight of all the spectators, who could not refrain from laughing loud and long at the woeful figure she cut after the sudden collapse. The unfortunate sufferer retired to the ladies' cabin, but, we need scarcely add, did not reappear until the steamer had discharged her passengers.'

At Middlesbrough-on-Tees, when the crinoline was popular, the priest in charge of the Roman Catholic Church insisted on charging double pew-rent for those wearing this article of costume.

When the foolish fashion had reached its height, and ladies wanted a change, its decline started in London, but it was some time before it fell into disuse in the country. The writer, then a boy, was residing in the small town of Alfreton, Derbyshire, and distinctly remembers the sister of a curate being the first person to appear at the

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parish church without a crinoline. All eyes were directed to her, and she was deemed a lady wanting in modesty to disregard the popular fashion. The women of the place were warm over the offending lady.

The name crinoline is from the French, and is given to a fabric of horsehair of considerable stiffness, which was employed to distend a woman's attire. In later times it was applied to hoops of steel used for the same purpose as the material first in fashion.

One of the earliest forms of the dress distender, as we have seen, was called the farthingale, which was introduced by Queen Elizabeth, and we may regard it as the progenitor of the later fashions of its class. It was made of whalebone, and its chief difference from the crinoline that followed was in the fact that the farthingale protruded more at the waist, so as to resemble a beehive. The size in France was fixed by Charles IX., in the one hundred and forty-sixth article in the Edict of Blois, at not more than an ell or an ell and a half in circumference. The result was that its dimensions increased more and more. The old poets and dramatists have many allusions to the farthingale. Heywood, in his *Micro-cynicon —Sixe Snarling Satyres*, 1599, writes:

> Alas, poor verdingales must lie in the street,
> To house them no door in the citie made meet,
> Since at our narrow doores they in cannot win,
> Send them to Oxforde, at Brodegates, to get in. . . .
> Placing both her hands upon her whalebone hips,
> Put up with a round circling farthingale.

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor* we read: 'The firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gurt in a semicircled farthingale.'

'When Sir Peter Wych,' says Butler in his *Pedigree of the English Gallant*, 'was sent ambassador to the Grand Seignior from James I., his lady accompanied him to Constantinople, and the Sultaness, having heard much of her, desired to see her; whereupon Lady Wych, attended by her waiting-women, all of them dressed in their great farthingales, which was the Court-dress of the English ladies at that time, waited upon her Highness. The Sultaness received her visitor with great respect; but, struck with the extraordinary extension of the hips of the whole party, seriously inquired if that shape was peculiar to the natural formation of English women, and Lady Wych was obliged to explain the whole mystery of the dress in order to convince her that she and her companions were not really so deformed as they appeared to be.'

The hoop followed, and although no article of costume has been more abused, it long retained its favour among women. In Sir Roger de Coverley's picture gallery, his great-great-grandmother is said to have on 'the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist.' It may be inferred that the old lady had on the wheel-farthingale, which projected all round, for the knight adds: 'My grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart.' When the whalebone petticoat was first introduced it presented a triangular rather than a rounded appearance. This was in 1711, and what ladies lost in height they gained in breadth. The style changed, for in 1735 we read of it that it projected all round like the wheel-farthingale. The petticoat was short and without a train. A pamphlet was brought out in 1745 under the title of *The Enormous Abomination of the Hoop Petticoat, as the Fashion is now.*

It was customary to carry garlands at the funerals of maidens in bygone times, and hang them over seats they used to occupy in the church. At South Wingfield, near Alfreton, Derbyshire, remains to this day an interesting example. It was carried at the funeral of Ann Kendall, who died of a broken heart on 14th May 1745. The story of her death is very sad. She was killed by the heartless conduct of her lover, but according to local tradition he did not long survive her death. The grave had only closed over her for a short time, when, as he was riding on horseback past the churchyard, the bells of the church commenced to toll, and the unexpected sounds startled the horse so that it stumbled, throwing him to the ground, and breaking his neck by the fall. The young woman used to dress in a fashionable manner, and always adopted the latest style; and it is still related of her that her hoops were so large that when she attended church she had to pass through the door sideways. The families of the deceived and the deceiver have long been extinct in the parish, but stories of her fall and her foibles of fashion are still told in the old village.

At this period hoops had grown so large as to fill the space of half-a-dozen men. An elongated oval form, we are told, came into fashion, which was raised at both sides to bring into notice high-heeled shoes. The hoops were of whalebone, and had canvas over them. On either side were large pockets. This style caused people to say that a lady looked like a donkey carrying panniers. 'The hoop,' says a contributor to the *Connoisseur* for 3rd October 1754, 'has been known to expand and contract itself from the size of a butter-churn to the circumference of three hogsheads.' He concluded his paragraph by saying: 'At the present time it is nearly an oval form, and scarce measures from end to end above twice the length of the wearer.'

In 1780 advertisements of whalebones appeared in the newspapers. Sixteen years later hoops were no longer worn in private life, but still formed part of the Court costumes. The good taste of George IV. abolished the Court hoop.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XI.—TO THE SEACOAST.

THE pace at which the three armies crept down the river fretted Jack's patience sorely. He was burning to catch the first transport sailing for England. But on the third day of the march he learned that a squadron of the Royals and one of the Queen's, with a detachment of infantry, were to be sent forward in haste. Parties of French from Alexandria were raiding the country along the lower reaches of the Nile, collecting supplies, and what cavalry could be spared was to be despatched to check these marauders. The detachment was under the command of the major of the Royals.

'You can ride with us,' he said, 'and you will get to the seacoast a week before the columns do, for we shall travel light and push ahead at speed.'

The detachment started a little after midnight, and for hours the camp-fires behind them flung a crimson glow on the night sky. Presently these died away, and the stars shone clear in the deep Egyptian sky. Then came the many-coloured splendours of an Eastern dawn.

The party pushed on till noon, camped till sunset, and marched again through the night, halting once more when the sun rose. Horses and men were by this time almost worn out. The men were sleeping under the shade of some scattered palm-trees when half-a-dozen Arabs came riding furiously into the little camp with the news that a big French convoy was making for the river a few miles ahead. The major looked round on his slumbering force—the leg-weary horses, their heads hanging down as they stood in the shade, the men asleep in every attitude of weariness.

'Poor beggars!' he said, 'there is not pace enough left in them for a dash. I'll give them a couple of hours more for rest; some of us, meanwhile, must ride out and pick up the enemy.'

He gave a few brief orders, selected the horses that seemed least weary, and, with a couple of orderlies and Gray, mounted. Gray said a few words to him before they started.

The major turned round. 'You speak French like a native,' he said to Jack, 'and the rest of us don't know a word of the language. Come and ride with us. Your horse is the freshest in camp.'

Jack gladly accepted the invitation, and the little party moved off, the Arabs, who by this time numbered several hundred irregulars armed with every variety of weapon, eagerly galloping on ahead. They had ridden for less than an hour when the Arabs came riding back, and with eager gesticulations pointed to a black line clearly visible across the level brown landscape.

'Yes, there are the French,' said the major when he had looked for a minute through his glasses; and putting spurs to their wearied horses, the group cantered forward. When they were within five hundred yards of the French they drew rein. It was a formidable body, not less than seven hundred strong, of all arms, including heavy cavalry, a detachment of dromedary men, and a couple of light guns.

It had no stragglers. A line of infantry, four deep, formed the front of the detachment, and a similar line the rear. On one flank were the squadrons of the dromedary corps, on the other a strong body of dragoons. A huge convoy of laden camels, five or six hundred in number, was in the centre of the moving square. It was an almost perfect example of the tiny yet complete and most effective fighting units which the genius of Bonaparte organised for detached service, and by which he held down Egypt. It was formidable alike for attack and defence.

The major of the Royals whistled as he took in the strength of the French.

'They are too many for us, by Jove! It would need guns and infantry to break them up.'

Then he looked at the swarm of Arabs about him. 'We'll get them to hang on to their flanks and harass them. This will, at all events, serve to keep down the pace until our men come up.'

With much trouble, and with the help of Jack, who acted as interpreter, the Arabs were persuaded to gallop past the flanks of the French and open fire upon them with their long guns. But the French commander was a veteran familiar with the methods of desert warfare. A fringe of tirailleurs ran out from the square, a spray of little active figures, who opened out at regular intervals, and knelt or fell at length on the ground and fired. They were cool and deadly marksmen, and the Arabs promptly drew off, leaving a dozen of their number stretched on the sand. The major of the Royals by this time was looking back through his glasses towards the camp he had left for his squadrons.

'If they come they are not strong enough;' and his eyes dwelt angrily on the compact and orderly mass of the French, whose quick step had not been arrested a moment by the attack of the Arabs. 'They will slip through our fingers,' he said with an expletive.

'Why not try a game of bluff?' Jack suggested. 'If you give me leave, major, I will carry a white handkerchief down to the French and summon them to surrender before your main body comes up.'

'That will be cheeky, but perhaps it is worth trying.'

'Let me ride down to their lines!' said Gray eagerly.

'But you don't know a word of French.—I must reckon you as one of my staff, Mr Lawrence, and send you down.'

The major lent his pocket-handkerchief. Jack tied it to the end of a spear borrowed from one of the Arabs, and, putting spurs to his horse, he cantered down to the French lines. More than one tirailleur fired at him as he came near, and the bullets whistled unpleasantly close; but he rode steadily on. Presently a French officer, followed by an orderly, rode out of the main body to meet him. He wore the uniform of a colonel; his deep-lined face and grizzled hair showed he was a veteran.

Jack had pulled up his horse less than a hundred yards from the French. The detachment halted, the dragoons dismounted, the men of the infantry threw themselves on the sand, and every face was turned towards Jack. Something in the look and attitude of the French struck him. In physique and equipment they were soldiers of a formidable type, but they hardly wore the countenances of men on the eve of battle and eager for it. He knew the French were heartily tired of Egypt, and he resolved, if he could, to play on that chord.

The French colonel had pulled up while yet at a distance of a dozen yards.

'I come, monsieur,' said Jack, 'to propose that you surrender to the British. Our columns are advancing against you; resistance will be useless, and on grounds of humanity we offer you permission to go to France after laying down your arms.'

As he spoke the words '*revenir en France*' Jack raised his voice so that they rang over the whole detachment. He saw a stir in the lines as the words swept down to them. Some of the men began to gesticulate.

The French colonel broke out into a torrent of angry speech.

'We know our duty,' he cried; 'it is to fight. Your proposal is a dishonour to us. I shall order my line to fire upon you if you do not at once withdraw.'

'The offer of a passage to France is no dishonour,' said Jack, and again he raised his voice on the '*revenir en France.*' 'You will sacrifice your men in refusing it.'

A fierce gesture was the Frenchman's reply, and Jack turned his horse round and rode slowly away; but he felt sure the incident was not yet closed. Presently he heard the sound of a horse's feet behind him. He turned.

A French aide-de-camp was coming up at a gallop. 'My colonel,' he said, 'wishes to hear your proposals again. He must consult with his officers upon them.'

Jack expounded his proposal at length. It was, he explained, the terms which had been granted to the French in Cairo, and which a force thirteen thousand strong had accepted. The aide-de-camp rode back to his commanding officer, and presently a clamour of many voices rose amongst the French. The entire detachment, apparently, had resolved itself into a public meeting, and was debating the offered terms, nearly everybody talking at once. In half-an-hour the aide-de-camp returned with the proposal that the French should give up their camels and baggage, but that the detachment itself should be allowed to march back to Alexandria. By this time the major of the Royals had ridden up to the conference, and the squadrons of British cavalry were in sight.

'Tell them,' he said to Jack, 'I am not such a fool as to allow the forces holding Alexandria against us to be strengthened by so fine a body of men as this.'

The French aide-de-camp bowed at the compliment, but shook his head fiercely at the renewed proposal to surrender. The French colonel now joined the group, his long, grizzled face wearing a very bewildered expression.

'His men won't fight,' whispered Gray to the major.

This proved to be the case; and after an animated debate it was agreed that the French should lay down their arms on reaching the British headquarters, and should be sent in due course to France without being regarded as prisoners of war.

'By Jove, Lawrence,' said the major, with a shining face, when the agreement was completed and the French had peaceably camped, 'this is a big bag! It ought to be worth a step to everybody concerned. And we owe it to your bluff, old fellow.'

The French were indeed a singularly fine body of men, over six hundred in all, including one hundred and thirty dragoons and two whole squadrons of the dromedary corps—men chosen for their activity and daring, the very *élite* of the French army—with a swarm of Arab camel-drivers and an immense mass of baggage and forage.

The Arabs, however, by no means regarded the event with the same complacency as the British. It represented a lost chance both of revenge and of plunder. They rode furiously around the little French camp with brandished weapons and cries of anger. The French regarded this performance grimly, and began to handle their muskets.

'If you can't keep that *canaille* quiet,' said the French colonel, riding up to the major of the Royals, 'we can, and will.'

The major promptly drew a cordon of British cavalry pickets round the surrendered detachment, and by way of soothing the Arabs drew out a hundred of the laden camels as their share of the booty. The British infantry in the meanwhile were coming on the scene, and the major sent Gray at a gallop to stop them.

'Explain to the Frenchmen, Lawrence,' he said, 'that I will not bring up my infantry, as their presence is not necessary;' adding, with a wink, 'I don't want them to see what a handful they are.'

It was night before all details were settled, and the British officers sat by the camp-fire, talking over the event of the day.

'You must stay with us, Lawrence,' the major of

the Royals said. 'You can talk their lingo, and they trust you. It is a ticklish business keeping control of such a body of men—with arms still in their possession and the Arabs buzzing round them like wasps—till the columns come up.' And with a touch of keen regret Jack had to consent.

Two days later the three armies came up, and the major reported his capture to General Moore, who was in command of the British force, making handsome acknowledgment of Lawrence's services. Moore sent for Jack and personally thanked him.

'You are not in the service, and no reward can be offered you, but I shall be glad to report to the Foreign Office the value of the aid you have rendered in this business.'

Jack looked with curious eyes at Moore. Already he had the reputation of being the ablest General in the British service. A great career seemed to await him. No one could foresee how it was to come to a premature end in the fight at Corunna, and to be eclipsed for all time by the fame of a still greater soldier known up to that moment only on Indian battlefields.

At Deroute the order in which the armies marched was changed. The French had to pass to the front in order to reach Rosetta, where transports were waiting to carry them to France. The Turkish force swung off to the right; the British halted, and the French marched past them. It happened that the track at that spot ran through a narrow pass, and the French fell into a long single column as they defiled through it. A cluster of British officers, some mounted, some on foot, stood on the slope of the hill commanding the exit from the pass, and watched the column as it emerged and deployed on a broader front as it reached the plain.

Up to this moment no one in the British army knew exactly the numbers of the French marching in their rear, and the scene they now witnessed was an astonishment for them. For hours the human stream flowed on, foot, horse, batteries of guns with ammunition-carts—no less than fifty guns were counted—the dromedary corps, &c. The men had the look of veterans. The equipment was perfect. The column marched at a quick step, with flags displayed and beat of drums.

'By Jove!' exclaimed one officer who stood near Jack, 'they are three times our number. If they had turned on us it would have been a hard tussle.'

'We should have beaten the beggars, sir,' said a boyish-looking cavalry officer who stood by him, with all the arrogance of youth.

'Yes; but there would not have been enough of us left at the end to be worth sweeping up.'

This was true enough. Moore's force marching in front of the French did not amount to four thousand effective men of all arms. The French, by count of head, numbered thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-two men, of whom only eight hundred were sick, with another five hundred invalids reported as 'fit for garrison duty.' The French, that is, were practically three times as numerous as the British, and in the event of battle the Turkish army was a very doubtful quantity.

The British officers watching the interminable French column defiling out of the pass at last broke into a shout of honest laughter.

'Nobody ever saw a sight like this before,' said one of them, 'and nobody will ever see a sight like it again. These fellows could eat us up if they only had appetite enough.'

At last the long succession of horse and foot ended. Then came a jumble of baggage-carts and loaded camels, a disorderly troop of six or seven hundred auxiliaries—Mamelukes and Greeks—and then a little company of civilians; the staff of the schools, of the library, of the printing press, of the central bureau, &c., that Bonaparte took with him to Egypt. They seemed oddly out of place in the tail of such a body as had just marched past, and Jack watched them with amused eyes.

Suddenly he started. A Frenchman in civilian costume, mounted on a mule, lifted his face and looked curiously at him as he rode past. It was M. Duclos! Jack had an unforgetting memory for a face, and he was sure that the figure already being lost in the crowd was that of madame's old major-domo. What had brought him to Egypt? He was not a soldier. He had courage enough of a sort, but it was of a dark and subterranean order, and certainly would not carry him of its own impulse into the fighting front of an army. Probably Paris had grown dangerous to him, and he had seized the chance of a civilian appointment in Egypt to escape.

That night Jack had no difficulty in discovering the place in the French camp occupied by the civil staff, and he found M. Duclos sitting alone by a little camp-fire. He looked older; the Egyptian sun had added a darker tinge to his dark face, his hair was sprinkled with gray, but the eyes had their familiar look of craft. He showed no surprise when Lawrence came up. His vigilant eyes had promptly recognised him in the group on the hillside.

'I expected you to come,' he said.

'Why?' asked Jack. 'I certainly owe you no friendly attention.'

M. Duclos shrugged his shoulders.

'There is something you want to know, and you think I could tell it to you.'

'Yes; but I am sure you will not tell it except it suits your own purpose; and I sha'n't believe it unless there is some proof stronger than your own words.'

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders afresh. 'What is it you want to know?' he asked.

Jack hesitated. What could the Frenchman tell him worth knowing or capable of being believed? M. Duclos read his doubt, and it acted on him like a challenge.

'Do you want to know the truth about that will? It was a trick, as your English lawyers guessed; but it was a trick to defeat a wrong. Madame was

my sister, though we both agreed to conceal our relationship. She was a good Frenchwoman, and served France in the only way a woman could serve her country. She married your father not because she loved him, but that she might serve France better. The marriage gave her a recognised position in London.'

'And she lost it when my father found she was nothing better than a French spy.'

M. Duclos's face grew darker.

'Yes; and why should I not have tried to save her from being punished for her patriotism?'

'Did madame know of the fraud in the will?'

M. Duclos hesitated. 'How can I tell?' he replied sullenly. 'I was willing to take all the risks of the fraud for her sake.'

'I have heard no news from London for years,' Jack said. 'What about Denise?'

The eager voice betrayed him, and the Frenchman looked quickly up, while an evil light came into his eyes.

'I hear about her constantly, and can give you news. She is, like her mother, a good Frenchwoman. She went back to Paris as soon as public affairs grew quiet there, and she is married to a good Frenchman.'

'Married!' cried Jack, who felt his face grow white, while the eyes of the Frenchman dwelt on him keenly.

'Yes; and happily married.'

'What is her name now?'

'I do not think,' said M. Duclos with much deliberation, 'I am justified in telling you. Why should you know? You would only disturb her domestic peace.'

As Jack walked away from the interview the Frenchman's eyes followed him with a look of malign gladness.

'There are better weapons than the sword with which to stab,' he muttered to himself.

Certainly no thrust of sword could have wounded Jack so deeply as the news he had just heard. The one shining hope of his life was blotted out with a word. Married! He shut his eyes, and Denise's face rose before him in all its vivid sweetness. And now it was lost to him for ever!

In the tumult of bitter feeling the whole landscape of his life seemed blackened. It had been better, he whispered to himself, that he had perished in the desert with that hope burning like some clear altar-flame in the innermost chamber of his life than live in the gloom of quenched hope to the end of his days. The sense of loneliness, the bitter consciousness of cheated love, of all sweetest hopes wrecked, overwhelmed him. For hours he walked to and fro in the darkness—the silent camp about him, the silent, star-filled sky over his head, but his own mind a tempest of distress.

Presently he pulled himself together. He could not blame Denise. He could understand how France drew her back as with a spell. And if another had won the priceless treasure of her love, what grounds for complaint had he? No doubt in London they had long reckoned him as dead. 'Happiness,' he said to himself, 'has gone out of my life; only duty remains.' He would go unwedded to his grave. But he would do his work like a man.

Dawn came at last. The camp was awake, the men falling into line, when Gray came up.

'I have been looking for you, Lawrence, and I have good news for you. Some transports are sailing in a couple of days, and they can't refuse you a passage.'

Jack's face, however, did not lighten at the news. He hesitated. 'I am not sure,' he said, 'that I shall go.'

'What has happened?' cried Gray. 'You've been fretting to go for weeks. You have made us all feel that you only endured our society, and longed for a chance of turning your back on us; and now that the chance has come you wear the look of a man who has received the news of the death of his dearest friend.'

'Well, Gray, I have had news more bitter than the death of a dearest friend. England to me just now is not what it was a few hours ago.' Then he reflected a moment. 'Still, I suppose I must go, and you are a good fellow to bring me the news of the transports. No,' he said in reply to Gray's wondering eyes, 'I can't tell you what it is, but it is the worst of news;' and he turned away.

(To be continued.)

HERRENHAUSEN, NEAR HANOVER.

By Lewis Melville,
Author of *Farmer George, The First Gentleman of Europe, The Beaux of the Regency,* &c.

IN the eyes of the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, Hanover is merely a town that has had the distinction of being the residence of a minor German potentate who, owing to his father's choice of a wife and a series of accidents, succeeded in his fifty-fifth year to the British throne; and it comes as a blow to our self-complacency to find that the Hanoverians regard this merely as an incident in the history of their reigning House. Nor is it by them regarded as an agreeable incident! It is true they are pleased to have given a succession of kings to this country, but they do not disguise the feeling that they consider they paid too heavily for the privilege by having absentee rulers for more

than a century; and there can be no doubt that when, on the death of William IV., his brother Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, became resident King of Hanover, and that state thereby severed its connection with Great Britain, there was general rejoicing. This shows a want of gratitude, for Hanover by its association with this country gained greatly not only in influence but also in territory; but, as a matter of fact, the inhabitants of North Germany did not suffer foreigners gladly then any more than to-day, when a stranger is looked upon with dislike by the people.

This is not the only disappointment that the British visitor has to sustain. He has probably remembered that Thackeray, lecturing on the Georges, remarked that Hanover was then very much as it was in the days of George Lewis; and, forgetful of the passage of time, he has anticipated the pleasure of finding a quaint, old-fashioned town. Alas! it has been 'improved' out of all recognition; it has a quarter of a million inhabitants and all the conveniences of the most up-to-date German cities. Modern Hanover, indeed, is doubtless to the residents most delightful, but it is planned on a scale so elaborate that the visitor is justified in regarding it as a toy-town; and even its most stalwart defenders cannot deny that its pretentiousness may justify a smile.

From north to south, from east to west, it is invaded—ay, and conquered—by the spirit of bureaucracy, and this is everywhere evident in the buildings. The Government offices and official residences of this town with its quarter of a million inhabitants are almost as large as the London structures that house the departments of the Secretaries of State whose sway extends over the British Empire; the new Town Hall, with the adjacent Water Board, covers an area nearly equal to that of the projected London County Council Hall; and there are two museums, each about the size of the National Gallery, though—the truth must out—the really *valuable* contents might be placed in two or three small rooms. There is (in addition to other places of amusement) a Court Theatre larger than Covent Garden; there are several immense hotels, more than two score restaurants and cafés about the size of Prince's; the station has a frontage broader than Euston, and the main post-office is an imposing pile; while the banks, merely local offices of concerns in larger cities, are built apparently to the scale of the West End branch of the Bank of England.

Of the splendid parks and the woods on the outskirts of the town nothing need be added here to a note of admiration; but the streets are so remarkable that it is impossible to pass them by without a word. There is the Ernst-August Place, with a statue of that King of Hanover (flanked by two great fountains) who suggests in face and figure Thackeray's Colonel Newcome; there is the fine König Strasse (Street), at the end of which is a bronze and marble memorial to the Hanoverians who died in the Franco-Prussian war; there are, to select a few more names, the handsome Georg Strasse, Goethe Strasse, Hildersheimer Strasse, and Breite Strasse, and the imposing Thiergarten Strasse and Hohenzollern Strasse, each of which, in the magnificence of its dwelling-houses, puts to shame Park Lane and other fashionable London thoroughfares.

Hanover, indeed, is so magnificent, so Hausmannised—there is a street named after the great man—that it produces a feeling of monotony; it is so fine, so regular, so large, that one might wander for hours without finding anything suggestive of the historical interest with which it is associated. Fortunately, however, under proper guidance—and the present writer gladly embraces the opportunity to express his indebtedness for friendly services in this direction to Mr Charles Cornwallis Stevenson, the British Vice-Consul at Hanover—it is still possible to find relics of the town as it was when Ernest Augustus and the Electress Sophia, parents of George I., lived in the Palace overlooking the Leine River. For the most part hidden by vast blocks of modern masonry may yet be seen those glimpses of the Hanover of bygone generations, beautiful, varied, still preserved un-Grimthorped, a pleasure to look upon, from which it is possible to conjure up a picture of the exquisite town of other days.

To find the true Georgian atmosphere, however, it is necessary to go beyond the limits of the town, and to betake one's self to Herrenhausen, about a mile to the north-west, through the famous Herrenhäuser Allee, a superb avenue with four rows of lindens planted about 1726, with carriage-way, riding-path, and a promenade. On the right is the Guelf Garden, with fine old trees, and on the left the George Garden, which stretches to the Great Garden of Herrenhausen, from which it is separated by a canal and united by a bridge.

Herrenhausen was conceived by John Frederick, Duke of Hanover, a libertine prince, who modelled himself upon Louis XIV., in whose pay he was, and who thought to imitate his master's vast pleasure-palace on a modest scale. With this object he enlisted the services of Lenôtre, the gardener of Louis, who in 1666 laid out the grounds in the French style, and carried out the task with such success that, after Versailles and Schönbrunn, it is said to be the best example in Europe. John Frederick's successor, his brother Ernest Augustus (the father of George I.), enlarged the gardens, and every care has since been taken to preserve the grounds as he left them.

The Great Garden is bounded on three sides by a canal, and on the fourth by the Palace and the Orangery; and it presents a marked contrast to the adjacent George Garden, where nature is allowed—or, by subtler art, appears to be allowed—free sway. There is, of course, nothing natural about the formal French garden, with its rectilineal paths, thick but closely cropped hedges, mythological

figures in stone, circular shelters, waterfalls, carp-ponds, and fountains, and the broad stretch of turf, with flower-beds on either side, facing the Palace, the view from which is open to the horizon. Almost hidden away is an open-air theatre, with a semicircular stone arena for the spectators; the ground that serves as a stage has been raised, two Bacchantes mark the proscenium opening, and the wings are formed of hedges at right angles, each flanked by a statue. There performed the troups of actors, singers, and dancers, generally of French nationality, that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were appanages of most Continental Courts.

The Palace, begun in 1698, is a broad-fronted structure of two stories and a red-tiled mansard roof; and the main building runs around three sides of a courtyard, facing the Great Garden, with terraces to right and left over the ground-floor, and in the centre, outside, a stone double staircase descending from the first floor with a fine sweep. Away from the Palace are the stables, where a hundred carriage and riding horses found accommodation, and where to-day may be seen the old state coaches and harness; and, besides, several other houses for royal Princes and for the members of the Court, two of which are now utilised, respectively, for the family museum and the family portrait-gallery. The Orangery, close by the Palace, planned in 1692, was the favourite retreat of the Electress Sophia in her declining years. It was famous for its fruit. 'I was particularly surprised at the vast number of orange-trees, much larger than I have ever seen in England, though this climate is certainly colder. But I had more reason to wonder that night at the King's table,' Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote from Hanover in 1716. 'There was brought to him, from a gentleman of this country, two large baskets full of ripe oranges and lemons of different sorts, many of which were quite new to me; and, what I thought worth all the rest, two ripe ananas, which to my taste are a fruit perfectly delicious. You know that they are naturally the growth of Brazil, and I could not imagine how they could come there but by enchantment. Upon inquiry, I learnt that they have brought their stoves to such perfection, they lengthen the summer as long as they please, giving to every plant the degree of heat it would receive from the sun in its native soil. The effect is very near the same. I am surprised we do not practise in England so useful an invention.'

The Palace, considered as a royal residence, is not imposing, nor are the grounds so considerable as those surrounding the mansions of many English gentlemen; but the whole conveys exactly the note that inspired it. It was built as a summer residence, a palace of pleasure, for the royal family, and for such a purpose it is eminently suitable. Taking all things into account, it is certainly far less pretentious than most of the buildings of modern Hanover, and in far better taste.

Yet how the reigning Duke of the day found means to indulge in this luxury—it must be remembered he had his official residence in the city—it is not easy to see. Hanover under John Frederick and later under Ernest Augustus was a town of some two thousand houses, and the principality was neither extensive nor wealthy. John Frederick certainly had a subsidy from Louis XIV., and Ernest Augustus received a handsome income from his eldest brother, George William, Duke of Lüneberg-Celle (the father of Sophia Dorothea, consort of George I.), for marrying the lady known afterwards as the Electress Sophia, to whom the latter had been engaged; and of course the Dukes of Hanover levied taxes and obtained considerable sums of money by the sale of regiments composed of their subjects to any Power engaged in war—a proceeding common to most minor German sovereigns, and one which provided an appreciable portion of their income.

On the other hand, the expenses must have been very considerable, for the Dukes of Hanover kept up a show of great state. There were, besides the Princes, the Field-Marshal, three Chamberlains, five Gentlemen of the Chamber, and the same number of Gentlemen Ushers, seven pages, two tutors, a dancing-master, and a fencing-master, three physicians, a barber, an organist, six musicians, a dozen trumpeters and a bugler, thirty-four servants in livery, a *maître-d'hôtel*, a dozen cooks and a dozen assistant-cooks, ten bakers, three scullions, seven men employed in the cellars, five in the plate-room, nearly fourscore in the stables, and—for the entire establishment—two washerwomen! But the Court, though very numerous, was but poorly paid. The Master of the Horse received a yearly salary of one hundred and sixty-three pounds ten shillings of our money, the High Chamberlain one hundred and fifty pounds, and the amounts diminished, according to the office, until they arrived at one pound thirteen shillings, the modest remuneration of a scullion.

The upkeep of the town Palace and Herrenhausen, however, did not by any means exhaust the list of the Elector's expenditure, for, besides the Opera House in the Palace, he supported the local theatre entirely at his own expense; as Toland noted, surprised, 'There is a pretty Theatre with handsome Lodges [*loges*] for all Qualitys; for no body pays Money that goes to a Play there, the Prince, as in some other Courts of Germany, being at all the expense to entertain the Town as well as the Court.' Besides this, there was the cost of housing the royal favourites. With John Frederick this was a heavy item, while Ernest Augustus built Monplaisir, half-way on the road from the town to Herrenhausen, for the Countess von Platen; and George Lewis must have been heavily out of pocket through his connection with the lady upon whom he one day bestowed the duchy of Kendal in Great Britain.

Under John Frederick, Hanover had become a

centre of some political and social importance. He had acquired during several lengthy visits to Vienna and Italy a leaning towards art and letters; and at Versailles, where, owing to his conversion to the Church of Rome, he was a favourite with the Grand Monarque, he had become imbued with a passion for the bright side of life. The result of his artistic, religious, and sensuous fervour made the Palace at Hanover, and, of course, Herrenhausen, a most varied scene. He showed his interest in letters by founding a library which, under the fostering care of Leibnitz, acquired wide renown; his devotion to his Church made him welcome Roman clergy, who flocked from all quarters to his Court; and his fondness for art and the light drama was evinced by his music and the theatre, for the support of which he imported French actors and actresses and dancers and Italian singers. It was a motley throng that crowded the Great Garden at Herrenhausen while he, the ruler, slowly drank himself to death.

During the lifetime of John Frederick, his brother Ernest Augustus, then Bishop of Osnabrück, followed humbly in his footsteps, and to the best of his ability imitated these splendours at his palace—he had a Parisian *maître-d'hôtel*, we are told, and interested himself in the costumes of Sophia and her ladies-in-waiting; and when he succeeded to the Dukedom of Hanover he made little or no change, retaining all the extravagant and vicious features of the Court, to which—since he was devoid of all artistic taste—he added a certain grossness that hitherto had been absent. It was the age of paint and patches, and the fashion was as much in favour in Hanover as in England. 'I have now got into the region of beauty,' Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote from Hanover in 1716. 'All the women have literally rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and bosoms, jet eyebrows, and scarlet lips, to which they generally add coal-black hair. These perfections never leave them till the hour of their deaths, and have a very fine effect by candle-light; but I could wish they were handsome with a little more variety. They resemble one another as much as Mrs Salmon's [wax-work] Court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting away by too near approaching the fire, which they for that reason carefully avoid, though it is now such excessive cold weather that I believe they suffer extremely by that piece of self-denial.' The amusements there, as elsewhere, were riding and driving; and in winter sledging in the day-time, and in the evening dancing, concerts, and the theatre; with occasional reviews and State functions to break the monotony. There seems to have been little gambling, but a great deal of lovemaking, in which John Frederick and Ernest Augustus appear to have done more than their fair share. It was a happy, pleasant, coarse, shameless Court, that in which George I. and his brothers were trained.

The Hanoverians of to-day are not particularly interested in the associations of Herrenhausen, and they seem to acquiesce in the banishment of their legitimate king, who, as Duke of Cumberland, lives in retirement at Gmunden; but the place has a special fascination for British visitors. To Hanover came Thomas Parker, Earl of Macclesfield, to present to the Electress Sophia the Act of Succession, in which she was named, failing issue of Anne, as heiress-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. To Hanover, also, came secretly ambassadors from Whigs and Tories, each party eager to secure the favour of the next sovereign, and letters and visitors in quick succession. Many confidential interviews took place there, and many conversations must Sophia and her son, Elector George Lewis, have had in the quiet walks in the grounds of Herrenhausen. Electress Sophia declared she would die happy if she could once subscribe herself Queen of England, but this pleasure was not for her; three months before the death of Queen Anne she was struck down at Herrenhausen, on the spot where has since been erected a memorial group of statuary. The concluding scene of this particular epoch is that of George Lewis, Elector of Hanover, on the last day of August 1714, driving forth, grim and taciturn, on his way to London, there to place upon his brow the crown that once had been worn by his great-grandfather, James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England.

THE THREE-ARMED BUDDHA.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE Frank Denaby left home for *The Pharos* Office his friend Fraser locked up the bronze Buddha in his safe. In the evening, as the two sat smoking together in the latter's room, Frank furnished his friend with an outline of the events of the previous night, as also of the circumstances which led up to Rupini's diabolical resolve to take his life.

'From what Baynes tells me,' he said, 'I gather that, according to the police theory, the Italian must have made his way into my bathroom by climbing the pipes outside; to do so, however, he must have been nearly as active as a cat. I suppose you didn't hear the revolver-shot to which the fellow owed his death-wound?'

'I heard nothing. But it was past two when I reached home—I had been playing bridge at the club—and in all probability the shot had been fired before then.'

'Nobody seems to have heard it. As you know, the flat next mine on the other side is empty;

while as for the night-porter, he passes half his time in a state of semi-somnolence.'

'Of course the Italian mistook the man found in your room for you?'

'Undoubtedly. And had I not let Brandon persuade me to accompany him to the ball, it's almost a certainty that I should have been stabbed in my sleep.'

'You have indeed had a most fortunate escape.'

There was a knock at the door. Baynes, not finding Mr Denaby in his own flat, had followed him to Mr Fraser's, knowing that the two often forgathered of an evening. 'Inspector Melray to see you, sir,' he said, addressing Frank.

'Come in, Mr Melray,' said the journalist. 'This is my friend Mr Fraser.'

'The inquest on the foreigner who was found shot yesterday morning is fixed for ten o'clock to-morrow,' said the inspector, 'and I've called for the address of the man who fired the shot and who told the constable that he would forward it to you.'

'Up till now he has not done so. He left here in a cab, purposing, so he said, to call upon a doctor and have his wound examined. Whether he did so I have no means of knowing; neither, seeing that he was a stranger to me, can I furnish you with any clue to his present whereabouts.'

'That's awkward—very—because, in default of his evidence to-morrow, the inquest will have to be adjourned till we succeed in finding him. But if he was a stranger to you, Mr Denaby, what was he doing in your flat at that time of night and in your absence?'

'His own account was that he came on a certain matter of business; that, finding I was out and would not be back till morning, he obtained the key of my flat in order to write me a note; that he afterwards went to sleep in front of the fire, and knew no more till he was attacked by the Italian.'

'Um! How much of his story is true, I wonder, and how much made up for the occasion? I wish I had seen the fellow myself. The constable's description of him tallies closely with that of a man badly wanted by the New York police. We have also some reason for inferring that he was concerned in the theft of Lady Garside's jewels on Monday night last. Yes, I very much wish that he had come under my observation. Of course, should you hear anything from him or of him—but I've no expectation that you will—I take it for granted that you will at once communicate with the authorities?'

Frank assured him that he would not fail to do so. There had seemed to him no need for enlightening the inspector with regard to Frinton's real object in raiding his flat. For the next few weeks he kept a close eye on the newspapers, but nowhere did he find it recorded that the police had succeeded in tracing the whereabouts of 'Mr Spencer Montague.'

Next forenoon, while busy at his desk, a telegram was brought Denaby. It was from his uncle, and had been despatched from Melsham, the nearest town to Winterslade Park. Its contents caused Frank to sit up and open his eyes very wide indeed. Thus ran the message:

'An old Indian friend, Mr Jellum Ghosh, will call upon you in the course of to-day. As he is coming here on a visit, you will please give into his charge the bronze image you bought in my name some days ago, so that he may bring it with him.'

That Sir Frederick, in the course of his long residence in India, had made many friends among the various sections of the native community Frank was well aware, and it was quite possible that this Mr Jellum Ghosh was one of them, as also that his uncle, who was one of the most hospitable of men, had invited him down to Winterslade. What struck Frank as being a singular coincidence was the fact that Mr Ghosh and Mr Chundra Das, who had made such a determined attempt to obtain possession of the image, were fellow-countrymen. Of course, it could be nothing more than a coincidence, but his thoughts reverted to it again and again.

He had no option save to carry out his uncle's instructions, and, in point of fact, he had no ground for objecting to do so. Still, he would have preferred that, before giving up the bronze, Sir Frederick should have been told of the audacious attempt to steal it, and of such circumstances in connection therewith as were known to his nephew. One thing he could do, which was to write his uncle by that night's post and tell him all there was to tell.

He had arranged to lunch with a friend, but he now cancelled the engagement. There was no knowing at what hour Mr Ghosh might call, and he must wait in to receive him. Meanwhile he got back the image from Fraser, and placed it once more on his chimneypiece.

It was about four o'clock when the Indian's card was brought him by Baynes. 'Show the gentleman in,' he said. As he rose from his work and advanced to receive his visitor, he did not fail to notice that the latter had hardly set foot across the threshold before his glance, sweeping round the room, rested for an almost imperceptible instant on the Buddha.

He was a man about forty, tall and thin, and no member of a West End club could have been more immaculately got up. He would have done credit to Bond Street on a sunny afternoon. His clear-cut features had a slightly worn look, but were expressive of an alert intelligence. His eyes were his worst feature: they revealed too obviously the craft and subtlety which formed the substratum of his mental and moral equipment. Had he been wise he would have worn spectacles.

He took off his hat as soon as he was inside the room, and made Frank a sweeping bow, bending so low as he did so that it almost seemed as if his spine must perforce crack. 'Have I the honour of addressing Mr Frank Denaby?' he asked in smooth, unctuous tones.

'That is my name.'

'Then may I take the liberty of asking whether within the last few hours you have been the recipient of a telegram from your worthy and most esteemed uncle, Sir Frederick Wyllan, to the effect that I should have the pleasure of calling upon you in fulfilment of a trifling commission with which he has been good enough to honour me?'

'Pray be seated, Mr Ghosh,' said Frank, indicating a chair and taking another himself. He began to hate this fellow already, with his cunning eyes and his ornate, oily periods. 'Yes, a telegram from my uncle reached me a few hours ago,' resumed Frank, 'in which I was informed that you would call upon me. I assume, Mr Ghosh, that you are well acquainted with my uncle?'

'It was in Calcutta, a number of years ago, that I first had the felicity of meeting Sir Frederick. It was my supreme good fortune to be in a position to do him a small service, and, like the great-hearted gentleman he is, he has never forgotten it. Hearing that I was over in England for a brief stay, he has favoured me with an invitation of much cordiality to visit him at the palatial home of his world-renowned ancestors.' A self-satisfied smile curved his lips as he finished speaking. Possibly he was proud of his command of the English language.

'How soon do you purpose going down to Winterslade Park, Mr Ghosh?'

'I hope to reach there in time for luncheon to-morrow.'

'So.' It was all Frank said for a little while. Then, as he toyed with his watch-guard, his eyes fixed on the image, what he afterwards spoke of as an 'inspiration' came to him. Till this moment it had seemed to him a matter of course that he must carry out the instructions in the telegram; now he saw a way of evading them, and that without running much risk of offending his uncle. Had his visitor been a different sort of man the suggestion would probably never have occurred to him. But there was something about the Babu which filled Frank with a mistrustful sense of underlying deceit and double-dealing, and awoke within him a vague feeling of suspicion, although there seemed no genuine ground for its existence. There it was, however, and, having some faith in his intuitions, he decided to give heed to it.

'As I understand, Mr Ghosh, it is a certain bronze image—in point of fact, the one there on the chimneypiece—which, according to the telegram, I am to give into your hands?'

'That is so, sir. An image of the thrice-holy Buddha, the Wise, the Enlightened, whose name be blessed for evermore!' He crossed his palms over his breast and bowed his head for a moment.

'I am sorry my uncle should have troubled you, Mr Ghosh, because I am myself going down to Winterslade in the course of to-morrow, and will of course take the bronze with me.'

On the instant the Babu's complexion faded to the tint of an unwholesome lemon. His eyes seemed to contract to half their ordinary size and became charged with venom. His thin lips twitched spasmodically, and he drew two slow, laboured breaths before trusting himself to speak. Then he said, in a voice which had lost its unctuous quality, 'Is it, Mr Denaby, that you do not intend to obey your uncle's definite instructions?'

'That is precisely what I intend not doing. If I offend him I must put up with the consequences. But, as I shall be at the Park within a few hours of your arrival, such a brief delay can't matter greatly. There has been one audacious attempt to steal the image already, and I sha'n't rest satisfied till I have personally delivered it into its owner's hands.'

Frank's words were both clear and emphatic, and the Babu probably saw how useless any attempt to cozen him into changing his mind would be. At any rate, he now rose and took possession of his hat, saying half-aloud in Hindustani as he did so, 'This man is a pig and the son of a pig. May his grave be defiled!'

Denaby said later that if murder ever looked out of anybody's eyes, it did out of the Babu's at that moment. He felt glad that he had not let the image go.

'Then I suppose, Mr Denaby, that when I see Sir Frederick I may consider myself at liberty to inform him that his nephew deliberately refuses to comply with his request?'

'My dear Mr Ghosh, so far as I'm concerned you are at liberty to tell him whatsoever you choose. Anything you may have to say will make no difference to me.'

The Babu pondered, or seemed to ponder, for some moments, gnawing his under lip the while. Then he said, with a sudden change of tone and manner, 'Mr Denaby, I will be frank with you. That bronze image, which to you or your honoured uncle is nothing more than a curio of no especial value, is for me a sacred relic. It belonged to my grandfather of revered memory, who came from Nepal, where Buddha is worshipped, and was treasured by him as one of his choicest possessions. Unfortunately, it was stolen from under his roof, and not till yesterday did I succeed in tracing what had become of it. Now that I have found it, I am willing to pay a big price for its recovery. Mr Denaby, in exchange for the image I will give you the sum of one thousand pounds.'

Frank heard him out patiently, but there was no hesitation in his reply.

'As you are aware, Mr Ghosh, the image is not mine, but my uncle's; consequently I am not at liberty to dispose of it to any one. As, according to your own account, you will see him to-morrow, you can then negotiate the purchase of it with him.'

The Hindu's brow clouded. 'Fifteen hundred pounds,' he murmured insinuatingly.

Denaby made a gesture of annoyance. 'If you were to offer me five thousand pounds my answer would be the same.'

Flinging out one arm with a threatening gesture and muttering something in Hindustani, Mr Ghosh turned and left the room without addressing another word to Frank.

'If my instincts are not greatly at fault,' remarked the latter aloud as he went back to his work, 'that fellow is both a hypocrite and a liar. But that he should offer fifteen hundred pounds for that little bronze image is most extraordinary. Should he repeat his offer when at the Park my uncle will probably accept it. But does he really intend going to the Park? On that point I have my doubts.'

Not till the afternoon of next day was Denaby at liberty to carry out his newly formed intention of running down to Winterslade and of himself giving the image into his uncle's hands. He would stay at the Park overnight, and return to town by an early train next morning.

He crammed a few necessaries into his handbag, leaving room on the top of them for the image, which he had got from Fraser after its second night in the safe. But in the act of putting it into the bag he paused and stood for several seconds without stirring, as though a warning voice were whispering in his ear. Then he shut the bag without putting the image into it, which a few minutes later was back in Fraser's safe.

It had been dark some time when Denaby alighted at the roadside station which was within a mile of his uncle's house. It was a dry, starlit night, and he set off to walk the distance, being already familiar with the road. After leaving the station and the little cluster of houses in which it was set he met no one. Before long the road took a sharp turn and dipped to a hollow on both sides of which the trees grew thickly. Here the darkness was profound; but Frank knew that he should presently emerge from the leafy tunnel, and that a little farther on he should come to the lodge-gates of the Park.

He was walking carelessly along, smiling to himself at the thought of his uncle's surprise at seeing him, provided Mr Ghosh had not arrived before him and given notice of his coming. Should he, or should he not, find the Babu at the Park? Hardly had he asked himself the question before he stumbled and came down on his knees. A rope stretched across the road and at the height of about a foot from the ground had tripped him up. As he was struggling to his feet two figures sprang upon him, one of whom struck him a savage blow on the head, while the other snatched his bag from him and was gone in the darkness in an instant. Denaby had just sense enough to find and blow the cab-whistle he habitually carried, after which he lapsed into unconsciousness.

(To be continued.)

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS IN SPAIN.

PART III.

'THE French army must have suffered much more than we did; we may safely add one-half more. Some cannon fell into our hands, with a very few prisoners. The Spanish loss was about one thousand two hundred killed and wounded; what they had missing no one could tell, as they went off to the rear in droves. Thus we may say a great battle was fought or trial of strength made for no important end whatever. The day after all this was over, a light brigade, three thousand strong, and a troop of horse artillery arrived from Lisbon under Brigadier-General Crawford. I suppose the French had got intelligence of this, which made them draw off and put the river Alberche betwixt us, and some despatches from General Jourdan fell into our hands, telling Marshal Soult to march from Salamanca speedily by the Puerta del Banos and Placencia, there to be joined by the divisions under Ney and Mortier, and then fall on the rear of the British army. This opened our eyes. There was only one way of avoiding this snare, and that was to retreat immediately across the Tagus by the bridge of Arzobispo, and take up a defensive position where provisions could be got for the army. I never received any correct intelligence of our army after the retreat, not so much even as a flying report.

'On the 31st July, Colonel Bunbury, commanding our battalion, got bread and aguardiente, which he divided himself among the wounded men in hospital. He expressed his satisfaction with our behaviour in the different actions in which he had had the honour to command us; and Sir Arthur, he said, had expressed his thanks to the first battalion of detachments for their bravery and good conduct in the night attack upon the hill and during the whole of the 28th, and he would not fail to represent it to His Majesty. Next day he sent a doubloon's worth of bread and two skins of wine for the use of the wounded. This was of more benefit to us than the fine speech he made yesterday, and was a great relief to every man in the hospital. He ordered all the battalion to be paid to 24th July—the last money I received for many a day; and he waited in the hospital until he saw the wounded men get their money, and was exceedingly attentive to us as far as lay in his power. Large parties of Spaniards were sent to gather the dead men and horses into heaps and burn them, for fear of causing a plague about the town.

'On the 2nd of August all the British troops

marched off by daybreak—we thought, to attack the enemy; but, to our horror, we found they had retreated, leaving us wounded men in a dreadful condition, without provisions, only a few surgeons, little medicine, and no attendants. About twelve o'clock Dr Beattie came in and desired every man that was able to make the best of his way after the army, for he expected the French in the town in a few hours. This caused a great consternation among us. I had been very cheery in the morning, but this made me change my tune. Spanish officers came through the church among us, bringing in mules and asses for those that were able to ride. Many tried to leave the place, but had to return before night; and many were obliged to lie down in the fields who never rose again. Sergeant M'Bean got a mule for himself and me, but at this time I could neither sit nor stand, my wound was so bad and my leg swollen. He got on and pranced down the centre of the church like a mounted hussar. I bade him God speed and asked him to tell my comrades—if ever he reached the regiment—where he had left me. When it was growing dark, who should come into the church, crawling on all-fours, but Sergeant M'Bean! He crept in among the straw beside me, and we kept together until our wounds were healed over. So we were obliged to content ourselves and remain at the mercy of the French.

'There were about thirty French wounded men in the church, and well they could observe what was going on. They were in great terror for the Spaniards. Some of them got red coats, caps, Highland bonnets, &c., that they might pass for British. One tall, fine-looking man got on a kilt, hose, and big coat. He was wounded in the shoulder, but could make good use of his legs, and was water-carrier for all about our corner, and was ready to help every one; he would answer to no name but Grenadier "Sansculotte."

'On the 4th the Spanish troops left the town, and took their own wounded with them, but none of the British, who were left in a very helpless condition, more especially those belonging to our battalion, as we had nobody to take charge or yet attend us. I certainly blame Dr Beattie for this, as other corps left their assistant-surgeon, orderlies, hospital sergeant, &c., while we were destitute of any assistance. On the 5th John Murray, who had been in the general hospital with the fever, came and found us in this helpless condition; and, poor fellow, although weak himself, yet having the use of his limbs, he did all he could to make us comfortable. He got us removed to the general hospital, a large convent in a fine, airy situation. We stationed ourselves in one of the passages on the second floor, and here we were for many a day beside some men of the second battalion Twenty-fourth Regiment. There were only four of our regiment left here that we knew of—namely, Sergeant Alexander M'Bean, Donald Johnston, John Murray, and myself. Murray recovered strength rapidly, and was made cook in the hospital; yet whenever his time permitted he gave us all the attention in his power. We were visited frequently by the general doctor, Higgins, who ordered us to dress each other's wounds morning and evening.

'On the 6th the French entered the town and carried on a regular system of plunder, breaking open every shut door they found, and every article that was of value to them was carried off. A great quantity of provisions found hidden in the houses of the town from our armies was now distributed with a liberal hand by the French soldiers, who did not forget their English enemies. I got a mattress and a set of red window-curtains, which served me as blankets until I entered France. The indefatigable John Murray let us want for nothing he could get; he brought us soap, linen to dress our wounds, &c. The French mounted a guard over this large convent, as much as to say, "You are prisoners of war." All who were able had liberty to go out and in through the day, and Marshal Victor gave strict orders to use us civilly, and not to take any article from us, but to purchase anything we had to dispose of. For a few days our hospital was crowded from morning to night with French soldiers come to get a sight of the English wounded, and some to purchase shoes, which were in great demand. I sold a new pair for a dollar, not to be troubled any more, for I saw some taking them by force, and I remembered the order given to some of the British at Braga, to strip every French prisoner they saw with a good pair of shoes. On 7th August we got rations from the French, three pounds of coarse bread for every eight men, and a very small quantity of beef to make soup (*bouillon*, as they called it), without salt or vegetables. The French got a regular market established in the town, which was more than the British or Spaniards could do while they had command of it; and it surprised us much that the people of the country would hide stores of provisions from their own army and ours, who were willing to pay ready-money for them. However, the French are good foragers, and I have seen at times much good come out of intended evil. Plenty of white bread, fruit, wines, &c. were brought into the market and sold for ready-money.

'On 15th August we were alarmed by the French artillery firing—thought it to be some attack; but it turned out to be the birthday of the French Emperor. They fired at daybreak, midday, and sunset. On the 27th fever got in amongst us, and swept away great numbers, especially men who had had limbs amputated or were wounded, so as to be unable to attend to themselves; for men get selfish in the midst of misery, and if a man could not help himself, alas for him! About this time a wagon attended every morning to take away the dead. The driver of this wagon I shall never forget. He was a very tall man, in the dress of a French prisoner, with long black beard and moustaches—an ugly man. He stood in the middle of the

passages and bawled out, making the place ring again, "*Combien le mort Anglais le jour?*" which is nearly, "How many dead Englishmen to-day?" If there were none he would shrug his shoulders and mutter a curse; if one or more he seemed happy, saying "*Bon!*" (Good). Then the wretch would seize the dead by the ankles and drag him off to his wagon. I heard he got a franc for every corpse he took out of the convent.

'According to report, there were two thousand six hundred British left here; but we were getting thinned rapidly by death and desertions. The French caused a general muster to be made, as some of our people had been caught and brought back while trying to make their escape. All who were able to walk and forty cartloads of wounded were sent off to Madrid; this gave us more room, but we were more strictly looked after by the French. My leg and thigh swelled to an alarming extent. The general doctor and Dr Taylor of the Sixty-sixth Regiment were for cutting it off; but to this I objected, and told them I might as well go to the grave with two legs as one. I continued poulticing the wound with the bread that should have gone into my belly, and I suffered great pain. But I was relieved in an extraordinary manner. One night after it was dark a French drummer was pursuing a woman belonging to the Twenty-fourth Regiment in full flight along the passage, when she fell right on my wounded leg. I roared out, the woman shrieked, and the drummer, thinking he was to be attacked, drew his sword and went off cursing. I was in great distress and in a high fever all night; but next morning, on dressing my wound, seven small pieces of bone came out of it, some of them about the size of the teeth of a dressing-comb, and a piece of my trousers that had been driven in by the ball. From this time I mended every day. I was well attended by Sergeant M'Bean, who was wounded in the hip, which had now healed, and he could limp about on a stick, bring water, wash our linen, &c.; but one day he fell in the cook-house, and had to take to his bed, to my great loss and his own. However, this accident was fortunate for him, for his wound broke out afresh, and two pieces of his trousers were discharged. In a few days he was on his feet again, and he cut me some young olive-trees to make me a pair of crutches, and did everything in his power to get me mounted on these. My wound was skinned over on the 2nd of October, two months after I received it, and I began to look forward a little, for some weeks before I never expected to leave the convent but by the help of "*Combien le mort*," the French wagoner. My first start out of doors was to the river Tagus, which ran past the foot of the garden, to wash my shirts. I sat in the sun till I got sick, and had to keep my bed with a kind of fever and ague, which went through amongst us.

'On the 5th November, Sunday, the hospital was visited by Marshal Mortier and his staff. He was a tall, stout man, with a star on his breast. He told us he was sorry it was not in his power to supply us with many things we stood in need of, but while bread was to be got for his own troops we should be first served. He said the French had used us better than our own army had done, in leaving us in the state they found us; for the Spaniards, being our friends, could have provided the means of transporting the wounded if our commanders chose; but instead of this we had been left a burden to the French army. He also told us that many British had made their escape; but some had been shot, and if any of us were caught in future a mile from the town we might expect to be served in the same manner. All this he said in English, and left, it is said, one hundred and sixty doubloons to purchase wine, rice, &c., for the use of the hospital. I believe it was entrusted to bad hands, and not half of it was expended in the use it was intended for.

'On the 7th November the French seemed in a bustle: drums beating, cannons driven to and fro, and planted in position on the roads leading from the town and by the river-side. A battery had been built at the end of the bridge across the Tagus, which had been repaired; but now the planks of the centre arch were removed and the French stores packed up. On our going for rations the commissary told us to "*reste tranquille*," and the Spaniards would serve us out to-morrow. The Spanish troops remained in sight all day, and we thought they meant to attack the town and set us at liberty; but no such thing. The French marched out at night; we could see the fires of both armies, and supposed the French meant to begin the attack in the morning. But the Spaniards moved off; the French repaired the bridge in quick time, and sent troops after them, and more arrived from Madrid. Sergeant M'Bean and many others resolved to make their escape; as the Spaniards were in the neighbourhood, they thought they might fall in with them before long. On the evening of the 9th M'Bean took leave of me for the second time. I gave him a loaf of bread, a small map of the country, and a letter to my mother. I never was more vexed in parting from any man, yet I advised him to start, he being married and a persevering man, and likely to succeed in anything he took in hand. Next day I got out to market and bought some bread and grapes, &c., and found my money getting very small; yet I never spent money to such good purpose as at Talavera. There seemed to be a blessing in it, and I often had something extra when feeling badly.

'The French General discovered that many of our men had escaped since the Spanish troops came near. Early on the morning of the 12th, without previous notice, all the British officers, doctors, and every man that was expected to live were turned out to the square, and were put on bullock-carts and driven out of the town on the road to Madrid. We crossed the well-contested plain and the river

Alberche, and saw many dead men's bones picked bare on both sides of the bridge, which was now repaired. Reached St Olala after it was dark; this town was nearly deserted by its inhabitants. The French guard were very kind to our wounded men, carrying those unable to walk from the carts into some stables, with their baggage, &c. Those troops that had fought in the field with us were always the kindest and readiest to assist us; when we had a guard of young conscripts they were very troublesome to every one.

'13th.—To Ventas. It was dark before we reached it, although the French soldiers pricked the bullocks with their bayonets to get the carts on. This is a very slow method of travelling, and we all were very tired sitting huddled on the carts. Two of our people died on this day's march through fatigue and want of sustenance. We passed through a dreary, uncultivated country, with no houses between the stages, and no food could be got. In the afternoon we saw from a height the spires and part of the ancient city of Toledo, across an uncultivated plain to our right.

'14th.—To Pinto, a village within three leagues of the capital. The country begins to be better cultivated and more sheltered with trees, &c.; we had passed over but a barren waste since we crossed the Alberche.

'15th.—Started before daylight to get early into the city. The French soldiers seemed very happy to get there, and so were we poor wounded prisoners; although we knew not what our condition was to be, we knew it could not be worse than it had been. We viewed the majestic appearance of the city, with its fine spires, domes, and churches, with the sun shining brilliantly upon them, as we approached it from the west, there being no hill to hide it from our view. The French cavalry was quartered in all the villages along the road, and sentries were placed on the tops of some of the churches and high houses to observe the plain country, for fear of being surprised by the Spaniards.

'We crossed a shallow river by a fine stone bridge on the west side of the city. There we saw hundreds of women washing on both sides of the river as far as we could see; each dame on her knees with a board in front of her, rubbing and washing, and singing cheerily. A hardy race of ladies, I could see from their countenances; they sympathised much with us in our distress. We passed some avenues of trees up to the city, which is surrounded by an earthen wall, with gates and a strong guard of French at each entrance. We halted. Notice of our arrival was sent to the commandant, who ordered us round to the Puerta del Sol, a spacious square with many streets leading from it. Crowds of people came round, asking when and where we were taken, and giving us bits of bread, money, &c., until the French soldiers drove them off with the butts of their firelocks. We were lodged for the night in the great military hospital. Each man received a small measure of wine and a piece of bread, of which we had much need. We thought the first stage of our misery was over.'

The journal from which the above is extracted extends to three manuscript volumes, and is full of interest. It is a remarkable fact that although there are in existence the Order Books and other papers of the Gordon Highlanders, in addition to numerous diaries and other accounts by officers and men of the regiment, there has never been published in any history of their services the valuable and authentic information now obtained; and in this connection it may be well to quote the words of the highest living authority on the subject, Colonel Greenhill Gardyne, who wrote a letter addressed to the son of the writer of this journal: 'Regarding the account of the Ninety-second company at the passage of the Douro and at Talavera, there is no other account extant that I know of. I alluded, I believe, to Ninety-second men being with the battalion of detachments; but I did not know—nor does any one else, so far as I am aware, know—that there was a complete company of that regiment.'

It is gratifying to hear the opinion which the historian of the regiment formed of the writer of the journal. He says: 'Nicol must have been a man of great character and enthusiasm, and ought, like many of his brother sergeants, to have risen to commission rank. The journal is a most interesting byway of history.'

The subsequent history of Daniel Nicol may be related in a few words. Having served continuously from 1794 to 1814, he, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, at once volunteered for service and joined a veteran battalion, until, on the return of the troops from France, he was again discharged, but was offered the rank of sergeant in his old regiment, then lying at Cork. This, however, he declined.

Exceptional interest attends the closing years of Nicol's life. In 1819 he was engaged by Robert Cadell, of the firm of Archibald Constable & Co., the publishers of Sir Walter Scott's novels, in whose publishing-house, he notes, on account of the extraordinary demand for Scott's writings, the work was often very heavy. When misfortune overtook the concern in January 1826, his services were retained by the trustees, and Mr Cadell invited him to remain, as, if he commenced business on his own account, he intended to engage him. Accordingly, in October of that year, when the stock was purchased by Cadell & Co., Nicol was at once employed. He continued in the same service till Mr Cadell's death in 1849, and his trustees subsequently employed him, till in May 1851 the business was purchased by Messrs Adam & Charles Black, to whom the rights of the publication of Scott's novels were transferred. In October 1851, however, Nicol died from inflammation of the lungs at the age of seventy-three, having spent twenty-two years in the army and thirty years in the service of Mr Cadell's firm.

POSTAL ITEMS.

THE net annual profit derived from the Post-Office exceeds five millions; but it is not generally known that Ireland does not contribute anything to this—not only so, but that the postal service in that country is carried on at a heavy loss. The deficiency about thirty-five years ago considerably exceeded £50,000 a year; and the fact having been referred to by Mr Gladstone when introducing his Home Rule Bill, Mr Parnell, who appeared to be much struck by it, stated in the House of Commons a few days afterwards—no doubt with the concurrence of his colleagues—that 'he considered the Post-Office in Ireland should remain an Imperial department.' That this decision was a wise one from his point of view subsequent events have shown; for, owing mainly to the extension of the rural delivery to every house—a measure decided on at the late Queen's jubilee—the deficiency has immensely increased. The following are the figures for the financial year 1904–5: expenditure, £1,172,264; revenue, £1,000,971; deficiency, £171,293. There is a loss on the telegraph service besides.

Scotland presents a striking contrast to this. Although, as a country, it is not in many important respects dissimilar to Ireland, not only is it not, like Ireland, a debtor, but it contributes to the annual profit no less a sum than £434,000—revenue, £1,913,000; expenditure, £1,479,000. This is a handsome amount, yet it is rather less proportionately than that derived from England. The higher proportion of profit in England is accounted for mainly by the fact that it has a larger percentage of letters to the population than Scotland and Ireland have. According to the last report of the Postmaster-General, the numbers per head are as follows: England and Wales, 69·2; Scotland, 52·6; Ireland, 36·1. As regards the total profit, if from the gain in Scotland the loss in Ireland be deducted, there would remain £262,707; and therefore, with the exception of this comparatively small amount, the entire postal profit—last year £5,071,255—was made in England.

In connection with the disposal of the gross postal revenue, it may be mentioned that on a recent occasion the Postmaster-General made the following interesting statement in the House of Commons: 'In the year preceding the introduction of penny postage, 11s. 8d. out of every £1 was spent in providing for the service, and 8s. 4d. profit was retained; twenty years ago, 13s. 4d. out of every £1 was spent on the service, and 6s. 8d. was retained. Last year, out of every £1 received 15s. 5d. was spent on the service, and only 4s. 7d. was retained.' He went on to say these figures showed clearly that the public, considered merely as customers of the Post-Office, were getting more for their money than they had got at any previous time.

Under the system adopted for charging post-letters before the introduction of the 'penny post' in 1840, envelopes were practically unknown, because if a letter consisted of anything more than a single sheet of paper it was regarded as a 'double' letter, and was charged accordingly. Subsequently, until envelopes came into general use, for almost all business letters, and largely for private correspondence as well, 'letter' paper—that is, sheets about double the present note size—continued to be used. These were so folded as to be of the size of an ordinary letter of the present day, and also to admit of their being fastened by a wafer or sealing-wax. The former was, as a rule, used for business letters, but for private letters wax was held to be necessary, the use of a wafer for such being considered most improper, indeed almost insulting. Miss Edgeworth in one of her novels makes a dignified old gentleman who had received a letter so fastened to exclaim indignantly of the writer, 'How dare the fellow send me his spittle?'

The use of wax necessitated, of course, the use of seals. These, however, are but seldom required now, not one letter in a thousand being fastened with wax. Forty or fifty years ago it was very different; and, as may be supposed, there was a great variety of seals both as regards size and shape, as well as of the mottoes that many of them bore. The following mottoes, amongst others, were observed by the writer in passing through the Post-Office: 'You deserve thrashing;' 'Enquire within;' 'Gen. xxxi. 49;' 'Don't intrude;' 'Potential mood, present tense.' Above the first there appeared on the seal a sheaf of wheat; and if to the last there be added 'we may and can love' the older members of the present generation will recall the familiar illustration of the mood and tense in question as it appeared in the once-popular grammar of Lindley Murray.

AUGUST.

Red poppies and corn-flowers spangle
The skirt of her golden gown,
The harvest moon is her bangle,
And the crops of the world her crown;
With the last of the roses laden—
Those roses so soon to die!—
August, the pitiless maiden,
Goes carelessly laughing by.

Not a leaf on the beech is turning,
There is scarcely a petal blown,
Where the fires of the sun are burning
And the chains of the frost unknown.
What doeth this fair, swift comer,
With the sickle-blade in her hand,
Stealing the soul of Summer
Out of the dear green land?

WILL H. OGILVIE.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

CHEERILY, CHEERILY!

By FRANCIS CUNYNGHAME (JULIAN KINGSTEAD),
Author of *The Philosopher in the Restaurant, The Last Match of the Season, The Curtain Falls, Friends from Abroad, Noël*, &c.

AND so we all saunter down to the great ship. There go our packages and baggage—our goods and chattels, our *gross Gepäck* and our *kleine Dinge*—over the cranes and down with the cranes, with a bustle—ay, and a jolly bustle, too—though a sad time is coming, I trow, for many a mother's son. For observe, John Bull, we are leaving your shores, leaving behind the dear homeland, for the Never-Never Land, for the big granaries and the great pastures of the south-eastern continent.

Even now, at the docks, as I stand watching the vessel that is to take me from all I love at home, a magnificent vista and world-show of the new life seems to open up around me. Vast tracts of green spread out under the Australian sun, scorched with heat, parched and dry with the summer; but the eye loves them and can travel to its focus across them, up hill and down dale, away by the shrubbery and the wild-flowers; now into some thicket of Australian wattle-blossom and palms, now into an almost Eastern night with all the brilliancy of the Southern Cross. And it is free there in the colonies; you are up with the sun and down with the sun, and the strength of a hundred townsmen gathers up into your limbs. As the sun rises over the hills, there is the boy at the door with the gray mare, and it's 'Give me the reins, lad,' with devil-a-care for the stirrups! and away, away, away, galloping with all your might over the great, clanging, springing turf.

And then the scene vanishes, and dear old friend Arthur takes one by the arm. 'About time to be aboard, old man,' he says.

And so we stroll up on to the big liner, and idly watch our fellow-passengers as they saunter and jostle past us one by one.

Back to the daughter-land! It is written on many faces — the faces of those to whom that far-away island means home and father and mother and wife in one; but on many others, as on mine, there is only hope, suspense, excitement, the uncertainty of the future, the dim regret of the past, the sorrow and the sadness of the mother-country left behind. Ambition, too, there may be, possibilities crowding into the brain—young, adventurous minds and strong hearts expectant of some mighty, glorious risk in the Never-Never countries of the Southern Pole. There is a ranchman of the old days yonder, with no thought for his liver, though maybe a glance at the whisky-bottle at times, for he has taken the fiery spirit of the colonies neat in his young days; he made his pile in the pioneer times out westwards, and has come home to see the farm and the long-left friends in the old country. And, by Jove! he'll spin you many a yarn that comes from those dark genial lips and those bronzed features as well as any from the capstan or boatswain's pipe-deck. He will tell you how he and Joe—that was his mate's name, but he has forgotten the other—how they were on the wallaby together between Fremantle and the Boulder Reef, when 'old Joe, 'e found the first bit o' swag in Moonie Creek and pegged out 'is claims on the Do-me-good. But the drink was the death of 'im, man, and it was too late when 'e gave it up, because Do-me-good did *'im* no good; but 'is pal, 'e got the pannings, and Joe was left nothin' but a bloomin' squatter with 'is sheep and pigs and the rest of 'em.' And then the old man will take a pull at his pipe, lean over the bulwarks, and gaze right out across the water as if to see across the many thousand miles that lie between the coast-land of the country that is his own.

'I'm goin' back to die there, maybe,' says he; and as he has lived, so he will die. For he comes of the tough old stock that went out from Glasgow

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and Leith and the northern cities in the long ago, and have done their due share in the birth-rate and prosperity of the colonies. He has worked hard and scraped, and at times drunk hard—ay, and sworn hard too; he has lived hard, and—he will die hard when the time for the Last Great Wallaby has come.

And you will see also on the boat happy young men who are away for the trip, and their first crossing of the line; and young girls, duly chaperoned, who are to have a gay time with their married sisters in Melbourne, and a gayer time, I warrant, with the young fellows aboard. For we all know that a ship's deck for a young couple is the most notoriously angelical and the most gloriously lovable place in all creation, and mamma had better pitch her deck-chair in the stoke-hole than not be a party to a liner's six weeks' flirtation.

But you may be asking, 'What about yourself? What about friend Arthur, who bears you company?'

The time is come, sir, when you must cease to talk, when your sentences become short, your words drawn out. A night ago were said the real, true words of parting. This is a dull, sad anticlimax; your talk now is flippant, nonsensical—that which comes with such irony before an age of parting. You long for the decree that must at last bid you leave in earnest, and then it comes suddenly. Father and mother, brothers, sisters, and friends—our dear, good Arthur also—must hie ashore. On every side that last dear kiss, the last embrace, the warm, true grip of the hands; that last 'God bless you, lad!' and that last sweet 'Fare thee well!' Tears well up into our eyes. Up goes the anchor; the sound of grating, of throbbing; the siren whistle shrieks, and then stops. And like a phantom we and the great big monster beneath our feet steal away from the land. See, on my right two girls have a tear in their eyes for the father left behind—and I guess there is many a tear in his, poor man!—but they turn with seemingly merry faces, and smile and wave their handkerchiefs. The young men would laugh, would be merry, would be unmoved; but they look at the old, old shore, and something of Britain's pride and love of home swells within them, and they leave the boat's side to go below.

But there is one who seems to take no interest in the parting; his face is turned to the figure-head that calls us on. Even now 'Home, home!' rings in his ears. The old pioneer longs for his ranch in the bush, and his bronzed red face lights up as he stands motionless, thinking, peering into space before him.

Cheerily, cheerily! The leviathan glides through the waters. Those on shore have ceased to watch and turned homewards again. Good friend Arthur goes back to his London town, to the jostling crowds and the dingy rooms and the darkness and the muddy streets.

Cheerily, cheerily! The day is magnificent and bright, and the sun is blazing now at midday; the sea sparkles and fires and glistens, scintillating now backwards, now forwards, again and again. On plunges the liner. I stand still where I was an hour ago, gazing over the edge. Thoughts of the old country have begun to sweep up and away from me like great white clouds. The crowded office where I worked, the routine, the theatres, the whole endless dull rush and rigmarole of town life all grow fainter as the ship moves farther from them. And in their place the panorama of a new magnificent world-show comes up—a life of strength and manhood and courage and the open air. Look at the rich country; see the pasture-lands and the corn-fields as they sweep over the hills and up towards the gold horizon. A small bungalow nestles in a wood of pines and firs and palms and cactus-plants. And in the stable you will find Bess and Polly and the gray mare. Look! Though everything is strange, the objects appear familiar enough, for we have dreamed them long ago.

But it is only a dream—thoughts gone mad and a brain awhirl with adventure and hope, *blasé* with the world about it. It is the dream of youth, the dream of the lands beyond the sea and the colonies of the great peoples, the beginning of the days that are and the days that have yet to be.

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XLI.—THE RETURN.

JACK found no difficulty in securing a passage to London in the *Robert and Mary*, an apple-bowed transport, with stumpy masts, patched sails, and a hull like a barrel. Her lines gave him the assurance of a tedious voyage.

'She is a safe boat,' said her master; 'but,' he admitted, 'she *does* roll a bit.'

To his disgust, Jack found when too late that a smart frigate, the *Amethyst*, was sailing the day before the transport, and would arrive in London at least a week earlier. He had already written to his uncle, telling of his escape and of his immediate return to London. It was a letter with the music of hope in every syllable. Now he wrote again by the *Amethyst*, telling how he had learned from M. Duclos that Denise was married and had returned to France. In a few hurrying and broken words he described his wrecked happiness and the

reluctance with which he was about to sail for London.

'I could not return at all,' he wrote, 'but that it would seem ungrateful to you and to my aunt if I did not. Then, too, if everything else has slipped out of my life, duty remains, and I must live for it.'

Meanwhile, in London, the long silence as to Jack Lawrence's fate had slain hope. He was mourned as dead, and each member of the little group in Portman Square paid him the tribute of a separate kind of grief. With Robert Lawrence it took the form of a fury of resentment at the ill-luck that flung away his nephew like a bit of worthless seaweed. 'The lad had a great career,' he would say; and it added a new sharpness to the lawyer's resentment to remember that his nephew's death had left a great estate without an owner. Mrs Lawrence mourned for 'Jack,' as she always called him, with honest tears and a grief that had in it a motherly depth and tenderness; for Jack Lawrence had, unconsciously to himself, the rare gift of winning love. But Denise mourned for her lover with a deep and wordless sorrow, through which ran a dark thread of unforgetting remorse.

'I sent him to his death,' she said over and over again to her aunt with quivering lips. To herself she added, as a new argument for remorse, 'I hid my love. I let him go without telling him I loved him.'

She did not weep, but her smile was often sadder than tears. Her face grew thin. In her deep eyes what can only be described as a white flame of grief burned constantly. An air of sad remoteness lay upon her, as one whose life is elsewhere. She would sit with bent head, her slender hands folded on her knees, in a listening attitude, as though expecting some voice to speak to her out of the depths of space.

'It is killing her,' said Mrs Lawrence, in distress, to her husband.

'Grief doesn't kill' was that practical gentleman's reply. 'But she grows more beautiful with it all;' and with a touch of unaccustomed poetry he added, 'her face is as luminous as a porcelain vase with a light inside it.'

One morning Robert Lawrence, on going into his office, found a letter lying on his desk with an Egyptian postmark. As he took it up his fingers trembled, the characters on it seemed to dance before his eyes.

'Good gracious,' he whispered, 'it's Jack!'

It was the letter which told of his adventures in the desert, his escape, his immediate return to London. A fire of exulting gladness ran through the words. As he read the letter there crept to the eyes of Robert Lawrence, almost to his own astonishment, the rare moisture of tears, and he brushed them away with ashamed haste, although there was no one near to see them.

How was he to break the great news? He thought the shock would be enough almost to kill Denise—a touch of masculine simplicity for which his wife later laughed at him. 'Good news, you simpleton,' she said, 'is much less likely to kill than great sorrow.'

After a few moments of agitated consideration Robert Lawrence hurried away, to his clerks' astonishment, leaving briefs, solicitors, and clients without either explanation or apology. When he reached his house he ran with eager steps up the stairs. He would give his wife the intelligence and let her tell Denise. 'Women understand each other,' he muttered to himself.

'Where is your mistress?' he shouted to one of the maids.

'She is out, sir.'

At that moment the door opened, and Denise came in, her face, with its pensive beauty, looking more like a bit of illuminated porcelain than ever. She smiled in greeting to her uncle, and then something in that gentleman's face startled her. She looked steadily at him, with lips that began to tremble. The very pupils of her eyes seemed to dilate; her woman's soul looked out of them; she was reading with swift and subtle insight the news lying unspoken in her uncle's brain. She had caught his sleeve with clutching, trembling hands.

'You have news,' she whispered.

The hunger in her eyes, the anguish of longing with which she challenged him—all this was too much for Robert Lawrence. 'Give me a kiss, little woman,' he said huskily.

She kissed her uncle automatically, but she was watching his eyes with a gaze so still and intent that the toughened lawyer, with a soul almost as dry as his wig, felt his lips quiver.

'Yes, thank God!' he cried, and then he stammered out the great news. Jack was safe and well, and on his way home. He would have gone on with details and speculations, but Denise in a passion of gratitude had fallen on her knees, her face bowed on her hands. She was praying, and Robert Lawrence stole on tiptoe from the room. Its atmosphere was too sacred for him to linger in it.

Denise was still kneeling in a passion of silent and adoring thankfulness when the door opened, and with hurrying feet and face covered with happy tears Mrs Lawrence broke into the room. She stopped as she saw the kneeling figure and the bowed head; then she softly knelt down too. Without a word, Denise put out her hand to her aunt, and with clasped hands the two women gave God thanks.

The weeks that followed ran fast, and ran to music. Happiness is a strangely subtle artist. It was summer-time; the garden was a tangle of roses; the air was rich with perfume. Morning came with the carol of the lark; the evening was rich with the song of the nightingale. But no colour or perfume in summer gardens and no music in the summer sky was half so rich as the happiness which now made Denise's life beautiful and

fragrant. A diviner summer than sun-filled skies can create—the summer of love and gladness—had come, and come suddenly, to her, and every faculty in her broke into blossom.

'Little woman,' said her uncle to her, 'Jack's a lucky fellow to have a sweetheart with a face like yours waiting for him.'

Denise tossed her head gaily. 'You must not call me his sweetheart, sir. You are too premature.'

Three weeks later came Jack's second letter, telling how he had heard the news from M. Duclos that Denise was married and had gone back to France. 'I cannot complain,' he wrote. 'I suppose you all counted me as dead. In any case, Denise was free. She knew I loved her, but she never said a word which entitled me to say she loved me. I suppose that happiness was beyond my deserts. So end all my dreams. The news has changed the whole aspect of my life. At first I thought I would stay in Egypt. To come back to the familiar circle and miss her face would be a pain too great. But I owe something to you and to my aunt; and, after all, I dare not spoil my life. So I am coming back, and in a transport which sails almost at once. But sometimes I am tempted to wish I had found a quiet grave in the desert sands.'

Robert Lawrence stormed furiously at the news, and expended many epithets on 'that lying scoundrel Duclos,' and even discharged a few at Jack's 'stupidity' in believing such a tale. Mrs Lawrence, her eyes snapping with equal anger, listened to her husband's expletives with unashamed sympathy.

Denise read the letter with flushed cheeks and kindled eyes. 'How could he think it?' she whispered. Then she laughed a laugh so full of happy mirth that it sounded like a running chime of silver bells. 'The foolish fellow!' she cried, and wiped from her eyes the tears the laughter had brought.

'It is no laughing matter to him,' said Mrs Lawrence in aggrieved tones. 'It has almost broken his heart.'

But Denise had no pity to waste on her too credulous lover. 'He should have known me better,' she said.

'The news,' Mrs Lawrence went on, 'might have prevented him coming back to England.'

Denise's face grew pale at that suggestion, but her new-found happiness was of a courageous temper. It had not survived the sea and the desert to be killed by a lie on the lips of M. Duclos.

'He would have found out in time,' she said, 'and then he would have come.'

So they all waited with mingled feelings for Jack's home-coming.

(To be continued.)

WHY IS BUTCHER-MEAT SO DEAR?

THIS is a question which is often asked by the thrifty housewife, but it is one not easy to answer satisfactorily in an off-hand way. One has only to consider the far-reaching interests which are concerned in the breeding, rearing, and fattening of animals for food—how it takes, on an average, at least three years to have cattle ready for the butcher, and that it usually implies a great amount of special feeding with expensive meals and oilcake, in addition to liberal supplies of roots and fodder. It will thus be easily understood that when the supply of fat cattle falls below the normal or there has been a time of great trade-prosperity, and the demand increases to an unusual degree, a scarcity occurs and prices advance.

During the past thirty years, experience has shown that any deficiency in the supply of home-fed meat in the United Kingdom has been made good by an increase in the supply from abroad, either in the form of live cattle or dead meat. The position at the present time is that meat is dear in almost all countries—dearer on the whole than it has ever been before. The increase in the consumption of meat in France is noticeable, and the scarcity of cattle has been to some extent made up by a largely increased use of horseflesh. The same thing has taken place in Germany, where meat has advanced considerably in price of late years. There have been periods when the price of meat rose to a high level, but these periods, as a rule, were of comparatively short duration, and happened before the overseas supply of meat had begun to make up for the scarcity in the United Kingdom.

The trade in foreign meat has developed greatly within the last twenty-five years, and most authorities are agreed that at least 40 per cent. of the total meat consumed in this country comes from abroad. The principal sources of supply are North and South America and Australasia. The best quality of beef comes from the United States in a chilled form. Beef in comparatively limited quantities is supplied from New Zealand, the quality of the best being equal to prime American; but the necessity of freezing it hard for the long voyage gives it a secondary place in our markets. Freezing meat hard causes it to deteriorate from a commercial point of view, and renders it dry after it is cooked. Beef and mutton are most affected; but in the case of lamb, which is now imported in enormous quantities—New Zealand alone furnishing usually well over two million carcasses per annum, while Australia contributes over a million and a quarter and Argentina has sent in for the first six months of this year about one hundred and twenty thousand carcasses—the meat is not seriously injured by freezing, and it commands a

ready market at a higher average price than either mutton or beef.

At the present time various interesting experiments are being made whereby meat may be placed on British markets as nearly as possible to resemble fresh-killed meat. A certain measure of success has been reached with several cargoes of beef from the Argentine, and it is not too much to say that if the process becomes an assured commercial success it will no longer be necessary to carry live cattle from any country for the purpose of their being slaughtered at the port of landing. Attention is being specially concentrated on the carriage of beef by this new method from Argentina, where two sterilising processes are in operation in at least three large refrigerating establishments. Beef which has been subjected to the new treatment fetches a higher price than ordinary chilled, but requires quick handling when the temperature is high. It is not considered that mutton or lamb in carcass could be treated so as to ensure much improvement on the present method of freezing.

It may be interesting to take note of the price at which the two main classes of imported meat may be bought wholesale, as well as the cost of British meat. The prices given are average ones for the past two years, and the quotations are for first quality in each case: British beef, fifty-three shillings and eightpence; port-killed American, fifty-one shillings and fourpence; Argentine, frozen, thirty shillings; Argentine, chilled, thirty-three shillings; United States, chilled, forty-four shillings—all per hundredweight. At the present moment (July 1908), six shillings per hundredweight may be added to these various classes to arrive approximately at the prices which have been ruling for the past six weeks, but which now show a tendency to decline. The wholesale price of mutton for the same period is as follows: British, seventy-three shillings; Argentine, frozen, thirty-five shillings; Australian, frozen, thirty-two shillings; New Zealand, frozen, forty shillings—all per hundredweight. Mutton has fluctuated very much in price, but on the average no rise in this class of meat has taken place. The present dearness of butcher-meat is to some extent accounted for by the fact that while there has been no diminution in home supplies of meat, and the numbers of cattle in the producing countries have, as a rule, increased, they have not done so in proportion to the increase of population and the apparently growing demand for flesh-foods. The great drought in Australia a few years ago was the cause of an enormous reduction in the numbers of live-stock. In Queensland alone two-thirds of the cattle died. In 1891 there were upwards of six million head of cattle in the state, but these numbers had fallen in 1902 to two millions. It is now estimated that there are four millions of cattle, and an export business in beef on a large scale will soon take place providing the seasons remain favourable. The United States, with seventy-two million head in 1907, establishes a record in point of numbers, but scarcity of corn and financial disturbance have operated against the fattening of stock, which has thus been unusually scarce. The South American Republics have large stocks of cattle, and they are being drawn upon to a great extent in order to make up for the shortage in North America. The deficiency in the overseas supply of meat for the first six months of 1908, comparing the corresponding period of 1907, is equivalent to sixty-one thousand head of cattle. Twice as much foreign meat is now consumed in the United Kingdom as was the case twenty years ago. It has been observed that the consumption of imported bread-stuffs has increased in a much less degree, notwithstanding the reduction of home supplies, and that the position appears to suggest that the proportion of meat to bread in the national dietary has substantially increased; or, in other words, that the average standard of living has risen during this period. It must be generally admitted that this is so. The mass of the population, it is evident, eat more meat now than at any former period.

Within the past few years a movement which the increasing cost of flesh-foods may help to foster has set in in the direction of abstinence from the flesh of animals slaughtered for food. The tendency is most marked among people of culture or sedentary habits. The movement has met with considerable success by helping to provide vegetarian food depôts and restaurants in most large towns, where wholesome meals may be obtained at a cost usually under the ordinary scale required for a meat dietary. There is also a large and important literature dealing most exhaustively with the relative advantages of vegetarian foods. While this is so, the consumption of flesh-foods, as has been observed, does not diminish, and there is evidence to show that meat-eating is beginning to be more common among certain Asiatic peoples. The Japanese are using more meat, especially since the war with Russia, when both the army and the navy had issued to them rations of meat; and it has been asserted that they have secured immunity from the disease known as beri-beri, which was often prevalent among the seamen of their fleet, by the issue of a ration of some flesh-food to the men. No specific remedy for beri-beri had been discovered until this plan was tried, and it is alleged that immediate improvement was observed in the health of the seamen after they began to eat meat. The evidence seems to show that the disease arises from a too exclusively vegetable diet or from eating unwholesome rice.

The supervision and inspection in connection with the slaughter of food-animals and their wholesome condition receive more attention than formerly; the gradual extension of the system of municipal abattoirs having a monopoly for a district, and the steady abolition of private places of slaughter, are doing much to reassure the public as to the

reliability of the meat-supply. There is, however, much to be accomplished in this direction before a uniform system of meat-inspection can be adopted throughout the country and at the ports. Medical authorities, as well as veterinary surgeons, generally agree that there is much less danger in the consumption of meat cut from a carcass which in all respects could not be described as sound, if the meat is eaten after being cooked, than if milk is consumed which has been drawn from a cow with tubercular lesions in the udder. In this connection a medical missionary states that while itinerating among the villages of an East Indian state, a malignant type of fever broke out among the cattle, and large numbers died. These were handed over as by right of custom to one of the low-caste tribes, whose occupation is that of tanning hides. He noticed with surprise that these people cooked and ate the meat which they cut from the carcasses of the diseased cattle, and throve on it; for he had the matter under close observation for a considerable time. They were after a while, he said, in a healthier condition than the members of the other castes who were non-flesh-eating or who had not partaken of this particular meat.

The danger to the public health which the consumption of milk and butter infected with tubercle bacilli entails is very great. Recent investigation by the American Bureau of Animal Industry into the question as to the precise period of time during which tubercle bacilli remain alive and retain their virulence in butter has demonstrated how serious the risk is to the consumer. The conclusions drawn from the inquiry, which was conducted on scientific lines, are that tubercle bacilli show no appreciable attenuation in ordinary salted butter in forty-nine days, and that they are still highly virulent after ninety-nine days, or more than three months. It is right to mention that the butter examined was made from milk drawn from a cow suffering from tubercle in the udder. The remedy for this state of matters is an international effort to secure that all diseased cows in the first instance, and particularly those in which tubercular disease has developed in the udder, be slaughtered, and that some method be designed to further secure fresh blood in the breeding of cattle by frequent crossing between approved stocks reared in different districts. The British Board of Agriculture as well as the Irish Department of Agriculture—which are both doing good work—there is reason to believe are directing their attention more than ever to the elimination of disease from our herds and flocks.

In the marketing and preparation of animals for food, it is desirable to have this done as far as possible at convenient centres and on sites sufficiently isolated from the main thoroughfares of large towns, and having railway access. Many of the larger towns on the Continent have concentrated these and various allied interests. The advantages are the preservation of the amenity of large centres of population by freeing the thoroughfares from the traffic in cattle, and the improvement in the method of conducting a business in such a perishable product as meat is by the provision at these centres of cold storage and systematic inspection. The Corporation of Edinburgh is at present constructing premises on these lines on a comparatively isolated site to the west of the city and equidistant from the suburbs of Slateford and Gorgie, into which railway facilities will be introduced, so that live-stock or dead meat may be handled at one centre in the most approved manner. It is held by some that the establishment of institutions of this kind should be of a compulsory character, and in the nature of a monopoly for the public welfare, and that they ought to receive a certain amount of Imperial support on the ground of the general public advantage. Agriculture, it is urged, would be helped and stimulated by the provision and maintenance of such public markets and public places for the slaughter of food-animals.

Why butcher-meat is so dear is a question that is often asked by the producer as well as by the thrifty housewife. He receives, he will tell you, something like an average of fivepence halfpenny per pound, and has to pay the butcher an average of about one shilling per pound for the quantities he may purchase for his own use, but he does not always explain that he uses only the most expensive parts of the animal; and that the butcher's average price, after all is said, is usually not extravagantly high is well enough known to those who are thoroughly versed in the practical details of the business. Assuming that the producer receives for a bullock scaling ten hundredweight liveweight a sum of eighteen pounds ten shillings—a fair average rate for prime quality year in and out—this is, as may be readily calculated, a rate of thirty-seven shillings per hundredweight liveweight. The animal when dressed after slaughter will have lost about four hundred and sixty pounds, which is accounted for in the offal. The weight of the carcass being thus six hundred and sixty pounds, it follows that the cost of the meat will be close on sixpence three-farthings per pound, and the butcher naturally looks to the sale of the offal, which includes the hide, surplus tallow, and the edible internal organs, to reduce the cost. A recent and a rather severe fall in the price of hides and sheep skins has naturally had the effect of increasing the cost of the carcass. A recovery in price has now set in for hides, but sheep skins are still low in price. The offal of a bullock of the weight referred to above may be sold at present to yield rather over three-farthings per pound of the carcass-weight, which reduces the cost of the meat to about fivepence and seven-eighths per pound. In the disposal of the meat to the public there is a certain amount of loss in the weight of bone and trimmed-off portions, which yield only a small percentage of the original cost of the carcass. There is also loss by decomposition.

and loss as a rule in selling parts which, owing to weather conditions, may not be in demand. The lot of the ordinary retail butcher, who has to stand behind his counter and face warm weather, rising markets, and a fastidious public, is not always a very happy one.

There are other reasons why meat is dear which do not appeal to the ordinary consumer. Far-reaching changes, for instance, are taking place in the range country of the United States. Sheep are taking the place of cattle in many districts. There are risks attendant on the production of live animals for food which are bound to operate in the direction of placing limits on the supply to a much greater degree than will ever be the case with vegetable products.

THE THREE-ARMED BUDDHA.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Frank Denaby opened his eyes and stared about him, he was lying on a couch in a room which he recognised as being the library at Winterslade Park. Close by, and regarding him anxiously, stood his uncle and his aunt Agatha, Sir Frederick's widowed sister, who managed both the household and her brother. There, too, was a third person, a stranger to Frank, who proved to be the village doctor.

'He'll do now,' said the latter. 'There's nothing very much the matter. The thick cap he was wearing broke the force of the blow. In a couple of days he'll be as right as a trivet.'

'How do you feel by this time, my dear boy?' asked his aunt, as she bent over him and pressed one of his hands.

'Just a bit mazed, and I've a beastly headache.' With that, his other hand went up to the side of his head and rested there for a few seconds on a lump the size of an egg.

Sir Frederick had crossed to the table and poured out a glass of his prime old port, which was regarded by him as a universal remedy. 'Here, drink this,' he said as he proffered the glass.

Dr Beckwith pursed out his lips, but said nothing. He was not a stranger to Sir Frederick's port.

Frank sat up and swallowed the wine. 'I presume, uncle, that your Indian friend, Mr Jellum Ghosh, arrived some hours ago?' he queried.

'My Indian friend, Mr—— What is the boy talking about?'

'I am referring to the man you telegraphed me about yesterday morning, who'——

'No message from me was sent you yesterday morning.'

'Then you don't know Mr Jellum Ghosh, and he is not at the Park?'

'To the best of my belief I never heard the name before, and certainly no such person is under this roof.'

'It's owing to him that I'm here. I had my suspicions that he was a fraud; but my head is a bit queer just now, and I'll explain things in the morning. Tell me this, however: who found me and brought me here?'

'You were found by Dawson, my man-of-all-work, lying insensible in the road, as he was returning from the village. Being a muscular fellow, he contrived to hoist you into the pony-cart and bring you here.'

The doctor now intervened.

'I think Mr Denaby has talked enough for the present,' he said, 'and I advise him to go to bed at once. I will send him a sedative, and after a good night's rest he will find himself a different man in the morning.'

'Your room is quite ready, dear,' said Aunt Agatha. 'I ordered a fire to be lighted, and presently I will send you up a little soup and a few slices of chicken.'

'And another glass of my port won't harm you. But, by Jove! I'm forgetting my guests. They will be wondering what's become of me.'

Denaby was up and out of doors by seven o'clock next morning. Save for the lump on his head, which was still very painful, he felt nearly as well as ever he had done. He was glad to be away from London, were it only for a few hours, and to be able to invigorate his lungs with the fresh, sweet air which blew across the Derbyshire moors. As soon as breakfast was over he must have a talk with his uncle, after which he would be in time for the eleven o'clock train back to town. Meanwhile he went for an hour's tramp.

He was back in the grounds on his way to the house, when, on turning a corner of the shrubbery, he came upon an apparition which for a little while froze his feet to the ground and sent the blood surging madly through his veins, so that for a space of some seconds everything looked blurred and dim. Then his vision cleared, and he saw, to his wonderment, that the apparition was still there. 'Can it be a reality?' he asked himself as he drew a few steps nearer. Next instant his question was answered, and in the most delightful fashion possible.

A quick turn of the head, a sudden startled look, a swift rush of colour that dyed throat, cheeks, and brow one rosy tint, and Elsie Deighton in all her fresh beauty stood revealed. On what magic carpet had she been whisked through the air all the way from Minden Lodge to Winterslade Park? Nay, with what purpose was she here at all?

She was simply gowned in white, than which nothing could have suited her violet-eyed loveliness

better. She had been culling a bouquet of autumn blooms for the breakfast-table, and held a bunch of them in one hand.

Frank lifted his cap, went forward, and held out his hand, which was taken as frankly as it was proffered. 'It sounds banal, Miss Deighton, to remark that to meet you here is a tremendous surprise to me, yet to meet as if it were not a surprise would be absurd.'

'Yes, my presence here under your uncle's roof must seem unaccountable to you,' she said as she gently withdrew her hand; 'yet, like many other seemingly strange happenings, it is capable of a very simple explanation.'

'Oh,' he exclaimed with a laugh, the laugh of a man who has suddenly stepped out of darkness into sunlight, 'no explanation is needed or wished for by me. Far from it. It is enough to have found you here; by what necromancy it has been brought about concerns me not at all.' His voice had in it a ring of that passion to which no young woman can listen wholly unmoved. Before the ardour of his gaze her own eyes fell, her bosom thrilled with strange, delicious emotions; and in the course of those few seconds she realised what heretofore she had only suspected, that her heart was lost to her for ever.

'Necromancy has nothing to do with it, as you shall hear,' she said, speaking a little unsteadily. 'I presume you are aware that your uncle is about to leave Winterslade Park?'

Frank gave a palpable start. 'No such intention on his part has ever been hinted at by him to me.'

'Such, however, is the fact. It seems that he owns a house in London, at present empty, and that he intends to make his home there in future.'

'You have indeed sprung a mine upon me, Miss Deighton.'

'Now, as it happens, for some time my father has been looking out for a country residence. Learning from an advertisement in the *Times* that Winterslade was to be let on lease, he came down in order to view the property, and sought an interview with Sir Frederick. When they met and had talked together for a little while, they discovered that they were both old Indians. At the time my father was building up his fortune as a merchant in Bombay, Sir Frederick was serving under the Viceroy—he served under three of them, I think he told papa—in Calcutta. After that they got on famously together, the result being that my father and I are here on a week's visit, and I think it is now nearly settled that this will be our future home, for papa is delighted with the place.'

Suddenly she laid a hand lightly on her companion's arm. 'Oh, how remiss of me!' she exclaimed. 'Your uncle told us last night that on your way here you were attacked by two miscreants and were unable to come down to dinner; yet I'—— She paused, as if at a loss to express what she was wishful of conveying.

'It's really not worth referring to,' said Frank lightly. 'That I'm out and about this morning is proof enough that there's nothing much the matter with me.'

Before more could be said, a turn of the path brought them plump on Sir Frederick and Mr Deighton, the latter portly and aged sixty, with the keen, shrewd aspect and slightly aggressive bearing of your thorough business man who has risen in the world by his own exertions. Sir Frederick introduced Frank, and due inquiries having been made and answered respecting the latter's damaged head, they all went indoors to breakfast, a meal presided over by Aunt Agatha.

CHAPTER VI.

WHILE our little party were at breakfast the weather changed, and it began to rain heavily, so they presently adjourned to the library, and there Denaby was called upon by his uncle, with whom he had previously had a few words in private, to recount the incidents which led up to his unexpected appearance at Winterslade. Sir Frederick had a notion that the narrative might serve to while away an hour till his guests could again get out of doors.

Frank had not expected to be thus called upon, but journalists as a class are not easily nonplussed; besides which, Elsie's violet eyes were bent inquiringly upon him.

What he had to tell is already known to the reader. He began with a description of the image of the three-armed Buddha, bought by him at his uncle's request. Then he told of the letter from Rupini's wife, of the appearance of Tom Brandon, and how he had been persuaded by the latter into accompanying him to the ball at Minden Lodge. At this point his eyes encountered Elsie's, and a meaning glance flashed between them. Then followed an account of what happened on his return to his flat—of the finding of the Italian's dead body, and of the explanation of the man stabbed by the latter (in mistake for him, Frank Denaby) that his purpose in being there was to purloin the bronze Buddha in return for a payment of two hundred pounds offered him for that purpose by a certain Mr Chundra Das.

Then Frank went on to tell of his receipt of the telegram, which he now read to his auditors, and of what passed a few hours later between him and the man who called himself Mr Jellum Ghosh, resulting in his determination to be himself the bearer of the bronze to his uncle. 'But at the last moment,' he finished by saying, 'something seemed to warn me against bringing the image with me. Accordingly, I left it behind in my friend's safe, and I am very glad that I did so, because I think there can be no doubt whatever that last night's attack on me was merely another attempt on the part of Mr Chundra Das to obtain possession of the bronze.

Great must have been his disappointment at finding it was not in the stolen bag!'

With the shower of comments and questions which followed on the heels of Denaby's narrative we need not concern ourselves.

Elsie alone remained silent, sitting motionless and like one deep in thought. At length she said, addressing her father, 'Papa, you have not forgotten young Soma Khush, who was formerly in your counting-house at Bombay, who about three months ago arrived in London and called upon me at Senlac Gardens, and for whom you kindly obtained a berth in a City office?'

'No, my dear, I have not forgotten the young man. It seemed an idiotic act on his part to come over to England. But what about him?'

'I never told you the real reason which led him to come so far, feeling sure that your comment would have been, "What superstitious rubbish!" and indeed to me at the time it seemed the merest foolishness; but after what has just been told us I don't know what to think. However, it seems to me only right that I should supplement Mr Denaby's narrative by revealing to you the secret purpose which brought Soma Khush all the way from Bombay.

'Soma had two uncles, one of them known as Mr Jamsi Das, and the other—it may surprise you to hear—as Mr Chundra Das. The latter was ostensibly a sort of general dealer in the native quarter of Bombay, but his main business was that of a money-lender to Government officials and other Europeans who had run short of funds. Jamsi Das was in the Government employ at a station about fifty miles up-country, and at the time of his death, about eighteen months ago, he had amassed a small fortune. There had been a feud between the brothers for years, and Mr Jamsi Das, whose health was bad, had more than once assured Soma that all he might die possessed of should go to him. But after his death, which was quite sudden, no document of any kind could be found having reference to the disposition of his property. Then Mr Chundra Das appeared on the scene and laid claim to everything on account, as he alleged, of money advanced at different times to his brother, with interest thereon; in proof of which he produced certain acknowledgments bearing the dead man's signature. Poor Soma found himself left out in the cold.

'Several months passed, and then, for some reason which Soma did not make clear to me, he consulted a native soothsayer or dabbler in the occult—such men abound in the East—in the hope of obtaining an answer to a certain question which of late had kept on clanging persistently in his brain. Of the nature of the question I know nothing; but from what he told me it would appear that the soothsayer put him into a sort of hypnotic trance, in which he beheld, with all the vividness of reality, some one seated in a room that was wholly strange to him, that some one being none other than me, Elsie Deighton. He had seen a good deal of me during my two years in Bombay, and could not be mistaken in my personality, for I was taking lessons in Urdu at the time, and whenever Soma brought letters and papers from the office to the house for papa I used to avail myself of his presence to improve my colloquial knowledge of the language. But after what we have been told this morning it will probably still further surprise you to hear that in Soma's vision I was holding a small bronze image of the Buddha having three arms!'

So far her listeners had remained silent, but now they all, save Denaby, found something to say. There was more to come, and he waited.

It was in answer to a question by her father that Elsie said, 'Soma's voyage to England and his call upon me were the outcome of his vision, and dreadfully disappointed the poor fellow was when he found that I had never seen a three-armed image of the Buddha, and knew not where one might be found. It seemed, indeed, as if he had left home on a wild-goose chase; notwithstanding which, he refused to go back. "I will wait," he said. "Not without a purpose was that vision vouchsafed me. The wheels of Destiny revolve slowly, but they never cease to turn. Yes, I will wait." And he is waiting still.'

There was no lack of animation in the talk that now ensued. In the result, it was decided that, as the whole party would be in London a week later, Soma Khush should be summoned to Senlac Gardens, where he would find materialised the vision seen by him in his hypnotic trance in Bombay.

'It's a queer business from beginning to end,' remarked Mr Deighton; 'but for the life of me I can't make out in what way the finding of the bronze image can benefit our young Hindu friend.'

'Neither can I,' replied Elsie. 'Possibly Soma himself could not enlighten us. But with him, as with so many of his countrymen, mysticism and reality are so mixed up as not always to be distinguishable one from the other.'

By the time Frank Denaby had been three days at Winterslade, Mr Deighton—who was of an observant turn, and let few things escape him—had conceived a very favourable opinion of the young journalist. He was led to study him more particularly than he might otherwise have done because, even in that short space of time, from his bedroom window, which overlooked a secluded portion of the grounds, on three separate occasions he had seen his daughter and Denaby pacing the trim walks together with that air of sweet companionship and of being rapt away from all extraneous matters which, to the astute eyes watching them, seemed at once to proclaim them as lovers, either declared or undeclared.

'Um! um! I must look into this business,' muttered the ex-merchant to himself. He had accepted Frank as Sir Frederick's nephew, and had not hitherto made any further inquiry about him.

This evening, however, he and his host being alone, he said, 'That nephew of yours seems a decent sort and superior to the ordinary ruck of young men one comes across in society nowadays. By the way, has he any sort of occupation, or is he living on his private means?'

'He has no private means, and since his father died, a ruined man, a few years ago, Frank has had to work for his daily crust. He is now and has been for some time on the staff of *The Pharos* newspaper.'

A murmured 'Oh!' escaped Mr Deighton, and his face lengthened visibly.

'During his father's lifetime he had a liberal—a too liberal—allowance, and he spent it royally,' resumed Sir Frederick; 'but when trouble came and he had to face the world he stiffened his back and turned over a fresh leaf. Of course I could have afforded to make him an allowance; but I said to myself, "It will make a man of him, and prove the stuff he's made of, to have to fight his own battle." And I was right in my surmise. All the same, sir, I may tell you in confidence that Frank is my destined heir, and at my demise will succeed to all I may die possessed of.'

Mr Deighton's face brightened visibly. 'He's a fine young fellow!' he said heartily.

Next day, without seeming to do so, he kept a watch on his daughter's movements, and thus it was that for the fourth time he was enabled to spy upon our pair of unavowed lovers. Later in the day he had a private explanation with Elsie, who, being hard pressed by her father, confessed, with a proud light in her eyes and a vivid spot on either cheek, that Frank Denaby was the only man for whom she cared or ever could care. This, later still, led to another talk in the smoking-room between Mr Deighton and Sir Frederick.

Denaby's intention had been to stay only one night at the Park, yet here he was lingering on day after day because he lacked sufficient strength of mind to tear himself away. He had telegraphed to his editor; and, it being the dead season of the year in town, he had been readily granted a week's holiday. He was quite aware that he was dwelling in a fool's paradise, and that when the little party at the Park should break up he and Elsie would have to part for an indefinite time—possibly for ever. Therefore it was that he was determined to make the best of the few golden hours that were left him.

'D'you know, Sir Frederick,' remarked Mr Deighton after a pause in the talk, 'I've a notion that your nephew and my little girl are becoming rather—what's the French word?—*épris* with each other. They spend half their time together out of doors, and anybody might mistake them for an engaged couple.'

'Ho! ho! is that how the land lies? Well, young folk are the same the world over. Under the circumstances, it would be a wonder if our brace of juveniles didn't get up a little flirtation, if only by way of practice, and because here in the country it's the pleasantest occupation they can hit upon.'

'I've reason for thinking there's more in it than a passing flirtation.'

'So! Am I to understand that Frank has proposed to Miss Deighton?'

'A few hours ago he had not. I think it not unlikely that he hangs fire because of the inadequacy of his means, and because he is probably aware that on coming of age my daughter will inherit a considerable fortune. If that is his motive, I need hardly say how honourable I consider it on his part.'

Sir Frederick glanced sharply at his companion. 'Oh, if that's the only obstacle it can easily be remedied. I'll have a little talk with Frank between now and to-morrow.'

He was as good as his word. He challenged his nephew to state definitely whether he was really in love with Miss Deighton, and whether it was his intention to propose to her.

'That I am sincerely in love with Miss Deighton is an undoubted fact,' replied Frank, a rich colour dyeing his cheeks, 'and I have some reason for thinking that she cares a little for me in return. But as for asking her to become my wife, what would her father say to such a proposal? She is an heiress, while I am only a poor journalist, and there's a big gulf between us. Somehow, we have drifted into caring for each other, and now the mischief, if I may term it such, is beyond remedy. Of course the blame is wholly mine. I ought to have'——

'Tut, tut, laddie! don't make excuses where none are needed. Miss D. is a sweet creature, and if I were forty years younger I should most likely fall in love with her myself. Leave the matter in your old uncle's hands for twenty-four hours, and don't let yourself be down-hearted.'

Twenty-four hours later he button-holed Frank. 'Hark'e, my boy,' he said, 'go to Mr Deighton as soon as you like and ask him for his daughter's hand. I'll wager a sovereign to a farthing that you won't meet with a repulse.'

Neither did he, for Sir Frederick had intimated to the ex-merchant his intention to settle a liberal allowance on his nephew from the date of the latter's marriage.

Thus easily was overcome what to Frank had seemed an insuperable difficulty. We may be sure that after his interview with Mr Deighton he lost no time before he put his fortune to the touch with Elsie herself. That night there was not a happier pair of lovers in England than they.

(To be continued.)

HOW A RAILROAD KEEPS HOUSE.

WHEN we think of a railway we generally think of the locomotives and cars which make up the trains, the track on which they move, and the depôts and booking-offices where we get our transportation. So one would imagine that most of what a railway company needs to buy is its rolling stock, the rails and ties for its track, the fuel and water for its engines. But such are only a few of the necessities of a great modern system such as those which cross the United States. Indeed, the money expended on articles which would not occur to us is so large that it seems almost beyond belief.

The fact is that such a railroad must provide a multitude of things, especially where it operates cars where travellers can not only sleep but have their meals as in a hotel. So the company may employ a purchasing agent, who might better be called the 'general housekeeper.' He buys necessities for the cars and for the depôts; and it is a part of his business to see how much money he can save for the company by selling material which is no longer of any value to it.

To give an idea of the importance of 'railroad housekeeping,' as it might be called, we will take one of the larger companies of the United States whose trains run over several thousand miles of track. During one year the 'general housekeeper' purchased and distributed twenty-six thousand brooms to keep the stations and offices of the company clean. Twenty thousand boxes of soap, twenty-five thousand scrubbing-brushes, and a similar number of hand-mops also figured in the expenditure. The housekeepers of the individual stations and offices represent a formidable army. Upwards of ten thousand of these are employed. At many of the small stations the agent is his own housekeeper, ticket-seller, telegrapher, and general freight-agent; but at the larger stations scrubbers and cleaners are employed by the year.

The employés and officials of a big railway must have pens, ink, paper, and even pins. The quantity of pins bought by the general housekeeper and distributed to the employés weighed over three thousand pounds. Forty thousand pens were also used, and fifty barrels of ink. There were enough lead-pencils used to reach from Chicago to New York and half-way back again if they were placed end to end. The care of the linen of a single trunk-line is an important task. No hotel or series of hotels offers a comparison. The napkins and table-linen for the dining service of this railway mount up to thousands of pounds, and the towels and bed-linen for the sleeping-cars represent nearly as many more. The annual laundry of the sleeping and dining car service amounts to an expenditure of five thousand pounds, although it is nearly all done by steam machinery. To keep up the supply of linen, upwards of ten thousand separate pieces of linen are purchased annually. On this line more money is spent on the table and bed linen than on such apparently important articles as car-brackets for hats and coats or cushion-seats for passengers. Yet so careful is the system that every napkin, towel, table-cloth, sheet, or pillow-case must be accounted for, and not one can be lost without some adequate explanation.

So numerous are the dining-cars and café-cars on this railway that to supply them with all the necessary provisions and articles of diet to suit the most fastidious the general housekeeper purchases wholesale quantities all along the line. This railroad system will want upwards of fifty thousand barrels of flour a year for the dining-car service, forty thousand pairs of poultry, ten thousand quarters of beef, and tons of fruit, pastry, coffee, and vegetables.

The equipment of depôts with slot machines, literature, and restaurants has greatly increased the labours of the housekeeping department. In some instances the concessions are sold to private companies; but on this railway the rights to sell articles along the route are retained by the transportation company. In one year two thousand pounds were taken in the penny-slot machines for chewing-gum. This meant that a million and more American pennies were dropped into the machines. The supply of literature by the railroad company is enormous. Upwards of five thousand train-boys 'hawked' the periodicals through the cars as licensed sellers, and half as many more sold books and magazines at the different stations. Over a million pounds sterling was obtained last year through this source. The distribution of literature over the whole route is a matter of exact business routine, which is managed entirely by a single head. Candies, fruit, sandwiches, and other similar edibles for the delectation of travellers are important items. This line annually sells over its route half a million pounds of candy, nearly twice as many sandwiches, and upwards of five hundred tons of fruit. This does not include what is sold in the waiting-rooms and restaurants of the stations. Here probably as much more sweets are disposed of to hungry passengers. A million bottles of drinks is the annual bill, or rather the amount that thirsty passengers dispose of while waiting for trains. The restaurants on the line will use upwards of fifty carloads of provisions in the course of a year.

If we added to the general housekeeping economics of a railroad the items which pertain more distinctly to the gardening or landscape department we should find more interesting statistics. Every railroad has its landscape-gardening department to-day, and tens of thousands of plants, trees, and shrubs are planted and cultivated every season.

The company we have cited actually sets out nearly a million bedding plants every season to decorate the grounds around the stations, and another raises cut flowers, so that every office and important depôt is supplied with fresh cut flowers every day through the summer season. Ten thousand bouquets are weekly distributed for table decoration on the dining-cars. It costs money to support this department, but the indirect results are apparent in the approval and increased travel of patrons.

But the amount of money which the railway housekeeper gets from the sale of what is called waste material (that which is of no further use to the company) is astonishing. Again referring to this American line, from waste-paper alone in one year it realised a profit of one thousand pounds. Pens, shingles, and nails proved of important value. The total sum of the 'scrap-heap' of old machinery reached the enormous figure of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Of course the greater part of this waste came from the worn-out locomotives and cars which are sent to the scrap-heap after they have ceased to be of further use to the company. But on the small 'household items' mentioned upwards of twenty thousand pounds was realised. Everything is saved, and everything is economically disposed of. Even the ashes are sold or utilised for improving the roadbed.

THE HOUSE IN ISLINGTON.

By W. E. Cule.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'PHILIP,' said Mrs Burchell timidly.

'Yes?' muttered Mr Burchell from behind his *Telegraph*.

'My little cheque came last night. It is just fifteen pounds. Is there anything'——

She did not complete the sentence. There were many of those unfinished sentences on Mrs Burchell's side in her relations with her husband, and they increased in number yearly.

For a few moments there was a silence which might have been described as strained, and then Mr Burchell smoothed his paper with an ominous rustle. He had decided to speak out. 'My dear girl,' he said, with a distinct rasp in his voice, and with a finality which he almost intended to be cruel, 'let us settle that matter of the House in Islington once and for all. Twice a year regularly you receive your little cheque, and twice a year regularly you insist on asking whether you shall buy me anything out of it. I hope—I sincerely hope—that I appreciate the attention as I should; but I wish you to understand now that it is utterly unnecessary on your part, and that it need not be offered again. It is your own money, and I refuse to touch it. Use it entirely and absolutely for your own purposes. In future I shall not expect you to mention that you have received it.'

There was a painful pause. Mr Burchell did not lower his paper, but he knew that his wife had smiled—one of those small smiles with which she was accustomed to disguise her feelings. When she spoke it was as gently as ever.

'Of course, Philip, if you wish'——

'I do wish,' said Mr Burchell firmly. 'Let that be enough. I must not be worried with trifles—not even twice a year!'

Trifles! There was complete silence after that, except for the inevitable movements of the breakfast-table. Mr Burchell spent another two minutes over his paper, and then looked at his watch. Five minutes later, well clad and well groomed, he passed down the path that intersected his faultless lawn and turned into the street. It was now twenty-five minutes after nine, and he invariably caught the nine-thirty-six at Highgate Station. From the dining-room window Mrs Burchell watched him go, and he acknowledged the attention by a careless nod as he disappeared.

'Women,' he said to himself in injured self-excuse—'women seem to have no sense of proportion. That House in Islington! year after year in just the same way, as if we were still striving to live on a hundred and eighty pounds. I am afraid Mary is a woman of one idea—or rather, a woman of a dominant idea. That's it—the Dominant Idea. She can't get away from it.'

So he strode on along the shaded road, and in the house that he had left his wife returned to the breakfast-table to finish her last cup in unprofitable meditation. Naturally, it was the House in Islington that claimed her thoughts, and she retraced its story in a mood of mingled pain and self-blame. Her face was not yet an old one, and its patient gentleness was her passport to the trust of any who came near her when they were in need of a friend; but at this moment something had picked out certain lines in it with a pitiless pencil, and she looked much older than the well-groomed City man who had just left her.

Twenty years ago, when Philip Burchell had asked her to be his wife, she had come to him without any great beauty and with a somewhat keen sense of her own shortcomings. He was an extremely able young man, and she had wondered in her heart of hearts that he had chosen her. So she had kept a secret for him, and it was not whispered until the day after their marriage. 'You thought I had nothing, Philip; but it is not quite so bad as that. There was a little property left by my grandmother, and after my uncle's death—he is very old, you know—it will be divided between my cousins and

myself. I shall have one-fourth — and it will probably be the House in Islington.'

She remembered with vivid clearness his real pleasure and his exaggerated surprise. He had rallied her upon her 'fortune' all through the fortnight of that humble honeymoon, and she had enjoyed the situation even more than he. After all, she had something to offer him, something that would be a great help in the heroic struggle he had begun. No, she could not help him much herself—her scope was limited, and she could only stand and watch. But the House in Islington would help, and he would take that as a part of her contribution to the common fund.

It was curious to remember how differently things had worked out. The life that stood between had ceased in the first year of their marriage, and the House was nominally hers; but then had come a long period of delay, and even when that period was over it was found that legal expenses had swallowed up nearly the whole of the first year's proceeds. She remembered how Philip had pinched her ear consolingly when that disappointing five-pound note had come. But it was a beggarly five pounds in the second year too, for the property had long been neglected, and extensive repairs were necessary. So those first years of their married life were full of calculating and contriving, with the House in Islington like a tantalising shadow in the background.

The third had been the year of the greatest need —a need so urgent that they had tried to part with the House to one of the cousins at his own figure. It had produced ten pounds that year. The cousin had declined, and the House had begun to assume something of a sinister aspect with relation to their fortunes. But then things changed quite rapidly. Philip improved his position, and the upward march began. At the same time the House, as if in ironic sympathy, had shaken itself clear of misfortune, and had begun to pay thirty pounds a year. Actually, thirty pounds a year! Yes, that was the irony of it —that it had begun to do fairly well as soon as the keen necessity was passed.

The rest of the story was very similar. In the first year of success Mr Burchell had accepted from the House a pair of boots—an excellent pair of the best American make at one guinea. He had never had such a pair before, so the House had begun to be a real practical help; and although Mr Burchell wore those boots for two winters, it is safe to say that it was his wife who found the greatest pleasure in them. Her eyes were on them often, and she regarded them as a first-fruit of her many expectations. But, alas! the chance never came again. Even before that pair was worn down the partnership had come, lifting their wearer high above all considerations of footgear, and setting his feet in the broad way of prosperity and self-esteem. On the arrival of the next half-year he had playfully announced his independence, blind to the pain he was giving, stupidly unaware of the true inwardness of things. 'No, my dear girl,' he had said blandly, 'I will not accept a penny. It is yours. Buy things for yourself.'

Something — perhaps the knowledge that he would be amused—had forbidden an explanation, and he had persisted in his refusal. She had tried one or two pleasant surprises; but he had shown annoyance rather than pleasure at such evasions of his will, and that method of procedure had had to be abandoned. So for the last ten years she had simply offered him a gift, and he had as simply, but very firmly, declined it.

In the meantime some vague fear of hers had gradually been realised. The City had year by year cast a heavier spell upon him, and he had become more and more engrossed in his business, less and less interested in his home and his wife. Inevitably, as his character hardened and his views of values changed, he had allowed a gulf between them to widen, and had made no attempt to bridge it. Brusqueness and impatience, absent-mindedness and self-absorption, the City column at the breakfast-table—all had been signs of the tendency she had seen a long way off and could not prevent. In a sense she had centred her hopes in the House in Islington, feeling that such a contribution to the common welfare would always claim his respect and gratitude, if nothing more. But the House had failed egregiously in its mission, and on this account she could claim nothing. To-day he had, as he had said, settled the matter once and for all.

She could forgive him for the way in which he had done it; she could even overlook the fact that he had described it as a trifle. A trifle! But she would not forget the fact that she must not mention the matter again. The last hope was gone, after having been many years agoing.

So she sighed gently, and then blamed herself for desiring the unattainable; and with a faint smile upon a face which had not yet lost its sweetness, she rang the bell for the maid and turned to the duties of the day.

CHAPTER II.

SEATED in his first-class compartment, Mr Burchell again attacked his newspaper to cover the last traces of his breakfast-table outbreak. He was not sorry for it—indeed, he had not the slightest difficulty in finding full justification; but it had been unpleasant, if necessary, and he was willing to forget it.

He was able to complete his examination of the City columns, and might have done more if he had not been interrupted. Conversation in a first-class compartment on the nine-thirty-six was sufficiently unusual to be noticeable, sufficiently disturbing to be resented. He could scarcely help hearing in some subconscious fashion, much as he desired to avoid it.

The two men who conversed were City men, and

he knew them both by sight. Their talk was market-talk of an ordinary type, but to him market-talk was always interesting. Moreover, this conversation seemed to be somewhere in the region of his own business, though he would hardly have said how he became aware of the fact. The noise of the train was such that only imperfect phrases reached him.

'I heard a rumour last night,' said the nearest man; '. . . are in trouble. Heard anything yourself?'

'Not a word. What was it?'

'Oh, . . . deal—South Americans—pulled them all to pieces. Won't open to-day probably.'

'Others will go with them,' suggested the second man callously.

'Certain! . . . and more than one. There will be a slump in that line for a time.'

The conversation went on jerkily; but Mr Burchell had ceased to follow it, as the topic was changed. He had failed to catch the name of the firm under discussion, but it seemed to have been one full of labials and sibilants. Of course there were several names of a similar character, and it was quite unreasonably that his mind sprang to Bassetts, and persisted in staying there. South Americans, too! Then he thrust the suggestion aside with an emphatic refusal.

'Rubbish!' he thought impatiently. 'That's out of the question. South Americans—absurd!'

A few minutes later he was in his own building and in his own room. The atmosphere was exactly as usual, and it was not until he had opened his letters that he called in his cashier, an experienced man of advanced years.

'By the way,' he said, 'have you heard anything about Bassetts—in connection with South Americans?'

'Bassetts? No, sir, not a word!'

'Very good. It must have been some other house.'

Two minutes later he was at the telephone, making the same inquiry elsewhere. 'Bassetts?' came the reassuring answer. 'No—nothing. What have you heard? *They're* all right.' But then he called up another number, to receive another reply. 'Bassetts? Yes, we've heard. They're closed this morning. . . . Hope you're not in with *them?*'

He left the instrument after a moment, and recalled the cashier. 'Bassetts have gone,' he said calmly. 'There was a South American muddle after all. They are bound to drag others with them. I expect we shall hear the worst by noon.'

The man retired dumfounded, and Mr Burchell drew his handkerchief across his brows before he turned to the work of the day. Long before the cashier's task was completed he had gone out, and it was some time after noon before he returned. Then he called the man again.

'Gillinghams are as good as gone too,' he said. 'It was bound to be, and Trescott is certain to go. Lambtons will, I believe, stand. You can go into the whole matter now, and get at the total loss. There is no hurry about it—any time before five will do.'

The cashier had lost his nerve long ago, but his employer's manner steadied him. He seemed to see a man standing in the midst of a quaking house and propping up the walls by sheer force of will. He retired again after asking a question or two, and the routine of the day was proceeded with.

At four a foolscap sheet of figures was laid on Mr Burchell's desk by a hand that trembled. He scanned it closely, without a sign of emotion, and even checked the totals with that cool precision which his wife knew so well. He transferred the final calculation to his pocket-book with the same care.

'If you will allow me, sir,' said the elderly cashier, in earnest agitation, 'I should like to express my regret—and my sympathy.'

Mr Burchell seemed a little surprised. 'It is very good of you, Simms,' he said pleasantly. 'Very good! Yes, this must be, of course, a serious check. Thank you.'

'A serious check!' muttered Mr Simms as he returned to his own desk. 'A serious check! Well!' And it was with feelings of mingled respect and pity that he saw Mr Burchell pass through the office later, on his way home, precisely at his usual time. The proud front of the beaten fighter is good to see, but it has its painful aspect.

Mr Burchell walked to his usual train through the thronging City. There was in his bearing no betrayal of dejection, no shrinkage of dignity and confidence, and it was an unmoved face that he turned upon the scene of his misfortunes. 'You have struck hard,' he seemed to say in farewell, 'but I shall be here again to-morrow!' And if the defiance found an echo in the groan of a stricken man, it reached no ears but his own.

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE he reached Highgate he had fully realised the whole extent of his losses, but had no spirit to begin to rebuild. The shock found him lacking in that power of recovery which had brought him triumphantly through earlier crises. On his way home from the station he turned into the Queen's Wood, to find a little solitude in the leafy alleys where he had often planned his business enterprises. Then after a while he went quietly to his house.

At this point he seemed actually at the nadir of his fortunes, and bitterly conscious that it was beyond his power to right them. It was not until he approached his own gate, however, that he thought of his wife at all in connection with the blow, and then his pity was curiously tinged with something much less noble. He might explain, but she would not understand. It would be useless to give her any details. He knew so well what her

limits were. And in the bitterness of his defeat it occurred to him to make a study of the woman at this crisis. He would tell her the truth, and would observe the way in which she received it. It was a pity that she could not enter into his schemes a little more, that her limitations were so definite. She would have nothing to offer in the way of ideas—nothing.

He discovered now that the day's experience had quickened his perceptions to an almost painful extent. He noted, as for the first time, the beauty and tastefulness of his garden, the substantial structure of his house, the richness of his windows and of his hall. They looked different, he thought, because he saw them under the shadow of possible loss. In the morning-room, overlooking the garden, his wife was sitting, and she smiled a greeting as he passed. A moment later it occurred to him that she was almost always there. With a little impatience, he found himself making the acknowledgment that a very domestic wife was sometimes an advantage. It was an advantage to have her in her place on this particular evening, even if she had no ideas to offer.

Entering the room, he went to a couch and sat down where he could see her face. He was still intent upon his purpose. His wife looked at him in silence for a moment, and he observed—because he was there to make observations—a certain timidity in the look. At once he felt a little surprised. Surely he had never given her cause for timidity!

'Have you had a good day?' she asked gently.

That was about as far as she could penetrate into his business affairs, he reflected; but an instant later came the further reflection, 'She always asks that. But she never forgets to ask that.' And then he answered simply, 'No; a very bad day. The worst in twenty years.'

He spoke so calmly that she had to search his face for an endorsement of the statement. She lowered her work with a troubled look, and waited for more. With all her limitations, she seemed to have a faculty for reading his features.

'Three firms heavily in my debt,' he said, 'are closing their doors. The end of it is that I am very nearly ruined. Practically, I have lost three-fourths of all I had.'

She certainly seemed to take it seriously enough, he thought, for she sat as if transfixed. Then he saw, very clearly, her effort to comprehend the meaning of such a disaster, and looked to see horror and dismay in her eyes. He saw neither, and for a moment failed to realise what it was that he did see. Could it be that she felt no horror of loss, no fear of the future, only an overwhelming and infinite pity? And pity for whom? For him? He knew as soon as she spoke.

'Oh Philip!'

He was certainly seeing something now. The pain in that one exclamation was inexpressible, and he stirred uneasily under the knowledge of it. He wondered that she did not come to him, and somehow his conscience connected this with something he had noticed previously—her timidity. But then she spoke further, the words issuing from her lips unconsidered, unmeasured. Indeed, she had never intended to utter them aloud.

'The House in Islington—I will sell it'——

She stopped, suddenly conscious that she had spoken, and aware of an immense folly. The silence that fell was painful. Burchell raised his head a little to stare at his wife, and she fluttered and trembled. As for him, he almost laughed, the thing seemed for a moment so grotesque. But then, looking still at her face, he checked himself.

With his unusual keenness of perception, a not unnatural result of his terrible experience and his new relation to circumstances, he saw everything that came. Moreover, he was impelled to examine everything that came, to study it with an almost morbid desire for truth. That one phrase, 'The House in Islington'—how banal, how foolish, how suggestively characteristic! Yet at once his mind fastened upon it for absolutely the first time, and in the space of a minute its whole significance was laid bare to him.

The House in Islington! In an instant he was back in the beginnings. He remembered how she had revealed her little secret on the day after their marriage, the shy pleasure and pride in her face as she told the story, half-expecting his surprise and delight, half-afraid that he would scold her. 'You thought I had nothing, Philip, but it is not quite so bad as that. I shall have one-fourth, and it will probably be the House in Islington.' And then they thronged upon him swiftly—soul-stirring pictures and echoes of the days that followed—the joys and hopes of their early housekeeping, the efforts to make the ends meet, the long, dark days of heavy toil and straitened means and abounding hope, with the House as a shadowy stand-by, giving so little, promising so much. He remembered that she had never called it *her* House, never claimed it as hers apart from him; and yet, in a way, she had regarded it as her own, so that she might give it to him freely. And in those dull days he had never noticed her limitations!

The House in Islington! Was there any limit to the content of those four words? Looking at her face, with its eloquence of pity, he swiftly linked those old days with these new ones—nay, with this last of all, this moment in which he sat and watched her. The phrase was pregnant with significance, full of revelation, for he saw her last words not as the helpless outburst of incapacity, but as the key-note of a life, the crowning words of a story extending over many years. It was the sum of all her aims, a motto, as it were, that covered all her thousand silent sacrifices of self, her timid, unfinished sentences, her patient smile. And she had offered him her poor little House year after year since, as the emblem or perhaps the materialisation of a devotion that found in this its most hopeful form of expression. And he? He realised

now that he had failed to see the meaning of the offering, had turned away from it and contemned it. Only to-day, in his pride of power and prosperity, he had finally thrust it away from him, and had even trampled upon it. He could not be worried with trifles. Trifles! That persistent and indescribable devotion!

The House in Islington! Yes, revelation brought self-revelation in its train, and he saw the real cause of her vague timidity, her silences; and, as if in contrast, he saw again the quaint pleasure she had found in the one gift he had accepted from her since the tide had turned—that wonderful pair of boots. He did not remember it now with amusement. Quite clearly he saw the House in Islington for what it had always been from the first day to the last, and the truth struck him with the force of a blow.

Unaccustomed emotion gathered in his throat and dimmed his eyes. That flash of perception dissipated a thousand vapours of vanity and self-esteem, and stirred into sudden life the older, nobler spirit which had lain so long under the deepening spell of the world and the City. He had reached a bad pass, indeed, that he had failed to see so much, had been so blind to the tragedy of his own hearth!

'Come here, Mary,' he said huskily.

She came, half-afraid and fully ashamed of her blunder. But he drew her down to his side, and did not afterwards release her hands.

'You are very good, Mary,' he said in slow and laboured words. 'I will not have you sell the House. We must keep it in the family—it is too precious to part with. But I shall be glad of what you may be able to spare me from it.'

She could see that he was not jesting, and her incredulity grew into wonder. He went on, growing stronger moment by moment, a better spirit rising from the ashes of his shame. He was minded to attack life again, to reconquer it so that he might prove himself worthy of the love he had seen revealed to him and at last had realised. And under this influence other things fell back into their true perspective.

'Still,' he said, 'I do not think these losses will break me. I am not broken as long as you are here to help me—as you have always done.'

Slowly and doubtfully her wonder grew into joy. Now he was smoothing her hair—a little awkwardly, with an unaccustomed touch—and scanning her face with strange intentness. Perhaps there were no lines there that might not be smoothed out.

'But — but I am so sorry, Philip!' she murmured.

Rapidly, in the new light he had been given, he summed up what he had lost and what he had gained through his losses. It seemed to him that it was his disaster that had placed in his hand the key of a better future, and he answered simply, 'I am not sorry. I am glad!'

And thus it was that the House in Islington achieved its mission.

THE PIONEER.

There is a legend that the Roman Legion stationed at Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion was afterwards removed to Lincoln.

The hurrying moon, flying through ragged clouds,
Cast hard black shadows on a sleeping world,
And fired the Roman Eagles that kept watch
On flags of victory by the wind unfurled.

Save for the wailing wind from distant seas,
That sighed about the camp upon the hill,
And for the mournful sea-birds overhead,
The silent midnight world was calm and still.

The furtive light, that glanced through silvered clouds,
Gleamed where a soldier, leaning on his spear,
Heard in the rising wind, through rustling leaves,
The slow departure of another year.

Stern, self-reliant, and remote he stood,
An exile from the pomps and joys of home,
Maintaining order in a lawless land—
Symbol of all the majesty of Rome.

His the hard task that waits for pioneers,
And only master-nations get by heart,
To pay the debt those crowding shades demand
Who claim through death that they have done their part.

His fate the loneliness of those who hold
The wrested mastery of half a world,
Who mete out justice with an iron hand
Wherever their unconquered flag is furled—

Harsh, ruthless justice to a conquered race,
From each man standing at his lonely post,
Who holds his own at price of life or death,
While far-off Rome pays the tremendous cost.

Resolved and calm, he heard the call of Rome,
Dreamt of the honours waiting those at hand;
While his to hold barbarians in thrall,
And die forgotten in an unknown land.

The full, round moon that fled through fraying clouds,
Called up a memory from the vanished years:
A cross-crowned hill, where loud-voiced, mocking cries,
And women's bitter weeping, filled his ears.

Again the shouts he heard, the taunting priests,
As he kept watch upon that alien sod;
Again the awed Centurion by his side
Murmured, 'This surely is a Son of God.'

'A Son of God!' The half-remembered words
Sighed in the wind, as once on Calvary;
'The man may die, but courage never dies,
It haunts this land without a history!'

The Roman heritage of conquered worlds
Flamed in his past—a blaze of victory;
But for the island set 'mid northern seas,
Its glory was unwritten history.

Unbuilt the gray cathedral's sheltering walls,
Unhewn the cross, unlit the golden lamp,
Where the proud Eagles kept their tireless guard,
And the stern Roman watched the sleeping camp.

AUTHOR OF 'MISS MOLLY.'

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

THE end of the busiest season that London or any other place has ever known approaches. We speak of the season in the larger meaning of the term, for the higher social and very restricted part of it faded away at the proper time some weeks ago. Many of the 'smart set,' as they are named, tarried a little longer than usual, for London has never been so alluring, even to its own people, as it was this summer; but by-and-by all went away, and the blinds in Mayfair were drawn down. At the moment even the busier folks who recognise no season are enjoying their annual change in other places, and the town is more than ever in the possession of the foreigners. A cosmopolitan city indeed! There has never been one, we may be very sure, that contained within the same period so many foreign people of so many different nations. Circumstances have never conspired towards such a congregation as they have done this summer on this island. Comparisons in figures cannot be made; but it may be said with sure conviction that until this London season came the distinction of having held more strangers within her gates for a few sunny weeks than any other city was held by Paris in virtue of her achievement on the occasion of the last great Exhibition in the fair capital of friendly France. Then we may think that there is something appropriate in this taking of the honour by her brother Britain. Despite all the ambitions of the great French through history, right up to the grand climax but sorry failure of Napoleon, France has never come so near to the possession of London as in these days of the most perfect peace. She has never had so many of her sons and daughters in occupation of it; they have never been so entirely in command, with the English their most obedient servants. The other evening, one who entered a tram-car on the Embankment found that of the nine people it contained six were French, two were English, and one was Italian. Pondering on this curious matter, he may have gazed a little stupidly at the conductor as he came along for the fares, whereupon that official showed a halfpenny, and said, 'Sank senteem' with an accent that sounded as if it would improve in time. Never until this year have the ordinary servants of the general public in Britain spoken any language but their own, and it is the sign of the most complete French occupation that the language is spreading. In all the shop windows you see the notice that they speak French inside, and railway porters, attendants at places of amusement, and so forth, all have a useful word or two at their disposal. This is a rare condescension from our insularity. It is not merely that by many general impressions we are brought to the certainty that there are far more people in London than there are usually; but we can see them, the excess, in the streets and in all the public places. Save on special days of celebrations we have never witnessed such a packing of humanity. There is a plain difference between the normal crowd and bustle of London and the crowd of this season, a difference which has never been apparent in this way before. The mind shrinks from the roughest calculation of how many people have been tramping and how many wheeled vehicles have been directed through the great metropolitan thoroughfares lately. At ordinary times the number is immense. Some official tests that were made at one time showed that from eight o'clock in the morning until eight at night no fewer than twenty-nine thousand three hundred and twenty vehicles passed the Marble Arch, and that in the busiest hour there were three thousand and sixty-nine. Nearly as many passed Hyde Park Corner, and it was found that the next busiest spots in London, in order, were Charing Cross, the Bank, Piccadilly Circus, Ludgate Circus, Piccadilly at St James's Street, and the Strand at Wellington Street. This was about a year ago; but a combination of circumstances has lately served to make Pall Mall one of the busiest and at the same time one of the most dangerous thoroughfares in London. Our visitors have contributed materially to this

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state of things. The other day a census was taken of the vehicles passing at the western end of it, near to St James's Palace, and it was found that in the short space of five minutes two hundred and fifty-four cabs, fifty-one motor-cars, thirty-eight carriages, and seventeen vans and carts rolled past the point. This was at about four o'clock in the afternoon. Half an hour later an interesting test was made of the number of people who for five minutes were delayed in crossing the thoroughfare from one point to another at the place where Pall Mall touches the southern end of the Haymarket. It was two hundred and eighteen. Such figures may perhaps convey some notion, even though a vague one, of the amazing thronging of London in this season. A sense of great excitement has generally prevailed. There has been the feeling that somehow mankind has been going forward. It is all very wonderful, and one must reflect again that it is the outcome of the work of a single individual. It is the work of the great royal thaumaturgist, the peacemaking King.

* * *

If you had to select a man from each service who should be regarded as the most typical Briton, possessed of the best British qualities in the greatest abundance, there could hardly be a doubt about the two who would be selected, for the public has one special idol in the army and another in the navy, and nothing will shake its belief in them. Lord Kitchener and Lord Charles Beresford hold unique places in the affections of the people; they are in a class apart from others. The great Admiral and the great General have very much in common, and it has happened curiously that during the last few months they have been more than usually prominent in affairs and have been the subjects of earnest discussions—Lord Charles Beresford by reason of certain incidents occurring in the course of his command of the Channel Fleet; Lord Kitchener in connection with matters arising from his control of the army in India. With the rights and wrongs of either matter there is no occasion to concern ourselves now; it need only be said that it would take many more incidents to make the slightest impression on the public faith and affection for either man. What is specially liked by that public in the Admiral is the fine human nature of the man which constantly shows itself in many and diverse ways. Thus, we are told, never was there such an Admiral for having pets on board his ship with him. Three or four years ago, when the *Cæsar* was his flagship, he had with him a seven-hands-high Shetland pony, his old bulldog Bill, and a raven, all special favourites and all receiving the best care of marines who were told-off to look after them at special times. Animals like him instinctively. When he was on the *Galatea*, under the late Duke of Edinburgh, an elephant was brought home in the ship which only he could manage; but he, indeed, in the short space of one voyage, taught it a large number of tricks and so disciplined it that it would stand on its hindlegs or lift one leg just as it was told to do. His sailors like him because of his special and humane consideration for them at all times and because of his intensely practical nature. He can do anything that they can do. He once said himself that there was no task on a man-o'-war, from stoking upwards, that he could not perform; and he added, 'I've cut out and made no end of jumpers and trousers, and could sew a hundred yards of canvas to-morrow if necessary.' It need hardly be said that it has always been a part of his system to make the people understand the navy and all that pertains to it as much as he possibly could, and at all times to grant facilities for public inspection of the ships under his command. Some officers do not like the lay landsman looking about on deck and asking questions; but the sentiments of Lord Charles Beresford in this matter are those that he expressed to the Mayor of Yarmouth on one Saturday when his fleet had anchored there for the week-end. 'You may swamp the ships both to-day and to-morrow if you like,' he said; 'the people pay for them and ought to see them.' There is one striking temperamental difference between the two men we have mentioned, in that while Lord Charles has a wonderful breeziness of disposition, Lord Kitchener is one of the most silent, reserved officers in the service. Hardly any other disposition would properly suit the thoroughness and the determination which are the constant characteristics of all his work. There is a general feeling that not for a long time has the army had a General who has so much power over men as this one has, and who inspires them so much with his own determination. Innumerable stories are told of him in this way, and perhaps the best we remember is that concerning the piece of work that Lord Roberts, before he left Capetown, in the course of the South African war, instructed a certain colonel to take in hand. 'I know you'll do your best; how soon can you get it through?' asked the Field-Marshal of the colonel. 'I'll try to finish it in a fortnight,' was the answer, and Lord Roberts, murmuring another expression of his confidence in his subordinate, dismissed him. But it happened that just outside the door he met Lord Kitchener, who was going in to see the chief, and he explained the mission with which he had been entrusted. 'And how soon will you get it through?' asked Lord Kitchener. 'Well, I have promised to try to do it in a fortnight,' he responded. 'Now, colonel,' said Kitchener, 'just understand that if this is not done within a week we shall have to see about sending you home. You understand?' The colonel said that he did understand. Without a doubt he did, and it was because he did that the big job he had taken on was finished, and finished very well, in six days.

* * *

There have been some good stories told lately of the Parliament Whips, and they are more or less appropriate to a time when, as they will tell you down at Westminster, the work of these Whips is heavier and more difficult, while at the same time it is more humdrum and less interesting than for a long time past. Whipping for any party is naturally attended with more difficulties than usual when, by reason of a great majority on one side, the results of divisions are frequently foregone conclusions. Then, it is to be feared, a large section of members, chiefly those of the more experienced kind, who knew the House of Commons in what they regarded as happier days than those which are lived in now, do not take the same interest in their parliamentary work as they used to do. Whatever may be its merits, the increase of Socialism will not contribute to the dignity of the House; and though Parliament may be a better piece of legislative machinery now than it used to be—some people say so—it is probable that it does not now attract the best type of politician to it quite as it used to do, and it is likely that it will attract him even less in the future. However, even in the dullest times there is some colour in the life of the Whip, and that is certainly an excellent story that one of them has just told of something that really happened only two sessions ago. This Whip, being Mr J. A. Pease, the chief on the Liberal side, missed seeing a certain hon. member who indeed took part in every division during an all-night sitting, but in the intervals snatched what sleep he could get in a quiet part of the House. So the Whip sent a telegram to his house thus: 'Come down at once and relieve the guard and those at work all night.' In due course the long sitting came to an end, and the member, who had faithfully voted all through the night, sought his home at eight o'clock in the morning. 'Where have you been to?' he was asked by his wife. 'I have been at the House at an all-night sitting,' was the truthful answer. But the lady, of course, had opened the telegram, which clearly indicated on unimpeachable authority that her husband was not at the House, and this telegram she duly produced from under her pillow with a withering remark, 'So you see it is no use your telling me lies!' But one of the best whipping stories of all is one that we remember Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief-Justice, telling on one occasion. Whips arrange the pairing of members who desire to be absent from the House, and such a pair was made on one occasion for an important sitting when a division of much consequence was taken. When the division was over the Whip on one side said barefacedly to his opponent on the other, 'I think I ought in justice to explain that my member broke his leg this afternoon, and so could not attend.' Of course no pair would have been arranged for a man who was thus absolutely unable to turn up; that is a contingency in which he and his party must suffer. The other Whip was not upset at the information of fraud. 'You bad man!' he said, 'I will forgive you; but I only do so because my man, whom I paired with your man, is dead!'

* * *

It is partly because of the established and recognised professional reserve of the doctors and surgeons, and partly because of their unwillingness to encourage the public to think that they can achieve more than is well within their compass, or can at all times perform their most successful and brilliant feats, that we hear so little of the wonderful things that are being accomplished every week, almost every day, in the alleviation of suffering of the human body. In America this professional reserve is less strict than it is here and on the Continent, and the result is that we constantly hear of the most wonderful discoveries being made by the doctors there, and of operations being performed which are as succesaful as they are daring and sensational. Nor is it to be assumed that all or even an appreciable portion of these stories are either untrue or grossly exaggerated, as some people might be led to suppose; since, as they naturally think, our own doctors are surely as clever as theirs, and yet we do not hear of their doing such great work. The fact is, as already suggested, that it is done in Britain perhaps more frequently and successfully; but it is kept as secrets of hospitals, and accounts of methods and results are only communicated to those whom they particularly concern. Operations are performed, as we have been assured, in the London hospitals almost every week which, if the truth concerning them were issued at once to the public, would constitute the most sensational items in the evening newspapers. They think nothing now of skin-grafting. A little while since one of the most popular actresses of the day met with an accident through an explosion of benzene, as the result of which her arms were severely burnt and some permanent disfigurement was threatened. But she was taken to the Charing Cross Hospital, and there under an anæsthetic large patches of skin were removed from her legs and grafted on to the burnt arms, which are now just as they were before the accident. One of the most extraordinary cases of artificial replacement occurred in Paris a few months back, when Dr Delair presented to the French Academy of Medicine a living man with a complete artificial face made chiefly of india-rubber and screws. This man had been in a shooting accident, as the result of which his chin, the lower part of his jaw, his lips, a piece of his tongue, and the whole of his upper jaw and nose had been blown away. These were all replaced by artificial parts, including a most wonderful dental apparatus with which the man was enabled to masticate his food perfectly, india-rubber chin, lips, and nose; the whole being contrived so excellently that at a distance of a few feet the appearance of the face is said to be quite natural. The man, who now enjoys excellent health, takes off his artificial face and washes it every day. The liberties, as one

might say, that surgeons in these days find themselves able to take with the heart, which at one not very remote time seemed to be beyond their touch, are amazing. They can lift the heart from the body, cut it, stitch it, squeeze it—do almost anything with it; and it is of another feat that the surgeons have performed with this organ, one of a quite new character, that we come to speak of particularly in this paragraph. It occurred lately in a large general hospital in London, and the circumstances have not been generally reported. A patient was suffering from a form of heart disease which came as the result of a very great enlargement of the organ. He had become possessed of what is known as a 'bullock heart,' and he was constantly in the severest pain. The doctors argued reasonably that these attacks were due to the enlarged heart not having sufficient room in the chest in which to beat properly. Now, if the body were a machine made of iron or wood the remedy would be obvious—cut out a space and give the heart more room. The surgeons pondered as to how they might apply this principle to the living body, and eventually they did apply it. They conceived a scheme for cutting out parts of the body surrounding the heart, and communicated it to the patient for his permission for them to operate, explaining to him the probable dangers of the business. He gave his consent, and they proceeded with what was certainly a daring enterprise. What they did was to remove four and a half inches of the fifth rib and five and a half inches of the sixth rib on the left side, and this gave much greater freedom of action for the enlarged heart. Then the body was closed up again, and the patient made his recovery. The result has been excellent, for the pain has ceased, and the man now gets long nights of refreshing sleep instead of nights when he was tortured throughout, as was the case before.

* * *

There are some curious stories of 'London in the Sixties' in a book lately published by Everett's under that title. It has been written anonymously by 'One of the Old Brigade,' being a gentleman who held an officer's commission in a distinguished regiment. In a chapter dealing with army matters he mentions that military examinations for direct commissions in those long-ago days were held at Chelsea Hospital, and extended over a week. On the occasion of the author's public appearance an extraordinary incident occurred. 'Every precaution, it was stated, had been taken against the papers getting into unauthorised hands, but hardly had the first day passed when every candidate was aware that the tout of a sporting tailor was prepared to sell the paper of the day correctly answered at two pounds a head. The conspirators met at the Hans Hotel, and donkeys incapable of spelling, and with no knowledge of any language but their own, passed examinations worthy of a senior wrangler. The miscreant who thus tampered with her Majesty's stationery was one Pugh, and his employer (if I remember rightly) was one Cutler; but the golden shower came to an abrupt ending, as on one fateful morning (the last day) General Rumley ascended the gallery, and amid the silence of the catacombs briefly announced: "The late examination is cancelled; candidates will attend again next Monday." The consternation that ensued is beyond description. Jolliffe, who, I believe, had been measured for his uniform, did not join us for at least a year after, and poor old Plummy Ruthven, who couldn't spell six words correctly, abandoned all further idea of the army. He was sitting next me on the first day of the examination, and I remember as if it were yesterday his whispered inquiry as to the correct reply to a mathematical question: "At what time between two and three are the hands of a clock opposite one another?" The reply, it is needless to add, had to be "worked out" by figures; but, thinking in the excitement he was asking the time, I hurriedly whispered, "Twenty minutes to one," and down it went on poor old Plummy's paper. During the subsequent days his papers, I fancy, were vastly improved, as he was a constant visitor at the Hans Hotel.'

A PAWN IN THE GAME.

CHAPTER XLII.—ON THE ROAD HOME.

MEANWHILE, the *Robert and Mary*, on which Jack sailed, was butting her slow way against contrary winds along the whole length of the Mediterranean and round the coast of Spain. The slow, eventless days were for Jack an intolerable weariness. He had no Grant with his unquenchable cheerfulness beside him, and no softly smiling face of the woman he loved before him. The captain was a rough merchant-seaman, with no thought beyond the daily run. Jack himself was in a lonely mood, and he paced the deck day after day with restless feet and a fretting heart. He had lost since he last crossed these waters, he sometimes reflected, three years of his life.

Or had he lost these years? his wiser thought demanded. The Bedouin camp, the cruel desert, had been for him a school; they had the office of fire and water on steel—they had tempered his whole nature. He had come from them with every sense in his body and every quality of his character braced. Yes, the years were not lost. But, as he reflected bitterly, the love that made life sweet was

lost. And then he paced the deck afresh with a sort of restless fury, as though peace was to creep into the mind through the tired senses of the body.

The *Robert and Mary* sailed without convoy, for she was armed, and the Nile had swept the Mediterranean, as with a besom, of privateers.

'But the narrow waters are infested with French privateers, captain?' Jack suggested.

'Yes, there are plenty of luggers and sloops and such small fry in those waters; but none of them will touch the *Robert and Mary*.' And Captain Harvey ran his eye with pride along his twelve-pounders.

The light on the Lizard was sighted at last, and Jack leaned over the bulwark gazing long at it. That tiny point of light was something more than a signpost for passing ships. How much there was behind it! It stood for England and all that England held and meant; and in Jack's eyes it seemed a starry splendour full of strange and glorious meanings.

The next day they were running along the English coast—headlands and green hills, valleys rich with blossoming orchards, the smoke of towns, clustering villages, the white edge of the foaming sea running along the line of brown sands. It was an English landscape lying under summer skies, and there are not many fairer sights on the planet.

'We shall see the light on Beachy Head before midnight,' said the captain as the sun went down.

But English weather is changeable. As night fell a fog was drifting down the Channel; it blotted out both the stars in the sky and the gleaming lights on the coast. The captain reduced his canvas, set a seaman in the chains with lead and line, and so groped his way slowly through the fog. Jack paced the deck for hours; then, tired of staring into the gray darkness, went to his cabin and turned in.

He was awakened a little after midnight by the roll of the ship on a new course. There was the sound of naked feet on the deck above him, of ropes flung on the deck, of orders given in suppressed tones. Something in the sounds—something furtive and hurried—startled him, and he sat up in his bunk. Presently he caught the sound of a voice giving orders in French. He leaped out of his bunk and commenced to dress hurriedly; but before he had half-dressed the door of his cabin was thrown open and Captain Harvey himself was thrust in and the door closed and locked behind him. The captain's dress was disordered, he was hatless and breathless, and a general aspect of fury was on his red features.

'What is it?' asked Jack in astonishment.

'A d——d French lugger tumbled on to us in the fog,' he said ashamedly, 'and we are a prize.'

'Were your lookouts asleep?'

But to that question the captain could offer no reply except a succession of marine oaths.

'What are they doing with us?'

'They are running, I guess, for the mouth of the Seine, and they will slip across the Channel safely before day breaks unless some British frigate stumbles across us.'

Here was the prospect of a new captivity just at the moment when English shores were in sight, but Jack faced the prospect with an unconcern which puzzled himself. Had liberty ceased to be of value to him, or had he caught from the desert a touch of its fatalism? He would be on French soil, he reflected, within half a dozen hours; and France meant Paris, and Denise was in Paris! His heart kindled at the thought. Yet if Denise were happily wedded it was better, he felt with a pang of unspeakable bitterness, they should not meet.

Captain Harvey proved right. The lugger crept safely back across the Channel through the fog, and as day was breaking brought her prize safely into Honfleur, and dropped anchor in that little port with loud clamour of exultant voices.

'D—— the noisy beggars!' said Captain Harvey heartily, whose notion of discipline was British. 'They couldn't make more to-do if they had captured a line-of-battle ship.'

When the anchor had dropped boats came quickly alongside, and there was a new tumult of feet and voices on the deck. Captain Harvey was ordered up, and went with disgust written on every feature of his red face. An hour later Jack in turn was summoned, and he found himself in the presence of a commissioner in epaulets, who sat at a table under the break of the poop, with the ship's papers spread before him.

'You are *un diplomate*, monsieur?' said the commissioner.

Jack hesitated. 'Well,' he said, 'I was, three years ago, in the service of the British Foreign Office; but for that period I have been in Egypt.'

'That is a circumstance which makes your capture very fortunate for us, and we understand you were actually with the British army. You can give us information as to the state of affairs in Egypt.'

'But I do not know why I should do that,' said Jack coolly. 'There is war betwixt England and France, and any news I could give might have a value beyond what I can guess.'

The commissioner tried all his arts, from persuasion to menace, to wring some information from Jack; but in vain. He was in a stubborn mood. At last the Frenchman announced, with a certain air of menace, 'You will be sent to Paris.'

Jack could easily understand that news from Egypt was keenly desired in France, where the fate of the army was yet unknown, and for that reason he believed he ought to refuse to give it. The crew of the captured transport had, no doubt, talked; but they could only give port-gossip.

In Paris Jack was examined by one official after another, but remained coolly but obstinately silent. 'I will not tell,' he declared, 'what may injure the interests of my own country or serve the interests of the country with which she is at war.'

He was at last told that the First Consul himself had given instructions that the English diplomat

was to be brought before him. Jack was thus to see his old comrade of Brienne once more.

Napoleon had taken up his residence in the Tuileries; and as Jack, in charge of a couple of gendarmes, walked through the echoing corridors of the great building, and waited in the antechamber for his interview with the First Consul, he recalled the scene of August 10, when the Tuileries was stormed by the crowd, its corridors splashed with blood, and the unhappy Swiss slaughtered in its gardens. The unfortunate Louis, when he stepped across the threshold of his palace that day, had left it and his crown for ever; and now the nameless artillery officer who at Jack's side had watched the rush of the crowd on the Tuileries sat as master in the great palace itself, where kings had once dwelt. So strange are the reverses of history!

Presently the door opened, and Jack found himself in the presence of the First Consul. Napoleon stood in front of the great marble fireplace, his hands behind his back, his head bent forward in meditative pose, exactly as he is seen in many well-known paintings. But the long locks and the simple dress of republican days and fashions had gone. Something of royal state was already gathering round the First Consul of France. He was splendidly dressed in a coat with high collar glittering with gold embroidery, he wore silk stockings and shoes, his hair was cut short. His face was fuller than when Jack saw it last, the brown of Egyptian suns had gone from it, it had the contour and the tint of marble. The eyes were keen and masterful as ever, but the look of challenging discontent in them had vanished. Napoleon's genius had found its true field at last, and he was no longer in a mood of furious discontent with an unattained 'destiny.'

As Jack looked at him he remembered this was the man of Marengo and of the Concordat. He had given France glory first, then social order, and it seemed as if he were about to give it peace. There was war still with England, it is true; but the peace of Lunéville was a great relief to France, and seemed to be the prelude of a still wider peace.

Jack stood with these reflections running through his brain, and looking with curious eyes at his old comrade, when Napoleon awoke from his abstracted mood. He lifted his head and glanced at the figure standing at the other side of the table. Then the pupils of his eyes seemed to dilate with surprise. His glance ran with its old swiftness over Jack's face and figure.

'*You!*' he said in a note of wonder, and as if speaking to himself. Then he glanced down at the paper before him. He had not detected in the 'John Lawrence' reported to have been captured in the transport the 'Jean Laurente' of his boyish days.

'You!' he repeated in a louder tone as he looked again at Jack.

'Yes. I owe you no gratitude for my life, for you sent me back to the desert. But I made my escape, and was in sight of England when the French lugger captured us.'

Jack found to his own wonder that the spell of his old comrade over him seemed to be broken. The master of the Tuileries affected him less than the cadet of Brienne with his Corsican patois, or the little artillery officer, shabby in uniform and haggard of features, of later days. He could see him with a certainty of vision, and judge him with a courage of which he had never before been conscious.

He had sat down at a gesture from Napoleon, and laying his hands on the table looked calmly and with steady eyes at the First Consul. There was no halo about him. The fame of great victories, the splendour of a great position, the glamour of supreme genius seemed to Jack irrelevant. Perhaps sorrow had purged his vision. Or had those years in the desert brought him in touch with the ultimate realities of things? Perhaps as he sat there he saw Napoleon against the background of the failure in Egypt, of the scene outside Cairo—the dead body of Kléber carried through the ranks of a mourning army.

'You were obstinate,' Napoleon was saying. 'I gave you a chance at Acre; it was only to carry a message, yet you refused.'

He frowned darkly while he spoke. Jack saw that he was looking in imagination at the gray, shot-pitted walls of the little Syrian town. That was the great arrest of his career, and no later triumphs compensated for it. He had gained the West, but lost what fitted his genius better—the East.

'I refused,' said Jack simply, 'because I would not go on a base errand.'

'Any trick is fair in war. But you were always simple, and you have paid the price,' and he looked half-satirically at Jack. 'How did the Arabs treat you?' he went on.

'How would a group of Bedouins treat a white slave and a Christian?'

'They did not kill you, they did not even harm you,' and Napoleon's eyes ran over the tall figure, the square shoulders, the clear eyes, the strong, grave face on the other side of the table.

'God kept me,' said Jack, looking steadily at Napoleon.

'How did you escape?'

'God delivered me.'

The First Consul shrugged his shoulders, dismissing this explanation with a smile.

'You might have shared my fortunes,' he repeated. 'You flung away a great chance when you twice refused to join me.'

Jack quite understood the contrast these words suggested. He might have walked, a glittering figure, along the corridors of the Tuileries instead of trudging, a slave, under the desert heats, with a tribe of Bedouins. But he shook his head with a smile. 'I made my choice, and I don't regret it.'

Napoleon had the faculty of a great leader for choosing good instruments, and this Englishman, his old comrade at Brienne, had, it was plain, many qualities which would make him useful. He knew French as though he had been born in Paris. Was he not himself half-French indeed? His loyalty

was beyond proof, he was incapable of falsehood, and with a flash of characteristically swift insight Napoleon saw that Jack's experiences in the desert had developed new and fine qualities in him. The long limbs, square head, steadfast eyes, and lines of thought and power in the grave face—here was a human tool of a magnificent sort. He looked at Jack.

'I have a use for you still,' he said significantly.

Jack shook his head quietly, and the half-sad smile that crept to his lips was a more decisive negative than even the shake of his head. With his swift, sure glance Napoleon read the unshakable purpose behind the smile and the gesture, and he changed the subject abruptly.

'What can you tell me,' he asked, 'about affairs in Egypt?'

Jack looked at him. Why, he asked himself, should he not tell? The news had not yet reached France of the surrender of the French at Cairo, nor of the strange terms accepted; but it must come within a few hours. Meanwhile, there was, Jack was conscious, a certain relish in telling the tale of the ignoble close of the great expedition to Egypt to the very author of that strange enterprise. So he told the whole story. He had witnessed a sight without precedent in history—a French army fifteen thousand strong being convoyed by four thousand British and an uncertain body of Turkish irregulars to the seacoast to be ignobly deported to France. Alexandria was being besieged, and would certainly follow the example of Cairo.

'The fleet that carried you to Egypt was destroyed,' he said, looking steadily at the First Consul, 'and not a man of the army you led there will leave Egypt except as a prisoner of war. Your monument in Egypt is found in the sunken wrecks in Aboukir Bay and in a whole army captive or slain.'

Napoleon listened with inscrutable face. Nobody before had ever spoken in such a fashion to him. But if the lines about his mouth grew tense, no gleam of anger shone in his eyes, no colour stole into his impassive countenance. He asked a dozen brief questions as to details; but his genius, it was plain, wasted no regrets on failure. Egypt was a card that had dropped out of the game. Jack, as he looked at him, wondered at the unshakable composure with which a tale of disaster and failure so complete was received.

Napoleon, on his side, gazed with a touch of wonder at the man who could tell him such a story with steady eyes and in speech so calm. And this was his fellow-cadet of Brienne! He recalled the eager, boyish docility of far-off days. What had changed that pliant temper into a nature that had the unyielding hardness of steel? As he studied Jack's face he saw there was something unspoken that saddened the keen blue eyes and made the youthful face grave; some deep underlying trouble that made its subject indifferent to the ordinary ambitions and prizes of life. Escape from slavery, for him, had not been an escape into happiness. Some half-kindly impulse stirred in Napoleon.

'You shall be liberated,' he said abruptly, 'and sent back to England. I could not break faith with your Arab captors outside Acre, but the way is clear here.' And Jack admired his magnanimity and half-regretted his own blunt speech.

CHAPTER XLIII.—AT LAST.

JACK, under a flag of truce, was put aboard a British sloop-of-war keeping watch outside Boulogne, and was landed a day later at Dover. He had time to reflect in the interval whether his good luck was not due to the fact that Napoleon was willing to get out of France as promptly as possible a witness who knew too much. He did not want the disastrous news from Egypt to be made public just then.

A mail-coach from Dover carried him to London, and Jack stepped from it on to the pavement just as dusk was falling. He looked round at the well-known streets with a strange feeling. Here were the prosaic-looking buildings, the stream of ruddy English faces, the crowded traffic. The familiar English speech reached his ears from every side. It seemed as if all the years betwixt, spent under alien skies and in such wild scenes, faded out of his memory. He could have walked to his room in the Foreign Office and sat down at his desk as though the current of his life had never been broken.

He had arranged for his scanty luggage to be sent on to Portman Square, and he walked on through the streets, drinking in the sights and sounds about him through every sense. A hundred times some face which seemed familiar arrested his steps. It was as though his life were readjusting itself to the old conditions of existence by a sort of automatic effort of memory. He walked on till his uncle's house rose before him, and he stopped at the sight. A thousand recollections, bitter and sweet, surged up within him.

It was night by this time. The lights were burning in the house, but the blinds were still undrawn. His hand was stretched out to pull the bell of the door when a woman's figure moved into the full light of the drawing-room. Jack stopped, a thrill ran through his blood. The slender figure, the graceful pose of the head, the rich mass of hair above the oval features were unmistakable. It was Denise! He believed her to be hundreds of miles distant, somewhere in Paris, with the separating Straits stretched betwixt them. But she was here in London! And, as his eyes dwelt upon her, it was the Denise not so much of his memory as of his dreams—the vivid face, the exquisite set of the brow, the poise of the head on the slender neck; Denise under an English roof, and set in the familiar framework of his uncle's house.

As he looked and wondered, shaken with agitation in every nerve, Denise moved into the full light of the lamp, and stood musing with bent head. Her attitude recalled the girlish figure with

hooded face lit by the candle on the stairs in madame's house in Paris of years before. Her figure, though tall and straight, was so maidenly or even girlish that it seemed incredible she could be a wife. The picture was exactly that which love had painted a thousand times over on the canvas of his imagination, a face out of which tenderness and loyalty looked.

A hot, unreasoning wave of feeling swept through him. He pushed open the door, crossed the hall, and entered the drawing-room, shutting the door softly behind him. Denise turned in leisurely fashion, with the meditative look still on her face, thinking it was her aunt who had entered. She lifted her head and stood arrested, an image of unbreathing wonder. The colour had died out of her face, her lips were trembling.

'Jack,' she whispered, as if to herself, and the next moment she was in his arms, with a deep, long sigh—a sigh half-sob—of perfect content.

What he said Jack could not have told. He was kissing passionately, again and again, her rich hair. She lifted her head at last, with flushed cheeks and eyes brimming over with happy tears, and looked at the dark, careworn face of her lover, and as she looked love shone like a flame in them.

But Jack's eyes were not in search of hers. He had spoken her name, but for the rest speech seemed to have forsaken him. He had caught her left hand and lifted it into the light, his eyes searching the slender fingers eagerly for the ring he feared to see there. Her face flushed as she yielded her hand to his grasp.

'How could you think it?' she whispered.

No question had been asked, but Denise knew what the questioning eyes meant. Then Jack stooped and kissed her lips.

'Thank God!' he said.

'Yes, thank God you are back!'

'Oh yes,' said Jack hurriedly; but in a deeper voice and with another meaning he repeated, 'Thank God!' Then his eyes turned afresh on the ringless finger, and Denise's cheek flushed a richer colour as her lover lifted it to his lips and kissed it again and again.

THE END.

A DUFFER'S SALMON.

By F. G. Aflalo.

LEANING over the high parapet of the solid masonry that spans the Tweed at Norham, I looked down one bright October morning on no fewer than eighteen salmon lying cheek by jowl, heads upstream, tails waving lazily, in the swift current that runs beneath the arches. A large, deep pool lies just beneath the bridge, and there were the fish, some of them full twenty pounds, none seemingly less than ten. They were not so safe as they looked, for one of the finest casters in England was putting beautiful flies over them, ringing the changes with Silver Doctor, Fiery Brown, and Popham, large patterns and small, single-hooked and double, but to no purpose. The fish, I said, were less secure than they looked—that is to say, they should have been, if superfine casting goes for anything. But does it always? The fish took no more notice of the flies than the flies of them. These worked like living shrimps over their very noses, but never a salmon stirred. The Expert went on casting till his arms ached. Then we went to lunch. The sun, powerful for an autumn day, shone too brightly on the water; in the afternoon, even if no friendly cloud came to mask its glory, the high Scotch bank would shut out its declining rays.

We were soon back from a hurried meal—who, with a soul for a salmon, can linger at table when eighteen fish lie in a pool not half a mile from the door!—and I made a cast or two with the fly that had been left on the rod, a Fiery Brown, I think it was. The Expert said nothing about my casting, but he thought the more. The work that I put in with a heavy two-handed salmon-rod is original but unorthodox. The fly acquires a marked vagueness of intention. It may alight in a tree, or on the bank, or even on the water. It may go no farther than the back of my own trousers. The evening before, in the early dusk, I all but hooked a large white owl; and just before that a long backward-cast just failed to lift the local rabbit-trapper's terrier off its feet and land it out in mid-stream. The quite unusual evolutions of a fly thrown by myself with such a rod may puzzle the fish, or tantalise, or even enrage them. It is impossible to say what is its effect on those cold brains that look through fishy eyes from the foot of a pool. All I know is that on this occasion, in precisely the spot where the Perfect Caster had tired his arms for half an hour without result, and with very little perceptible difference in the light, though, to be sure, the Scotch half of the bridge was throwing longer shadows downstream, my fourth or fifth cast (if, indeed, so free and easy an offer of counterfeit nourishment can be distinguished by so formal a term) got a prompt response; the reel screamed, the rod bent, and a salmon of probably thirty pounds (as a matter of fact, she proved but thirteen, first impressions of salmon are always generous) went bang downstream and seemed bound for Berwick, a mere sprint of eight miles.

I had barely time to step into the boat—I had hooked the fish from the island under the bridge—and bow my acknowledgments to the now speechless Expert with an 'I-commonly-do-that-sort-of-

thing' air, when the fish changed its course with trying abruptness, rushed back in our direction, and bored in under the north bank, where it apparently sulked in an eddy. Hereabouts I was put ashore, and then followed a depressing ten minutes or so, during which, like antagonists over a chessboard, neither side made a move. I had been for some minutes putting as much pressure as seemed wise on the too retiring partner of my exercise, when some one threw a friendly stone from the bridge. It was well judged. It sent the salmon off like the wind, and I followed at somewhat more dignified pace over the not very difficult Scotch bank, only hampered now and again by the snags of trees that were. The fish continued down past the Lady Cairn, well hooked it seemed, but not yet tiring. Not once did he leap. The spring fish do the leaping; those of autumn fight belowboard. Whirr! goes the reel again; little by little I coax in the line, and at last there is an encouraging gleam, the first sign of weakness, just outside the cairn. Our friend is tiring. So, if the whole truth must be told, am I. Contempt for the backache induced by long frolic with a seventeen-foot salmon-rod is a matter of either habit or lying. I too have read all those wonderful reminiscences of the great salmon-fishermen of yore, who trifled with these two-handed rods much as do our modern degenerates with six-ounce cane rods on the Itchen.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona: they lied to some purpose in the good old days! The exhilaration of playing a salmon discounts, it is true, the exhaustion; but had this salmon not thrown up the sponge when it did, I should, had I dared to face my gillie afterwards, have surreptitiously lowered the top of the rod and given it its liberty. Even as it was, a premature dip of the landing-net, which merely tickled its stomach with the ring, goaded our failing friend to a supreme dash for liberty, which would have proved successful had not the double-hook held fast in the bone. At the next silvery evidence of exhaustion the net got home, and the fish, with a tap on the skull from a handy stone, joined those that were.

The Expert had by now joined me on the bank. He blandly supposed that I attributed my success to my casting. Frankly, I did; it was so distinct from anything else ever seen on Tweedside that there must have been that which was irresistible in its concrete expression in the shape of a salmon-fly which in all probability alighted on its head and then revolved about itself like a catherine-wheel. Yet I was exceeding meek and deprecated my success with the unqualified humility that you hear only from a man who has just grassed a good fish or brought off a right-and-left. What cared I, looking down on the quivering prize, for the barbless shafts of the Expert's satire. There was I, and there, too, was my fish, and beside us the good Tweed went singing down to the sea. I was content with life. Dame Juliana Berners hit off my mood to a thought when she wrote: 'And yf the angler take fysshe, surely there is no man merier than he is in his spyrte.' Exactly. I was merry in my 'spyrte,' and the Master's mirth passed me by!

THE THREE-ARMED BUDDHA.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was four days later, and the scene was the drawing-room of Mr Deighton's house at Senlac Gardens. Here were assembled the ex-merchant, his daughter, Sir Frederick, and his nephew. They were awaiting the arrival of Soma Khush, with whom it had been arranged that he should present himself there at three o'clock that afternoon. On a little table within Elsie's reach stood the image of the Buddha.

The clock on the chimneypiece had hardly ceased chiming the hour before the young Hindu was shown into the room. All rose as he entered, and Mr Deighton, going forward, shook hands with him, and welcomed him in fluent Urdu. Then, speaking in English, he added, 'Here is my daughter, whom you know already, and these gentlemen are my very good friends Sir Frederick Wyllan and Mr Frank Denaby.—Gentlemen, Mr Soma Khush.'

The Hindu bowed in Eastern fashion to each of the three, but to Elsie more profoundly than to the others. He was a spare, handsome young man, with a refined cast of features, and eyes such as are rarely seen anywhere but in the East. He looked slightly taken aback, and as if at a loss to conceive for what purpose he had been summoned there. Then he caught sight of the image, and an instantaneous change came over him. A strange glitter came into his eyes, all the warmth faded out of his complexion, leaving it of a peculiar dusky pallor, while his chest began to rise and fall quickly. He seemed hardly conscious that Elsie had advanced and was addressing him.

'The vision seen by you in your trance has fulfilled itself,' she said. 'Here is the image of the three-armed Buddha, and it is I who place it in your hands.' She held out the bronze to him and he took it with hands that plainly trembled. Evidently he was profoundly moved. He touched the image's forehead reverentially with his lips and then replaced it on the table.

'It is as if a miracle has been worked in my behalf,' he said to Elsie. 'Well is it that I had sufficient faith in that which Agob Ram caused me to see—although at the time I was bitterly disappointed that he could show me nothing more—to

induce me to come to England and await whatever might happen. May I ask, Miss Deighton, whether the image is your property?'

'No, it belongs to Sir Frederick Wyllan.'

'Take a chair, Mr Khush, and you shall be told how it happens that you find the image here.' It was Mr Deighton who spoke.

A few minutes sufficed for Soma's enlightenment.

'And are you of opinion,' Mr Deighton finished by saying, 'that the person calling himself Mr Chundra Das is your uncle of that name, and that he and Mr Jellum Ghosh are one and the same person?'

'I think there can be no doubt on either point. My uncle has been in England more than once before.'

'It is evident that, like yourself, your uncle sets a great value on the recovery of the image.'

A bow of acquiescence was the only reply.

'But how comes it to pass that Mr Chundra Das was enabled to trace the whereabouts of the image so exactly?'

'Who can say?' replied Soma, with an outspreading of his palms. 'Perhaps it was revealed to him, only in more precise terms, by a similar agency to the one whose aid was sought by me. On the other hand, as I happen to know, he corresponds with certain of his countrymen here in London, and through them he may have been able to trace the image.'

Mr Deighton leaned back in his chair, as having nothing further to ask.

So far, Soma had dropped no hint as to why both he and his uncle were so desperately bent on obtaining possession of the image. Was it regarded by them as an object of especial reverence because of its peculiar malformation, or was there some other feature in connection with it of which no mention had yet been made, or perhaps would be made?

Addressing himself to Soma, Sir Frederick now said, 'Mr Khush, I hope you will permit me to make you a present of the bronze, which I assure you I have much pleasure in doing. My nephew bought it for me at a sale. To me it is an object of no consequence, but with you the case is evidently very different. Accept it, then, from me as a little gift.' He had risen while speaking, and, taking the image off the table, he handed it to the Hindu, who rose and received it with a profound obeisance.

'Sir, from the bottom of my heart I thank you,' he said, not without a tremor in his voice. 'The recovery of this image of Gautama the Wise, the Enlightened, may mean much to me—or it may mean nothing. That has to be proved. It was the gift of a holy man to my uncle Jamsi Das, when he was at Mandalay, and he valued it very highly. As all here are doubtless aware, the worship of the Buddha no longer prevails throughout the greater part of India, but he is still held in high reverence. This image was missing from my uncle's bungalow a few hours after his death, but nobody thought it worth while to trouble about the robbery, and it was not till nine months later that one Singit Lal, who had been in the Government employ as a writer under my uncle, came to me and acknowledged that he was the thief. Then, at the price of three hundred rupees—he had lost his situation and was without means—he revealed to me a certain secret. But, in turn, the image had been stolen from him, nor could he trace what had become of it. At length, however, it and I have been brought together, as doubtless it was predestined that we should be; for the Powers which rule our fortunes weave their webs in darkness and no man can foretell what the issue will be.'

He ceased, and holding the image in both hands, he regarded it intently, his lips moving the while as though he were asking its forgiveness for that which he was about to do. He had spoken in quietly modulated tones and with no trace of excitement; but his face had not yet recovered its customary warmth of colouring, and his bearing seemed to indicate a tensity of emotion kept forcibly under restraint. 'Now to prove whether Singit Lal lied to me or spoke the truth!' he said aloud.

Thereupon he grasped the head of the image in one hand and its body in the other, and putting forth all his strength he succeeded, after three or four attempts, in unscrewing the upper part from the lower. Then, placing the latter on the table, with the aid of his scarf-pin he extracted a tightly folded paper from the cavity of the image's skull and unfolded the same. A glance at it was enough. With a salaam, he handed it to Mr Deighton. 'Singit Lal did not lie to me,' he said. 'It is my uncle's lost will in which he makes me his heir.' He seemed to glow from head to foot.

After glancing over the will, which was written on very thin paper, Mr Deighton handed it back. 'I congratulate you very sincerely on your good fortune,' he said. 'I see that the will is drawn up in English.'

'Yes, sir, and it is witnessed by two of my uncle's English friends. He was proud of his position under the Government.'

'What is your estimate of the value of the property he died worth?'

'Between nine and ten thousand pounds. My uncle Chundra Das claimed the whole as being due to him.'

'Then, what steps do you purpose taking in order to compel him to refund it?'

'In the first place, I have this will. In the second, Singit Lal—who is very clever with his pen—has confessed that it was he who forged my late uncle's signatures to the acknowledgments for money purporting to have been lent him.'

'You think Mr Chundra Das will not venture to challenge such evidence?'

'I am convinced that he will not.'

Soma Khush stayed to dinner that evening at Senlac Gardens, and was made much of. Two days later he was on his way back to India, taking

with him his uncle's will and the image of the three-armed Buddha. News from him was received a few months later by Elsie, who by that time had become Mrs Denaby. Rather than risk the consequences of going to law, Mr Chundra Das had preferred to disgorge the amount in full of which he had so nefariously despoiled his nephew.

It had been a matter of wonder to Elsie why her father had chosen to rent such a big mansion as Winterslade Park; but the secret came out before long. Mrs Lennox and he had agreed to join hands and to venture on the matrimonial sea together.

Denaby did not forget Rupini's widow, who had claimed her husband's body at the mortuary. All funeral expenses were defrayed by him through an agent, and the widow shipped home to Naples with twenty pounds in her pocket.

THE END.

OLD PROVIDENCE.

THE Caribbean Sea, which washes the coast of what the historian calls the Spanish Main, has been often described by the novelist, who here has pictured sea-fights in which the sturdy followers of Drake and Grenville overcame the galleons of Spain, with their cargoes of treasure. Since those stirring times, however, so many years have elapsed that the one who sails this beautiful sheet of water would not believe its peace had ever been disturbed by the cannon-shot or the cry of battle, for to-day it is one of the quiet parts of the world. While an occasional sail may be seen or the smoke of a steamer, one might cruise for days upon the Caribbean without seeing a single craft, and in the waters which once formed a thoroughfare for the fleets bearing the wealth of New Spain to the mother-country.

So far out of the track of the tourist is the Caribbean that many of the islands it contains are almost unknown to the white man, especially the few which lie off what is known as the Mosquito Coast of Central America. One of these presents a curious sight to those who see it apparently rising out of the waters. At first one can discern but two black points jutting above the horizon. As the ship approaches nearer they begin to resemble huge jaws of rock which, to say the least, look uncanny. After the entire shore-line has revealed itself the shape of the jaws is still clearly visible, as they rise so high above the other formation.

The jaws indicate to the mariner the location of a bit of an island which is many miles away from other land, so isolated from the rest of the world that it seems out of it. Old Providence, as the map-maker calls it, is in truth a dot on the waters. Not over four miles from end to end in its longest direction, and half as much in width, a good walker can encircle it by the little coast-path the natives call a highway in half a day. The human beings who call it home are confined to its outer edge, for the submarine volcano, which at some time in the past ages gave birth to Old Providence in one of its convulsions, topped it off with a miniature mountain range stretching above the centre of the island. It is one of these mountains that forms the black, gaping jaws so plainly seen long before the graceful cocoa-nut-palms marking the shore-line are visible. In a whimsical display of its power, the volcano cut a great wedge in one of the peaks—a wedge fully one hundred feet across at the top and tapering to a score or so at the bottom.

To-day, as centuries ago, Old Providence is a tiny country to itself. Far out of the modern ocean-highway, in one of the least frequented parts of the Caribbean, the steamship or sailing ship has no occasion to pass near it unless driven there by storm. There is no post-office, for the reason that there is no mail service. True, it is claimed by some country, just as every point that sticks out of the sea is claimed. Colombia calls Old Providence a part of its republic; but not a man lives upon it to act as governor, judge, or even agent. So its people kill, steal, and commit other crimes utterly regardless of any authority save force and the little influence of the solitary white man who has cast his lot among them.

St Catherine's, as it was mockingly called in the old days, was the stronghold of Henry Morgan. For nearly two hundred and fifty years the blood of his followers has flowed in the veins of its people; but before the freebooters sailed into its harbour the Spanish Governor of Costa Rica had made it an island-prison for criminals he thought too dangerous to keep on the mainland. When Morgan defeated the garrison, he placed as guards over his captives a hundred of these convicts, released on their promise to join his band—literally human dregs of New Spain. Again the Spaniards captured the island and turned it into a penal colony, until Morgan's flag was raised above it in 1670, and the struggle for its possession ended. Since then most of those who have lived upon it have been descendants of the white outlaws, their convict allies, and the black women who went there from the West Indies on Morgan's ship.

To-day fully a thousand persons live upon this islet—a thousand human beings who have degenerated in mind until the majority of them are little better than beasts. Murder is common, theft is not a crime, marriage is unknown. Only the fear of a stronger keeps many a man from taking life for a trifle. The women are a prolific cause for crime. If one is more attractive than some of the rest, in

the desire to possess her it is a common occurrence for the rivals to fight until only one remains alive, and it is the law of the island that she goes with the survivor until he tires of her or she leaves him for some one more favoured.

Yet nature has here made a place which is very beautiful. So fertile is the soil and so mild is the climate that the part of the island not covered by the little mountain range contains groves and gardens which produce in abundance the fruits and vegetables of the tropics, such as yams, cocoa-nuts, bananas, even cotton which can be made into clothing. So it is that the people can satisfy their needs with little labour. The cocoa-nut-trees yield such a harvest that occasionally a vessel stops at Old Providence to get a cargo. Most of the cocoa-nuts are traded for clothing, liquor, firearms, knives, and trinkets. After a vessel has loaded and departed, for days the island may be the scene of a drunken debauch which brings to mind stories written about the carousals of the buccaneers after the capture of a prize; but here is no captain or discipline of the sea. The weaker are the prey of the stronger, and robbery and killing pass unnoticed. It is the testimony of Father Saint John, the brave priest who alone is endeavouring to do something to improve the condition of these people, that scarcely a week passes without a murder.

With only a handful out of the thousand population acknowledging any form of Christianity, it is not strange that the belief in fetiches, even voodooism, should be widespread. Witch-doctors and sellers of charms for good and evil are numerous. Most of the women wear next to the skin a tuft of hair, a piece of rag smeared with blood, or some other amulet—which is intended to cast a spell over their enemies or to keep off Satan—in which all believe.

But the life and history of these human renegades is not the only evidence to prove that their home is a real pirate-island and not the sort of which the novelists are so fond of describing. At its north end rises a rocky plateau covering half a dozen acres. Really it is another island, but separated from Old Providence by a channel a hundred yards in width and so shallow that one can easily wade across it. The highest point of this plateau bears a slight resemblance to a man's face, and the native says that it is 'Morgan's Head.' The fifty-feet precipice which extends from the water's edge to the top of the plateau is so steep as to be almost inaccessible except in two or three places where the storms of years have worn away the stone. The top is so covered with vines, shrubs, and other growth that not until one has penetrated into their midst does he find the remains of a wall, evidently the work of human hands. Most of it is hidden by the rank vegetation; but enough of the massive masonry can be seen to indicate that it was intended for a fortification, with its openings through which to sight the cannon and its narrow slits for the musketeers. A strange sight are the dozen or more pieces of artillery mounted upon a plateau at the north end. Some of them are of brass (but long since thickly coated with verdigris, which gives them the appearance of fallen trees green with mould), others are of iron; but all of them still bear traces of artistic imagery with which the gunmakers of the seventeenth century decorated their work. Lying inside of the wall, the guns were evidently a part of the armament of Santa Theresa, the castle which the Spaniards built for the main defence of St Catherine's, but which they surrendered to Morgan in 1670, with eight smaller forts and batteries.

Of all the strongholds which the Spanish conquerors in America erected to defend their possessions, those upon Old Providence and the tiny islet by its side were among the most elaborate, and this dot on the ocean has a history which is rivalled by few places in the world. For over a century it was the scene of attacks made not only by vessels flying the flag of Britain, but by the buccaneers, then by the Spaniards in their attempt to wrest it from the victors. So far away from other land, it is not strange that when Spain's power in the New World was broken and peace declared the humanity on Old Providence should have been practically forgotten by the rest of the world, and its people left to themselves. For centuries they have thus lived until what nature made an earthly paradise is inhabited by beings who are among the most degraded of the human race.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

BACTERIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS WITH POWDERED MILK.

A MONTH or two ago we published an article describing the process of manufacturing dried powdered milk, as evolved by Dr Martin Ekenberg, the dominant feature of which was the evaporation of the water under vacuum at a low temperature. In order to determine the degree of sterilisation effected by this treatment, a series of elaborate bacteriological experiments have been carried out by Dr Klein, the sum of which shows that although the fresh milk might be heavily contaminated by the most virulent germs, the drying operation brought about their destruction so completely that subsequent search for bacteria showed negative results. Tests were carried out with both fresh and redissolved milk, the dry product in the latter case being recombined with the prescribed quantity of sterile distilled water. Analysis was made for the detec-

tion of the bacilli belonging to the diphtheroid and coli-typhoid groups respectively, for the propagation of which milk is an ideal field; but a thorough examination failed to detect traces of any microbes. Possibly the most supreme test was that in which five hundred cubic centimètres of fresh milk, after preservation in a refrigerator for twenty-four hours, were mixed and shaken up with five cubic centimètres of human tubercular sputum which was crowded with the tubercle bacilli. This highly infected milk was then dried according to the Ekenberg process and subsequently used for the infection of guinea-pigs. The animals when killed upon the twenty-first day after the milk-powder had been subcutaneously injected were found quite free from infection. A third animal, however, which had been infected with a small trace of the sputum was found to have tuberculosis definitely developed. From the result of this searching investigation redissolved milk-powder should constitute an excellent dietetic for people suffering from tuberculosis, since it can be easily made as required in any desired quantity. To quote Dr Klein in his report, it 'offers every guarantee of security against undesirable infection, such as may occur in the consumption of raw milk to which the contagium of bacillus typhosus, diphtherial or tuberculosis, may have had access.'

HENS *v.* INCUBATORS.

One of the most complex problems that presents itself to those engaged in the chicken-rearing industry is the heavy mortality that prevails among young chicks, the cause of which is of a most baffling nature. Such losses are particularly heavy among those hatched artificially. In order to determine the reason of such decimation the Ontario Department of Agriculture has for some years been carrying out continual experiments, the latest results of which have been incorporated in a recent bulletin. This report is well worth perusal by all those engaged in the industry, for it treats the mystery from all standpoints and has a well-drawn-up detailed tabular result of the observations. The investigations were carried out with various types of incubators in comparison with natural hatching, and the conditions prevailing with the latter in regard to temperature, degree of humidity, and other chemical and physical phenomena were carefully observed. Some very curious and interesting facts were secured. For instance, those chicks hatched from hens setting on moist earth were found to thrive the best. Pedigree and weight records were preserved, as well as the data concerning over four hundred and fifty post-mortems carried out during a period of six months. Experiments were also carried out to ascertain if any better results were secured by commencing hatching in an incubator and completing under the hen, and *vice versâ*. Concerning artificial hatching, it was found that washing the machines with a solution of zenoleum improved the vitality and produced good, thrifty birds, with a corresponding decrease in the mortality. It was found, however, that various types of machines differed in their efficiency, and it would seem that the perfect incubator is still far from being attained, since what treatment suited one type was unsatisfactory when applied to another. At the same time, however, the experiments have served to bring out the distinctive features of individual machines, and valuable information is extended which may profitably be followed in order to secure the maximum proportion of chicks from eggs.

WATERPROOF PAINT FOR STONEWORK.

The preservation of stone and brick work from the corrosive effects of moisture, especially in those districts where such buildings are exposed to salt-water spray, as upon a sea-front, though in urgent request has hitherto proved difficult of achievement. Several so-called waterproof specifics have been devised, but they have only proved of temporary serviceability. It would seem, however, that a greater measure of success has been attained by the preparation 'lithoderm' (stone-skin), which is the invention of Mr J. Wilson Dougal, B.Sc. (Edin.), a well-known analytical chemist. It is a secret preparation, in the form of a transparent solution, which upon application penetrates and clothes the surface of masonry with an impermeable film, upon which dampness, frost, physical, chemical, fungoid, and bacterial influences fail to exercise any deleterious effects. The specific has been submitted to a prolonged series of exacting tests which have served to substantiate its claims, and there are many buildings in Scotland which, treated with this solution several years ago, still retain their pristine appearance and strength. That the ancients evidently possessed some efficacious means of preserving their structures from decay is evident from the excellent condition in which they are to be found when excavated to-day, and in order to impart a similar durability to modern erections the application of some such preservative agent is highly essential. Even the most porous masonry when treated with this medium offers a completely resistant surface to the destructive action of the organic and inorganic impurities in the atmosphere. It is eminently suitable for preventing the obliteration of inscriptions and maintaining the natural colour of the stone or brick work. It requires no special means of application, being used just the same as paint with a brush, and, moreover, is economical in use, a gallon providing sufficient solution for one coat over sixty or seventy square yards.

OPEN-AIR SCHOOLS.

Recently a movement has been initiated in this country for the establishment of outdoor schools where weak and unhealthy children can prosecute their scholastic training in the open air with the self-same facilities as obtain in an indoor establishment. The beneficial effects of such a development upon

backward children, who from the very deficiency in their physical condition are unable to maintain the same rate of progressive improvement as those of more healthy build, is apparent. In Germany this scheme has been carried to a high standard of perfection. Such children are broadly divided into two classes—those merely backward, their elementary education having been sadly neglected, and the physically debilitated—that is, suffering from such maladies as anæmia, rickets, insufficient and inefficient nourishment, and who by the inevitable irregular attendance at school gradually fall behind the standard of their stronger class-mates. Upon such children the lack of fresh air has a decided retarding effect, as experience has shown, since directly they are removed to more stimulating environment their weakened systems rapidly recuperate, enabling them to prosecute their studies more regularly and profitably both to themselves and their teachers. It is merely a question of adapting educational organisation to mental and physical capacity. Quality and not quantity of the curriculum is resolved into a vital factor, and instead of a bewildering cramming with which they are unable to cope, they are subjected to a special course of training. The schools are situated in the most invigorating surroundings, preferably a pine-forest, the children are medically inspected, carefully nourished and tended, and encouraged to avail themselves of the hygienic organisation provided for their especial benefit. Instruction reduced to the most necessary subjects is graduated in its period from about two hours per day upwards, according to the receptive capacity of the child, though teaching is never maintained for more than two consecutive hours. The scholars are allowed to pass the intervals as they individually desire, though after dinner two hours' complete rest and sleep are insisted upon. Under these conditions the weakened vitality of the children is rapidly built up, and the greater majority are found in a short time to have improved sufficiently both physically and mentally as to enable them to be returned to the elementary schools and take their proper places in the classes, while those who cannot pass the examining ordeal are sent to institutions for the mentally deficient. By this means not only is the proportion of ignorant children reduced to the minimum, but the classes are always maintained at a high level of proficiency. The schools are maintained throughout the year, the open-air training being suspended only during the bitterly cold weather and when the ground is covered with snow. When the weather is wet the educational work is maintained under cover, the buildings closely resembling those adopted at institutions for the treatment of consumption.

NEW AUTOMATIC LIGHTER FOR STREET GAS LIGHTING.

A simple and inexpensive device of ingenious design has recently been perfected for the lighting and extinguishing of street gas-lamps. Some years ago the inventor evolved a system of this kind which proved highly successful, with the sole exception that it was affected by damp, a defect which after some two years' ceaseless experiments he has now completely overcome. Unlike the greater majority of such appliances, it is not electrically or pneumatically operated, but consists of a small by-pass tube screwed on to existing fittings and containing a small piece of secret composition unaffected by damp or heat, which immediately the gas comes into contact with it becomes incandescent and thus automatically ignites the gas at the burner. Consequently any number of jets can be lighted or extinguished from a central point merely by turning on and off the gas main supply. The device costs but a few pence, and is so strongly made that it will last for years without any attention. The inventor has also devised a modified form of the appliance for household purposes, dispensing entirely with matches, a point which will be greatly appreciated. Not only does it facilitate the use of gas, but where incandescent mantles are employed gives the latter a longer life, since lighting is carried out without any accompanying vibration or concussion of the mantle.

AUTOMATIC DISINFECTANT FOR FLUSH-CISTERNS.

Although sanitary science has resulted in the evolution of excellent arrangements for preserving hygienic conditions with flushing-cisterns and water-traps which prevent return waves of noxious and injurious fumes, there is always the lurking danger of sewer-gas. While odourless, it is of a deadly character, and, being easily soluble in water, it readily contaminates the atmosphere after it has thoroughly saturated the water. To counteract this highly dangerous contingency, a unique device has recently been contrived which absolutely preserves one against infection from the above cause. There is a small cylindrical vessel fixed into the flushing-cistern by a hook, and which is always in an immersed position when the cistern is charged with water. It is filled with a powerful germicide in a concentrated form. The disinfectant chamber is isolated from the surrounding water by means of a valve at the lower end of a tube extending through the former and perforated with holes. When the cistern commences to refill, the rising water enters the lower end of this tube, discharging the displaced air through the open upper end. When the water within the tube has reached a sufficient height it becomes locked therein by a small valve and dissolves a small quantity of the concentrated disinfectant. When the cistern is again emptied, directly the level of the water falls below the bottom of the cylindrical vessel the pressure of the air through the upper length of the tube forces the small quantity of dissolved disinfectant through its lower extremity, so that it combines with the water passing out of the cistern. The water-trap thus contains a charge of the germicidal agent, and as the sewer-gas rises it is seized by the disinfectant and oxidised,

so that it is rendered perfectly innocuous. The sterilising action is plainly visible in the water, since in the struggle the disinfectant loses its original pink colour. The disinfectant itself is quite odourless. It will be seen that the appliance works automatically, and, although it is only three inches in diameter by two inches deep, it contains sufficient disinfectant to treat at least two thousand gallons—that is, will last about six months in the average household—and costing merely a few pence, it is brought within reach of all who appreciate the necessity of completely nullifying the baneful dangers of the deadly sewer-gas.

WAX FROM SUGAR-CANE.

A discovery which will no doubt prove of far-reaching importance to the sugar industry has recently been effected which will result in what is practically a waste product being turned to distinct commercial advantage. This is the perfection of a process for extracting wax from the cane which is present in the rind or bark. It is stated that one ton of cane will yield about fourteen ounces of wax similar in its nature to beeswax or carnauba wax, and which tests have shown to be applicable to any of the purposes for which the latter is at present used. Considering the present high price of wax, the discovery is of some importance, especially as it is merely recovered from what has hitherto been considered as refuse.

A HARVESTING RECORD.

A correspondent in South Australia sends us details of an interesting world's record in harvesting, when two hundred and two bags of wheat were cut, thrashed, and bagged, ready for market, in one day, upon a South Australian farm by means of a single Sunshine Harvester. American agricultural machine manufacturers have always claimed to be pre-eminent in the designing of time and labour saving appliances for this range of industry, and although they have accomplished remarkable work in this direction, the credit of having devised the finest machine of this type must be awarded to an inventor in the Antipodes. This machine not only reaps, winnows, and bags the wheat, but also sews the filled bags up and deposits them in convenient heaps upon the ground ready for collection and transportation to market. For operation upon the huge wheat-fields such as one meets in Australasia, Canada, and the United States, this harvester is stated to be unequalled, and judging from the above record it fully justifies all that is claimed for it.

A HYGIENIC VERMIN-DESTROYER.

There are certain members of the vermin category which, despite the most vigilant efforts of the householder to preserve cleanliness, persist in effecting an entrance into the building, and then prove difficult of removal. Among these the cockroach or steam fly and the black-beetle are the most familiar. Hotels and restaurants are probably the greatest sufferers from this pest. There are numerous specifics on the market which claim to eradicate these insects, but their success is only partial, borax being a prominent constituent of the so-called secret compound. Certainly they cause a complete disappearance of the vermin for a time, but it is only a retirement to the seclusion of their homes, where they follow their cannibalistic tendencies until the traces of the borax have disappeared. Then they again rapidly multiply and make a fresh sally from their hiding-places, so that the last stage is worse than the first. The most efficacious exterminator for these 'wee beasties' that has yet been prepared has recently been subjected to some severe tests. It is in the form of a paste, and the ingredients evidently appeal to the insects' palate, for they devour it with avidity. They afterwards retire to their haunts, when the mixture commences its deadly work. The insect is first killed and then the chemical action of the ingredients of the paste sets up a violent corrosive action which completely consumes every trace of the body. Consequently there are no noisome odours created. So rapid is the compound in its action that a whole establishment may be completely cleared in a single night, no matter how heavily it may be infested. Hotels which have thus been rid of the nuisance have not been revisited by the pests.

CEMENT FROM WASTE PRODUCTS.

A striking instance of the important bearing of applied science to industry has recently been furnished at the factory of one of our largest soap-manufacturers. In preparing the latter commodity an immense quantity of various residues accumulate. Some of these can be turned to commercial advantage, such as glycerine, but others have hitherto resisted any profitable application. Among the latter is carbonate of lime, which is produced in large quantities. In the course of prolonged experiments in the chemical laboratory, searching for some means of utilising this waste, the above manufacturers succeeded in discovering that it could be profitably employed in the making of Portland cement, and the process being commercially applicable, a large factory as an adjunct to the soap-refineries is being erected capable of turning out over four hundred tons of cement per week.

SMOKE ABATEMENT IN GERMANY.

The port of Hamburg has a flourishing society, the scope of which is the devising of ways and means to mitigate the smoke nuisance, and in which direction it may be pointed out it has proved eminently successful. The work of such an institution has a dual advantage. Not only does it protect the ordinary member of the public, but it also enables the manufacturer to secure a greater degree of efficiency from his fuel, with an attendant economy in consumption. The society tests various devices for overcoming smoky chimneys, instructs

stokers in the art of firing, suggests expedients for reducing smoke emission, and periodically tests and overhauls the plant. As a general rule it is found that the evil is remedied by the addition of an automatic appliance for controlling the admission of air. Mechanical stoking is recommended as much as possible, but owing to the fact that unscreened British coal is extensively employed in Hamburg hand-firing is more generally adopted. Various fuels are tested by the society with the idea of securing those which have a high thermal value with the minimum of smoke creation. Stokers are also stimulated to reduce the smoke emission from the furnaces under their control by the preferment of a bonus, representing a certain percentage on the saving effected in fuel costs by the proper regulation of the air-draught and other means for securing more perfect combustion. The society is performing highly useful work, and a similar institution in this country pursuing an identical enterprising policy would attain far more practical results than attends mere participation in academic debates.

MOTORS AND DUST—IMPROVED HIGHWAYS.

Our main highways have become much less pleasant and safe for pedestrian and cyclist since the advent of the motor-car. Not only are there intermittent, choking dust-storms, but the surface of the roads rapidly deteriorates. Heavy motor traffic is even worse for destroying the road's surface than the ordinary motor-car. District road boards and county councils complain of the additional expense and of the dust; sometimes experiments are made with tar macadam; the dusty, choked pedestrian writes to the newspapers to relieve his feelings, and there the matter usually ends. The treatment of a roadway with calcium carbide at Inveresk, Midlothian, a hundredweight to 100 gallons of water, mixed, and sprinkled on the road, is said to be successful in dust-laying. In New Jersey, where the roads are being rapidly worn out, and where improved roads are being laid, a light binder of clay and gravel is added to the second coating of stone, and to this asphaltum oil is applied. The oil works in between the gravel and the stone, and the usual top-dressing is then applied and the road rolled. It is found that the oil attaches itself to the top-dressing firmly. This kind of road is found harder, and dust has no such chance to accumulate as on the old-fashioned road. It is believed that this method of treatment may reduce the cost of maintenance by half, and be a boon to all who use or live near the road. Certainly the roads in Great Britain need new methods of road-making also, to cope with the increase of motor traffic.

A NEW PUNCTURE-CURE.

'Allustite' (always tight), a new self-sealing puncture-cure and rubber preserver, has just been placed on the market. It is a chemical composition, yellow-brown in colour, and though of a thick consistency has a peculiar property of flowing very readily. It is the invention of a young Edinburgh cyclist, Mr William Ross, one of the hardiest riders in the Lothians. Put up in collapsible tubes, it is injected into the inner tube through the valve-stem, and circulates inside the tire as the wheel runs, neither slowing it nor interfering with its resiliency. One tube contains enough to treat a new inner tube; for porous tubes it is advisable to use one and a half to each. The inventor only claims that it will seal small punctures such as are made by pins, tacks, or thorns; but in experimenting with it he proved that in a best quality outer cover, with a tandem inner tube, it could seal holes up to a three-inch wire-nail. Before being offered to the public it was tested last winter and during the spring by over twenty cyclists on all sorts and conditions of roads with unvarying success. When a hole is made in the tire the air pressure within forces the 'allustite' through the aperture, where it quickly dries and seals it up. Once thoroughly hard, it can only be removed with boiling water or scraping with some hard, blunt instrument, such as the back of a pocket-knife. It does not interfere in the least with patching larger holes: as, while fluid, it is easily washed off with cold water, and repairing proceeded with as usual. It is also guaranteed not to remove old patches and is sufficiently fluid not to clog the valve, the rubber tube of which it keeps soft, making inflating easy.

A SEPTEMBER EVENING AT A FARM IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The summer sun is dropping in the west,
The loch is steel-blue, gray, and keen and cold;
The lambs are bleating weirdly for the fold,
The chickens anxious seek their mother-breast.
Within the wood the wind a cumbrous lay
Moans as the twilight creeps into the night,
The sounds and dronings of the passing day
Fade into silence with the waning light.
The moon, like blushing maiden, pale and shy,
Hideth in cloud of drapery in the sky,
Day after day and dark sequestered night
Follow each other in their frequent flight
Till summer passes, leaving, as before,
Hopes unfulfilled and mysteries as of yore.

WALTER SMITH.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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CASIMIR LE SOMBRE.

By Lady ROLLESTON.

CHAPTER I.

MY name is Gabrielle Mayer, but I am known in Poland as 'Casimir le Sombre.' I was born in a remote Alsatian village, where my father, who was an officer of the Imperial Army, had retired, after the fall of Bonaparte, to spend the remainder of his days in peace and quietude among his native hills. My mother died when I was quite a child, and for some time my health was so weakly that my life was despaired of. A kind aunt named Antoinette devoted herself to fan the wavering flame of my young existence, and nursed me with a tenderness and care that even a mother could hardly have exceeded; but I grew no stronger.

My father, as I have said, was a soldier, and he was a veteran of that old cast-iron stamp which marked the men who won the first Napoleon his great victories—a class that has almost disappeared now. He was not a hard-hearted man, but he had a hard manner, and looked with great disfavour on what he considered my aunt's undue coddling of his weakly child. As time wore on and still I grew no better, his impatience burst out more and more frequently; and one day—I think it was when I had attained my fifth year—he could contain it no longer, and swore roundly that my good aunt was bringing me up to be a confirmed invalid for life, and that he would take me in hand and train me after his own fashion to make a fine healthy lass of me; adding, if that might not be, he would rather I should die young than live without health.

My poor aunt was aghast at this stern decree, and shed many bitter tears from the fullness of her kind heart; but there was no gainsaying my father when once he had made up his mind on any subject, and from that day he laid down new rules for my life, and made me his constant companion.

I now had to be up every morning before sunrise, and in my bed by sundown, to bathe daily in cold water, and to spend long hours rambling over hill and dale at my father's side, wearing the same dress winter and summer. I always went about in boy's clothes, and he taught me to swim, ride, shoot, run, and fence, till I was thoroughly efficient in all these exercises. Besides this, he made me intimately acquainted with every part of a soldier's drill, and often took me out to watch the troops of the neighbouring cantonment at their manœuvres, so that I acquired a great taste for military life, and in my girl's heart thought that there was no career like that of a soldier.

Strangely enough, this rough schooling did not kill me; on the contrary, it had a beneficial effect, and I, who had been before so weakly, became the most active and healthy girl in the commune. I saw, however, very few girls of my own age, and cared little to seek their company, feeling, as I suppose boys must feel, a joyous exultation in my strength and skill in all manly exercises, which made their companionship, at that time, seem dull and tame to me. They on their side, I fear, thought me very hard-hearted, for one day I remember little Eulalie the schoolmaster's daughter, a gentle, fair-haired child of nine, burst into tears at the sight of a brace of fine rabbits I had shot in the woods, and asked me with as near an approach to indignation as she could summon into the expression of her soft gray eyes, how could I be so wicked and *méchante* as to kill such pretty creatures? But it never struck me then that it might be cruel to kill the wild beasts and birds of the forest, though I have thought since that perhaps the habit I acquired of looking unmoved at their death may have rendered me less liable to emotion during the terrible scenes it was afterwards my lot to witness.

I know, however, that I was not really hard-hearted, for I would not have hurt a butterfly, or a beetle, or any living thing that was not what is called a legitimate object of the chase, for the world; and I have often gone almost supperless to my little

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bed in the attic that my dog Scaramouche might have a better meal.

In this way I had nearly reached my twelfth year when a great change came over my life—my father decided to send me to a convent.

For some time past the curé, the Juge de Paix, and other people of local influence, had expostulated with the stern old man on the way he was bringing me up. They pointed out to him that I was a very big girl for my age, and that I could not always continue to go about in boy's clothes; indeed, the curé said it was contrary to the ordinances of the Church, and they urged, with some reason, that however beneficial his training might have proved to my physical health, in mental culture I was little more advanced than a young Ojibbeway or any other savage; and that, as after all I had *not* been born a boy—a circumstance the old soldier always heartily deplored—it was his duty to fit me in some way for the life that was before me.

It was not without a sore struggle that my poor father bowed to this advice, but the word *duty* with him was paramount; and he would flinch from no sacrifice, even though it were of his most cherished hobby, when once he was made to understand that it was his duty to obey.

'*Monsieur le Curé*,' he said, in his brief, military way, 'all my life I have done my duty to the Emperor; he is now no more, peace be to his ashes!' and he gravely lifted the old straw Panamá hat that he wore summer and winter. 'But you tell me I have a duty towards God,' here he saluted again, 'that I must perform, and in this I take it you are my superior officer, and'—after a long pinch of snuff—'I will obey.' Wherewith the old gentleman turned on his heels and shut himself up in his room for the rest of the afternoon.

Oh, the change when the great doors of the convent closed upon me! I felt as if the world and the sunshine were shut with them, and I had bidden adieu—it seemed to me for ever—to my free, joyous existence among the hills and woods of our native valley, where every lark that sung in the blue sky, every violet that nestled in the cool shadow of the oak copses, every tree, and stone, and brook, and clump of moss, was a friend that I loved to see and greet as I rambled abroad in the sweet, dewy air of the early morning. Even poor old Scaramouche my dog was denied me, my boy's clothes were taken away. I was dressed in the whitest of muslin caps and the demurest of gray frocks and pinafores, like the other *pensionaires;* while I was told that for four long, long years the bare whitewashed corridors of the convent were to be my home. It was not that I did not receive very kind treatment, or was without pleasant companions; but how could they sympathise with me? What did they know of the wild exultation of the chase, the thrill of delight that tingled through every vein as the report of my little gun, which my father had cut short on purpose for me, was followed by the heavy thud of the great red-legged partridge falling on the dun fallows, the momentary twinge of remorse when I saw its eyes close in death, and then the keen excitement with which, emboldened by success, I started in pursuit of fresh game? As I have said, I was little better than a young savage, and I thought the first morning in the schoolroom would have killed me.

Yet, strange to say, I made great progress in my studies. I had led far too active a life to remain idle long, and it chafed me to think that all these weak schoolgirls around me, who would hardly know a snipe from a woodcock—if they saw one—were so much cleverer than I. Besides, perhaps because my mind had never been overtaxed in early youth, I had not learned to acquire a distaste for study, and I soon began to devote myself to it with an avidity that astonished the good nuns, who had been accustomed all their monotonous lives to drive the three R's into the reluctant and struggling minds of the country children in a purely mechanical manner—a course of instruction which, like physic, however much it might be for their ultimate good, was received by their pupils with considerable repugnance.

It was something new to them to find a child whose unsated mind was eagerly craving for more knowledge, and in the next four years I rapidly made up for lost time, though not even the discipline of the convent could quite divest me of the free and boyish bearing I had acquired in my previous wild life, and which often brought forth a reproving frown from the grave superior.

CHAPTER II.

I WAS nearing my seventeenth birthday when my poor father died suddenly, leaving me his blessing and a small competency. His loss was my first great grief, and I felt it very, *very* keenly; for, though latterly I had seen him but rarely, I remembered him always as my best friend and loved companion in the dear old bygone days, and I alone knew the deep tenderness and affection that underlay the hard exterior of his manner.

Now I was almost without a friend, for I had no other relative, good Aunt 'Toinette' having died while I was still small; and though the Sisters offered to take me back to the convent, and even threw out hints about the propriety of a young girl in my isolated position becoming the bride of the Church and endowing the Convent of Our Lady of Tears with my small fortune, I felt that I could not return to them.

It was about this time that I made the acquaintance of a young Polish lady, who took a great fancy to me, and offered me a home with herself and her husband in Poland. The liking between us was mutual; so, after some delay and legal formalities, it was at last agreed that I should accompany her there.

Countess Deotima Czartoryska—for such was her title—lived in an old castle in Russian Poland which had belonged to her husband's family for centuries, and was surrounded by a magnificent forest, tenanted by wolves, bears, and all sorts of game. We were far removed from any city, and the Count had often to be from home, on business he said, looking after his estate; so that the Countess and I were not infrequently left alone for weeks together in the great house, and became close friends and companions.

The life in my new home suited me exactly, my old love of the chase revived; and the Count, who was kindness itself, gave me a splendid black horse from the Ukraine, which I named Zampa, and on which I scoured the country round for miles, till I knew every glade and dingle of the solemn pine-forests by heart, and could have pricked my way through them on the darkest night.

You have no idea how beautiful the Polish forests are when the young leaves are beginning to shoot, and the whole air is fragrant with the fresh, sweet scent of the pines.

The ground is carpeted with the softest moss, from which the lofty trees rise straight and majestic, the dark leaves of the previous year throwing out in bold relief the green-and-gold of the spring shoots; here and there you find vast tracts of woodland where the silver birch grows lovingly beside the sterner pine, contrasting gracefully in its delicate drooping beauty with the masculine grandeur of those giant trees; a hundred varieties of fairy lichen cling like lace to the massive trunks, the air is full of the music of bees and insects, while the birds call to each other with sweet, plaintive notes well in harmony with the sad story of the country.

But it is in winter that you feel the true solemnity of the pine-forests. Then no sound strikes the ear save the weird rustle of the branches stirred by the breeze, for it is a frozen region, where the ripple of running water is never heard, and the foot falls noiselessly as the step of a spirit on the great white carpet spread beneath. High overhead, the dark boughs of the pines stretch like the dusky canopy of night, only that their upper surfaces are decked with delicate snow-crystals which shine starlike through the gloomy vault, so dense in places that it almost obscures the light of day.

But hark, the silence is broken! A low wailing sound is stealing through the trees resembling the angry murmur of the surf along a rockbound coast, the snow showers down in glittering spray till the heights of the forest become enveloped in a seething, eddying mist, the stalwart stems of the pines creak and groan like the masts of a vessel as she bends to the hurricane; suddenly the small patches of sky above grow dark as night, there is a crashing among the boughs as if a thousand stags were clashing their antlers in battle, the lightning flashes, for a moment illuminating the gloomy scene, and the great trees bow like reeds before the force of the sudden storm. But not for long; again they rear their giant heads proudly and shake their dark branches on high, tossing them wildly in their wrath, till they are lashed into a fury that can only be compared to the raging of the waves of the ocean.

Again the storm is past, a pale, flickering ray of sunlight struggles through the gloom; only the sighing of the trees, panting as it were after their recent conflict, tells of the past fury of the tempest; the bells of a sledge tinkle merrily in the distance, growing louder as it sweeps rapidly over the glittering snow, its occupants wrapped to the eyes in furs. Now the horses gallop up to the massive wooden porch of the château, and half a dozen hands are stretched hospitably out in welcome, though the visitors may be utter strangers to its inmates; they are travellers in Poland, and for that night, and for as long as they chose to remain, they are *at home*.

In the long wainscoted reception-room into which they are ushered a goodly fire of gigantic pine-logs is burning and crackling brightly on the hearth, the great brass tea-urn is singing merrily on the table, its soothing tones inviting the weary to refreshment, costly rugs and furs cover the floor and couches, books, musical instruments—all that lends a charm and refinement to domestic life—may be found collected in this comfortable retreat, where the storms of winter, be they ever so severe, never enter, and the host and hostess strive with the most polished courtesy to make their guests forget the fatigue of the journey. One thing only strikes the eye as strange: the ladies of the house are all in sombre black, not in one house alone, but in all you enter. The women of Poland are in mourning for the misfortunes of their country.

These, and a hundred similar scenes, gave a romantic charm to my life in Poland that I shall never forget. I soon began to love the people with whom I had made my home, and to feel for them and their wrongs as sincerely as if I had been born amongst them.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIES OF THE GREAT TERROR.

'I FEAR that people generally do not realise that invasion is perfectly possible, and that unless we have a sufficient and efficient army for home defence we shall find the enemy some day overrunning the country.' So wrote Lord Roberts recently to a correspondent. The contingency hinted at is what daily and hourly dwellers in Great Britain lived in the fear and dread of at the beginning of last century. So much was this the case that the period has been named that of the 'Great Terror,' when Napoleon was making brisk preparations at Boulogne for the invasion of England. The story has been told again in all its lights and shades, and with vigour and interest, in two handsome volumes, *Napoleon and the Invasion of England: the Story of the Great Terror*, by H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley (John Lane). The great feature of the volumes is the series of illustrations from contemporary prints and caricatures, some in colour, with material gathered from newspapers, diaries, letters, and broadsides. They are a monument of industry and a landmark in the history of the subject. The work has never before been so thoroughly done. Amongst the new materials are unpublished letters of George III. and gleanings from Dumouriez's unpublished Memoirs on the defence of Great Britain and Ireland.

We are suffering yet, like the rest of Europe, from the ambitions of Napoleon, who was mainly responsible for the death of about six millions of human beings, while millions sterling were added to the National Debt of the United Kingdom. The Emperor made history, and changed the life of kingdoms; but all he accomplished would have fallen into the shade beside the conquest of Britain. Captain Mahan has said, 'Those far-distant, storm-beaten ships upon which the Grand Army never looked stood between it and the dominion of the world.' In spite of all that has been said and written of *entente cordiale*, the revival of the Channel Tunnel project called forth feelings and opinions which showed that the fear of invasion still lurked in the national mind.

The menaces of Napoleon caused our volunteer movement to spring into life from a sense of overmastering danger. Of the seventy-four martello towers erected around our coasts many are still standing. They cost about seven thousand pounds each, are circular in form, and stand like inverted flower-pots. In these two-story buildings the lower was for a powder-magazine and storehouse. The flat roofs were bomb-proof, surrounded by a breast-work four feet high, and were mounted by a swivel gun and two howitzers. Of the two martello towers at Felixstowe, one has been converted into a shelter for cattle and is private property, the other is an Admiralty Marconi station.

The French programme of conquest reads strangely to-day, and savours of the pirates of the Western Main. The French army was to march to London after landing, humble the capital of the haughty English people, plunder the National Bank of its immense heaps of gold, seize upon all public and private property, and return laden with spoils. Different people were differently affected. As a result of the invasion scare of 1803, Eastbourne was almost deserted during August, owing to a rumour that the French contemplated landing in the neighbourhood. Barracks were constructed on the beach capable of containing ten thousand men; there were barracks also at Pevensey Bay, and the crops were to be destroyed should a landing be made. As our authors say so pertinently, 'Napoleon's projects are constantly mentioned in the journals of women like Fanny Burney (then Madame D'Arblay, the wife of one of the French *émigrés*), Mary Berry, Hannah More, Hester Lynch, Mrs Piozzi, and others. Bishops at their visitations, judges on the bench, politicians in both Houses of Parliament, preachers in their pulpits, dramatic authors in their plays, poets in their verses, actors on the stage, Freemasons in their lodges, magistrates at their county meetings, merchants on 'Change, shopkeepers at their counters, labourers at their ploughs, all held the same language as to the common danger.' There were countless pamphlets, songs, broadsides, and caricatures published between 1796 and 1802. Of three thousand two hundred caricatures, three hundred refer to invasion. Pye added a suitable verse to the national anthem. Burns wrote:

> Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
> Then let the loons beware, sir,
> There 's wooden walls upon the seas,
> And volunteers on shore, sir.

The poet was one of them, dressed in a blue coat, with the undress nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers; and his hat, because of the shortness of his neck, turned up behind. His last hours were harassed by a pressing application for the settlement of a debt of seven pounds four shillings due for his volunteer uniform. On his deathbed he said to a friend, 'John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me.' In spite of this, the Dumfries Volunteers fired three volleys over his grave.

Lord Grenville wrote from Dropmore to a friend: 'You will find me here very peaceably rolling my walks and watering my rhododendrons without any thought of the new possessor to whom Bonaparte may dispose of them.'

The war-fever can be easily traced in the literature of the period, as in Wordsworth's sonnet when at Calais in 1802:

> With many a fear
> For my dear country, many heartfelt sighs,
> Among men who do not love her, linger here.

Coleridge had written 'Fears in Solitude' in 1798,

Richard Cumberland a 'Volunteer Song' and a 'Rifle Corps Song.' Scott wrote from Scotland in 1803 to his friend Ellis that the necessity of the present occasion had kept almost every individual, however insignificant, to his post. 'God has left us,' he wrote, 'entirely to our own means of defence, for we have not above one regiment of the line in all our ancient kingdom. In the meanwhile we are doing the best we can to prepare ourselves for a contest which perhaps is not far distant. A beacon-light communicating with that of Edinburgh Castle is just erecting in front of our quiet cottage [at Lasswade, six miles south from the capital]. My field equipage is ready, and I want nothing but a pipe and a moustache to convert me into a capital hussar.' Scott's promptitude at the False Alarm of 1805 along the Borders is well known. Lockhart tells us he was at Gilsland in Cumberland when the alarm reached him, and that his horse carried him a hundred miles to the rendezvous on the other side of the Border in twenty-four hours. Scott was delighted with the general enthusiasm and the rapidity with which the yeomen of Ettrick Forest had poured down from the glens.

Visitors to Rome may see on the right side of the Barberini Palace an inscription recording the victorious campaign of Claudius in Britain. Boulogne —the scene of Napoleon's activity—known then as Gesoriacum and afterwards as Bononia, was a regular harbour for passengers to Britain under the Empire. Cæsar sailed from some portion of Picardy, either Boulogne or Wissant, reached the chalk cliffs of Dover, and may have landed at Deal. Tacitus says he only struck the natives with terror, but made himself master of the seashore. 'The discoverer, not the conqueror of the island, he did no more than show it to posterity.' Caligula's threatened invasion of Britain was but idle parade, as from the shore near Boulogne he ordered his soldiers to gather sea-shells as trophies to be deposited in the Capitol. Agricola, after 78 A.D., was the first Roman General who effectually subdued the island, and the only one who displayed as much genius and success in training the inhabitants to the amenities of civilisation as in breaking their rude force in war. And it has been remarked that no fort founded by Agricola was ever stormed by hostile violence and surrendered by its fugitive garrison. After the Roman legions were withdrawn at the beginning of the fourth century, the Anglo-Saxon conquests followed, those of the Danes in the early eighth century onwards, and the landing of William the Norman at Pevensey. Queen Elizabeth condensed the fate of the Spanish Armada of 1588 into a sentence for a medal, 'God blew, and they were scattered.' The fusing of Saxon, Dane, and Northmen has helped to make us what we are as a race that has gone forth and inherited more of the earth than any nation since the domination of Imperial Rome.

Our authors tell us that 'from the entangled threads of the Revolution was woven, not the sovereignty of the people, but the despotism of one man.' That one man said that 'if, instead of the expedition to Egypt, he had undertaken that to Ireland, what could England have done?' There was an abortive expedition to Ireland and the threatened invasion of Wales by Hoche's Black Legion under Colonel Tate at Fishguard, now the starting-point of turbine steamers of the Great Western Railway between Pembrokeshire and Wexford. Britain struck at a vulnerable point in the East. Nelson destroyed the greater part of the French fleet in Aboukir Bay, and it may have been true, as said by Napoleon, 'If it had not been for you English I should have been Emperor of the East; but wherever there is water to float a ship we are sure to find you in our way.'

There is an oft-quoted remark of Lord Acton's that the most dangerous situation in which Britain was ever placed was in 1803, when Fulton, the American engineer and inventor, proposed to put the French army across in steamboats. He believed that if Napoleon had secured Fulton's proposed steam-power to take the flotilla to England, as he proposed, 'during calm weather when the British sailing-vessels would be powerless,' the history of the world would have been changed. Napoleon rejected the scheme. In any case, with steam in its infancy, Fulton's steamboat was far too slight a craft, in its experimental stage, for this duty; when tried on the Seine, the engine broke through the hull and sank the boat. The inventor caught a cold then which he never entirely shook off. The original autograph document in Fulton's hand, addressed to Napoleon, is still extant, in which he also proposed a scheme whereby British ports could be blockaded, and their shipping destroyed by means of 'plunging boats and carcasses,' the names he applied to submarine vessels and torpedoes. Rejected by France, he turned up in London under the assumed name of Francis, and placed before the British Ministry plans for the use of submarine torpedoes and 'plunging boats' against the French. According to the agreement made by Pitt and Lord Melville with Fulton, the inventor was to receive forty thousand pounds. The scheme, so far as tried, was not particularly successful, and it is believed Fulton's remuneration was not more than fifteen thousand pounds.

Napoleon was enthusiastic over the rupture with England in the spring of 1803, and decided to 'leap the ditch.' Some thousands of boats had been ordered to be built. 'The arsenals of France vomited fire and smoke day and night; almost every port rang with the blows of the shipwright's hammer, and ammunition was turned out in thousands of tons. . . . The greatest Land-Power sought to encroach upon the domains of the mightiest Sea-Power of all time, and to wrench from her grasp the sceptre of Father Neptune.' What Napoleon had said of Citizen Fulton's proposal—that it might change the face of the world—was quite true, but it was to be of no use to him. Leading French officers

in the navy considered that flat-bottomed boats propelled by oars, sails, or both, were best suited for crossing the Channel. On the other side, Pitt hoped to make the option between burning the ships before they set out, sinking them either on their passage or before their troops could land, destroying them as soon as they were landed, or starving and taking them prisoners afterwards. Nelson said, 'Whatever plans may be adopted, the moment the enemy touch our coast, be it where it may, they are to be attacked by every man afloat and ashore. Never fear the event.'

The worst crises in the 'Terror' period were in 1797–98 and 1803–5, and for ten years at least the United Kingdom was an enormous camp. By 1805 there were six hundred thousand armed men for internal defence alone, troops, militia, and volunteers. Not until 1814, when Napoleon was sent to Elba, were the volunteers disbanded. Nelson chafed at the delay in coming to blows, and said, 'We shall never have a solid peace until the invasion is tried and found to fail.' He almost wished for a universal war that should 'upset that vagabond Bonaparte.' Instead of crossing the Channel, Napoleon's armies crossed the Rhine and the Danube. 'Soldiers,' said the Emperor in one of his bulletins, 'but for the army which is now in front of you, we should this day have been in London; we should have avenged ourselves for six centuries of insults, and restored the freedom of the seas.' After Trafalgar had been fought and won, 21st October 1805, 'the cloud of invasion had rolled away, and the Great Terror was over.'

Napoleon flattered himself that the English people would have welcomed him. A glance at the caricatures in these two handsome volumes tells a different story. By many in England he was regarded as a fiend in human shape. The ship in which young Thackeray came from India to England touched at St Helena. A servant pointed out Napoleon to him: 'That's he, that Bonaparte. He eats three sheep a day and all the children he can lay hands on.'

Of a different order is a volume on *Napoleon's Men and Methods* by a Norwegian author, Alexander L. Kielland, translated by Joseph M'Cabe (London: Owen & Co.). There is an introductory essay by Mr Oscar Browning which runs counter to much in the volume, as well as to the received opinions regarding Napoleon. It is an interesting and readable book, with no pretence to originality. Kielland thus writes of Ligny and Waterloo: 'It is very striking to see how often in these two battles, Ligny and Waterloo, everything hung on a single thread. If Ney had made haste he might have caught Wellington at the ball at Brussels. If D'Erlon had not made a false move the Prussians would have been surrounded at Ligny. Blücher might have been made prisoner if any one had recognised him; and Napoleon might have won the battle of Waterloo if Grouchy had done his duty. All this means, of course, that the whole apparatus which had once worked so accurately and flawlessly, as well as the chief himself, were somewhat worn. His Generals had lost their blind faith in his invincibility in Russia. It was now plain that this belief was the real cause of his invincibility.' It is astonishing how lacking in insight many of the books and journals regarding Napoleon have been. Long ago Bishop Thirlwall came to a conclusion regarding Napoleon diametrically opposed to much in this volume, and before the literature on the subject was half so voluminous. The Bishop wrote that Napoleon 'viewed and treated men, whether in or out of uniform, as a chess-player his pieces and pawns. . . . His ambition was not only the cause of "faults," but was itself the worst of all, being not only insatiably greedy, reckless, and remorseless, but essentially low and vulgar; and this while he had the true glory of Wellington before his eyes. . . . No Hercules ever more deliberately chose the path of evil.'

And as Wheeler and Broadley point out, 'From his column in Trafalgar Square a Man of Bronze stands looking across the Channel in the direction of the memorial erected to another Man on the heights of Boulogne—a perpetual warning to those who would dare to invade this fair land, and assuredly an inspiration to the inheritors of a glorious past.'

THE PAST—AND ISMÈRIE.

By Arthur H. Henderson.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

APART from the actual crew and the two passengers, the story is confined to the senior director of the Republican Bank of South America, in New York, the owners of the *Bulwana*, and the chairman of Lloyds. The recital of the truth explains various things hitherto a mystery.

Every underwriter at Lloyds remembers the *Bulwana* being overdue on a voyage from the Plate to New York with a consignment of half a million in specie when the premium jumped to sixty guineas per cent., and something akin to consternation pervaded insurance circles. Members will tell of the cheer of relief in the long-room in the Royal Exchange in London when her arrival was rung in on the great bell, and the flimsy yellow telegrams announcing her safety were pinned on the notice-board. 'Delayed by breakdown of engines, bows and deck damaged,' ran the message. There it

stopped; no particulars came out, and, strangely enough, no subsequent claim was ever made by the shipowners in respect of the accident. Claims for casualties involve publicity of details.

Sundry other minor events were chronicled about the same time. There was, however, no suspicion of connecting-links between them.

At Lord Railton's unexpected marriage in New York the feminine journals which dwelt in detail on the inmost secrets of the trousseau recorded incidentally that the bride carried her left arm in a sling. No explanation of this was given.

Again, rumours drifted to Europe of a scandal in the Argentine war administration, which however filtered down into the mysterious disappearance of a new seventy-five millimètre Krupp gun and some ammunition. These were unaccountably missing from a barge between the German steamer which had brought them from Essen to Fort Pedro, in which the gun was to have been mounted. Yet Krupps are difficult things to steal.

Lastly—and this indeed excited animated speculation—the distinguished Brazilian aeronaut Señor Uzué, with an American companion, totally vanished after a most successful ascent in his new steerable airship. This was a wonder of scientific construction; and the daring of its inventor was as renowned in public as—in the strictest privacy—his moral reputation was sinister. The voyagers had last been seen by a *gaucho* near the coast some ten miles north of Cape San Roque, low down among the sandhills. From that moment not the faintest trace of them had ever been found, despite diligent search. It was reluctantly concluded that the aerial craft had been blown out to sea and the occupants of the car had been drowned.

And this is the story.

If you cross the magnificent Plaza de Mayo at Buenos Ayres, where the statues front the red piled Government buildings overlooking the river, you come to a long palm-bordered drive which leads to a suburb of nestling private residences. The peach-trees extend in graceful avenues along the canal-bank, and the tall cypresses rise in the background above the gardens surrounding the flat-topped dwellings. The buildings are mostly on one plan. An entrance-gate, often a wonder in carved wood, opens on to a tessellated courtyard running round the central *patio* or square, shaded by huge tropical plants and gorgeous flowers. The colouring creepers mask the entrances from the courtyard to the rooms, and conceal the arbours hidden with cunning in nooks against the walls.

In one such corner, in the stillness of a moonlight evening, a girl was standing. She was small, and the eyes that refused to meet those of the man before her were large and blue, with long, fair lashes that matched the tint of gold in her wavy hair. The lacing on the dainty dress between her breasts heaved stormily. The outline of her curving chin and slim young throat gleamed white against the darkened wood behind.

'Ismèrie'—her companion's tone was eager and imploring—'you know I love you. Why do you send me away—alone?'

The girl moved restlessly. Then she turned and faced him almost as if she were afraid of him.

'Think,' she said with a great effort at self-control; 'try to think quite calmly. I'm—I'm just a sort of dependant here in a Brazilian family of no importance; and you—why, you are Lord Railton. Don't you see it can never be?'

'Why?' he demanded with vehemence.

'The past!' she breathed. 'In after years, in your rank and station, in your English home, the past would rise beside us to trouble and—to jar.'

His rejoinder came with earnest promptness. 'When two people learn to love each other truly there is no past except to link them closer. All that matters to the one is the happiness of the other's life,' he urged. She did not stir. 'I think you care for me a little—and—you know I love you.'

'Yes, I know.'

The emotion in her voice, in every delicate feature of her small face, pleaded for mercy. Of her own love she had no doubt, its existence stood in no more need of proof than did that of the trees around. She was bidding him leave her, but with a heart that ached with deadening pain. She leant back against the arbour entrance, white as stone.

'Listen,' he whispered, and his voice was a caress. 'I have booked a passage in the *Bulwana* to New York. In two days she sails. We can be married at the Consulate, and be in England in a month.'

She laid a hand upon his arm. For a moment something within him leapt and sang. But she shook her head very gently.

'Tell me,' she asked in an attempt to divert his attention and stifle her own feeling, 'this steamer—the *Bulwana*—is it she who is to carry the gold?'

He nodded. A sudden financial panic had arisen in New York, and the American banks were clamouring world-wide for coin. There was an imperative demand for prompt despatch of specie, and the next boat was to take the whole amount collectable from the Argentine. The *Bulwana* was a fine cargo-steamer, and was to be employed for the purpose, as no regular liner was available.

The noise of a closing door clanged loudly. The two were in deep shadow themselves; but the moonlight fell on the pathway from the entrance, and they could see a man's burly form enter the house.

'Uzué!' The Englishman muttered heartfelt condemnation of the intruder. 'I thought he was at Rio preparing for another ascent.'

The girl caught the look of intense distrust which shot across Railton's face at the sight of the aeronaut.

'You must go at once,' she insisted quickly.

'When shall I see you again?' he demanded low.

It was on the tip of her tongue to answer 'Never!' but her lips refused to frame the words. Instead, she turned to him with a sudden impulse. 'Don't sail in the *Bulwana*.'

He gazed at her astonished. 'Whyever not?'

She had no tangible reason ready. Her suspicions were the barest merely. 'It may not be safe,' she faltered. Her anxiety was naïve. He was utterly in the dark as to her meaning. There was a short silence. Then Ismèrie spoke with odd directness. 'I will see you once again at least,' she promised. 'Now, good-bye.'

As his light footfall died away, a rush of consciousness returned to the girl to warn her of all the emptiness which life would mean without him. He had told her that his presence was needed in New York at once, and when a woman loves a man she feels that she must positively know everything that he is doing as soon as he is out of her sight. Yet—and she gave her head a resolute shake—go he must, and she must stay behind; stay to resume the old dreary drudgery which had lightened so wonderfully in the short weeks since Señor Uzué had brought Lord Railton home. He had swiftly fallen in love with the delicate little foreign face and soft air of refinement of Ismèrie Marland. She blushed a dusky red in the darkness at the remembrance.

She moved through the gloom of the garden towards the ray of light which gleamed from the open window. Next moment she shrank back into the conccalment of the shrubbery underneath.

The night was thick and heavy, after a sultry day, and the conversation of the inmates of the room drifted audibly outside. Neither of them dreamed of the listener who crouched so closely with her hand pressed to her heart as if to still the sound of its excited beating. In a minute her eyes grew accustomed to the scene.

She recognised the man talking to Uzué; he was an American who often accompanied the aeronaut in his expeditions. She loathed him. She feared his cunning, restless gaze. She detested his mask-like face, colourless like one of the dead, on which no pity or remorse for crime could ever show. He was speaking in a quiet, measured voice.

'I calculate it means a real big lump of dollars. But we must have the boat delayed a shake or two, so as to get back ourselves to Rio first.'

'Manuel will see to that,' chuckled Uzué reassuringly. 'Half that cap'n's crew is run away already. His new Argentines will be—how you call it—a handful—oh yes!'

The American smoked for a while in silence, lost in thought. As he pondered his brow clouded.

'Yon blamed airship of yours can give points to a Chicago sky-sign for prominence with the public in this state.' He shifted uneasily in his seat.

His hearer's hands expostulated eloquently. 'What matter, my friend? We will be suspected the less. It is the chance which has come to us, by the grand luck, as you say.'

The other mumbled what passed for assent. He reached for a drink thirstily, and after a refreshing interlude leant forward and poured out his words in a low, intense tone.

'My bombs are *all* right. Fair nasty scatterin' things, automatic in effect, and burstin' on no instalment plan nohow. 'Tis a proved proposition how they'll lump the fellers on deck to their funerals mighty quick without injurin' the main structure, so as the ship won't sink afore we want it. See?' The speaker's face beamed again with evil fatuous complacency.

But every accent of the conference was caught by the girl's straining ears.

Uzué cut in sharply. 'Tis a fool custom to prepare for the best only! The launch will run out from Bahia and stand-by off Rocas. Take courage, my friend! Soon we will be rich—so rich—with good gold. You agree with my plan?'

Outside, the girl could scarcely breathe till the answer came with curtness:

'You bet, I'm on.'

Ismèrie's eyes glowed slowly with a light those men might have paused to see. Then she slipped cautiously away through the darkness of the garden, a fair young figure with little, noiseless stockinged feet. She understood the menace, she gauged the coming danger. All that silent night the problem confronted her: what was she to do?

In the chart-house of the *Bulwana*, Captain Iredale was so angry that he arose from the locker and fairly trotted round the confined space. Lord Railton sat and watched him.

'The cook is missing now,' stormed the skipper, who was a fat man and fond of his food. He added particulars of what would befall the offender if he returned.

'Ship another,' suggested Railton composedly. The advice was taken ill.

'I've done it. Manuel the ship-chandler has got me a Portuguee saucepan-scraper. But you'd think we were a plague-ship by the way the crew are bolting,' snorted the skipper, spinning round upon him with wrathful heat. 'Never had such trouble. Well, I'm'—— What he intended to declare as his condition mercifully remained unspoken.

On the threshold stood Ismèrie Marland. She looked daintier, more bewitching than ever, with her grave air of innocence, and a curious perplexity of pride and embarrassment on her face. As Railton sprang towards her she threw back the cloak from her shoulders and turned to him impetuously.

'When do you sail?' she queried with abruptness.

'To-morrow, miss,' said the skipper gruffly.

'Have you got your crew?' She panted slightly as she spoke. She was moved by a resolve, true and clear, to ignore the conventionalities, which mean so much to a woman. But then—she loved.

The captain eyed her keenly. 'Most of 'em—new ones from Manuel's,' he told her.

'Ah!' the significance in her voice was unmistakable. 'Is there a cannon on board?' she asked.

The captain stared astounded. 'The *Bulwana* don't carry guns,' he retorted with masculine scorn at feminine intelligence. But this proceeded to vanish as the girl finished the disjointed little sentences of her tale. Both men listened attentively.

'It's not to be believed,' said Iredale, breaking the pause that followed. 'No one would dare.' But his tone was uneasy and doubtful.

Railton rather agreed. However, the girl was disconcertingly confident. His eyes never left her face.

'Well, what are you going to do?' queried the captain with deliberation.

'I am coming with you,' Railton decided quietly.

'And you, miss?'

The girl was still tingling with the daring which had steeled her to board the *Bulwana* alone. Besides, how could she return to Uzué's household again! With a frank fearlessness came her answer, 'I think I will also—if I may.'

(To be continued.)

A VISIT TO EPHESUS.

By Captain F. W. von Herbert.

'A certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines of Diana, brought no little business unto the craftsmen; whom he gathered together . . . and said, Sirs, ye know that by this business we have our wealth. And ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands: and not only is there danger that this our trade come into disrepute; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana be made of no account, and that she should even be deposed from her magnificence, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth. And when they heard this, they were filled with wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians. And the city was filled with the confusion: and they rushed with one accord into the theatre, having seized . . . Paul's companions in travel. And when Paul was minded to enter in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not. And certain also of . . . his friends . . . besought him not to adventure himself into the theatre. Some therefore cried one thing, and some another: for the assembly was in confusion; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And they brought Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made a defence unto the people. But when they perceived that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians. And when the townclerk had quieted the multitude, he saith, Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there who knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is temple-keeper of the great Diana, and of the image which fell down from Zeus? Seeing then that these things cannot be gainsaid, ye ought to be quiet, and to do nothing rash. For ye have brought hither these men, which are neither robbers of temples nor blasphemers of our goddess. If therefore Demetrius and the craftsmen . . . have a matter against any man, the courts are open . . . let them accuse one another . . . it shall be settled in the regular assembly. For indeed we are in danger to be accused concerning this day's riot, there being no cause for it: and . . . we shall not be able to give account of this concourse. And when he had thus spoken, he dismissed the assembly.'—This is Acts, xix. 24–41, Revised Version. A few unessentials have been omitted.



EXCAVATIONS have laid almost the whole inner city of Ephesus bare, and the traveller can follow step by step the scene of the stirring events related by St Luke. British, Germans, and Austrians have at different times worked towards this end; but the chief credit is due to the Austrians, who are even now engaged in extensive and methodical excavation.

Two preliminary observations—one as to the size of ancient Ephesus, the other as to its situation—are necessary if such readers as care to accompany me on a leisurely ramble desire an intelligent comprehension of what they shall see.

Towns were smaller nineteen hundred years ago than they are now. Many a settlement dignified by the name of city in the ancient records would be but a hamlet nowadays. A town of twenty thousand inhabitants was a city of the first magnitude. Some modern writers ascribe this size to Ephesus; but we have the indisputable fact that the theatre—which, thanks to the Austrians, has been preserved intact—holds twenty-four thousand five hundred persons. Moreover, the fringe of suburbs has hardly been touched yet. I have myself discovered traces of an extensive residential settlement three miles from the town, a kind of Ephesian Richmond or Hampstead. Turks and Greeks grow vines, figs, oranges, olives, tobacco where whole streets of villas lie hidden beneath the roots. I am inclined to put the size of Ephesus, including the suburbs, at one hundred and sixty thousand souls, a veritable London for those days. It was also a thriving seaport. Moles, landing-stages, harbour-works have been brought to light. But the sediment of eighteen centuries has prolonged by ten miles the river Caystrus, on the mouth of which Ephesus was situated; and between the old landing-stage for passenger vessels and the sea there is to-day a ten-mile stretch of fertile, marshy, fever-haunted, mosquito and snake infested plain, through which the modern Caystrus flows lazily in its narrow and devious channel.

Unlike most of the ancient towns of Asia Minor, Ephesus has a well-defined recorded history. The town, one thousand and forty years before Christ's birth, was founded by Ionian Greeks, who landed at the mouth of the Caystrus and deemed the site suitable for a colony. It came to an end A.D. 1116, when the Seljuks conquered and destroyed it. Thus for over two thousand years Ephesus was one of the most important towns of the then known world, first as the headquarters of the Diana cult, then as the seat of Christian apostles and bishops. It was one of St John's Seven Churches (probably the most important) and a flourishing commercial emporium; its soldiers were renowned for valour,

its craftsmen for skill. Considering the age of London as roughly one thousand years, of Berlin or St Petersburg as five hundred years, of New York as three hundred years, it must be conceded that Ephesus lived to a hoary old age. But a settlement near the site of Ephesus is much older. The Phœnicians founded a colony four miles higher up on the Caystrus several centuries before the advent of the Ionians; and when they did so they found there already a village of the Carians, the original inhabitants of Asia Minor. It is impossible to define the age of the latter—three thousand years before Christ is not an overestimate. When the Seljuks had destroyed biblical Ephesus they built a new town on the ancient Caro-Phœnician site. For two centuries the Seljuk city grew and flourished; but the Seljuk Empire fell to pieces, the Crusaders came and went, the Turks conquered, were beaten, and conquered again, and to-day the dirty Turkish village of Ayasoluk, of five hundred inhabitants, marks the site of the Caro-Phœnician settlement, and is the only living remnant of a glorious history of several thousand years. It is a strange coincidence that on the spot where the Carians began, perhaps fifty centuries ago, the Turks are ingloriously vegetating in our days.

At Ayasoluk, then, we too must begin our wanderings, for we have come from Smyrna, and Ayasoluk is a station on the Smyrna-Aidin railway. There is one other approach to Ephesus—from the little harbour of Scalanuova, on the modern Caystrus mouth, twelve miles westward. But Scalanuova has no regular communication with the outside world; none but Greek and Turkish coasting vessels touch it, though as a place for the clandestine exportation of antiquities (prohibited by the Turkish Government) it is the darling of European excavators and museum agents. Not for long hence, however, for the harbour is being filled in by the all-conquering Caystrus sediment.

Nothing is to be seen in Ayasoluk itself of past grandeur except some thirty pillars of the ancient aqueduct which supplied Ephesus with drinking-water. The village consists of a dismal station, an inn glorified by the name of Grand Hotel, half a dozen rustic Turkish cafés, and a hundred or so of small Turkish and Greek homesteads, poverty-stricken and sordid. But something is to be seen below the surface. There is scarcely a householder in Ayasoluk but has a secret store of antiquities, either dug up—sometimes accidentally, sometimes systematically—or stolen from the excavations.

The steep, bare hill above the village is crowned by a grim and massive castle, a reminder of Seljuk dominion. Very fascinating is the exploration of this gaunt and forbidding remnant of Asiatic barbarism, but we have better things to do.

Immediately outside the village, between it and Ephesus, are the remains of the Seljuk city, consisting of one magnificent mosque, well preserved and a splendid specimen of the Islamic architecture of the period, and perhaps twenty little round dome-crowned buildings which greatly puzzle the uninitiated. They are not in rows or other order, but are irregularly dispersed over the plain. These are the hammams so dear to the Moslem heart—hot-air baths, or Turkish baths, as we call them. Some of them serve as sleeping-places to shepherds, vagrants, brigands. My Smyrniote friend once took refuge in one during a thunderstorm, and came out covered with millions of fleas. He had to burn his clothing. Nevertheless, I ventured into one particularly well preserved; even some of the coloured glass windows in the dome were *in situ*. This one is the private property of a Greek vine-grower of Ayasoluk, who lent me the key. Inside, I found a long stone box, apparently an old Ephesus sarcophagus, with a modern wooden cover. In lifting the latter I discovered human skulls and bones. The Asia Minor Greeks dig their dead out of the ground two or three years after interment, wash the bones, and preserve them in convenient receptacles in places that are not easily accessible.

For twenty minutes we walk along a narrow path through cultivated ground—the fluffy tufts of cotton on one side, young American vines (impervious to phylloxera) on the other—ground so fertile that it will yield abundant crops of almost any produce of any country or climate practically without care. Now and then the end of a fallen column or the corner of a polished marble slab sticking out of the soil reminds us that we are treading classical ground. Apparently we have left life behind us in Ayasoluk, for not a living being is to be seen except a milk-goat and a donkey, who are wending their way homeward unattended, leisurely and as good comrades. It is a glorious autumn day, the sky is of a dark-blue unknown to England, and from the west, from the tideless sea twelve miles away, comes a health-giving breeze.

Almost without warning we arrive at the brink of what appears to be a large quadrangular pool, the size of a London Square. It is partly filled with stagnant water, the remains of last week's rain-storms, and out of the glassy, sky-reflecting surface are protruding pedestals, fallen pillars, bits of statuary, hewn stones, in a disorderly tangle. Snakes are lying on sun-exposed polished marble surfaces, and a pariah dog is quenching his thirst, crouching on a magnificent Dorian capital. Gaze your fill, for you are standing before one of the seven wonders of the old world—the temple of Diana of Ephesus. 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians' cried the multitude, and here is all that remains of the marvel which incited them to frenzy and rage when they thought that unholy innovators had attacked the fair fame of her whom Asia and all the world worshipped. The discovery of the temple ruins is the work of an Englishman, Mr Wood, of the British Museum.

But we must hurry on, for the Smyrna-Aidin railway's last up-train leaves at four o'clock, and we have no mind to try the hospitality of the Grand Hotel, except for a hasty meal before departure.

A two-mile walk along the winding goat-track, between patches of cultivation, rich meadows, and thickets of brambles will bring us to the theatre, the centre of the ancient town. Half-dug-up remains everywhere, on both sides of the path, among blackberry tangles and wild-olive groves, on the big hill to our left, called Mount Prion, along the slopes of which to the flat top extended the old city in the Caystrus plain on our right. This was apparently the residential quarter. It has hardly been touched yet by excavators; most of what has been found or uncovered here is the accidental result of soil-cultivation. We cross the remains of the old city wall, which on this very spot was seven stadia (a mile) from the temple, according to the famous story of the string by which the wall and the temple were once connected during a siege, and which, when measured, proved the city itself to be within the sanctuary limits of the holy and inviolate house of the great goddess; though I believe it has never been satisfactorily explained why the temple, the *raison d'être* of the town, was without the city walls.

We turn the corner of Mount Prion on our left, and all at once the whole glory of inner Ephesus, the business and pleasure centre, bursts upon us, as laid bare by the Austrians during the last three years. Here are the 'City' and the 'West End'—the 'City' extending from the landing-stage, along a straight, stone-flagged principal thoroughfare, composed mainly of shops, to the theatre, the 'West End' (east end in this case) clustering around the latter, with gymnasia, assembly rooms, cafés, baths, and other places of public resort.

The preservation of this part of the town is astonishing. Except that most of the roofs have fallen in, we walk about exactly as St Paul must have done scores of times. We tread the same stone flags of the 'High Street' which he trod, we stand on the steps of the landing-stage where he no doubt passed the scrutiny of the Customs officials of the period, we enter the very shops in which he and his companions bought the necessities of life.

The shops occupy generally in one apartment the whole surface of the ground floors—the houses along the 'High Street' are singularly small for so big and flourishing a city—and have side-entrances and stairs leading to the upper-floors (mostly fallen in), where the shopkeepers and craftsmen dwelt with their families. Some few have back-parlours, and all appear to have had yards or back-gardens separating them from those of the parallel streets. The stone-flagged entrances are worn-out in many degrees, some have deep ruts left by countless customers' feet, others are almost intact.

Where dwelt 'a certain man named Demetrius'? It is, of course, impossible to identify his house in a quarter a mile in length; but since he must undoubtedly have had his shop in the 'High Street'—for he was the doyen of his world-renowned craft, a prosperous and influential man—we can form a conjecture.

A thousand years elapsed between St Paul's visits and the end of Ephesus as a big city of the Byzantine Empire. It may, therefore, be argued that the 'High Street' as we see it to-day is not that of Demetrius, that its shops and houses were rebuilt perhaps a dozen times in that interval. But jerry-builders, that curse of our age, were unknown to those times. Houses were of stone—indeed of great slabs and blocks of stone—erected to last, and speculative building, surely that most immoral form of all forms of speculation, had not yet been invented. The theatre, the gymnasia, the public offices, the smaller temples, the first Christian churches, the mausolea, the market-buildings, the gates, the guard-houses, all built in the first or second century, lasted till the end of the town, as proved by the unearthed remains; why not the private houses, which were built of the same material, with the same skill, in the same manner? Let no stay-at-home savant rob us of the pleasure of an afternoon call on Demetrius the silversmith.

Here is a shop of prosperous appearance. Thanks to the Austrians, the flagged floor and the staircase are as white and clean as if a London 'step-lady' had just operated on them. The entrance-stones to the shop are worn. There is a back-parlour. In the yard a piece of a life-sized statue betrays both the piety and the taste of the occupier, who said to his fellow-craftsmen, 'Sirs, ye know that by this business we have our wealth.' I heard from an Austrian official that the bust, both arms, and one of the feet of the statue were found close by, singly and much damaged; one of the arms was spoiled by an unskilled labourer, the bust and the feet were already hopelessly damaged when found, and the intact arm was sent to Vienna. But the head was missing, as indeed most of the statues found at Ephesus were headless. The explanation of this is that Christian iconoclasts played havoc with the heathen images, and used the heads as balls for skittles.

A five minutes' walk takes us to the remains of what appears to be a big hall, say an assembly room or restaurant, or other place of public resort. Perchance here the indignation-meeting of craftsmen addressed by Demetrius took place. Two minutes more take us to the gigantic theatre, compared to which Covent Garden is an infant in size. It is practically intact. Rows upon rows, tiers upon tiers, a platform for judges or distinguished company, the proscenium, the stone-flagged circular arena covered with fresh yellow sand from the near beach after each performance, the dens for wild beasts, the cells for prisoners about to be sacrificed to the lust and the cruelty of a decadent people, the subterranean passages by which the beasts or gladiators or other performers were led to the arena, low boxes that look like pay-offices—they are all there, as white and new as if built last year. Apparently the Austrians have not quite finished here yet, for in places dwarf beeches, hawthorn, bramble, nettles, and long flowering grass grow

still in the crevices. When these will have been removed the theatre will probably be the best-preserved ruin in the world. Here is the central stone flag on which orators stood when addressing the multitude. From here their voices reached to the upmost tier, high up against the skyline. Here stood the Jew Alexander when he attempted to defend St Paul, and the town-clerk who soothed the frantic crowd.

Time presses, and we must return Ayasolukward. We do so on the other, the northern, side of the big hill, the circuit of which we shall have made by the time we have finished. Mount Prion itself, with its numerous ruins, and the extensive fortifications, partly Roman, partly Seljuk, on the hill-crest three miles west of Ephesus (a castellated line two miles long, showing grimly against the skyline), are out of the question for a one-day excursion. In fact, an exploration of these occupied me on a subsequent visit three entire days.

The business quarter is on a level with the arena of the theatre, which we have thus entered from below. The quarter which we are about to traverse is on a level with the upmost of the twenty tiers. We have, therefore, to ascend one of the steep gangways to the very top. Here we leave the theatre, turn a corner, and are suddenly amid an army of labourers, who dig and carry away the soil on trollies running on rails. A superintendent informs us that these men are now excavating the street, two miles long, which led from the theatre to the cemeteries.

For a quarter of an hour our progress is laborious and unpleasant. We sink into loose soil, step gingerly over rails, tools, stones, bits of statuary, dodge trollies, carts, and barrows, evade blows of shovel and pickaxe, seek to avoid contact with dirty, ragged, visibly verminous Greek workmen. At last we come to the site which at present hides the old Roman, Greek, and Jewish burial-grounds, and which—so we have been told—will be the next task of the Austrian excavators. A modern path follows apparently the main thoroughfare of the cemetery. On both sides, among fig-trees and olive-trees and a jungle of brambles and shrubs, are sarcophagi, a few wholly unearthed, the majority partly visible. Much has been stolen here in the course of eight centuries, much more relentlessly destroyed; but ten times as much is still hidden in mother-earth. A little apart is the well-preserved tomb of St Luke; the sarcophagus had disappeared when it was first identified by Mr Wood. From here we have a fine view of the Magnesian Gates, the principal landward entrance to the city, in almost perfect condition. Close by are the remains of a large building which inscriptions in Greek and Latin denote as the mart or exchange of the wool-merchants.

The tree and shrub bordered path ends abruptly in a sort of open space, and the transformation from classical antiquity to the sordid present is painful and sudden. For here are a dingy modern mosque with a rickety minaret, a dirty Greek café, a drinking fountain erected by a pious Ayasolukian Moslem to perpetuate his name, and the little shanty of a *kolji*, or policeman, employed by the Tobacco-Régie to prevent smuggling. We are thirsty, and the water from the fountain flows clear and sparkling into the basin, its overflow into the cattle-trough, but there is no drinking-vessel. We have said nothing; yet in a few seconds the *kolji*, in his shabby blue uniform, brings us on a tray three quaint earthenware mugs, no doubt his or his wife's own handiwork. We know the Turks, and therefore refrain from offering the small monetary return which would be expected in Christian countries. If we did he would rudely refuse and turn aside, thinking, 'These horrible Unbelievers cannot even understand that a man may do an act of kindness or hospitality simply because it is the right thing to do.'

Ten minutes more bring us to the Grand Hotel, where the meal ordered before our departure is waiting for us. Basins, soap, and towels are displayed on the spare wooden chairs of the dining-room. The visitors' book, which contains some of the most famous names in the world of travel, history, and research, is placed open on the table, with pen and ink by its side, and in a far corner are several wooden boxes containing the landlord's private trading store of curios, coins, and antiquities. We are agreeably surprised. The repast is good—indeed, very good for this part of the world—and the native wine, served gratis, is excellent. The Greek landlord himself accompanies us to the station, carrying our cameras, and wishes us a happy voyage and safe return to our homes and families.

'PIKE'S PEAK, OR BU'ST.'

DURING the past fifty years we have heard of many important gold-discoveries in various parts of the world, generally in remote and almost inaccesible regions. This is just what suits the old, case-hardened prospecter, who estimates the value of the 'strike' by the difficulty of getting there. Doubtless 'distance lends enchantment to the view.' The Californian gold-hunter will casually tell his friend that he intends starting in the afternoon for the new find in South America, which may be a thousand miles up the Amazon, in the heart of the jungle; adding, with a chuckle, that not one white man in twenty can stand the climate—so much yellow-fever and cholera, to say nothing of poisonous reptiles, hostile

Indians, &c. 'But the gravel pays an ounce to the pan, sir, and the quartz goes a thousand dollars a ton.' In all probability the speaker will quit work in a mine where he is paid four dollars a day to start on a wild-goose chase, and perish in some dismal swamp. Possibly not more than one man in three of those who started the first winter for the Klondyke ever reached Dawson City. Many turned back before half the distance had been covered, but hundreds perished in the rapids of the Yukon or were swept away by avalanches in the mountains. Many men gave up good positions in South Africa to start for these diggings, well within the Arctic Circle. One must know these old Argonauts well to realise how utterly fearless they are. As we write, the daily papers inform us that large parties are on the way to the new gold-fields near the Straits of Magellan.

In the early sixties news reached Virginia City, Nevada, of the discovery of some very rich gold-quartz veins in the foothills at the base of Pike's Peak, Colorado, about five hundred miles east. The locality was easy of access; there were no dangerous rivers to cross, and only one range of mountains. There were long stretches of alkali desert, however, so that it would be necessary to carry food for animals. The great danger was the certainty of having to run the gauntlet through tribes of hostile Indians and parties of scarcely less hostile Mormons. These treacherous white men, known in their Church as the 'destroying angels,' infested the old emigrant road, under the leadership of the notorious Bill Hickman, and acted as scouts for the Indians. Occasionally, as in the Mountain Meadows massacre, they would disguise themselves as Indians, and attack emigrants, killing the men and carrying off women and children to the Salt Lake. They undoubtedly had orders from Brigham Young and the Elders of Mormonism to prevent as far as possible any influx of Gentiles into Utah. There was an abundance of wood in the vicinity of the mines, and water for power—two necessary things for the working of gold or silver ores.

About three thousand men started from the Pacific coast on the Pike's Peak rush, and one bright morning in May 1864 found seven of us in Virginia City fully equipped for the trip.

For prospecters, we started luxuriously. We had a fine covered spring wagon drawn by four powerful mules, each animal standing sixteen hands; and in this we carried our tools, provisions, rifles, and bedding, and every man had a saddle-horse. We had arranged to start at eight in the morning; but it was fully noon before we got clear of the main street. We had many friends in town, and as we passed each saloon the proprietor and a few of our chums would sally forth and insist on our coming in to take a parting drink. Had we wished to increase the strength of our little party, we should have experienced no difficulty in inducing a hundred men to throw up their work on the Comstock and start with us. We promised all our friends to write and let them know what luck we had met with, and if we struck anything very rich to be sure and take them up claims.

Among the little party there were three experienced prospecters, men who were not only able to estimate the value of gold or silver ore, but were thoroughly good judges of quartz-lodes. One of them, years before, had discovered a very valuable vein in Australia, which had paid him in five years sixty thousand pounds; but somehow he had let it all slip through his fingers, principally on the Stock Exchange. We had a regularly ordained mining engineer, a surveyor, and an old fellow named Gale who had been a night watchman in Virginia, and had been shipped as driver, and looked after the horses and mules. And, lastly, we had a man to collect firewood, carry water, and cook.

There was a man in the party, classed as a prospecter, of whom special mention must be made on account of his strange career in Europe and the tragic fate he met with in Colorado. Captain Octavien Natthey was a Swiss by birth, a man of about fifty years of age. In youth he had held a commission in a French cavalry regiment, and had been employed by his Government in a confidential capacity as secret agent attached to the Embassy in Berlin—a diplomatic spy, in fact. He narrowly escaped arrest in Berlin, but fortunately got across the Rhine just as the German military authorities were in possession of proof that he had smuggled out of the country several plans of fortresses and the drawings of a new field-gun. After many strange adventures and hairbreadth escapes from the vengeance of anarchists whose plans he had betrayed, Natthey drifted over to America, and, having a good knowledge of mining, resolved to try his luck on the Pacific coast. We were glad to have him with us, for he was known to be a splendid rifle-shot; when he 'drew a bead' on a redskin at five hundred yards there was a 'good Injun' when he pressed the trigger.

For the first few days we averaged thirty miles a day across the Nevada plains, and camped one night on the bank of a swift-flowing stream in Humboldt County, at a little hay-ranch owned by an old fellow named Inskip. He was a surly old savage, and refused us permission to draw water from his well, compelling us to use the muddy creek-water for our coffee. During the night we held a council of war to devise some plan for crossing the narrow creek. It was too deep for the mules to haul a loaded wagon across, and the current was running at the rate of ten miles an hour, being fed by the melting snow in the mountains. There was a small 'corral' or pen for horses near the house, built up with poles about twenty feet in length, and with these we constructed an excellent foot-bridge. There was a large flat boulder in the centre of the creek, and the poles were long enough to reach from the bank to the rock, and from that point to the opposite bank. We secured them with ropes, and having

unloaded all our provisions, bedding, &c., carried everything over in safety. The mules and horses we swam across, and then, with a long rope, we pulled the empty wagon to the opposite bank. We had accomplished our task by six in the morning, and were harnessing the team, when old Inskip came to the door of his cabin, and, seeing that his 'corral' had been destroyed, grabbed his Henry rifle, and, with much profanity, assured us that he would shoot every mother's son of the party. This was annoying, for the old pirate could shoot from the shelter of the log hut; and as he hailed from South Carolina, where the natives would sooner shoot than drink whisky, we might be sure that he knew how to handle a rifle. He had been taken prisoner while fighting under 'Stonewall' Jackson in one of the early battles of the Civil War, but had escaped from the Federal pickets; he still wore his Confederate gray overcoat. To have attempted the ascent of the steep pinch ahead of us, leaving that old fellow in our rear, with a sixteen-shooter and lots of cartridges, would have been madness; he could pick off the mules, with a possible chance of a shot at one of us, from his hut without giving any opening for a return fire. Prompt action was necessary; so Bill Coons, one of our fellows who came from the same state, volunteered to go back and try to square the old fellow. A white handkerchief was raised on a whipstock, and our man crossed the bridge and advanced up to the cabin door; we could see the muzzle of the rifle covering him, but Inskip did not show hand or foot.

'Hold on, colonel, an' put up yer shootin' iron; I want to have a quiet talk with you,' said Coons.

'A quiet talk, you measly set o' jay-hawkin' bushwhackers!' replied the colonel.

'Now, colonel, it's no use yer gettin' mad about a few old poles,' remarked Coons.

'I expect yer playin' me fur a Chinaman. I tell you, sirree, thar ain't another stick o' timber growin' in this God-forsaken country, an' I had to haul them poles forty miles from the mountains,' roared Inskip; 'an' I'll shoot the stuffin' out o' every mean white man in yer party,' added the old fire-eater.

'Jest hear me talk a little sense,' answered Coons, 'an' I kin prove, if yer ain't quite a lunatic, that thar's five thousand dollars in that footbridge, more money than thar is to-day in the old Palmetto State, an' I hail from Charleston myself; that's more than yer measly old hay-ranch is worth.'

'Jest p'int that out to me, mister,' replied Inskip in a somewhat gentler tone of voice.

'Wall, it's about like this,' remarked Coons. 'Jest set to work an' fix up that bridge; make it a couple of poles wider, an' anchor it solid on the rock an' both banks. Thar's pretty near five thousand folks a-comin' along from California an' Nevada this season to Pike's Peak, an' they must pass yer ranch. Thar's over a thousand Chinamen on the road now, all carryin' their mats of rice an' stuff. Jest set up a board an' paint a sign, "Toll Bridge," an' yer can scoop in twenty-five cents a head from white men an' half-a-dollar from Chinamen. Don't yer fret; they'll come out so long as the water holds in the creek, so let's take a drink an' call it square.'

Coons, before starting on his mission, had provided himself with a flask of whisky, and we were glad to see the old fellow come to the door with a couple of tin pannikins. They drank together and shook hands, when our ambassador returned, having negotiated the treaty—'Peace with honour!' It may be mentioned that Inskip followed the advice of Coons, and for months after our arrival at Pike's Peak we were told by several new-comers that they had paid toll at his ranch.

We were making good time across the plains of Southern Utah, and had not met with any Indians, although we crossed their trail more than once. One evening we followed a road that led us to a little Mormon settlement—three or four small frame-cottages, each with a few acres in Indian corn and vegetables. The men were all absent, and none of them had more than one wife. We bought a sack of potatoes from one woman, a German, who spoke good English, and received us in a most friendly manner. We paid her for the vegetables in silver dollars, and it was amusing to see her astonishment at handling money; she told us that she had not seen a coin for three years. The trading in the Mormon settlements in those days was all done by barter; the Church stores used to supply the 'faithful' with rough clothing, groceries, farming implements, seed, &c., and take away all their crops. The bishops and elders alone could convert these into cash. We were extremely lucky in having gained the goodwill of this kind-hearted woman, for she gave us a bit of information to which many, if not all of us, owed our lives. She told us that President Young and his chief adviser, Heber Kimball, had determined to stop the influx of Gentiles into Utah by sending out the Nauvoo Legion to incite the Indians to acts of hostility, and forbidding the Mormons to hold any intercourse with them or to sell them any provisions. Furthermore, she told us that many Indians had lately been seen heading for Heber's Cañon, about fifty miles distant, and to be careful and avoid passing through it. This was startling news indeed, for our road lay directly through the narrow pass; and in it, as our chart showed, were the only springs to be met with for the following seventy miles of the journey. We expressed our gratitude to her, and promised to be guided by her advice. Before leaving we replenished her larder with many delicacies, such as tinned oysters, chicken, Worcester sauce, &c.

We followed the old emigrant road for the next two days, until we got to within about six miles of the mouth of the cañon, which was flanked on either side by steep hills, merging gradually into the plain. We soon realised that our Mormon

friend was not mistaken when she warned us of the presence of Indians in the hills, as we could distinctly see their smoke-signals. We camped near a water-hole where there was some bunch-grass for our animals, and were careful to dig a shallow hole behind our wagon for the small fire of dry sage-brush we lit for making coffee (the sage-twigs make a hot fire without giving any smoke). We sent out a scout during the night, on the fastest horse we had, to examine the country south of the hills, who, on his return, reported that, by leaving the range about two miles on our left, the road through the sage-brush was practicable for the wagon. About five next morning we started, and followed the road for about three miles before finding a good place to turn off; and, making a detour, we travelled parallel to the range for eighteen miles before halting. The sand was very heavy, and the mules were completely exhausted. The Indians were evidently disappointed by our flank movement, for we saw their smoke going up to warn those on the north side of the cañon of our line of advance. We knew that we were safe from attack during the day, and felt no alarm, although with a good field-glass we could see them riding along the side-hills, keeping abreast of us. We had filled our water-barrel at the last resting-place, so had no fear of having to make a 'dry camp' that night.

The point at which we unharnessed the mules was about a mile and a half from the range, and we were certain that we should be attacked at the hour the Indians of the plains always select—a little before sunrise—so we built no fire, but had cold whisky-and-water in place of coffee. When darkness set fairly in we went to work, in order to be able to give our friends a warm reception. We judged that there were not more than thirty of them, so we did not worry. We collected all our animals and made them fast on the off-side of the wagon, horses saddled, in case we should have to make a run for it, and cut a big pile of sage-brush sufficient to make a breastwork four feet high round the wagon, knowing that Mr Redskin has no stomach for attacking the slightest obstacle behind which his enemy may fire. The sun would rise a little after four, so we looked forward to our visitors arriving about three. The event showed that we had not miscalculated.

Our little zareba having been completed, there was nothing more to be done but remain quiet and wait. Captain Natthey had taken command, and stationed each man at his post. Our arms consisted of three Springfield rifles (an excellent weapon then used in the American army), two Henry sixteen-shooters, a Colt's repeating rifle (the captain's favourite gun), and a Westley-Richards rifle used by a Cornishman (for which he had his own cartridges, filled with heavy buckshot), a most effective weapon at close range.

A little after three, and before the faintest sound of the approaching Indians reached our ears, the animals, especially the mules, became very restive, tugging at their halters in their endeavours to get free. The sense of smell possessed by these animals is wonderfully acute, and they seem to have an instinctive dread of Indian ponies. Many a prospecter has owed his life to the fact that his mount has scented the unseen enemy, and bolted in an opposite direction, carrying his rider to safety. We knew what this restlessness meant; and, listening with our ears to the ground for a few minutes, we could distinctly hear the galloping of the Indians, who expected to find us quietly rolled up in our blankets. There was not a breath of air, but a slight haze hung over the plain; and the captain requested us not to waste cartridges on long shots, but wait patiently until we saw our Indian through the sights, and then, lying prone, each one could blaze away comfortably through such loophole as he may have made through the breastwork. Unfortunately, the atmosphere was getting very thick, so much so that each man had to rub the tip of a wet lucifer match on fore and back sights of his rifle. By that means he obtained two luminous points which enabled him to take good aim.

The Indians came down in single file, being led by the notorious Bigfoot, a bloodthirsty savage who had eluded the United States troops for years, and was reported to have the scalps of fourteen white men hanging up in his *rancheria*. He rode up to within about a hundred yards of the breastwork; and, thinking it had a somewhat uncanny look, without a moment's hesitation, wheeled round to his right, looking for an opening on the west or south face of the parallelogram. Jim Powning, the Cornishman, was on the west; and, judging Bigfoot within easy range, he sent a buckshot cartridge into the pony, which dropped him. The Indian had thrown himself completely over on the off-side as he galloped, so he presented no mark for a shot. He fired three or four times over the animal's neck, and, agile as a wild cat, in one spring he was clear of the pony. Before he could gather himself for a run the captain fired, and he fell, shot through the backbone. Bigfoot, at last, was a 'good Injun.' About a dozen of those following him circled round to the right, galloping about three lengths apart, and as many more, taking a wider sweep, tried the eastern face of the zareba. The Indian of the plains, like the Cossack, is a born horseman; with body down and one knee crooked round the horn of the saddle, he will blaze away at his enemy. You must drop his mount first, and then knock the rider over on the run.

By this time the fog had cleared, and the sun was just showing through a clear atmosphere. The Indians were circling round us at about two hundred yards, and keeping up an incessant fire from their Springfields, aiming at the wagon, in which they supposed we were lying. The only damage done by sunrise was the wounding of Bill Coons, shot through the shoulder, and we had a couple of horses killed. Whenever we dropped a pony, two or three Indians would ride up to help

the dismounted man to get away; that was our chance, and we would give them a volley. Captain Natthey preferred picking off his man on the gallop, and claimed no less than seven. With the sun shining, we knew the attack was over, and were not sorry to see the redskins starting for the hills, in single file, as they had advanced, and two lucky shots brought down the two hindmost, who were carried away, probably only wounded.

When the fight was over we went out, and counted no less than thirteen redskins. Those who were only wounded were quickly put out of pain. One vicious-looking savage, from whose chest the blood was flowing, rolled over and got hold of his rifle, but a well-planted bullet prevented his using it.

We collected nine Springfield rifles and full cartridge-belts, all bearing the U.S. brand; also two old smooth-bore shot-guns. It is horrible to think that traders at the military posts sell Government arms and ammunition to the Indians, but it is an undisputed fact. Even at the present day hostile Apaches in Arizona are frequently found armed with the latest-pattern Winchesters. An Indian will pay a hundred dollars for such a weapon and a belt of cartridges.

We felt tired after our long vigil, and soon had a good fire for breakfast, to which we did ample justice, feeling that we had done the State a service.

The remainder of the trip was made without any further trouble; and, although eighty miles off, we were delighted to see Pike's Peak lifting his snow-crowned summit nine thousand feet above sea-level. Some years ago the United States Government established an observatory up there, probably one of the loftiest weather-stations in the world. We passed a long train of wagons from Idaho, bearing on their covers in large letters the motto, 'Pike's Peak, or Bu'st.'

On arriving at Golden City, not far from where Denver, the capital of Colorado, now stands, we sold our entire outfit for a good figure. The proceeds, being divided up, gave each man sufficient to keep up his prospecting expenses for six months.

Captain Natthey gave us all a champagne supper before he left. He announced his intention of starting out to prospect the range about forty miles north of the Peak. We were sorry to lose him; for, however shady may have been his past in Europe, we had ever found him a comrade to be trusted in the hour of danger.

Within two months he discovered a very rich vein of gold-quartz, naming it the 'Eugenie,' after the French Empress, and it was not long before he had twenty men at work developing it. His success attracted many prospecters out to the new district, and the mining papers of Colorado and the Pacific States published lengthy articles on the Eugenie, together with romantic sketches of the life and adventures of the 'famous light-cavalry officer, Captain Natthey.' This publicity was just what he dreaded and was so anxious to avoid. There were many foreigners, principally Frenchmen, to be met with in the mining-camps of Colorado and the Far West. Natthey knew that he was a marked man among them, and that his doom had been pronounced at secret meetings of sundry political clubs in France. This was well known to many members of the Mafia and kindred societies, who had established lodges as far off as California, and they were pledged to carry out the death sentence in any part of the world where they should meet the man who had betrayed them and sent some of their leaders to Cayenne.

About nine months after the discovery of the Eugenie a couple of strangers rode into Golden City, then only a rough mining-town. They were of French nationality and spoke English imperfectly. They put up at the best hotel, and seemed to be well supplied with money; they represented themselves as French Canadians sent out from Montreal to examine mines. It was remarked by visitors at the hotel that they never attempted to visit any of the claims in the neighbourhood, only taking an occasional canter along the road which had been built to the Eugenie property.

Natthey, who had started a little quartz-mill on his claim, generally came into town once a month to deposit bullion in Wells Fargo's bank, and draw sufficient coin for miners' wages, purchase of supplies, &c. One evening Dr Mitchell was driving in to town in his buggy; he had gone out the day previously to perform an amputation at the Eugenie on a poor fellow whose leg had been crushed by a falling rock. When within about five miles of home, at a sharp turn in the road, his horse shied at something lying near the bank in the shadow of a big pine-tree. The doctor pulled up, and stepped down to investigate. To his horror, he found Octavien Natthey prone on his face, dead, with two bullet-holes in his back. Robbery was not the object of the murderers, for in the pocket of the dead man the gold was found which he had drawn from the bank that day. It may have been a coincidence; but the two strangers from Montreal were never seen again at their hotel.

INITIATORY.

THE fluting of the blackbird dies away,
The sea-fires slumber where the sun goes down,
The fishing fleet steals up the shimmering bay,
The lights are lit in all the little town,
The sheep are folded, and the night's white crown,
Star-jewelled, rules upon the waning day.

'Mid violets and lilies fall'n asleep
She comes with sunset in her wistful eyes,
Shy as the dawn breaks on the rain-wash'd deep.
Gentle as dreams, serene as wide white skies;
The glory of her presence on me cries,
As up the blue night love and stillness creep.

J. M. HAY.

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IN PRAISE OF LIVERPOOL.

By KATHARINE BURRILL, Author of *The Amateur Cook*, *Loose Beads*, *Corner Stones*, &c.

IN one of the most amusing and evergreen plays, Brazil is vaguely referred to as 'Brazil, where the nuts come from.' Many people only think of Liverpool as the place from which you set sail for America: this is not a distinguishing description, as you can arrive at New York from Southampton and London! Other folk with a wider knowledge know that Gladstone was born within sound of the Mersey, and the smart and the sporting connect Liverpool with the Grand National and the Waterloo Cup. These be plain facts, 'which nobody can deny;' but if we venture so far as to talk of the beauties of Liverpool, to dwell with enthusiasm on her sunsets and her lovely seascapes and river-pictures, our hearers grow sceptical and are quite sure that we have left the solid dominion of fact for the golden-hued kingdom of fancy. To the traveller who hurries through Liverpool *en route* for somewhere else, to the Liberal politician whose pilgrimage begins and ends in Rodney Street, and to those who, like Dazzle, 'were born on a horse' and only go to Aintree, I should like to recommend Mr Dixon Scott's volume entitled *Liverpool*, a book that has many remarkable literary qualities, and is enhanced and beautified by the exquisite water-colours of Mr Hamilton Hay. There is a little anecdote of some great painter who, on being told his colouring was exaggerated, and being informed by the ordinary groundlings, 'We do not see it like that,' pleasantly replied, 'No? Well, don't you wish you could?' The proper spirit in which to read Dixon Scott's clever impressionist sketch, the right frame of mind to bring with you when you look at the pictures, is, 'If I can't—well, I wish I could, and at least I will try.' Personally, I see this good city by the river-sea in the halo of romance wrapped round it by the author, and touched with the soft, clear colourings the artist knows how to use so tenderly and well. But then Liverpool is my home, where I have my 'but and ben' and my 'bits of things;' and it may be a cat-like quality, but I grow attached to my surroundings, and feel somewhat indignant when I hear this vast city dismissed as gray, ugly, dirty, and unattractive. Therefore am I properly grateful to Mr Scott for having set out his big jars full of 'prave 'orts' and good sounding phrases, and for not having been afraid of dashing in rays of scarlet and vermilion, nor of draping his sentences in a garment of purple and crimson. Hamilton Hay has loyally aided and abetted him; and if he has made 'Electric Car Terminus, Pierhead,' look like a gorgeous Feast of Lanterns, who would not rather see that blaze of lights and rosy mists than a plain drawing of the 'harmless (?) necessary' tram? Any one can draw a representation of a tram—a child could do it on a slate with a squeaky slate-pencil; it takes an artist to show us what tramway-cars *can* look like, and to make us think of 'Jinga-Jinga ring ring Feast of Lanterns,' and wonder if Aladdin and Badroulbadour are swinging their gaily lit lamps and joining in the chorus. Perhaps the longing and love for colour—colour—colour at all costs really proves that poor, dear Liverpool is gray after all; if this is the case, let us hie ourselves to the river, where even the gray and shadowy clouds have their own peculiar beauty. With characteristic cleverness Dixon Scott begins his book with the Mersey, and I wish it were possible to quote at length all that he says of our River—the vastness and the wonder of it—'a place heavy with traditions, full of the sense of old passions.' Without the Mersey, Liverpool could not exist; even to-day, with all her multifarious interests and occupations, take away her shipping and where would she be? The shipping! Does the very word not conjure up a whole series of pictures in our minds—from the days when the little trading-smacks from Wales and Dublin now and then beached in the Pool, through the long ages lurid with fight and big with endeavour, to the ship of to-morrow that will beat the *Lusitania* and dwarf the *Baltic*? Kipling tells us we can be romantic over a railway train—the particularly dull, prosaic railway train that takes the frock-coated and top-hatted to their various

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forms of money-getting—or losing! No one needs to draw our attention to the romance of the sea; we feel it in our very heart's blood. Are there not many peaceful citizens sitting in their revolving office-chairs (the careful umbrella, even perhaps the still more coddlesome and careful goloshes, in the corner) who 'in the dawn of early youth' read the romances of Sindbad and Robinson Crusoe, and longed to go to sea? Perhaps there are others who, like Norrie Seaton, actually ran away to sea with their clothes (like his) packed in a bolster-case—to look nautical—and were brought ignominiously home again and scolded and birched and lessoned and office-stooled till they eventually arrived at that revolving chair. When Samuel Budgett, the successful merchant, walks on the landing-stage, and the sharp tang of the sea-breeze strikes his cheek, does not the brine-tang also touch his heart and send him back to his work softened and refreshed, full of old memories of his youth, less hard on the playful but destructive office-boy, and—perhaps—more sympathetic with the younger generation who, deep in the adventures of the Swiss Family Robinson, girds at the prospect of the Budgettian office, even though the revolving chair has castors of gold? Let us be thankful that the sea-winds play round Liverpool and sweep cleanly—albeit somewhat chillily—through her streets, to keep us a little young in heart and not entirely set on becoming millionaire Budgetts. If we were only Egyptians who knew how to appreciate their Nile, or picturesque Hindus who venerate their rivers, we might have an annual ceremony of blessing the waters to show that we are grateful to the gods that be for giving us our Mersey. When I first arrived in Liverpool, and, being ignorant, thought our sojourn there was to exculpate past sins, my heart was cheered and uplifted by two things: the Liver Bird, that stately and stork-like emblem of the city, and the silver oar carried before the Lord Mayor. I felt no city could be devoid of romance that owned an oar, and the Liver Bird seemed cheerful and friendly; heraldic possibly in origin, but why not also mythological and own cousin to the hippogriff of Leigh Hunt, to the Phœnix and Alice in Wonderland's gryphon? In my original ignorance I thought of the Liver Birds building their happy nests by the side of the Pool, and eventually disappearing (along with the Pool) only to return from shadowland to brood protectingly over the city that has risen where their willow-woven homes once stood. Alas! I am credibly informed that, like Sairey Gamp's Mrs Harris, 'there is no sich person,' and that there never were any birds at all. Mercifully, there really was a pool, and in an old book I discovered that 'Liverpool' is supposed to have come from the Welsh words 'Lle'r pwll'—place on the pool; this of course entirely disposes of the poor Liver! When, in the year of grace 1907, we indulged in a Pageant, many gibes were cast at Liverpool for being so comparatively modern. York, Ripon, and Chester, with their ancient charters, look upon us as a mere mushroom growth; if we are so painfully young, can we not retaliate by saying, 'Is there no merit in having done so much in such a little while?' Besides, a charter given in the reign of King John of most unfortunate memory is hardly a thing of last week. I grant you that it is a pity we are not connected with a more reputable king, though it says much for the Lackland's perspicacity that he realised the value and importance of the land along the shores of the Mersey. It seems somewhat sad that poor King John could not know how well this venture has turned out, most of his exploits being so singularly unsuccessful; our river full to overflowing with ships would more than compensate for that unfortunate affair on the banks of the Wash!

The Pageant proved that, though commercial, we could present pictures of stirring times, and if any one wishes to know how we battled our way from the earliest days he cannot do better than read Professor Ramsay Muir's excellent *History of Liverpool*, published a year ago. Liverpool has had its own fair share of fighting and been well battered by both Royalists and Roundheads; to those of us who own allegiance to the Stuarts it is pleasant to remember—with all Lancashire turned Cromwellian—that Lathom and Liverpool stood solid for King Charles. At a later date the Liverpolitans became staunch Hanoverians—perhaps it showed their good sense—but it rather grieves us to hear of thirteen tons of biscuits sent to the Duke of Cumberland. Would those biscuits not have loomed more picturesque and interesting had they gone to Bonnie Prince Charlie and his ragged and faithful Highlanders! However, the Liverpool merchants knew their own business best—'the Butcher' had the biscuits and Charlie had none; not only was he biscuitless, but had he ventured near the Mersey he would have met with a warm reception, for 'a regiment of foot, called the Liverpool Blues, was raised for the King's service, equipped by a subscription of six thousand pounds; while in addition seven companies of volunteers for local service were raised and officered by leading townsmen.' All these well-drilled citizens were waiting for the first sight of the Highland Host, their motto 'Defence, not Defiance;' but when the Highlanders did not appear they marched out towards Warrington, destroyed many bridges, and, discovering a remnant of the Highland Host, left it still more a remnant than they found it. Liverpool had no time for discontented Jacobites upsetting their trading and interfering with their comfortable prosperity. It is so long ago—or so it seems, for what, after all, *is* one hundred years?—that to-day it is difficult to be properly thrilled and horrified when we think that much of Liverpool's wealth and prosperity came from the slave-trade. Madame Sans Gêne tells Napoleon's sisters that their crowns are covered with blood, and neither of the Queens is much distressed. When Cooke the actor shouted at his audience of Liverpool

merchants, 'Every brick of your detestable town is cemented by the blood of a negro slave!' I have no doubt each merchant thought *his* house free of such unpleasant cement and *his* sovereigns clean in the handling, whatever the houses and wealth of his next-door neighbours might be. When you read of them they seem so decent and kindly and respectable, these old Liverpool traders in 'black ivory,' that it is hard to believe that they could have sanctioned or known of the suffering and misery inflicted on their human merchandise. We may not excuse their possible ignorance, but we *can* offer up all praise and honour to those who bravely fought for the abolition of this evil, 'which had brought upon the town a flood of wealth, but brought upon it also the responsibility for an ocean of suffering and tears.' That the merchants at the back of their minds were a little doubtful of their trade in 'sable-hued ivory' is proved by the anecdote of the medical student who let a negro's head fall out of a bag in a steep street—not a hundred miles from Liverpool!—where it rolled and bumped till it stopped and loudly knocked at the door of an old slave-dealer, scaring that same respectable slave-dealer almost out of his wits. 'Conscience makes cowards of us all.'

In the agitation against this abominable practice one name stands out like a star, that of William Roscoe, one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, of Liverpool's citizens. At the early age of nineteen, when the slave-trade merrily (for the merchant) and mournfully (for the slave) held its way, long before any doubt was cast upon the integrity of the merchants or the lawful character of their proceedings, Roscoe dared to put his views into verse. At a later date, when the anti-slavery movement was in full blast, he again wrote a long poem, calling it 'The Wrongs of Africa;' and it was always to him a matter of satisfaction that though only in Parliament for three months he was yet able to record his vote on the side of humanity and justice. All over and passed away one hundred years ago, gone the merchants who acquired the wealth, gone the poor slaves who gave it to them—though the pillars they were chained to still stand (or stood till very lately) in Goree Piazza; if there were sorrowful blood and tears mixed with our building, have not the generous charities, the noble benefactions, of our merchant-princes washed them away for ever?

In a neat little volume entitled *The Stranger in Liverpool* we are told, 'The general character and manners of the inhabitants, as they assume no characteristic peculiarly striking to distinguish them from those of other towns similar in pursuits, need not detain our attention.' I do not quite know what distinguishing features the writer had expected to find in 1846; but Dixon Scott has charming things to say of the populace in 1907. He finds the maidens—the far-famed Lancashire Lassies—not only fair to see but also 'tall and large-limbed, more Hebe than Diana, with the grace of swiftness rather than of languor, and a mode of gowning that deals directly with the body's needs; and so the body, being so admirably fashioned, immensely rejoices the eye.' And he goes on—with colour and rhythm—to describe the Liverpolitan Hebes' complexions as mixtures of bronze and rose. Well! well! Mr Dixon Scott is luckier 'whene'er he takes his walks abroad' than I am, for the beauty that one sees does not make to exclaim—as the French would phrase it; indeed, I am more inclined to agree with the anonymous writer of 1846, and say the ordinary passers-by 'need not detain our attention.' But the other populace, that which we may call the extraordinary, is ever interesting; I mean the vast hordes of peoples from all over the world who descend upon Liverpool, using it—poor weary souls!—as a resting-place ere they start on their long, strange journey to a new and far-off country. Dark-eyed Italians, with their gaily coloured head-coverings; Viking-like Northerners, with high boots and muff-shaped fur hats; Lascars, whose thin suits look shiveringly chilly; the cheerful and widely smiling 'coloured gentleman'—very different from his poor ancestors who crouched and cowered in Back Goree; Japanese; Chinese; even, I have no doubt, Stevenson's Moldavian Jew, all move across the pedestrian's vision like the changing pieces of a kaleidoscope. And it is the River—our wonderful and beautiful River—that causes these ever-varying pictures; the River brings them to us and the River takes them away again, carries them all seawards, down the road that is unchanging and Eternal, and yet shows us a new and different beauty every time we stand on the landing-stage, to watch a stately liner weigh anchor, or perhaps only to breathe the salt-tinged air and to send up a pæan of thankfulness that though we may live in a man-built city, yet are we by the shores of a God-given sea.

One road leads to London,
  One road leads to Wales;
My road leads me seawards
  To the white dipping sails.

One road leads to the River
  As it goes singing slow;
My road leads to the shipping
  Where the bronzed sailors go—

Leads me, lures me, calls me
  To salt, green, tossing sea;
A road without earth's road-dust
  Is the right road for me.

CASIMIR LE SOMBRE.

CHAPTER III.

IT was a dangerous thing in Russian Poland to speak one's mind freely; there had been cases, not so very long ago, of noble Poles who had had their tongues cut out by the common executioner, or been publicly whipped and sent the weary journey to Siberia, for an imprudent speech, distasteful to the autocrat of All the Russias, which had found its way to official circles by some mysterious agency; for walls have strangely sharp ears in Poland. Still, in the privacy of the family party I had heard tales told, with bated breath and many an anxious glance towards the door, of Russian barbarity and lack of justice that made my blood boil. What wonder, then, that I began to hate the Russians as deeply and fiercely as all around me?

Not least was my indignation aroused at the brutal treatment accorded to my own sex by our Muscovite masters. A drunken peasant tied his wife to a tree, in the depth of winter, and beat her mercilessly; but when the neighbours brought him before the commandant, that officer merely remarked pleasantly that if a man might not beat his own wife, whom might he beat? The man then asked the commandant to punish his wife for complaining of his treatment, whereupon she was promptly condemned to receive a severe scourging —*pour encourager les autres.*

Another time some fanatical Russian boors actually burnt a poor old woman alive, pretending she was a witch; but all the punishment they got was to be sent to their 'pope' or priest for 'admonition;' and he, good man, probably praised them for their zeal.

None but those who were in Poland at that time can tell how ardently we ladies longed that Poland's sons could rise up and shake off this tyranny at whatever sacrifice. Nor was it long before I became aware that there was an undercurrent of mystery about my host's movements and our life at the castle, which, however, was never alluded to.

Sledges would come and go in the night-time, whose occupants we did not see; the Count would leave in the morning, ostensibly to visit a distant part of his vast estates—for in Poland a large property sometimes contains a quarter of a million acres—and yet at night I would be sure that I heard his step in the corridor.

One day in particular I was struck with the strangeness of his behaviour. We were all sitting drinking tea in the parlour and chatting gaily with two Italian gentlemen who had arrived the day before. The Countess was rallying me on my passion for manly exercises, and had laughingly challenged our two guests to shoot a rifle-match with me on the following morning, in which she confidently predicted that they would be the losers, when an old servant who acted as major-domo hurriedly thrust his head in at the door—the only one in the room—and uttered a few words rapidly in Polish, the meaning of which I was not then able to understand. I shall never forget the effect they had on the Countess. Her face, when she turned to her husband, was as pale as the driven snow outside; the smile had faded from lips and eyes, and in its place was a wild and hunted expression such as I have seen in the face of a stag when the hounds close round him.

However, the Count smiled reassuringly, and, speaking in French, said:

'Hasten, Deotima, to welcome our guest. Mademoiselle'—looking at me—'will accompany you, I have no doubt. We must show him every hospitality.'

The Countess gave a little sigh, and then, assuming a more lively air, said, 'Come along, Gabrielle; we have got a distinguished visitor.' and, linking her arm in mine, drew me towards the door. I have before remarked that there was only one in the room, and we had hardly reached it before the jingle of a scabbard and spurs was heard outside, and a tall, handsome man, in the undress uniform of a Russian general, entered.

He bowed somewhat stiffly to the Countess, who, however, received him with a quiet and gracious dignity quite different from her nervous manner of the moment before, and courteously invited him to warm himself at the fire, which was crackling and blazing cheerily in a mighty grate at the upper end of the apartment. Thereupon we all turned round, and I expected to see my host coming forward, as usual, with outstretched hands and the words of kindly welcome on his lips with which he knew so well how to greet a newly arrived guest; but, to my astonishment, both he and his friends had vanished.

The snow still lay, as the wind had drifted it, against the closely shut double windows. They had certainly not passed through the door, and though the chimney was large, the heat of the fire precluded all possibility of escape by that means; yet they had disappeared as silently and suddenly as if they had been spirits of the air. I should have uttered an exclamation of surprise had not a sudden pressure of Deotima's hand on my arm restrained me, and the duty of entertaining our guest, for the moment, forced me to think of other matters.

'I trust, Prince, your visit this time will not be so short as the last,' said the Countess hospitably, though it seemed to me with a slight ring of anxiety in her voice, as she handed him a glass of steaming tea. 'My husband is going to have a wolf-hunt the day after to-morrow, if you can honour us with your company till then.'

'A thousand thanks! I should have been delighted,' replied the General, 'but I fear my stay must be brief. By the way, it was to see the Count that I paid you this hurried visit, which I fear must rather have surprised you,' he added, eying her keenly. 'Can you tell me where I shall find him? I thought they told me in the hall that he was with you here?'

'He was here a few minutes ago,' she answered carelessly, 'but he went to look at a horse that is ill. Oh, here he comes again;' and as she spoke the Count entered by the door alone.

'Prince W. wishes to speak to you on business, dear, and will doubtless be glad to excuse us,' she said, rising, and, with a stately bow, moving towards the door, followed by me. As soon as we were in the passage she whispered in my ear, 'Ask no questions about what you have seen, and do not mention the two gentlemen who have been staying with us. I cannot explain now, but do this for my sake;' and she hurried to her room.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was a bright starlight night, and, being unable to sleep the evening after these events, I sat till a late hour gazing out of my window, dreamily watching the glistening wreaths of snow swaying gently to and fro like lace on the feathery boughs of the pines. The General had supped with us; but the two Italian gentlemen had not appeared, and I was speculating on their strange conduct, when I saw three figures closely muffled in furs steal softly across the open ground at the back of the château and disappear in the shadow of the forest. A little later a sledge drawn by two powerful horses, without bells, swept noiselessly across an opening in the trees, and one only of the figures returned towards the house; as he passed beneath my window he lifted his head, and, the light falling on his face, I recognised the features of my host.

Next morning, as I expected, neither of the Italian gentlemen came to claim his rifle-match; and indeed I saw no more of them till long afterwards, when I met them under circumstances in which they did not know me.

The Russian General left us in the course of the day, accompanied by the Count, and then, for the first time, I had an opportunity of speaking to Deotima alone.

I found her in the library, a noble apartment with a magnificent fretted ceiling of carved woodwork; the great oak presses to match, entirely covering two of the walls, being full of the Count's rare collection of books and manuscripts. At one end rose the gilt tubes of an antique organ, on which Deotima loved to play during the long winter evenings, while at the western extremity the room was lighted by a fine stained-glass window, displaying the arms and quarterings of the Czartoryskas, which opened to the floor, and gave access to a special iron staircase leading to a flower-garden below. This garden was formed artificially on a broad terrace of rock, and commanded a splendid view of the surrounding country; for, though the château stood on a level with the forest at the back, on this side the ground fell away abruptly in a rugged precipice to the banks of a small river, now frozen over, but which in the summer glided smoothly through the wooded plain below to join its waters with the distant Vistula, the silver line of which on a clear day could be seen gleaming on the horizon.

'The Countess's garden,' as it was called, was our favourite summer resort, and it was full of laburnums, acacias, lilacs, wild jessamine, and other flowering shrubs, which then filled the air with their fragrance, but now were sleeping snugly under their soft, warm covering of snow.

Deotima was sitting at a great carved table on which lay scattered such new books and newspapers as we were permitted to see, for the post-office officials confiscated all newspapers containing articles reflecting in any way on Russian policy, and cut out or effaced doubtful paragraphs in those few which they allowed to pass. Her face was buried in her hands, over which her soft brown hair fell in mazy confusion, and as she lifted her head and turned her large gray eyes on mine I could see the traces of recent tears in them, while the dazzling whiteness, or rather pallor, of her complexion contrasted strangely with the sombre black of her mourning dress. She looked at first a little hurt that I should have intruded on her grief; but when I knelt beside her, and, winding my arms around her waist, begged her to confide her troubles to me, she answered gently, 'If I have not done so before, rest assured it is not for any lack of trust in *you*, Gabrielle; you are French, and the French have always been true friends to us; but I did not like to burden your young life with a knowledge of secrets that may expose you to dangers which we alone of Polish birth are called upon to risk.'

'And do you think, if danger there be, that I would shrink from sharing it with you?' I cried indignantly, thinking less, I am afraid, of the kindness of her motive than of the inferior part she assigned me. 'If I am not a Pole by birth, you know well that I am a Pole at heart, and there is no danger for the sake of Poland which you can brave that I will not dare.'

'Come, come,' she said, 'you must not be angry with me. You have seen too much not to guess that there is a secret understanding between my husband and some of his friends, and I will now confide to you—— Hush! what was that noise?'

I sprang to the door and tore it open, but there was no one there.

'I will now confide to you,' she continued in a low voice, 'that we are on the eve of a general rising which we believe and trust will open up a noble future of freedom and prosperity to our beloved

country, and once for all shake off the trammels of the Russian yoke. My husband'—and here her eyes flashed proudly—'is a leader of the National Committee, as befits one of his name and traditions; but we have many dangers before us, and what you saw yesterday was only *one* example of the risk we daily run.

'Had Prince W. discovered that those two gentlemen, who are not Italians but Polish exiles, had recrossed the frontier, within twelve hours both they and we should have been in chains, and the whole of our glorious scheme might have been frustrated before it reached maturity. The Prince knows their faces well, for he has met them in Switzerland; but luckily we have a secret passage, though I forgot it at the moment, by which they were able to escape.

'Oh! you do not know what it is to be involved in the meshes of a conspiracy,' she cried excitedly; 'to live in daily and hourly dread of discovery; to distrust all about you, even those who eat your bread and wait at your table; to know that all related to you are involved in your danger from the mere fact of their relationship; to have, as yesterday, to smile welcome to the oppressor who would load us with chains and bare our backs to the scourge if he could read our innermost hearts; to be ever acting a part repugnant to every feeling of truth and honesty; and yet to know that a *single* unguarded word, a misplaced trust, may sacrifice the lives of those nearest and dearest to us. They say cunning and deceit are the weapons of the slave. But why did they make us slaves?

'No, Gabrielle,' she continued, at last mastering her emotion and stroking my head gently, 'do not seek to share our confidence; return to your happy France before you are entangled in this net of danger and deceit. It is right that *we* should risk our lives for our country, though sometimes I begin to doubt whether underhand means are ever acceptable to God; but, at least, let it not be said that I was base enough to drag my friend down in my ruin.'

This speech of Deotima's had the very contrary effect to that she had intended. All the romance which a lonely life among woods and mountains had instilled into my nature was aroused at the sight of her distress, and I implored her passionately to let me share her danger and enlist in her enterprise, even though it cost me my life. Trained early to habits of self-reliance, and of a sanguine and adventurous temperament, the difficulties which she lamented seemed to *me* only fresh incentives to action; and as I pictured in glowing words the people of Poland rising victorious like the Swiss of old, and casting off their chains for ever, the colour returned to her cheeks, and she soon became as elated and hopeful as myself.

(To be continued.)

HONEYCOMBING THE ALPS.

ALL ABOUT THE NEW MAMMOTH TUNNELS THROUGH THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE.

By H. G. Archer.

ONLY a short time ago, when the completion of the Simplon Tunnel was the topic of the day, it was thought that the time was far distant when the Alps would again be pierced by a great tunnel. But we now know for certain that the Simplon will not long continue to represent the climax of the tunnel-maker's art. Ever since the inauguration of the Simplon route on 1st June 1906, central Europe has been flooded with tunnel-literature setting forth the advantages of the multitudinous schemes which are afloat for the construction of additional Alpine perforations. The majority of these projects are far from being of a will-o'-the-wisp-like nature, inasmuch as they represent well-thought-out schemes, promoted at considerable expense by responsible authorities, backed by sound technical recommendations, and in receipt of serious consideration on the part of the respective Governments. One of these new tunnels is begun; one or two others have been guaranteed the requisite subventions; while, distinct from the above, there is a cluster of shorter but none the less important perforations which are on the verge of being opened for traffic.

The following are the great Alpine tunnels at present constructed: Mont Cenis (1857–70), 7 miles 1730 yards; St Gotthard (1872–80), 9 miles 469 yards; Arlberg (1878–83), 6 miles 550 yards; Albula (1899–1903), 3 miles 1150 yards; Simplon (1898–1905), 12 miles 537 yards.

The Mont Cenis, St Gotthard, and Arlberg Tunnels form a class by themselves. Each accommodates two lines of way; hence they measure 26 feet in width by 21 feet in height. Then they are high-level tunnels, for the reason that they were undertaken at a period when no alternative to steam locomotion was considered to be within the bounds of practicability. Consequently the problem of securing efficient ventilation with the smoke and gases discharged by steam-engines rendered it imperative that they should be as short as possible.

It will be obvious that a high-level tunnel through the immense barriers formed by the Alpine ranges entails long and steeply graded ascents to its portals. The Mont Cenis Tunnel has a maximum altitude of 4248 feet above sea-level, the incline on the Italian side being 1 in 33 and on the French 1 in 40. The highest point reached by the St Gotthard Tunnel is 3787 feet, and the maximum gradient on the approaches is 1 in 50. The Arlberg line has climbed up to an altitude of

4300 feet by the time the centre of the tunnel is reached, and its approaches are almost as steep as those on the St Gotthard.

The Albula Tunnel occurs on the Engadine Railway, a narrow-gauge single line from Thusis to St Moritz, which caters principally for tourist traffic.

The Simplon Tunnel differs considerably from the foregoing. The conformation of the barrier which it pierces compelled an abnormally long low-level tunnel. This, however, has its compensations. The altitudes of the northern and southern portals are respectively 2251 feet and 2080 feet above sea-level, while the summit-level inside is only 2313 feet; therefore the gradients inside the Simplon Tunnel are comparatively gentle—namely, 2 per cent. ascending from the north and 7 per cent. descending to the south.

But while the Simplon is the least steeply graded, and therefore the most economical to operate, of any transalpine railway so far constructed, the tunnel itself achieves a fresh record in respect of depth. The depth of its axis beneath the surface averages 3740 feet, and where the frontier between Switzerland and Italy is crossed attains the phenomenal depth of 7000 feet. The deepest point in the St Gotthard Tunnel is 6076 feet, in the Mont Cenis 4090 feet, and in the Arlberg 1600 feet.

Owing to the abnormal length and depth of the Simplon Tunnel, the engineers realised that special arrangements must be devised in order both to overcome the very high degrees of temperature which would emanate from the rock during construction, and to effect the ventilation of the tube when trains were running, their calculations in this latter respect being based upon the assumption that steam traction would still be employed. To solve these problems they decided upon an entirely novel system of piercing—namely, twin single-track tunnels, spaced 56 feet apart axis from axis, and interconnected by means of transverse galleries every 660 feet; the idea being that each bore should act as a ventilation-shaft to the other. The two bores were advanced coequally, but for the present only the eastern one—which measures from 14¼ feet to 16½ feet in width by 18 feet in height—is used for traffic; while the auxiliary tunnel—the existence of which greatly facilitated the work of construction, just as it now simplifies the system of ventilation—measures 10 feet in width by 8 feet in height.

Long before the work was completed the rapid progress of the science of electric traction pointed to the feasibility of operating the tunnel electrically, and this improvement has come to pass. The electric locomotives somewhat resemble in appearance those employed on the Metropolitan Railway to Harrow; but, of course, they are far bigger, heavier, and more powerful. The system installed is, however, on a totally different principle from that in vogue with electric railways in this country, and the current is transmitted to the motors by means of a bow-shaped collector on the roof of the locomotive engaging with an overhead wire. A scientific analysis of the air in the Simplon Tunnel has revealed it to be freer from gases than that in any other Alpine tunnel. The elaborate system of ventilation is accomplished as follows: Directly a train enters, both the entrance to the running tunnel and the opposite end of the auxiliary tunnel are closed by means of flexible screens which descend like a theatrical drop-scene. At the same time, the powerful fans installed at each extremity begin delivering air into the tunnel and exhausting the foul air. The air driven in at the point of train-entrance is near mid-tunnel reinforced and cooled by that which arrives from the opposite end along the auxiliary tunnel, this second current being then directed backwards towards the point of its entry through one of the transverse shafts, which is left open for the purpose (all of the others being blocked up), and so flows in parallel with the current in the main tunnel. The flexible screens are made of light substance, so that should they fail to rise in due time for the passing of a train the collision would be unattended by serious consequences.

The cost of the Simplon Tunnel, as at present constructed, was £3,120,000. During the short time that has elapsed since it was opened such an enormous stream of traffic has flowed along the new route that it has been decided at once to proceed with the duplication of the line by enlarging the auxiliary tunnel to its full dimensions, which task will occupy about three years and cost another £1,600,000, and also with shortening the approaches from the north.

This brings us to the subject of the new Alpine tunnels, for the fundamental portion of the latter scheme is represented by what is known as the Loetschberg Railway, furnishing a fifth great Alpine tunnel, piercing the Bernese Alps. The object of the Loetschberg line is to shorten the approaches to the Simplon from central Switzerland, Germany, and north-western Europe generally. From the transcontinental standpoint, the completion of the Loetschberg Railway will be attended by the diversion of the major portion of the traffic passing into and out of Italy *vid* the Simplon—that is, the traffic which originates in England and northern France—from the lines *vid* Paris, Dijon, Pontarlier, Vallorbe, and Lausanne to those *viâ* Laon, Reims, Chaumont, Belfort, Mulhausen, Basle, Berne, and Thun. The south-bound traveller who enters the Continent at Calais or Boulogne will no longer pass through Paris; on the other hand, he will be borne through Berne, the capital of Switzerland. By this means the length of the direct journey between Calais and Milan will be shortened from 725 miles to 672½ miles, while that between Paris and Milan will become 511 miles instead of 523 miles in length. Moreover, the Loetschberg Railway will prove of vast commercial importance to central Switzerland, and particularly to the canton and city of Berne, by affording a much more direct means of communica-

tion with Italy than at present exists either *vid* the St Gotthard Tunnel on the east, or else *vid* the wide detour to Lausanne and thence along the west to east line up the Rhone valley, in order to reach the Simplon.

The Loetschberg Railway begins at Frütigen, already in rail communication with Berne *vid* Thun and Spiez. The new line ascends the Kander valley to the plateau of Kandersteg, where the northern portal of the great tunnel is situated. In order to minimise the steepness of the ascent of the Kander valley, the line winds about considerably, and at Mittholz there will be a short helical tunnel.

The great tunnel will pierce the Schafberg, a peak 8440 feet in height, and pass underneath the Gastern valley and the Loetschen Pass, emerging at Goppenstein, in the lower part of the latter pass. The distance from portal to portal is 13,735 mètres, or 8·53 miles, and the alignment of the perforation is dead straight. It was originally proposed to bore the tunnel on the same principle as the Simplon —that is, to make one single-line tunnel to start with, and supplement it with another lying parallel when a double line became necessary. But as the Simplon Tunnel route is now being doubled, the Loetschberg Tunnel also must accommodate two lines of way. Accordingly the profile will be given the dimensions common to double-track perforations. And the same reasons explain why the Loetschberg Railway will be operated electrically on the system which prevails on the Simplon.

The gradients in the tunnel itself are 1 in 143 ascending from the north, and 1 in 263 descending to the south, the ascent and descent being of equal length; while at the summit of the perforation, which reaches an altitude of 4000 feet above sea-level, there will be a perfectly level stretch, where, if necessity arises, trains can be shunted or transferred from one track to the other.

The great altitude of the Loetschberg line compared with the Simplon is due to the conformation of the ground traversed, a very low level being possible in the case of the peaky mass of the Grand Alps pierced by the Simplon, but impracticable in the broader mass of the lower heights of the Bernese Alps. Any decrease in the level at which the latter must be traversed by tunnel to carry a line from Thun to Brigue at once involved the necessity of longer tunnels and a corresponding expense for the boring; and after deep study of the two different projects for high and low level lines respectively, it was decided to adopt the former, because of its greatly reduced cost, as compared with the longer low-level tunnel proposed, which would have lain to the west under the Wildstrubel mountain and Gemmi Pass. This decision was also influenced by the consideration that electric current derived from water-power would be employed for traction; and as water-power is very plentiful in these regions, the usual question of the cost for fuel in hauling heavy trains up long, steep inclines by steam locomotives became negligible.

From Goppenstein the Loetschberg Railway will descend gently by a series of sweeping curves and threading a number of short tunnels into the Rhone valley, where it will effect a junction with the present northern approach-line to the Simplon from Lausanne at Raron, 8½ miles west of Brigue.

The total length of the Loetschberg Railway from Frütigen to Raron will be 26½ miles; and besides the great tunnel there will be thirty-three others, forming about 22 per cent. of the total length of the lines of access to the former.

The entire contract has been let by a syndicate of Parisian capitalists for the sum of £3,500,000 sterling, and the work must be completed and ready for traffic by 1st September 1911. No time is being lost. The hand-excavation of the big tunnel was begun in October 1906, and machine-boring in March 1907. On the north side three hundred and seventy-seven men are employed, and three hundred and eleven on the south side. The drills used are of percussion type, worked by compressed air, and there are three blasts daily.

For scenic attractions the Loetschberg line will present more variety than the Lausanne-Brigue route; indeed, the former will vie with the magnificent panorama of gorges, torrents, snow-peaks, and glaciers which unfolds itself on the St Gotthard route.

The last link in perfecting the Simplon approaches will take the form of new and better means of access to either Berne or Thun direct from the system of the French Eastern Railway—namely, the remodelling of the existing line from Delle to Dellemont and Moutier, and the construction of a railway from Moutier to Solothurn (Soleure), which will pierce the Juras by a great tunnel about six miles in length, passing underneath the Weissenstein. This will effect a further saving of many miles, and avoid any necessity of French travellers passing through Basle.

Notwithstanding the augmented facilities provided by the opening of the Simplon route, the St Gotthard is doing better than ever; indeed, the latter achieved its record traffic receipts during the first year of its rival's existence. On the other hand, the Mont Cenis route has been very adversely affected by the competition of the Simplon. The French now find that they have been disappointed in their hopes that the Simplon would prove advantageous to their interests by winning back for their railways a goodly portion of the transcontinental traffic lost since the opening of the St Gotthard. Prior to the inauguration of the Simplon, Marseilles had enjoyed almost a monopoly of the vast traffic in cereals imported into Switzerland; but Genoa has now become a formidable rival to the French Mediterranean port in this and other respects, inasmuch as it has been brought nearly one hundred miles nearer to western Switzerland. Moreover, from a purely commercial standpoint, the new

northern approaches to the Simplon will be the reverse of beneficial to France.

Accordingly the French will have to embark upon heroic measures unless they are to find themselves utterly shelved as a transcontinental trade-artery, and in order to balance matters they have the following projects in contemplation:

Firstly, it has been decided to electrify the Mont Cenis Tunnel for the purpose of decreasing the enormous cost of operation on its steep grades and rendering it more attractive to travellers, who complain of the heat and suffocating fumes engendered by steam locomotives.

Secondly, there is the grandiose scheme of a Faucille Pass-cum-Mont Blanc Railway, for which trial borings are already being conducted. This line would be 47 miles in length and have 24 miles of tunnel, the three longest perforations being respectively 9·4 miles, 6·6 miles, and 4 miles long. The Mont Blanc Railway would still use the existing line from Geneva to Chamonix in order to connect with a new transalpine railway from Chamonix to Aosta, in the valley of the Po. The approximate length of this line would be 36 miles, including a tunnel of 11·18 miles, crossing Mont Blanc, its highest point being 6447 feet above the sea. As this railway would carry a very heavy traffic, the maximum gradient on the Italian side is fixed at 12·5 per 1000, which would then accord with the existing line from Aosta to Turin. The estimated cost of the entire scheme amounts to £11,000,000.

This stupendous undertaking would give little, if any, advantage in respect of mileage over the Loetschberg-Simplon route, so far as the traffic between the north-west of Europe and Italy and the East is concerned, but it would be generally better on both technical and financial grounds than any other existing or possible line. Its importance to French interests cannot be overrated, for, with the exception of a small diversion on to Swiss territory at Geneva, the line would be wholly on French and Italian soil.

A new Alpine tunnel, though on a railway of merely local importance, albeit it is a standard-gauge line, was completed a few months ago. This is the Ricken Tunnel, piercing the watershed between the rivers Linth and Thur, on the new railway from Utznach to Wattwyl. This line, which exploits a charming summer tourist district, and is intended to link up the Lake of Constance and Toggenburg with the Lake of Zurich and the interior of Switzerland, is only 9 miles long, of which the single-track tunnel accounts for 5·34 miles. The work was begun in 1904, and should have been finished in 1907; but in the spring of that year unforeseen difficulties were encountered at the south end. There was a formidable outbreak of gas fumes, and the gas had to be left to burn itself out, whilst work was continued on the masonry in the rear.

Now for the tunnel which is to eclipse all precedent. Fired by the success of the Simplon Tunnel, the Swiss eastern cantons are determined to obtain better communication with the south by means of either a Splugen or Greina railway, for each of which a number of rival traces have been prepared. Colonel Locher, who engineered the wonderful Mont Pilatus railway, is backing the Splugen scheme, and his opinion carries great weight with the Swiss and Italian authorities. The railway across the Splugen would extend from Coire to Chiavenna, a distance of 51 miles, and the main tunnel through the Splugen would be just under 17 miles in length, out of which 8·65 miles would be on Swiss territory. The entire line, including the main tunnel, would be of ordinary construction, and the total cost is set down at about £5,000,000 sterling. The undertaking would occupy eight years to carry out. Steam would be employed for traction between Coire and Rothenbrunnen, while the section from Rothenbrunnen to Chiavenna would be worked electrically.

The present summer witnesses the opening of a new Austrian railway between Salzburg and Trieste, *viâ* Bad Gastein and Villach, forming the new alternative Alpine railway connection between northern Austria and the Adriatic, and constituting the last word in the development of the port of Trieste. This railway, which consists of two distinct sections—namely, Bad Gastein to Lienz, and Villach and Klagenfurt to Trieste—is remarkable both for the magnificent scenery traversed and the colossal character of the engineering works. The line attains an altitude of 4018 feet above sea-level. There are also three great tunnels piercing the northern regions of the Austrian Alps—namely, the Tauern, 5·25 miles; Karawanken, 4·95 miles; and Wochheimer, 3·93 miles; together with shorter ones—making a grand total of 15½ miles of tunnelling. The Tauern and Karawanken are double-track tunnels, while the Wochheimer consists of a parallel pair of single-line perforations. The saving in distance effected by the new railways amounts to 150 miles.

Lastly, the plans for building a line some 40 miles in length between Genoa and Tortona, so as to place Genoa and Milan in more direct communication with one another, has received the approval of the Italian Government, and it is now merely a question as to whether the latter or a private syndicate shall carry it into effect. This railway will burrow under the Apennines between Rigoroso and Secca by means of a tunnel 12¼ miles long. The tunnel is to have one opening at each end, with a double track, not in parallel duplicate like the Simplon. The cost of the tunnel, permanent way, &c. is estimated at £3,100,000.

THE PAST—AND ISMÈRIE.

PART II.

AT 2 A.M. in the morning the sentry of the Ninth Infantry, posted on guard over the Government stores on the quay, was more than ever of opinion that his duty was a superfluous one. His captain, now selfishly asleep in comfort at Fort Pedro, was ridiculously fidgety; and when awake he had no consideration for his overworked privates. Never was a more unnecessary or irksome post. He scowled at the pile of stores and guns under the tarpaulins with resentment.

A distant electric lamp on the wharf cast a brilliant circle of light over a small radius and made the surrounding darkness more intense. The masts and funnels of the great black steamships loomed up in silhouette against the cloudy sky, their decks deserted, their shore-gangways forsaken. Except the faint ripples lapping against the quays or the crunch of a grinding fender, there was no sound. Far along the wharf a small glow shone on the *Bulwana's* forward hatch, and one of her ports was lit; but in the gloom of the night she was nothing to the soldier save a towering shape in a region of utter darkness. He ceased stamping aimlessly round his beat, and sat down sulkily on a gun-limber which projected conveniently from the heap. This a sentry should not do.

The silence was profound.

Presently dim, shadowy forms came creeping with a careful avoidance of clatter round the corners of the sheds. The sentry snored. He dreamed of a furious cyclone which descended upon him suddenly, whirled him about, and enveloped him in stifling sacks. Later it buried him remorselessly under suffocating folds of tarpaulin. This was especially the work of a huge, fat devil with hairy hands, who controlled the storm and frightened the warrior so horribly that he lay quite still, too paralysed even to wriggle.

'Got him nicely,' grinned the skipper, flushed with his labours. 'Not much buck in these conscripts. Now then, cast clear. Heave!'

The course of the cyclone was erratic. After a terrible disturbance of Government property it miraculously rearranged the disordered heap, even adjusting the coverings, before it finally blew itself tempestuously away along the quay. The brute-devil kicked the cowering sentry at parting, and uttered ghastly guttural growls. Presently a distant winch-chain rattled. A derrick creaked noisily, as if a vessel were loading into her hold. The relief of the Ninth Infantry found their comrade collapsed and incoherent. But with the dawn the *Bulwana* was steaming fast down the wide, shimmering surface of the broad estuary from the La Plata to the sea.

Three days later Ismèrie was sitting on the sunny side of the main-deck watching the amazing evolutions of Lord Railton and an apprehensive squad of seamen-gunners on the fo'c'sle. By the sheer triumph of his personality alone over their tastes and better judgment, the teacher was infusing into his pupils a certain degree of amateur smartness. Suddenly the steward shot up from below and sped frantically towards the captain's cabin under the bridge.

Loud sousing and snorting noises were audible inside, proclaiming that the skipper was performing his morning wash. The steward knocked timidly.

'Please, sir, the second engineer 'as been 'orrible sick,' he announced impressively. 'Same as the first engineer was took yesterday. 'E's groanin' fearful, an' can't keep 'is watch.' As if in confirmation, the ship was slowing down.

The news acted as an electric shock on the inmate of the cabin, who emerged, enveloped in a towel alone.

'What! another of 'em?' ejaculated the skipper, aghast. 'What did he have for breakfast?'

'Coffee an' bacon an' eggs, sir.'

'Then the eggs were musty,' opined the skipper with conviction.

'The shells smelt all right,' the steward asserted propitiatingly. 'To my mind, sir'——

'Well,' boomed the skipper as the man hesitated, 'out with your notions, you dunderheaded, black-clawed owl!'

The steward coughed behind a hand whose grubbiness had recently been strongly disapproved of by the lady-passenger as a serious disqualification for his coveted berth on shipboard. She had mentioned this more than once, and had been indignant to find her views not more fully shared.

'I don't trust'—the speaker's voice was hoarse with an unnatural attempt to be low and confidential—'that there new furrin cook, sir, from Manuel's. I b'lieves 'e 's a-pizenin' us all off.'

The skipper scrubbed his legs thoughtfully with the flapping ends of the towel. 'Send him to me,' he commanded. 'And the bo's'un too,' he added, as a precautionary afterthought.

The voyage of the *Bulwana* so far had been full of mishaps. The mate had made himself unpopular with the new deck-hands in his zealous attempts to make them work, and the engineers had introduced lamentation in the stokehole by forcible remonstrances with spanners when the firemen failed to keep up proper steam. This had happened more than once, and speed had fallen off seriously. It really seemed as if there were a conspiracy aboard to delay the ship. The skipper fumed. He had an inkling, too, of the reason. Meanwhile relations

had become strained between the bridge and the engine-room; therefore, when the engineers were taken with a mysterious sickness the captain was unsympathetic.

The cook responded to the summons with obvious reluctance. Shepherding him behind was the bo's'un, a powerfully built man of forty-five, with a solemn, hard-set face.

'You've been hocussing the engineers' coffee,' accused the captain at once with sternness.

The cook turned an absolute green. 'Me, sir! No, sir,' he stammered shakily.

The captain suddenly decided that his suspicions were correct; they bore out the truth of the girl's story. 'You are paid to see we pass the cape in daylight, eh?' questioned the skipper suavely.

The man's furtive eyes glittered. He turned wildly at bay.

'Thanks to these constant delays in the engine-room, we shall sight the cape about midday to-morrow. It is not a bad view of the shore; but you won't see it, as you'll be shut in the for'ard store-pantry. Ah, would you—you hound?'

A knife gleamed in the sunshine. Seething with suppressed rage, its owner stabbed at the captain. He splintered the door-panel instead.

The bo's'un was wondrous strong in the arm. He descended upon the cook from the rear like some grim incarnation of Fate. Producing a coil of cord, he trussed up the offender with callous adroitness. The scuffle was of the shortest. The squeezed and helpless cook was propelled without tenderness from the deck at a much greater pace than was comforting. He subsided miserably amid the ruins of empty butter-casks in the store-hole, where he made frequent mention of his orphan children and the injustice of being misunderstood.

The skipper completed his toilet in sombre gloom. The sacrifice of the cook presaged further inconveniences. A soft voice interrupted his forebodings.

'I can help with the cooking, if you like.'

''Tain't a fit job for you, miss,' said the skipper, nearly swallowing the soap in his surprise.

'If you give me a man to wash up.'

'Easy to do that,' he spluttered. 'There's Tompkins, lazy young beggar. Do him good.'

'He's very speckled about the face,' remonstrated Ismèrie, in some doubt as to this choice of an assistant.

But Tompkins's master swept this objection aside as trivial. 'I'll see he does it properly,' he assured her determinately. And later he confided to the astonished Lord Railton, after gun-drill, that Miss Marland was a plucky sight better than the 'save-me! there's a mouse' sort of girl. ''Tis a woman like that as makes the race,' he said with great emphasis. His listener concurred completely.

Twenty-four miles from the north-eastern extremity of Brazil lies Cape San Roque. A projecting point of white sand scattered over with tufts of brushwood rises some one hundred and eighty feet above high-water mark. Vessels which take the inshore channel between San Roque reefs and the mainland usually pass about two and a half miles distant from the point, and in sunshine the neighbouring red cliffs show boldly out to sea. As the *Bulwana* drew abeam the cape the captain proceeded to take observations from the bridge.

The scene was very peaceful; nothing was in sight. Save for a faint smudge of smoke hull-down on the horizon, sea and shore alike appeared deserted. The sky was fine and the air calm, and a mild breeze blew off from the land. It was ideal weather—for ballooning.

Railton sought his sweetheart in the galley. She looked singularly soft and girlish, and quite enchanting, in spite of an old dress and apron. She was hunting worriedly in a locker. No one who has not tried knows the difficulty of finding the right saucepan in a strange cook-house, especially if it is not there. She was intent on the search in a manner before unknown.

Lord Railton paused with a man's instinctive distrust of a kitchen.

The girl swung round suddenly with glowing cheeks. 'I smelt your kind of cigar,' she remarked demurely. 'Isn't it hot?'

He wiped the bashful perspiration from his forehead, and agreed. Her sleeves were rolled up to her elbows. Nobody ever had such white dimpled arms.

'I'm sure I must be looking as if I had just tumbled out of a rag-bag after a sleepless night in it,' she reflected tentatively. He reassured her consolingly.

'Isn't that boy helping you here?' inquired Lord Railton, with remembrance of the assistant.

'I found him employed on his own illicit affairs,' she laughed; 'so a chastened Tompkins is now scrubbing out a frying-pan in the scuppers for dear life. It is already cleaner than it has been for years.'

The laugh did them both good. Nerves were at high tension that morning. Railton had edged cautiously into the galley, but—despite himself—his eyes would constantly rove irresistibly landwards. He was a man who did not know what fear was, but he was conscious of a brisk, lively apprehension of what the day might have in store.

The girl twisted the hem of her apron and looked up at him with a curious questioning in her eyes. Then she put his arm back where it ought to be.

'The uncertainty *is* a bit trying,' he said gravely, ignoring her action and resolutely restoring his arm to its former position.

She chose not to notice the double meaning in the words. 'You are on my skirt,' she announced with irrelevancy. Before he could speak again interruption came, swift and stern.

'Balloon on the port bow, sir!' the strident tones of the lookout man forward rang out in brisk alarm.

On the *Bulwana's* bridge Iredale impassively replaced his sextant in its case. His lips were compressed, the lower one projecting pugnaciously. He shouted one order alone: 'All hands below deck.' Then he stepped into the wheel-house and took the helm himself.

He and Railton had carefully discussed what they should do if the emergency came. Action must be taken towards the enemy, not away from him. The climax, if unavoidable, must be faced with boldness. There was no escaping the encounter.

On the fo'c'sle-head, under a temporary canvas cover, Railton and two seamen told off for the purpose lay concealed beside the Krupp gun. The tampion was taken from the muzzle; the snip of the breech-block, as it closed on the loading shell, was muffled and unheard.

It was no mere balloon which had soared forth with swift, silent motion from one of the white sandy bays to the north of the cape, where it had remained anchored overnight, hidden amid the dark-green brushwood and the cocoa-nut trees. The opaque shadow of a magnificent dirigible airship came dancing over the sunlit sea, its pace momentarily increasing in velocity. The grim craft was poised high over the surface, like a giant bird, sinister and threatening.

Iredale watched its oncoming steadily from under cool, level brows. It was changing direction to bring itself above the steamship. He put the *Bulwana's* helm hard over, and the vessel circled on its seething wake. The airship shot past abeam.

The men in the car knew their business. Their control of the cigar-shaped monster was perfect. It wheeled deftly in a graceful curve through the atmosphere and headed back towards the ship. So close it glided that every movement of the aeronauts was visible. Uzué was managing the adjustments, manœuvring with the utmost judgment, regulating the elevation, watching the buzzing motors. Another man, gripping the cordage, hailed the *Bulwana* through a speaking-trumpet.

'Heave-to that steamer.'

'Pirates!' was Iredale's muttered response. He added a curse which, if fulfilled, would have provided completely for all contingencies in the others' future. He held on unwavering.

With accelerated speed the airship began to descend. It slid stealthily forward. The champing of its engines, the whir of its revolving fans, were clearly audible. It was essential to range vertically overhead in order to drop the gun-cotton charges.

'Thunder!' Exactly at that moment the American in the car flung down two bombs. The explosions blared in short succession. One missile hit the steamer's bow, and the fragments in their rebound plunged, hissing, into lashings of blinding spray. The other bomb fell directly on the engine-room skylight, shattering the combings and hurling havoc into the machinery. The *Bulwana* staggered under the shocks like a wounded thing. A roar of steam escaping skywards testified to the disaster below.

Iredale sprang from the wheel-house on to the rocking bridge.

'What are you waiting for?' he yelled with fiercest fury. 'Hit it now or never. Ah!'

Bang! On the fo'c'sle Railton and a sailor laboured round their smoking gun. The other man there was a ghastly, shapeless heap, staining the deck with blood.

Missed! The shell had whistled wide.

The next seconds would decide. The airship was skimming round to renewed attack, its crew astounded to find the *Bulwana* armed, but wild to annihilate both gun and gunners. Again the breech-lock of the Krupp snapped home.

Railton gripped the lanyard and waited calmly. He did not intend to miss again.

'Now!'

The suspense ended. The captain from the bridge let out a howl which he afterwards admitted might have been heard in far Honduras. Railton fired.

Shrapnel! The shell burst beautifully right between the car and the superstructure. With extraordinary rapidity Railton and the seaman flung the empty cartridge-case aside, reloaded, swung round the gun into alignment, and fired two following shots. There was no need for more. The little puffs of woolly smoke from the scattering shrapnel hung for a moment vibrating in the sunny morning air. Then they melted away. Dozens of deadly bullets tore through the flimsy tissue of the hovering airship and penetrated the reeling car. A fragment of steel hit the standing American in the face, and the sea mercifully swallowed what remained of the quivering human form. The network, rent in all directions, collapsed inert and formless, and the gas poured out in streams. The flapping and snapping were tremendous. Sluggishly at first, then quickly, the great structure bent over and shrank before the staring eyes of the *Bulwana's* crew. Then, as the envelope deflated in fantastic folds, the airship sank obliquely into the water, a miserable tangle of wreck.

The girl-spectator was white to the tips of her ears. A jagged little section of bomb had ripped open the sleeve of her blouse and grazed her small arm beneath. She never heeded the wound. She clung to Railton breathlessly, mutely feeling to see if he was safe.

'Oh John!' she gasped, and she never knew she first used his Christian name. 'I—want to cry; but I—can't;' and she sobbed unrestrainedly on his shoulder. John—Lord Railton—has that old jacket stained with his wife's blood to this day.

An excited little Scotch engineer flung himself deckwards from the lurching cylinder platform, heated and profane. 'Losh, man!' he spluttered, 'ye'll e'en observe a perfectly sinfu' mix-up wi' the gear below if ye're only superfeecially acquaint wi' engines. 'Tis a week's repair in the shops as the auld craft 'll be needin' afore she'll do another knot. A very bairn could see it the morn noo;' and the speaker danced frenziedly round the débris of his shattered skylight.

'What's yon?'

The distant trail of smoke on the horizon had resolved itself into a steam-launch coming at full speed. The water curved white from her thin-nosed bows. Suddenly she eased down; next she changed her course in panic. She had seen the end of the airship, and it dawned upon her navigator that the rendezvous was no place for him. She departed, spouting, in a hurry. Railton hastened her flurried retreat with two quite unsuccessful shots. Later the gun was hove overboard. It lies at the bottom of the South Pacific still.

The *Bulwana* arrived at New York woefully overdue. But she delivered the little, iron-bound boxes of gold intact. The consignees were gratified, and supplemented verbal appreciation in a manner so substantial that half the *Bulwana's* crew were off for a week. The captain himself was a witness at Lord Railton's wedding, attired with a gorgeousness regardless of expense.

For, as the *Bulwana* steamed through the narrows at Sandy Hook, her two passengers settled their future.

'Do you really care so much?' Ismèrie queried with averted head.

Lord Railton tried to peer beneath the wide straw hat.

An exquisite colour was mounting in her oval cheeks, and the small mouth quivered, uncertain if it ought to smile. 'The past is worse than ever now,' she murmured. 'I—I've been a cook!'

He did not contradict her.

For a second she flashed a fleeting glance at his eager eyes. Her own shone, dilated like two violet-tinted jewels. 'Haven't you done with my hand?' she demanded of a sudden.

Then, indeed, he spoke. 'The hand is mine for always, sweetheart, now. And I shall never let it go.'

'That will be very awkward,' sighed Miss Marland. However, she nestled even closer to him with resignation.

'You have saved our lives,' he told her. 'The past will rise beside us—to make us love the more.'

THE END.

KROOBOYS.

NOT very long ago public attention was directed to the subject of the supply of cheap native labour in South Africa suitable for working in the mines of the Rand. As all the world knows, the supply was said to fall considerably short of the demand, with the result that other sources outside the continent had to be drawn upon. In view of this, it may be interesting to glance at another part of Africa which suffers to a certain extent from the same shortage.

The West African colonies and dependencies, less known—perhaps because less advertised—than the southern portion of the continent, are certainly of not minor importance, from a commercial point of view at any rate; for not only do they export enormous quantities of rubber and palm-oil, both articles that modern civilisation has made indispensable and necessary, but numerous other products scarcely less valuable. As is probably well known, the unhealthiness of the climate of the West Coast makes it impossible for Europeans to do any kind of manual labour, and the Crown colonies of West Africa are hardly ever likely to become suitable for white settlers in the same manner as Australia or Canada.

It would surprise the average Englishman to know that the western littoral of Africa is remarkably well-off in the matter of shipping services; as, besides a large fleet of steamers sailing from Liverpool, there is a German line of equal importance running from Hamburg—with which place, by the way, a large West African trade is done—as well as two French, one Portuguese, and a Belgian line, all owning fast and commodious mail-steamers; to say nothing of occasional vessels flying the Spanish flag that ply between Barcelona and Fernando Po.

The lack of suitable and sheltered harbours is perhaps almost as much a drawback to the development of West Africa as the evil reputation of its climate. On account of the high salaries paid to white men and the many additional expenses attendant on their employment, commercial enterprise would come to a standstill unless cheap native labour of some sort was procurable. To what source, then, do the numerous mercantile firms and shipping companies look to obtain their supply of labourers and crews? Practically, the one and only place has been, till lately, the Kroo Coast, in the negro republic of Liberia. The natives of this part of the world are known as Krooboys; and though the name may be familiar to many people through books of travel and even novels, yet their habits and undoubted value as an asset in the labour-market of West Africa are unknown except to those whose misfortune it has been to come into actual contact with them.

As one passes down the coast after leaving Sierra Leone, the steamer generally comes to a halt off various little clusters of native huts half-hidden among the tall palms that grow down to the very water's edge, and in response to three sharp toots of the siren various frail-looking canoes can be observed paddling quickly from the shore. On near approach it will be seen that they are crammed with half-naked negroes clad in the most ridiculous odds and ends of European garments. After a vigorous and heated parley between the occupants of the canoes and the captain of the ship, the bulk of the natives swarm up the side of the steamer that is to bear them to their various destinations and masters at ports down the coast. This constitutes the 'recruiting,' and, I think, compares favourably with the 'blackbirding' of Kanakas that was for so long a scandal to Australia.

On their arrival at the place to which they are 'consigned,' the agent of the firm or steamship company signs them on in much the same way as sailors sign articles before a voyage. A year is invariably the length of their period of service; at the expiration of which they return to 'we country,' as they call it, to enjoy their hard-earned gains, until poverty again drives them out to work for the white man. I believe that if, by any chance, they refuse to return within twelve months they become pariahs, and thenceforth their country knows them no more. Should any of the boys be new to dealings with the Europeans, they are immediately christened by the agent or steamer captain. It is hard for an Englishman to keep a straight face when for the first time he calls the muster-roll of a gang of Krooboys, and has to shout out the ridiculous names that are always bestowed on these men. Bottle Beer, Big Belly, Frypan, are a few samples; but I think the gem of the lot was Work-for-nothing, which one strapping black I knew answered to.

When I first went to the West Coast I never found much trouble in getting the twenty odd boys I had under me in the yard to muster and respond to their names; the difficulty came in two minutes later, when I had ticked the last name off and raised my eyes from the book to set them to their various tasks (for there was always plenty to do, especially in the early part of the mornings). Only half-a-dozen or so would then be visible, the rest having mysteriously disappeared. Of course they had to be followed and routed out of their various hiding-places, when they generally gave some such excuse as 'Me go drink water.' It is very seldom that you see your whole gang at work, as it is impossible to be in a dozen different places at once, and there are always some skulkers or absentees; for what Krooboys do not know about 'pointing,' as it is called in Australia, is not worth knowing. Naturally, they always try to play tricks of this sort on a newcomer; but once you let them see you do not intend to be trifled with, matters will go more smoothly. Many men never attain any success in working natives, especially those who cannot command their own tempers.

Every gang has a 'headman,' through whom you give your orders; and a lot depends on this gentleman, who is a very important person indeed. Should he be a good one, who takes pride in his work, he will see that the rest do not loaf; but should he be otherwise your lot is indeed an unhappy one, for his authority exceeds yours. Another thing noticeable with Krooboys—and, in fact, with most West African natives—is that an assistant-agent or any white man in a subordinate position can seldom hope to exact that implicit obedience which they give to a person in full authority, no matter how much the former may make his personality felt. They are quick to discern the difference between 'big massa' and 'small massa,' as they call them. The latter title always used to jar on me very much.

Recognising their value to the white man, they have come to have an altogether exaggerated idea of their own importance. Certainly they are cheap. A pound a month is the wage of a first-class boy, and on a steamer at working a winch or stowing cargo in the hold they are unrivalled, and their capabilities in regard to paddling the huge surf-boats through the breakers are little short of marvellous. The steamer captains, however, are careful to keep all the biggest and best boys for their own crews, and generally the factories get only the residue of 'weeds' and loafers. They are also greatly in demand as personal or house stewards on account of their smart appearance and cleanly habits, as well as their knowledge of English, which generally exceeds that of other West African natives. Pick an intelligent boy out of your yard-gang for a steward, and though he may at the time be more or less dirty and grimy from the nature of his work, in two or three hours he will appear thoroughly washed and clad in completely new clothing, conspicuous among which is a *lappa* (or waist-cloth) of brightly coloured cotton—nearly always worn as the badge of office of a house-boy—ready to wait at your table, and proud of his promotion. 'New brooms sweep clean,' and for the first few days your house and clothes will be thoroughly overhauled—which state of things, however, will die down in time unless you have been fortunate enough to get hold of an exceptionally good steward. When sent on messages they are very apt to linger and seize the occasion to pay calls on their friends, a mode of procedure which is sometimes rather annoying. As cooks they can hardly be termed a success. The only white man I knew who made an experiment in this direction was so frequently ill, or else went hungry, from the weird dishes put before him, that he was at length forced to make a change in his culinary department.

Do not let the reader imagine that only full-grown men are in the gangs. Small boys, or rather children, often accompany their elders on a trip to the white man's country; and very useful these

little imps can be. It is really wonderful how quickly they pick up English, besides half-a-dozen native languages; their own dialect being used exclusively among themselves. I never yet heard of any white man or native of any other tribe who had even a slight knowledge of the Kroo tongue; indeed, they are very chary of letting an outsider into the mysteries of the clicks and guttural monosyllables that form their language. I have known a small boy who told us the meaning of two or three words get a severe rating from his headman. The universal language used in dealing with Krooboys is 'coast English,' a sort of 'pidgin' dialect which takes some little time to master properly, and until it is learnt one is in a very uncomfortable predicament, as it is the sole means of communication with your household and outdoor servants. My curses on the man who invented and first taught it to the unsuspecting nigger, whom surely it would have been as easy to teach proper English. If it were only strange words the difficulty would be small; but there is such a queer jumble of twisted phrases and such distorted meanings to ordinary words that the new-comer is naturally apt to become a little mixed. For instance, if a Krooboy wanted to say that So-and-so was dead, he would observe that 'he live for die,' or if So-and-so was in the house 'he live for house,' if outside 'he live for out.' However, it is no use grumbling, as this is the recognised form of speech all over the West Coast, in all the *foreign* as well as British colonies. Awkward as it is for an Englishman to master, what must it be for a German or Frenchman? Many Germans have told me how difficult it is for them to learn correct English when they come to the coast, as they are so apt to get confused with this base dialect.

At Lagos, where I spent some years, there are hundreds of Krooboys employed by the numerous branch-steamers plying in and out of the lagoon, as well as by the factories. Gangs of them walk up and down the Marina, as the chief thoroughfare is called, all night, making the evenings hideous with their loud and uncouth conversation. I have often thought that the compound system in vogue in South Africa might be introduced on the coast with advantage.

Krooboys are of a happy-go-lucky disposition, and very similar in temperament as well as appearance to Kaffirs. A friend of mine once observed that the former were the 'Irishmen of the negro races.' In addition to their meagre wages of from ten to twenty shillings a month, they are generally paid sixpence or ninepence a week 'chop money,' and out of this handsome allowance they grow fat and often actually save money, and things are by no means too cheap on the coast. One German house I knew dispensed with this cash payment, and gave their boys either a cupful or half a cup of rice daily, the difference of ration being accounted for by the receiver's lifting capacity. A simple expedient this: 'Supposing you be fit carry one bag kernels, you get 'em one cup rice; supposing you no be fit, get 'em half-cup.' They were quite content; indeed, the love of rice is almost a passion with them. Though fairly honest as a rule, they can never be trusted near a bag of this stuff; which seems to me strange, as anything I had as an article of diet at meal-times would hardly appeal to my predaceous instincts, though perhaps it is merely a sign of foresight on their part.

It is curious that, out of the scores of different negro tribes living all down the four thousand miles of the West African coast, nearly all should be either so conservative in their ideas or have such an intense dislike to work directly for the white people that one tiny strip of land constitutes the only available recruiting-ground for labourers. It is not that the other black races are lazy; certain individuals may be, but there are none like the Krooboys, who take so readily to and are so quick to learn the innovations and inventions of modern shipping. I do not know for certain whether they have been tried at plantation-work; but I think I have heard it said that they are or would be a failure at anything of that kind. Why I cannot say, as they must live by agriculture in their own country. If the experiment has not been made, it is certainly worthy of consideration.

Though they are met with as far down as Swakopmund, in German South-West Africa, there is one place that nothing will induce Krooboys to have anything to do with, and that is the Congo. I remember well an English steamer belonging to the British and African line going from Lagos to put in a year's service as branch-boat on the Congo River, with a crew of Krooboys on board, who, on learning their destination a few days after they had been at sea, made such a fuss that the steamer had to put back to Lagos and discharge them. Evidently the somewhat arbitrary methods that the Belgians have of dealing with recalcitrant natives does not appeal to the independent spirit of the Krooboy.

The quantity of luggage Krooboys will take on their return to their own country is marvellous. As a rule, when they arrive at the beginning of their period of service there is hardly sixpence-worth of property among a whole gang; but as the months go by they are continually buying cheap tin trunks, or else constructing wooden chests in their spare time, and these, painted and carefully corded, make quite an imposing show on the wharf or beach just previous to their departure for home. Even the smallest boy, eight or nine years of age, has his two or three bundles or boxes. One may ask, what do their treasures consist of? These are lengths of cheap cotton prints, brass pans, and large cooking-pots; but the chief ambition that animates the breast of every Krooboy is to possess a tall hat—if possible half-a-dozen, but at least one! I remember the firm I represented importing a large case of old, second-hand silk hats, which were retailed

at five shillings and sixpence each; and so great was the demand by the yard-boys that the whole consignment was sold out in less than ten minutes. Many must have spent the hard-earned savings of months on these treasures, and two or three stragglers who came too late to obtain any actually wept bitter tears of disappointment. What they do with all the things they take home I do not know, but I have heard that they 'present' the bulk to their king or chief; in fact, it is a kind of toll or custom-duty that the latter potentate levies on his dusky subjects. I once had the pleasure (and honour) of seeing a letter from the king of Sasstown to my principal — written in very fair English, too—in which his Majesty expressed a naïve desire that my chief would make him many valuable presents, in which case he (the king) would send the former a gang of 'very good boys fit for plenty hard work.' This important document was signed 'King Billy' in a straggling, schoolboy hand; and it has always been a matter of regret that I did not ask for and obtain this precious epistle, as one does not get the chance of seeing the correspondence of royalty every day.

There are several towns or villages on the Kroo Coast, each of which boasts its own chief; certain districts being noted for skilled surf-boat boys, while others have a superior reputation for the industry of their inhabitants. It is curious how little is known of the domestic life of these people; and during all the time I was on the coast I only saw one Kroo woman, and she was hardly what one would call a Venus. Though nominally under the rule of Liberia, they have a huge contempt for the comic opera government and officials of the negro republic; in fact, they look with disdain upon all other black people, and their contempt is only equalled by that of the latter, who class Krooboys as 'bushmen,' the lowest epithet in the coast English dialect.

Short as are the stoppages which steamers make when embarking a gang of boys off the Liberian coast, they are as nothing compared with the stoppages when they are taking returning labourers home. In the latter case it is seldom that a vessel does more than slow down, and the boys have to clamber over the side and get their baggage down into the tiny canoes alongside as best and as speedily as they can. Often the mate, bursting with impatience, will throw their boxes overboard into the water, there to sink or swim according to their contents, a proceeding which never fails to induce the owners to follow with very little delay. Still, there is really no excuse for this drastic method, as the steamship companies make a good thing annually out of the passage-money of Krooboys, and the latter have a right to be treated as passengers.

Whether Krooboys would appear to advantage as labourers in the Rand mines is a difficult question to answer. Personally I think they would, as they are generally of good physique and have a natural aptitude for hammer-work; but the insufficiency of their numbers, the expense of bringing them down, and their certain refusal to absent themselves from their own country for a longer period than twelve months would all constitute serious drawbacks. Besides, their emigration to South Africa would undoubtedly be strongly opposed by the many influential West African houses.

There is another and darker side to the Krooboy's character, of which, however, having had no personal experience, I can only speak from hearsay. Vessels wrecked on the dangerous Kroo Coast have been quickly looted by the inhabitants, who are by no means so mild and gentle of temperament in their native land as a casual acquaintance with them at work on steamers and in factory-yards would lead the stranger to believe. Dark tales are told from time to time of castaway passengers and white crews being murdered for the sake of their possessions, of fingers cut off living hands for the rings on them, and other like stories—all, however, more or less authenticated—showing that, though these people have availed themselves of some of the advantages of our civilisation, there is still a good deal of the savage left in them.

WOODLAND VOICES.

THROUGH the woodland faint voices are calling—
Sweet songs of a summer day;
Through the valley the streamlet is singing
As she hastes on her seaward way!

Fancy is throned in the branches
Of a grim, twisted, aged oak-tree;
She sings to the woodland enchanted,
And calls in her joy to me:

'Dear heart, the woodland is calling,
And whispers I hear in the air;
The fairies are asking a playmate
The foxgloves to twine in your hair!'

High up in the fern-covered cavern,
Where the waterfall leaps on his way,
I see the gray eyes of sweet Echo
Peeping forth from a mist-cloud of spray.

She calls to her sister, fair Fancy,
And beckons with white hands to me;
Anon, as the vale-mist comes creeping,
She sings to me—dreamily:

'Ah, child of the woodland, my loved one!
List, ere the night-shades do fall:
Hold in your eyes Fancy's message,
Keep in your heart Echo's call!'

I rise from my dream in the valley
At the close of the summer day;
The woodland voices are silent,
For Echo has passed away.

MURIEL RAIKES BROMAGE.

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GRANDFATHERS' CLOCKS.

By HARWOOD BRIERLEY.

THE revival of old oak furniture and grandfathers' clocks appears to be giving great satisfaction in high places. It has to be admitted that there is a real charm accompanied by not a little art tone about these useful heirlooms which, for some time past, have been cherished more at the farmsteads than the mansions. But now we shall find that in many good houses the grandfathers' clock has been transferred from the kitchen, or brought down from a dusky corner on the stair-landing, to a more conspicuous and honourable position near the entrance. When specimens by reputed good makers are put up by auction at country house and cottage sales the bidding for them is often keen. Pertinacious dealers are scouring the country-side in quest of old oak furniture and clocks, thinking to tempt their owners with offers of cash down.

The broker and the dealer in antiques often know a thing or two about enhancing the market-price of these clocks at a very little cost. The other day a sheep-grazier and his wife were tempted to part with what had been a most cherished possession for generations; and, although they needed the money badly, they both repented their decision when the cart came to fetch it away. This dame, shedding tears into her apron, informed me that when the clock came into the house-place from her old home not long after she was married there were quite twelve inches too much of its stature; so that, rather than cut a hole in the wood ceiling, John took up a flag and dug down into the foundations, planting the clock's base there. It so happened that when the grand finial had been bent forward a little this family possession was, to all intents and purposes, let into the house. But now, alas! the clock had gone away for ever; and what would Joe, their eldest son—a railway porter at Newcastle—say about it? Instead of the family heirloom she could only show him a half-crown metal clock, with alarum, which reigned in its stead.

Everybody who possesses a grandfather-clock is glad of some particulars as to its age, the maker's fame and place of residence, &c. For amongst the *lares* and *penates* of our country households the tall eight-day clock, with its deliberate, solemn, and incessant *tick-tock*, easily holds first 'pride of place.' In all probability it belonged not to one grandfather only, but to many in succession, for which reason it is bound to be a cherished possession in its own old corner. The market-valuer or broker would insult the owner by unsentimental calculations as to its worth in the form of a 'going concern.' Surely, nothing in furniture-form so clearly accentuates the blessings of home as the old clock with its measured *tick-tock*. Nothing so admirably sustains for lifetime after lifetime that peaceful, old-world, domestic atmosphere which one read about in the story-books of a bygone generation. Eloquent of passing time, while its revolving lunar dial warns the shepherd or encourages the farmer, the living clock is such a good-natured giant (often eight feet of stature!) that in many country places to-day it receives the attention of a Christian. Its long case has for a century or two been polished with elbow-grease on an application of beeswax and turpentine, possessing now a brilliance and a density of colour that cannot be obtained by twentieth-century patent mixtures guaranteed to save time and strength. It talks to the whole house in two notes which might be called monotone, and may be relied upon to discuss the hours with unwearying patience for a period indefinite, asking but the one solitary favour that some member of the household will stand on a chair to try the physical exercise of winding it up on preparation-day, after everything else has been put in order for the Sabbath.

One would like to see a picture of Longfellow's 'Old Clock on the Stairs.' Were dragons carved on its door-panel, as though to frighten away those persons who had no right to look inside? Was there on the dial a motto of the monitory kind about the passage of time, the danger of delay, the

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virtue of punctuality? Thomas Lister, a famous Halifax maker, pasted inside his clocks a sheet on which was printed a Quaker-like reminder of the rapid flight and proper use of time, as follows:

> Lo! here I stand by thee upright
> To give thee warning day and night;
> For every tick that I do give
> Cuts short the time thou hast to live.
> Therefore, a warning take by me,
> To serve thy God as I serve thee;
> Each day and night be on thy guard,
> And thou shalt have a just reward.

And what a medley of subjects used to be introduced on those dials of pierced brass and enamel! Old Father Time, for instance, with his staff and possibly sickle; ladies spinning with distaff and spindle; shepherds and satyrs piping to naked nymphs; winged and rosebud-mouthed Cupids, and birds listening to lovers in the pleasaunce; dolphins disporting in the sea with mermaids; masks of Saracens and ogres; and who can say what? The clock-head usually had fluted pillars with capitals, or twisted pillars without, while in the spandrels above there was often some arabesque marquetry. The cresting might consist of scrolls turned towards the centre, or it might take the form of a spread-eagle, or a spire, or brass ball finials. There might also be a lunar dial revolving to the moon's phases, and a date-wheel. I always imagine that 'The Old Clock on the Stairs' which inspired Longfellow's poem must have been a very handsome production, though not of English workmanship. Long may it 'strike home' to the hearts of English readers! Thus:

> Somewhat back from the village street
> Stands the old-fashioned country-seat,
> Across its ancient portico
> Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw,
> And from its station in the hall
> An ancient timepiece says to all—
> 'For ever—never!
> Never—for ever!'
>
> Half-way up the stairs it stands,
> And points and beckons with its hands
> From its case of massive oak;
> Like a monk who, under his cloak,
> Crosses himself and sighs, alas!
> With sorrowful voice to all who pass—
> 'For ever—never!
> Never—for ever!'
>
> By day its voice is low and light,
> But in the silent dead of night
> (Distant as a passing footstep's fall)
> It echoes along the vacant hall,
> Along the ceiling, along the floor,
> And seems to say at each chamber door,
> 'For ever—never!
> Never—for ever!'

Longfellow goes on to show that 'The Old Clock on the Stairs' has seen many changes—'days of sorrow, days of mirth;' an increasing family, the nursery with its prattle, the golden hours of youth, love-making scenes and weddings, not a little feasting, and the closing scene of death. The sentient clock, watching these temporalities with solemn face, replies thus to the question if those who have gone hence shall meet again:

> 'Never here—for ever there!
> For ever here—but never there!'

Let us now leave the poetic aspect of grandfathers' clocks, and come to a few facts which may prove useful. We may say that no thirty-hour, eight-day, and three-hundred-and-sixty-five-day time-indicators of this type now exist which are older than 1640. Those which went for one year without winding up were made between 1670 and 1770, but are now very rare indeed. A hundred and fifty years ago they appear to have been made in most of the country towns in England, and in very many of the villages. Needless to say, they were not turned out wholesale at a rapid rate by machinery, and at the least possible cost, for ready sale in every available market. Nowadays the world is crowded with producers and reproducers; we have too few craftsmen such as have thriven both before and since the days of trades guilds. The old clocks bore the marks of conscientious labour, loving care, for it was intended that they should wear for a couple of hundred or three hundred years, and so pass into the category of family heirlooms. Zachary Taylor, Emmanuel Easton, Humphrey Clark, Anthony Gamble, Thomas Lister, J. Farrah, T. Pierce—a few old clockmakers' names I have met with—had nothing to do with modern German, Yankee, or Brummagem methods. No cumbrous plant had they, no spacious workshop to put it in, no glaring shop-front for display, no advertisement in newspaper, almanac, or directory. Some of them were too conscientious in their methods to 'make money;' but that was at a time when families were less extravagant than they are to-day, and when *bona-fide* hand-made goods were not imitated by machinery.

Let us take a peep at the methods of these old-time clockmakers, who were, I doubt not, often droll fellows who went about their business single-handedly and never worked 'against time.' Some of them had small workshops; others were quite content beside a bench and foot-lathe in the house-place, where they had occasionally to suffer a scolding for being in the way or making unnecessary dirt on washing or baking days. Usually they had to buy the material for their movements—that is, the clock-works—from the brassfounders. This they cut, shaped, turned, and polished in the foot-lathe. Pointers, pinions, pivots, escapements, wheels, and other parts were all carefully made by hand, the process being a tedious one with the limited tools at hand. Wheel-teeth had all to be filed out in a vice, and afterwards hardened and tempered by some simple but effective process. Such a worker would not hesitate to spend half a week over a single steel finger, and consider his time well spent, as indeed

it was, seeing that for a few centuries it would be the observed of all observers, constituting the most obviously important part of the clock and no unimportant factor in the household arrangements. Some of the large pointers resemble a long, thin rapier in miniature, with twisted hilt and pierced handle; while the lesser fingers often take the shape of mediæval scissors. It was probably the habit of each old clockmaker to adhere to his own favourite pattern. I should say that from 1670 to about 1750 many clocks had only one pointer, and in some cases only one weight.

A proud possessor of a tall clock who finds a personal name engraved on the dial, followed by the name of the town, naturally concludes that it came from there. However, confusion may be worse confounded by the dial and the works bearing different names. It was customary at first for the name engraved on the dial to be that of the owner, not of the maker, though afterwards it became necessary for the maker's name and place of residence to appear. It is never safe to conclude that the man who engraved the dial fashioned also the movements and the oak case. As a rule, there were three separate departments in the trade. Possibly the best guide to a clock's age is the size of the dial or face, which the maker of the movements got engraved to order or purchased ready-made, this being an independent art. We must remember that the first dials made (*circa* 1675) were of brass, and that they did not measure more than ten inches square; but the size went on increasing until, at the close of the seventeenth century, they were fourteen or fifteen inches square. One hundred years later (in 1780) enamelled dials, white or cream-coloured, with fancy paintings on them, first appeared, and were much cheaper than engraved brass. Although a century ago a few Birmingham firms were specialising on clock pinions, dials, watch and clock hands, &c., there was no such thing as a 'clock-case maker' to the trade. Village cabinetmakers charged about fifteen shillings for an ordinary case of well-seasoned oak. The tops of the doors were cut square or straight, their carving and rounding-off being an embellishment which came into vogue after 1720. Mahogany cases, with more or less marquetry or inlay-work, are of more recent date than oak; those boasting Oriental or Japanese lacquer being attributed to about 1745. A couple of young persons would, in olden days, as soon think of setting up housekeeping without a seven or eight pound clock as without a four-poster and feather-bed. Owners of clocks of the type first mentioned may be comforted by the information that they were made before the days of trade directories, of which the earliest one worthy of note appears to be *The Universal British Directory* for 1790–95. Britten's list gives only members of the Clockmakers' Company, so that, unless recourse be had to parish burial registers, there is little or no clue to those ancient worthies who quietly prosecuted their calling without charter.

Finally, what was the cause of the decline of this cottage industry? Less cumbrous but much inferior clocks, designed to 'take up less room,' were made and sold at 'no cost worth mentioning'! New style jostled against newer style as America, Coventry, Birmingham, and Germany overstocked the market with competitive wares. By-and-by the world's workers began to argue that if they could buy a clock with an alarum for less than five shillings, why should they spend eight sovereigns on one without an alarum? My story is told, and I cannot at present call to mind a single town or village where a grandfather's clock has been made these forty years.

CASIMIR LE SOMBRE.

CHAPTER V.

A FEW days after my conversation with Deotima I was sitting alone, when Father Ambrose, a Franciscan monk who officiated as chaplain at the castle, approached me, and, regarding me fixedly with his searching black eyes, said:

'My daughter, Countess Czartoryska tells me that she has made you a sharer in all our plans and hopes. It is a heavy load for young shoulders to bear. Do you feel sure that you can bear it without flinching?'

'I can, Father,' I replied, returning his gaze firmly. 'What one woman can do I will do.'

'These are proud words to come from the lips of a girl who but yesterday was a child,' he said gravely; 'and yet women, and young women, too—for were not Joan of Arc and the Maid of Saragossa young?—have done much that is great in the world's history. Youth is the season of confidence, and confidence is the means of success.'

This last reflection he had made more to himself than to me; but now assuming a practical tone, he continued:

'You know that all engaged in this undertaking are exposed to great danger, and it may be well for you to be provided with a disguise. Your father made you wear male attire, did he not? Make yourself a suit now—I give you the Church's permission; but let no one know that you possess such a dress, and perhaps one day it may prove your greatest safeguard, for I must leave this place soon, and shall be absent some months. Adieu, daughter! My blessing be with you.'

I will not dwell on the events of that winter or the feverish state of excitement in which we lived. So vigilant were the Russians, and so numerous their spies, that our hopes of success depended almost entirely on the efforts of friends from without. Recruiting agents were busy among the exiled Poles abroad, and it was arranged that these were to assemble in Austrian and Prussian territory, where they were sure to add to their numbers, and then cross the frontier in small parties to form rallying-points where the Russian Poles could join them, and boldly throw down the gauntlet of insurrection. The German troops, of course, patrolled the frontier and did all in their power to frustrate this plan; but, notwithstanding, large numbers of young men flocked to the standard of the National Government, and, eluding every obstacle, managed to throw themselves across and attack the Russian outposts with varying success.

We in the meanwhile were not idle. It was necessary that stores of ammunition and food should be secreted in the forests for the use of the *powstancy—nasy powstancy* (our insurgents), as we loved to call them—should they penetrate to our neighbourhood; and many a day, when taking Zampa for a gallop in the forest, have I carried cartridges secreted about me to one of these hiding-places.

At last a day came when the Count decided to join his fortunes openly with the insurgents; and, collecting all the young men whose loyalty to the cause could be depended on, he started to unite his forces with a company of *powstancy* which was reported to have crossed the frontier near Czenstchow, under the command of the Countess's only brother Ladislas.

You can imagine how terribly empty the great house looked when they were all gone, and Deotima and myself, with Karl the old major-domo and a few waiting-women, alone remained behind.

The Count had thought it wise to take all his men-servants with him, for he knew that some were pretty sure to be in the pay of the Russian Government, and he wished to prevent their telling tales till he was strong enough to resist pursuit.

The news we received of the insurgent forces was now most uncertain. Sometimes we only heard of them through a foreign newspaper smuggled across the frontier in the greasy cap or boots of one of the Jewish pedlars who drove a rich trade as go-betweens; sometimes a trusty peasant would arrive with a message which it was not safe to put into writing. The only news that *never* seemed to miscarry, and that always travelled fast, was that telling of death or disaster. Late in February we heard how nearly a thousand of the flower of the Polish youth had lost their lives in a desperate attempt to surprise the Russian garrison of Michow; again, in March, how our insurgent general Czechowiski had been driven back across the frontier after two days' stubborn fighting with the enemy. But in April more joyful tidings came, and we heard that Jeziaranski had been smuggled into Russia in a farmer's cart, and was rapidly concentrating a force of insurgents to engage the Imperial troops. The Count was reported to be with him, and our excitement was of the most painful kind; but heavy rains had now fallen, and the country was so flooded with water that for a time we were cut off from all news.

CHAPTER VI.

THE sun rose faintly through a watery sky on the 13th of May 1863. That day was the turning-point in my life, but I knew it not. Deotima and I followed our usual round of occupations, and in the evening we retired to the library, where, however, she no longer had the heart to play on the organ, the soft, tender tones of which touched her feelings too deeply. Suddenly there was a clatter of a horse's hoofs in the yard and a sound of footsteps in the passage. Our hearts stood still, the door flew open, and old Karl came in almost supporting in his arms a tall, gaunt figure dressed in a Polish tunic and high boots, which dragged his steps painfully as if severely hurt. round his head was a blood-stained rag, and his left arm hung powerless by his side.

'Lady,' he said in a husky voice, 'I bring you a letter;' and he would have sunk to the ground but for old Karl's arm. I hastened to pour out a glass of spirits, and held it to his lips, while Deotima tore the letter open. It was in the hand writing of a well-known friend of the cause, and ran as follows: 'Your brother is in great danger. He is encamped with three hundred men on the right bank of the Warta, near the black morass. One thousand five hundred Russians are on their way to surprise him; and if you would save him, send on a message with a fresh horse to give warning. The enemy will be upon him by daybreak to-morrow.—Yours, D.'

'And my husband, where is he?' she asked breathlessly of the messenger, whom the brandy had slightly revived.

'*Boguchwala!* [Praise God!] he is safe with Jeziaranski.'

'When did you get this letter?'

'At daybreak; but I was pursued by Cossacks and obliged to leave the road. I have been wounded in two places.'

Great though her anxiety was, Deotima's first care was to see that the poor fellow was properly tended; then she returned to the library and burst into an agony of tears.

'What can I do?' she cried piteously, appealing to me. 'We have no man that we can trust but old Karl, and he does not know the forest, even if he were strong enough to ride forty miles before daybreak. Oh, my poor Ladislas, my brother, I shall never see you again!'

It was in vain that I tried to comfort her; there was in truth but little comfort to offer, and the very effort she had bravely made to control her feelings during the past anxious months caused the reaction now to be all the stronger. Indeed, her grief became so hysterical that I thought it best to make her go to bed; and after giving her a sleeping-draught I remained watching by her side till her sobs and moans gradually subsided, and I saw that she had sunk into a peaceful slumber. Then I took a lamp and stole to my room.

A half-defined scheme which had formed itself in my mind at the spectacle of Deotima's distress leaped into sudden shape when my eyes rested on my father's sabre and pistols hanging over the fireplace. Why should I not save her brother? Would the veteran of Napoleon's wars who wore that sabre have thought twice what to do under such circumstances? And why should I, his child, hesitate now? I knew every glade of the forest, and no horse could do the distance with greater speed than Zampa. There was little time to lose, and I gave myself no time to think.

Locked away in my wardrobe lay the male disguise which, in accordance with the advice of Father Ambrose, I had secretly prepared: the round astrakhan cap (for which I had worked a badge displaying the national White Eagle), a dark-gray cloth tunic braided with black, loose overalls to match, long boots reaching to the knees obtained from a Jewish pedlar, and a capacious cavalry cloak, lined with scarlet, that had belonged to my father.

Hastily divesting myself of my evening-dress, I donned these garments; and as I buckled on my father's sabre and surveyed myself in the glass I thought I might well pass for a young Polish officer. There were many in our national army who could number fewer years than I, and my tall figure and somewhat dark complexion were all in my favour. One thing remained to be done. I had long black hair reaching below my waist, and this I must sacrifice. Seizing a pair of scissors, I cut it short—not, I must confess, without a sigh of regret; then I sat down at the table and wrote a line to Deotima telling her to fret no more, as I myself would deliver her message. After I had sealed this, my next care was carefully to load my father's pistols, and sticking them in my belt, I wrapped my cloak around me and crept cautiously down the gaunt moonlit staircase.

Not a light was visible in the house as I crossed the yard that led to the stables. Zampa began to stamp and rattle his chains when he heard the door open, but a word from me quieted him, and I soon had the bit between his teeth.

There were several men's saddles in the harness-room, the lightest of which I selected, and, girthing it firmly on his back, led him into the open. I had often ridden astride when I was a boy—or rather a girl in boy's clothes—and now when the noble animal felt the grip of my knees on his flanks he seemed to know that some special display of energy was required of him, and, shaking his mane proudly, dashed at a hand-gallop into the dark shadows of the forest.

(To be continued.)

LIVING BATTERIES.

By F. G. Aflalo.

WE smaller dwellers on the surface of an earth which we have inherited after the elimination of gigantic reptiles that would have fed on us, have reason to be thankful that the dangerous power of administering the electric shock from natural batteries is mercifully restricted to a few fishes that are nowhere abundant and always easily avoided. An electric elephant would be a terrible foe to encounter, but how much more appalling than even the tse-tse would be an electric fly! There would be no escape from so small and so mobile a scourge; but those who deliberately and of set purpose seek out the few fishes endowed with this mysterious power have only themselves to thank if knowledge brings sorrow. From one only—the torpedo or electric ray, known to our fishermen as the 'cramp-fish'—does man run any risk in the performance of his ordinary duties; and the torpedo, besides being of retiring habits, cannot be regarded as a common fish in British seas.

The appearance of the torpedo, which is first cousin to the sharks, gives us the secret of its murderous methods when seeking what it may devour. It does not roar, for voice is given to but few fishes. Its strength is in its silence and stillness, for it is all but undistinguishable from the sand on which it lies. Other rays and skates possess the electric fluid in a minor degree; but the torpedo alone has a reputation to live up to. Its electric organs are honeycombed with hundreds of cells filled with transparent jelly, and a shock is given only on contact at two points. It is a fish of great size, and has been caught in our seas weighing upwards of eighty pounds. It is not a sprinter—few fishes, indeed, are more deliberate in their movements; yet, gifted with the power to paralyse at touch, it is so terrible a foe that it can afford to lie perfectly still and deal out death without an effort. Indeed, it is easy to see from the small size of its teeth what little need the torpedo has, like so many predatory fishes, to seize slippery prey. There is no escape for a victim once struck insensible

by a dose from its terrible accumulators. Most of its deadly work is done at night, as has been proved by careful experiment with a flash-lamp in the aquarium, and throughout the day captive individuals are seen to keep their eyes half-closed with the sleepy expression characteristic of nocturnal animals.

The French naturalist Dubois published an interesting fact which establishes beyond a doubt the torpedo's knowledge of its own strength. Like many other sharks and rays, it bears living young, and he noticed repeatedly that pregnant females used their electric power freely; but as soon as the young were born, and consequently liable to the same risk as anything else swimming in the tank, they forbore from bringing the batteries into play. This observation is interesting also on psychological grounds, for it clearly indicates parental instinct in a very primitive group of fishes.

Better known, at any rate in books, than our torpedo is the electric eel (or gymnotus) of the swamps of Guiana and Brazil. For many years visitors to the Zoological Gardens at Regent's Park were fascinated by the electric eels kept in a tank in the tropical climate of the Insect House, on the north bank of the Canal, and it was a matter of arrangement with the keeper to experience the sensation of a mild shock. This was never severe, as it is probable that their powers never developed very highly in the conditions of captivity. In its natural surroundings, the electric eel, being more active, is still more formidable than the torpedo.

It grows to a length of about six feet, and is capable of stunning animals of considerable size when they resort to its haunts for drinking purposes. Travellers have related that its batteries can even stun the dreaded alligator, and we know from the Indian method of capturing it for food (a much-appreciated dish among the native tribes) that it can paralyse horses. These unfortunate animals are driven into the swamp, and the eels, terrified and enraged by the intrusion of stampeding hoofs, glide alongside their unwelcome and unwilling visitors, and discharge their electric stores again and again into the bodies of the horses. The panic-stricken horses dash madly up the bank, only to be driven back among the living batteries in the water until they sink exhausted in the ooze, and the now exhausted eels can be impaled with impunity on grains or harpoons fastened to dry lines, by the use of which the Indians run no risk from any electricity that may be left unused.

The battery of gymnotus lies in an arrangement of cells above and beneath the tail, and the electricity is positive on the upper surface and negative on the lower. Its remarkable power was clearly not given to it for the destruction of horses. The repulse of the omnivorous alligator is a more likely purpose, but the main object is doubtless the procuring of food. It has been suggested, though without very satisfactory evidence, that it can even paralyse small fishes at some distance; but such wireless attack is scarcely necessary, since its dull and inconspicuous colouring must enable it to lurk unseen in the muddy water of those Brazilian marshes and to stun any fish that comes in contact with its tail. To devour the fish before it recovers consciousness is a question only of appetite.

This electric property, though commonly associated only with the ray and eel, has been remarked by naturalists in other forms in both fresh water and salt. In the rivers of the Nile region, for example, there is a cat-fish with muscular electric organs bearing close resemblance to those which we find in the torpedo; but in this case the battery extends the entire length of the body. On the Atlantic seaboard of North America, also, there is a star-gazer which can give electric shocks from a bare space on the upper side of the head. It is, indeed, not improbable that the growing investigation of the fishes of the sea will reveal hitherto unsuspected electric properties in other kinds, for it is hardly likely that so specialised a weapon of offence and defence should have been developed in so few; there are, as a matter of fact, signs of atrophied electric organs in several groups of fresh-water fishes in Africa. One feature of this strange power has so far been found common to all that are endowed with it: like the venom in snakes, the electric force is easily exhausted, and can be renewed only with food and repose, a process of recuperation which we may perhaps compare with the doctoring of a galvanic battery with fresh acid.

THE GOLD-GHOST.

By ALBERT DORRINGTON, late of Queensland and New South Wales.

THE world had not seemed so empty until the solitary sandhill swung into view. Nothing moved or stirred within the belt of mangrove and ti-tree swamp. A network of creeks gridironed the rotting blue mud-flats.

Trooper Buckland walked his horse through the perilous growth of knife-like thorns that sprouted everywhere between the heaps of stone. Behind, leading another horse, came a narrow-hipped black tracker wearing the uniform of the Queensland mounted police.

The sandhill attracted Trooper Buckland; its queer, camel-like formation suggested the work of man and the proximity of a mining-camp. The young trooper was one of a party sent out to ascertain the whereabouts of Frank E.

Donnolly, gold-stealer and aboriginal 'disperser,' wanted on a charge of shooting and ill-treating certain members of the Arunti tribe camped on the Gascoyne River. The small white population scattered between Batavia River and the Gascoyne forgave Donnolly his recent attack on the gold-escort at Emu Creek; it was the hunting and 'dispersing' of inoffensive bands of aboriginals that caused every man's rifle to be turned against him.

The trooper approached the sand-heap cautiously, while the tracker crept sleuth-like in his shadow. A pig-tailed head and face appeared suddenly from a near ti-tree clump, and for a moment the white man observed a pair of slant eyes measuring him inquisitively.

Buckland laughed easily. 'Good-day, John,' he shouted. 'Come out and show yourself.' The look of unspeakable terror in the Mongolian's eyes amused him. Dismounting, he threw his bridle-rein to the tracker, and stepped to the sand-heap leisurely. 'Blacks been annoying you?' he inquired briefly.

The Chinaman crawled from his hiding-place, eying trooper and tracker uncertainly. His dungaree pants flapped weirdly about his bulging knees; his sludge-smeared hands and feet spoke of recent labours within some shallow mine or creek-bed. 'Wha' fo' you come here?' he asked in a high-pitched voice. 'Evelyting bad; evelyting got um devil but me.' Squatting on a heap of tailings, he wrung his hands and wept shrilly, like one bereft of kith and kin.

Buckland climbed the sandheap, and discovered a deep excavation at the other side. A windlass with a rope attached stood over it. The shaft-like excavation descended about fifteen feet to where a tunnel had been driven towards the creek-bank. The unmistakable drip, drip of water was the only sound that came from the ill-constructed little mine.

The trooper regarded the weeping Chinaman curiously, and listened to his hysterical outpourings of grief and rage against some unknown power which had recently deprived him of two fellow-countrymen, partners in the mine.

From his babblings Buckland gathered that a certain mystery hung about the fate of the two missing Chinese gold-seekers. Three mornings before, the leader of the party had descended the shaft with pickaxe and bucket to bring to the surface some of the rich quartz left in the tunnel the previous night. The clink, clink of his pickaxe had been heard by the two Chinamen in charge of the windlass, and as the morning wore on he came to the tunnel-mouth and asked them to haul up the bucket of specimens he had dug from a pocket in the roof.

His companions had waited near the windlass for his return with the bucket. The sound of his footsteps in the tunnel had reached them, followed by the clatter of the pickaxe falling against the stone-covered floor. Then came a shout and a long, wailing cry for help, accompanied by a flail-like thrashing as though a body was being bumped against the wall of the drive. That was all.

Both Chinamen had waited until the following day, hoping that their comrade would appear once more. Min Ying, the younger of the two, then volunteered to go in search of him. Descending by the windlass-rope, he entered the tunnel cautiously, calling out the name of their missing friend. There was no reply. It may have been the glitter of the gold-filled bucket that carried Min Ying far into the tunnel. A strange clapping noise followed his entry, a sharp cry, and then silence. What did it mean?

At the conclusion of his story the Chinaman rocked to and fro on the sandheap, his sludge-covered hands gripping his knees as each wave of hysteria swept over him. 'What you think happen to my comlades?' he asked suddenly. 'Two welly careful men. No whisky dlink; no opium pipe. Welly hard workers. They go down an' I see um no moah.'

Buckland, followed by the black tracker, walked round the mine curiously, half-suspecting the Chinaman's story. From what he gathered he was certain that the tunnel had been driven a hundred feet or more in a northerly direction. Good gold had been found, and he was not inclined to believe that two Chinamen would run away or play hide-and-seek with a paying concern.

The history of the North Queensland goldfields taught him that certain diggers were in the habit of spreading false reports concerning their ghost-haunted mines, especially when their claims had a reputation for producing big dividends. In many instances the ghost-theory kept gangs of inquisitive loafers from exploiting the workings after midnight when the camp was asleep. He was also aware that in the matter of raising a ghost-scare the crafty Chinaman had no equal.

Buckland was not eager to test the validity of the story. He was concerned chiefly with the whereabouts of Frank Donnolly, the man who had shot five natives at the head of the Gascoyne River only a month before.

At a sign from Buckland the tracker led the horses some distance along the creek, where the blue grass stood over their fetlocks. Hobbling them securely, he returned to the mine to await fresh orders from the trooper.

Buckland smoked unconcernedly near the windlass, peering from time to time into the shaft, as though listening to the sighing of the wind in the tunnel. It occurred to him that the mine had an outlet leading to the creek. A sudden thought fired him. Taking his carbine from its case, he beckoned the Chinaman sharply.

'I'm going to peep into your haunted mine, John. Stand by the windlass; my black boy will give you a hand to lower me.' Making a loop at the end of the rope, he seated himself in it securely,

adding a few words of caution to the nimble-witted tracker.

The windlass creaked and rattled as they lowered him into the mine. Buckland, seated in the loop, nursed his carbine as though ready to cover the first object that moved from the throat of the drive.

Slipping from his seat, he stepped to the tunnel-mouth and glanced inside, his left hand shading his eyes from the sun-rays that streamed down the shaft.

A great stillness hung about the deserted mine. The wind sighed and fluted through the long, quartz-lined corridor; the sound of water dripping from the gold-studded roof above made strange music in the half-terrifying silence.

Buckland stooped for a moment as though his alert eye had caught the dazzling glitter of the specimen-filled bucket at the end of the tunnel. A couple of steps took him inside, the muzzle of his carbine level with his hips. Water dripped on his head and hands. A strange musky odour stayed in his throat like poison. Creeping forward half a pace, he halted at sight of a pair of swinish eyes watching him from the end of the tunnel. A soft, almost imperceptible, breathing noise followed, as though a huge slimy shape were moving towards him.

Returning to the windlass-rope, he signalled to the men above. Swiftly and silently he was drawn to the surface, a grim smile on his sun-tanned face.

'You see um devil all li!' gasped the Chinaman, as the trooper climbed from the sling. 'Wha' fo' he no' kille you?'

'Your devil happens to be an old-man alligator,' laughed Buckland. 'Am afraid I can't arrest him either.'

The Chinaman's jaw fell; his eyes rolled like bits of metal in their sockets. Rushing to the mouth of the shaft, he commenced to hurl down pieces of quartz and stone until the tunnel echoed under the furious bombardment.

'Hi yah, you cassima brute! Why you eat Willy Sing an' Min Ying? By cli, I kille you byemby! You come out heah!'

'He'll attend to you if you go down, John,' grinned the trooper. 'Seems to me your friends bored through the reef to the edge of the mangrove-swamp and made a passage for the alligator. There are scores of them along the creek.'

'Why you no' shoot him?' cried the excited Mongolian. 'You go down an' give him one bullet quick. Him no' eat any moah Chinaman then.'

'I'm not commissioned to shoot alligators,' retorted the trooper gravely. 'Leastways, I'm not going into a pit to shoot one.'

'Wha' fo' you come heah, then? You Government trooper; you protect um me from alligator.'

'You haven't a miner's right, to begin with. And if you start fussing about your alligator I'll throw a certificate of confiscation at your mine. That wouldn't be nice, seeing the amount of good gold in sight—eh, John?'

The Chinaman shuffled away, whimpering inaudibly as he prepared a fire and food for the hungry trooper and black tracker.

The day was insufferably hot; the western sky seemed to pulse in waves of fierce browns and reds. Swarms of whistling duck and pigmy geese crowded the reed-choked lagoons and flats. Far away in the dim, mangrove-skirted east a small herd of Gulf buffaloes wandered through the rank sword-grass and swamp-oaks. An endless vista of spinifex and salt-pans filled the west. Clouds of big brown flies floated in from swamp and flat, driving the sun-weary trooper to the shelter of the Chinaman's hut.

During the hot afternoon the tracker wandered to the edge of the spinifex, kneeling at times to scan the earth's surface where some scarce visible impressions showed the trail of a moloch lizard or passing emu.

Buckland dozed inside the hut, his carbine resting on the beef-cask at his elbow. During the last sixteen hours he had remained in the saddle while his assistant tracker had explored the surrounding plains and swamps. Buckland, like most northern troopers, felt that better work would be accomplished after the horses had been fed and rested.

The tracker returned from the spinifex occasionally, pausing with knee and chin to the earth as though listening to some new sound which disturbed the pulsating tranquillity of the wilds. Half-crawling to the hut, he grunted a word through the open door that brought Buckland outside, carbine in hand. Dropping to his knees, the trooper crawled beside the tracker towards the shelter of the mangroves, where the horses were feeding in the lush blue grass.

'Somebody coming,' he called back to the amazed Chinaman. 'A white man. Don't say we're here, or I'll confiscate your mine. Savvy?'

The Chinaman gaped from the shaft-head and nodded dully; his bewildered eyes searched the distant spinifex for a glimpse of a man's outline.

It seemed hours before the faintest sound broke the hot stillness. The drip, drip of water in the tunnel, the soft fluting of the wind in the deserted shaft, played on the Chinaman's pent-up nerves. Staggering into the open at last, he beheld a mounted figure riding towards the mine.

At sight of the new-comer's face the Chinaman's knees and hands trembled violently. Retreating towards the shaft, he turned abruptly, licking his dry lips. 'Why you come heah, Donnolly?' he gasped. 'You go way plenty quick, or me fetch um policeman.'

'No, you won't, Wong,' guffawed the other, dismounting smartly. 'Don't talk police to me, or I'll bend your spine with a gun-barrel.'

In European countries Donnolly would have passed for a wild man. Twenty years spent in the

jungles of North Queensland among Chinese fossickers and aboriginals had stunted his mind and lowered his caste. His long, gorilla-like arms hung inertly at his sides, save when he swung his rifle lazily to his shoulder. As he walked his glance leaped from bush to bush with criminal stealth, as though fearing a bullet at every stride.

He regarded the Chinaman morosely, and his sun-wrinkled eyes wandered to the shaft and windlass. 'Where are your mates,' he snapped—'Min Ying an' the other leper? They were both here larst week.'

Hereat Wong Chat hurled the story of death and mystery at the sullen-jawed gold-robber with ferocious embellishments, omitting all reference to the live saurian camped within the tunnel of the mine. With the faith of his kind, he clung to his devil-theory until a broad saturnine grin overspread Donnolly's face.

'That'll do.' He strode to the mouth of the shaft, and glanced below sharply, and then at the Mongolian cowering in his shadow. 'Seem to be making your pile here,' he said bitingly. 'You sent eighty ounces to the bank at Port Darwin in December, an' another parcel last month. Where's your clean-up for February?' His white teeth were visible through the rift in his beard, and his eyes glinted maliciously. 'Been plantin' it, I s'pose, an' weavin' a blamed ghost-story round it.'

'One big hollible devil,' chattered the Celestial. 'Him bite um like um wood-saw; him swallow um gold-bucket.'

'He ain't the only devil that likes gold,' grunted Donnolly. 'Reckon he's welcome to the bucket if he's as big a liar as you. See here'—the gold-robber wagged a thick forefinger at the Chinaman menacingly—'I'll give you twenty seconds to shin down that shaft an' sling your dust to the surface. D'ye hear?'

Wong Chat fell to the earth and clutched the robber's knees desperately. 'You killee me; I no' go down there. No, no. Devil get um me. You shoot um me first.'

Donnolly's fingers played about the breech of his rifle undecidedly. His swift eye wandered up and down the mangrove-skirted inlet, and back to the silent spinifex from whence he had come.

There was little to be gained by shooting a hysterical Chinaman who might, for all he knew, hold the secret of much hidden treasure. He paused for a moment, his foot on the sand-heap, while his dish-faced camp-horse nibbled the grass near by.

His inquisitive eyes noted the sling at the end of the windlass rope; he beckoned the trembling Wong Chat.

'I'm goin' to look at this devil that swallows your buckets of gold. Just hold the windlass-handle an' lower away. An' while you're about it, don't forget that my rifle is quicker than your hand.'

Thrusting his legs into the sling, he nodded darkly, his rifle gripped in his big hairy hands. Wong Chat clung to the windlass-handle fearfully as he lowered the hawk-eyed mine-robber into the shaft. His mouth twitched strangely when Donnolly reached the gold-pitted floor of the mine; leaning over the shaft, he stared down gaping and irresolute.

'That'll do.' Donnolly glanced upward, and the hot sunlight illumined his gorilla-shaped outline. 'Don't leave that windlass-handle; don't move a toe or finger till you hear from me.'

'Me welly flightened!' stammered Wong Chat. 'You shake my feelings up an' down—you—you'——

The mine-robber snarled him into silence. Turning towards the tunnel, his expert eyes drank in the narrow vista of gold-veined reef that sloped and bulged from the great schist-like formation above. He was now certain that the Chinaman had invented the devil-story to frighten him away. Entering the tunnel, he was caught by the dull gleam of water-washed gold that fretted its low roof and walls. The eternal dripping of moisture from above had exposed the beautiful seams of precious metal that crossed and criss-crossed like the veins of a human hand. Here and there the gold-pitted roof had been timbered and stayed to prevent it from caving in at the centre.

Donnolly gaped incredulously at the rich, specimen-studded walls, and the criminal sweat broke from his face and throat. With his bushman's knife he picked and scraped the walls in his futile haste to strip them of their bulging knobs of gold.

'To think,' he choked, 'that this Morgan of a mine has been held by three bleatin' chows, an' nobody in the Gulf any the wiser! There's nothin' to prevent me cleanin' up the place an' runnin' over to 'Frisco. I'll make the chow live down here until he's scratched out every bit of colour from the workin's.'

A soft, thrashing sound caught his ear and sent him hastily to the mouth of the tunnel. Looking up, he saw that the rope had been drawn beyond his reach. The Chinaman still leaned against the windlass gaping listlessly in his direction.

Donnolly glanced half-suspiciously into the tunnel, listening intently. Above the dripping of water came a greasy, choking little noise, followed by a slavering sound that seemed to run through the narrow-walled drive.

The sound drew nearer until the white-lipped man saw the huge, shovel-shaped snout of the Gulf alligator nuzzling the earth in front. The swinish eyes seemed to blink as they emerged into the angle of fierce sunlight.

The snout approached him shyly at first, inch by inch; the long, barrel-shaped body scarcely seeming to move. With his back against the wall of the excavation the mine-robber watched it, half-fascinated, his limbs drawn stiffly, scarce daring to breathe.

'Let down that rope, Wong Chat!' Without moving his eyes from the shovel-shaped head, he

bellowed his words up the shaft. 'D' ye hear? Let down that rope.'

The snout regarded him curiously; the great length of body seemed to throb like an engine within the narrow tunnel. It advanced and stopped with incredible swiftness, and the small lids blinked incessantly over the fish-like eyes.

'Lower that rope!' The mine-robber's baying voice echoed throughout the tunnel, but his body did not move by the fraction of an inch. 'That rope! D' ye hear?'

Wong Chat peered into the shaft and gaped; a sudden grin illumined his inscrutable features. He made no response.

With unwavering eyes Donnolly stared at the saurian's head, the huge, flail-like body that smote the earth with trip-hammer force.

Swift as a lizard it rushed out open-jawed, nimble as a python, and in that moment the white-faced man tasted the fetid, musky breath that blew about his nostrils with petrifying insistence.

Snap! snap! The man leaped across the circular space with the agility of a trapped lion, and fired at the blinking, up-slanting eyes. The bullet glanced from the impenetrable ridge of bone, as, with a series of trip-hammer blows, the brute sought to pin him against the smooth sides of the shaft. Penned within a twelve-foot circle, surrounded by an unscalable wall, the saurian moved not so craftily as the Gulf-bred desperado. Thrusting his rifle into the red, blinking eye, he fired and leaped aside.

The explosion seemed to rend the roof of the tunnel; the saurian's head remained in the air for a moment, its jaws wide apart, while a deadly hiccup passed through its body. With a glance at the flinching throat and lifeless carcass, Donnolly glared at the windlass above.

'I'll give you a chance to lower that rope, you slant-eyed mongrel! Are you listening?'

The Chinaman's head vanished suddenly; and as Donnolly moved to the centre of the excavation he saw the rim of a carbine-barrel peeping at him from beyond the windlass.

'What's that? What'—— he demanded hoarsely.

'Sorry to disturb you, Donnolly.' The peak of the trooper's cap showed beyond the pointed carbine. 'Keep where you are and kindly let me have that gun of yours.'

The mine-robber hunched his big shoulders wickedly; his unloaded rifle almost fell from his trembling hands. 'Who are you?' he stormed. 'Show yourself.'

'Send up your rifle, Donnolly, butt first, please, or I'll pile you on top of that dead 'gator.'

The windlass-rope was lowered until it touched the mine-robber's chest. For one desperate moment he hesitated before placing his weapon in the running noose at the end. 'Nice trap to set for a man!' He regarded the scarce visible trooper with blazing eyes. 'What kind of a circus do you call this?'

The rifle was drawn up swiftly, and the rope lowered again without words. Buckland now appeared at the mouth of the shaft and bade him ascend. Wong Chat and the black tracker drew him slowly to the surface; the trooper's carbine covered him as he stepped from the sling.

'Keep your hands well up,' warned Buckland grimly. 'I don't want any of your rushing, garrotting tactics. Now'—he glanced swiftly at the black tracker—'lower them.'

The aboriginal sprang forward and snapped a pair of handcuffs over the sun-blackened wrists. 'You no shoot any more black fellar, Donnolly,' he said quietly. 'Mine think it you forget me.' He glanced into the prisoner's eyes.

The mine-robber regarded him closely for a moment. 'You're the dog that tracked me from the Gascoyne River, I s'pose. Guess I've no memory for a black fellow's face.'

'Baal you shoot um mine mother an' sister one long time ago. Me only piccaninny then. One time ago at Emu Creek.'

'Remember shootin' a camp full of black thieves down there years ago,' grunted Donnolly. He stared long and fixedly at the tall, bright-eyed tracker. 'You ain't that darned squallin' brat I let go, the one that clawed my boot an' cried for its mammy?' he said at last.

'He's the brat,' broke in Buckland. 'From the day he could crawl he promised to track you down. He followed you from the Gascoyne to the Roper and back to the Gulf,' the trooper laughed carelessly, 'and here we are at last.'

'You needn't have sooled that alligator on to me, anyhow,' grinned Donnolly. 'He might have bit me, an' that's ag'in' the law.'

'Mine thinkit allumgator better dead than bite 'em you, Don'ly.' The tracker stood erect, smiling in the captive's face.

'Yah! you ungrateful beggar; this comes of sparin' piccaninnies 'cause they cry at your boots. Next time I'm loose I clear out all the niggers from Darwin to the Murchison,' he growled.

'Baal you'll be loose on um scaffold soon,' half-whispered the aboriginal, 'through um trap-door, mine think it.'

Two hours later a small procession moved from the mine and crossed the flat to where the sun was spreading a coppery nimbus over the illimitable cotton-bush and spinifex. The black tracker led the way; Donnolly, securely strapped to his own horse, followed; while Buckland rode ten yards in the rear, his carbine resting across his saddle-front, his eyes scanning the sand-blighted track ahead.

The Chinaman followed them a little way, imploring the trooper not to leave him alone with his haunted gold-mine. Donnolly turned in the saddle and shook his handcuffs at the chattering Mongolian. 'I'll come back one of these days an' pay you for that alligator.' Then turning to Buckland, he grinned wickedly. 'S'pose you

ain't goin' to leave the gold-mine for long. Like most colonial policemen, you'll find a use for it.'

'Some of that gold may help to support one or two of the little hospitals around Port Darwin,' answered Buckland cheerfully. 'It may help to clothe and comfort a few of the fatherless piccaninnies who owe their poverty to you and your gun, Donnolly. I'll see that Wong Chat's little mine pays a tribute, you may trust me,' he added fervently.

The Chinaman halted on a sandhill and watched them ride far into the spinifex. The black tracker rode ahead, his face luminous with joy, like one who had satisfied the spirits of his long-departed dead.

JUSTICE FOR THE TIGER.

TO put the case in a few words, the tiger is not nearly so black as popular tradition paints him. He has suffered and does suffer from the unfortunate fact that his misdeeds afford more sensational reading than the narrative of his good deeds, in which he does not stand alone; and such prominence is given his crimes that his virtues have been well-nigh overlooked altogether. Perhaps the statement that the average tiger is not only a harmless but a useful member of Indian society is so new and strange, so subversive of accepted belief, as to be incredible. It is difficult—nay, impossible—to prove his merit by figures; but we can, at any rate, relieve the species of the stigma attaching to it by reference to official statistics, and, it may be, do something towards rendering him elementary justice.

It will not be easy to obtain a fair hearing for the tiger. Officially, he heads the list of bad characters. For generations he has been among the wild beasts upon whose heads, or skins—for an economical administration claims the tiger's skin from his slayer—a reward is set. Forty rupees (worth one shilling and fourpence each) are paid for any tiger, twenty for a leopard or wolf, and ten for a bear. The system of paying rewards was adopted on the assumption that every tiger, leopard, wolf, and bear is undesirable; the assumption is far more generally true of the three last than of the first, but official classifications are generally rather sweeping, and in the case of the tiger there is grave injustice. In his case the crimes of the few are visited upon the many, Government being oblivious to the really valuable services the vast majority of tigers render to the Indian cultivator—services unsullied by wrong-doing or even by intimidation. We can convict the supreme Government of gross injustice to the tiger out of its own publications.

According to the census of 1901, the population of British India, including Burma and Assam, numbered nearly two hundred and thirty-two millions. The population of Hindustan increases very slowly, and the figures of 1901 may be used to represent the population of the present day; it is probably a little larger, but we will make out the worst case we can for the tiger by taking the census of seven years ago as our basis. Every year the Indian Government publishes a Return of Mortality from Snakes and Wild Beasts. In 1905 the number of persons killed by tigers was seven hundred and eighty-six: this is about the average; but it is sometimes much exceeded, as was the case in 1900, when the total—nine hundred and forty-three—was the subject of official comment as unusually high. True to our object of making out the worst case against the tiger, we will assume the average number of deaths laid at the door of the man-eater to be eight hundred and fifty per year; and this gives the proportion of persons killed by tigers as one in every two hundred and seventy-three thousand of population. Remarking parenthetically that the death of one person in about ten thousand is annually attributed to poisonous snakes, we resume the indictment against the tiger. It is important to bear in mind that the eight hundred and fifty deaths do not represent eight hundred and fifty man-eaters. The tiger or tigress—for the worst man-eater is often a female that abandons pursuit of cattle and game to prey upon man—appears to acquire knowledge that its own life will be sought, and develops a degree of cunning which makes it peculiarly difficult to destroy; and, evading pursuit, it may be, for months, continues its career of manslaughter. Thus a single tiger sometimes contributes a formidable proportion of the death-roll; such was the terrible Ambadhona tigress killed in January 1905, to which was attributed no fewer than forty-eight deaths in the Sambalpore district of the Central Provinces. This certainly was an exceptional case; but many a man-eater has escaped its doom until it has exceeded the death-roll of the Kodakambam tiger in the Madras Presidency, which killed twelve persons before it was shot in 1893.

A single death laid to account of a tiger brands it a man-eater and singles it out for destruction; but, inasmuch as natives are few who will undertake pursuit of one with a bad reputation, and overworked European officials cannot always devote themselves to the congenial task of shooting it, the man-eater generally has time to establish its name before the campaign is undertaken. When it is undertaken, success is by no means assured. The pursuer may be versed in the habits of the species, and find willing helpers in the village; but he must spend days on the spot acquainting himself with the methods of this particular animal, whose wari-

ness increases with every victim. If the ryot could be induced to stifle his natural feelings and leave undisturbed the remains of the fellow-villager who has fallen, the European's task would be much simplified, and many lives would be saved; but this he can rarely be persuaded to do; and as the man-eater disdains cattle till goaded by hunger, the devices that succeed with the ordinary tiger fail with the man-slayer. Hence any man-eater usually has a number of deaths against him before he is destroyed. If we put the average at six we shall not overstate the case; and this gives us about one hundred and forty tigers as accountable for each annual tale of deaths. The bounty system furnishes means of ascertaining the number of dangerous wild beasts killed every year; rewards are claimed on between one thousand three hundred and one thousand five hundred tigers; from which we are justified of the conclusion that only about 10 per cent. of those destroyed are man-eaters.

So far we have been dealing only with the case for the prosecution, and it must be conceded that the species suffers heavily for the crimes of individuals. The vast majority of tigers are harmless, if not useful. The tiger that preys on game does not enter into the life of the ryot at all; he affects the most secluded retreat in the jungles and is never seen of man unless by chance. There is another and more civilised class of tiger. He takes up his quarters in the neighbourhood of a village and lives upon stolen cattle and the wild animals which always haunt the jungles bordering on cultivated land. This tiger is known to the black man, and is regarded by him with the indulgent contempt born of understanding; he is much more afraid of the man than the man is of him. The tiger is never a great traveller; he establishes himself in one district, and if left undisturbed does not, unless in the pairing season, wander beyond the fairly well-defined and limited area he has adopted as his hunting-ground. Thus he is known; and so long as he refrains from man-killing his presence is accepted as an incident of daily life. The habits of such a tiger are distinguished by the regularity that distinguishes those of the game-tiger. He lies up during the day and starts on his rounds in the evening, taking much the same route, visiting the grazing-ground and the drinking-place, which he surveys cautiously from the shelter of the jungle. If cattle are feeding he lies in wait, always under cover, on the chance of pouncing upon the cow or calf that may stray near his hiding-place. A young and inexperienced tiger may overcome his dislike to exposing himself in the open by daylight, and attack the herd; but Indian cattle, whether milch kine, draught bullocks, or buffaloes, are well able to take care of themselves. The instant the tiger is seen every head goes up, and the herd takes order to receive him—old to the front, flank to flank, young safely in the rear, and they wait. It is a very bold or very inexperienced tiger that dare face that array of lowered horns. Buffaloes do not give him the chance; advancing at their clumsy trot or clumsier gallop in close formation, they will charge him at once, and he does not await the onslaught. The village tiger's method is to wait, under cover, in the hope that some cow or calf may stray near his hiding-place. This is most likely to happen when the herdsman begins to urge his charge homeward at dusk; then the beasts string out, and one may chance to turn aside and pick at the greener herbage always to be found in the shade. Our tiger leaves his hiding-place, and, always under cover, keeps abreast of the herd, watching for this opportunity. But there is still the ryot with which to reckon, and the tiger has an instinctive respect for man. I have known two cases in which a tiger was turned in his advance on a straying beast by a naked Burmese boy under twelve years of age, who screamed and hurled clods of earth at him; and in a third case a tiger was hunted ignominiously back to cover by a girl who had no better weapon than a stick. No wonder the native regards the village tiger with contempt!

When luck is against the tiger on the grazing-ground he must look elsewhere for a meal; and if the crops are above ground he has not far to go. Affecting, as he does, a limited area of country, he knows every yard of it; and, the cattle having been driven home to the village, he seeks another dinner. Now it is that his rôle changes from that of ryot's foe to ryot's friend. Slinking by devious ways through the undergrowth, he chooses a new hiding-place on the edge of the jungle overlooking the cultivated land. The brief twilight is past, and already the ryot is squatting on the rickety wooden platform in the midst of the field, sucking at his 'hubble-bubble,' stick and tin can, or it may be some ancient firearm, at hand to make night hideous in defence of the growing crop. No fencing within his means will exclude the pig and deer, and he must do as his fathers have done if he would live. A family party of sambur or smaller deer does mischief; but their depredations are trivial by comparison with the havoc wrought by a sounder of wild swine. Sugar-cane, wheat, paddy, millet, it is all one to the wild pig, who eats his incredible fill and tramples what he does not eat. With the fall of night the ryot begins his orgy of clamour, sparing not his voice. Pausing for breath, he hears the rustle he dreads: pig, a dozen or twenty, are in the field; then sudden silence, the rush of heavy bodies through the crop as the sounder scatters, and the shriek that tells the tiger has killed. The cultivator may lay aside his weapons of discord for the night and sleep or smoke the 'hubble-bubble' in peace; the tiger has scared away the crop-thieves more effectually than all the men with all the old kerosene-cans in the district. When the crops are carried in and the fields offer no temptation to pig and deer, they offer none to the tiger, who then turns his attention to the village cattle-pen. Its mud wall offers no obstacle to him; on the contrary,

it affords valuable help. Thanks to those three or four feet of sun-baked bricks, he can creep close up, glide over, and strike down his quarry before the startled kine can form up to receive him. The pariah dogs are awake, it is true; but they, with the large discretion of their kind, retired to the other end of the village at his approach, to bark in safety. The tiger kills his cow or calf, and half-carries, half-drags it away, careless of the pariah chorus. Rarely does the ryot think it worth while to hold night-ward over the cattle-pen—a fact indicative of the value he sets respectively upon kine and crop. If he does keep watch, it is because a leopard, not a tiger, visits his beasts. The tiger kills his one beef, and is done with it; the leopard will kill for the sake of killing, and leave half-a-dozen carcasses to betray the work as his; and the ryot hates him accordingly. While the tiger confines himself to an occasional cow or calf, and it is the young beast that most commonly falls into his clutches, the villager has no particular desire to help any one else to earn forty rupees by killing him. Little of the reward would come his way; and, weighing the services rendered him in the uneven warfare he wages in defence of the crops which stand between him and starvation, he prefers the tiger alive to the tiger dead. Of course, if the district officer or policeman on tour appears, and deems it his duty to kill the tiger, there can be no demur. 'It is the order,' says the headman; and, convinced against his own vague convictions that the white man's judgment is right, the villager turns out cheerfully to beat the jungle and share riotously in the rejoicings if the tiger falls. The white man is pleased, and the white man is Government; and the Government being pleased, the ryot is pleased to have pleased him. Pleasure revolves in a virtuous circle. When the white man has gone his way, it transpires that one lucky man stole the whiskers from the drying skin, and another cut a certain bone from the breast of the carcass; and pleasure is prolonged, these things having mysterious virtues. True, the tiger is gone and with him a fount of daily interest; but if the crops are off the ground he will not be much missed, and ere next season another may take his place.

It is from the rank and file of village-haunting tigers that the occasional man-eater is recruited. There is reason to believe that the man-eater is the product of sudden impulse, of unsought opportunity. Not unseldom he proves to be a young animal, which suggests that he has discovered early in life that natives offer an easy prey. This lends colour to the theory that man-killing is hereditary. The tigress keeps her cub with her until he is at least two years old and can fend for himself; hence, if she happens to be a man-slayer, it is exceedingly probable that her offspring will acquire her habit.

As regards old man-eaters, it is easy to understand how quickly the lesson that man is dangerous, if taught, is unlearned. Some feeble and unwary old man or woman, stooping to gather simples in the jungle at the cool of evening, offers the opportunity. A gliding rush, a blow, a bite, and the thing is done. We may imagine the amazement of the slayer at the ease with which the feat was achieved. A calf struggles; a cow makes use of her horns; the boar inflicts no despicable punishment with his tusks before he succumbs; the deer is often hard to catch. The human prey gave no trouble whatever; he uttered a choking scream. And this was the enemy the tiger had been taught to respect! Shall we marvel that, having taken man's life once, he should renounce cattle and pig save under stress, and make man-eating his profession? Were the tiger less cowardly, Indian village-life would be one round of terror year in, year out. One murder stamps the tiger a man-eater, to be reported by messenger travelling hot-foot to the nearest police-station, whence the news will be sent to the nearest white man, official or planter. Meantime the crops grow unwatched, and a dozen men replace the lad who drove the cattle out to graze. Another man, overtaken by dark, is struck down within bow-shot of the village, and a group of trembling messengers speed to the police-station. The man-eater grows bolder. A woman gone to wash clothes at the well does not return; the cotton rags she carried are there, and splashed with blood. The scare is established; the cattle remain in the pen, and none but the boldest venture abroad even at noon, and they in company. Will the white man never come? The European in India, official or otherwise, has little time to spare for interludes like this; and the village is fortunate if he appear before the man-eater has won proscription in the *Gazette*, with a special reward of five hundred rupees on his head.

Such is the animal whose crimes are visited upon his kind. The rarity of his occurrence has been shown from official figures, and it must be allowed that the average tiger has ground for complaint. If any and every tiger varied pursuit of game and cattle by man-eating when opportunity served, there would be no case for the defence; but the line of distinction between jungle and village haunting tigers on the one hand and the man-eater on the other is sharp and unmistakable; and those respectable members of tiger society who remain on the right side of the line more than atone for their errors as cattle-lifters by the good they do in keeping pig and deer off the crops. In the interests of the cultivator—who does not eat beef, and therefore regards his herd as far less important than his field of grain—the character of each tiger should be considered, and no inducement given to destroy the animal who respects human life. The jungle-tiger does his share in Nature's economy by keeping down the numbers of animals who would invade the fields; but his doings, as already said, are without the ken of man as a rule.

The tiger has real cause of complaint. He might fairly ask why he should be branded as an outlaw regardless of personal character, while the wild elephant is not only allowed to roam free but is rigorously protected on pain of a fine of five hundred rupees. Time was when protection was necessary, for elephants were hunted unsparingly for ivory; but during nearly forty years of absolute protection they have greatly increased in numbers and also in the daring born of immunity. They are terribly destructive to crops, frequently enter jungle hamlets and wreck the granaries where grain is stored, and will turn upon the people who attempt to drive them off. The deaths attributed to wild elephants number twenty-five or thirty every year; in 1899 the total rose to sixty-eight. True, an elephant who has established an evil reputation may be slain by anybody; but the plundering elephant is a beast of uncertain temper, and may kill under any circumstances; he does not make a profession of man-slaughter like the rare man-eating tiger, and he pursues his career of mischief at the villagers' expense. His value, caught, tamed, and used as a beast of burden or draught, remains; but this has diminished not a little during recent years. The spread of railways and roads in India has done something to oust him from employment, and *kheddah* operations to catch him in numbers are not conducted so assiduously as they used to be, fewer elephants being required. Nobody would think of urging the indiscriminate slaughter of the elephant; but more latitude seems desirable in dealing with the overbold and mischievous of the species, even as indulgence should be shown the blameless and useful among tigers.

CONCERNING ALOES.

By ALGERNON WARREN.

IT is more than sixty years ago since the famous 'Bon Gaultier' ballad made its original appearance in the pages of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, promptly gaining a well-deserved and lasting popularity. The skit was a happy one; for still, as was the case then, exists the 'pill-puffer,' who nowadays seems no whit indisposed to plagiarise from this source, and maintain likewise of his particular globules that—

> *These* put to flight all human ills,
> *These* conquer death—unfailing pills!

The result is that there is a tendency to tar all proprietary-pill manufacturers and vendors with the same brush, and dub them quacks. But now and then out will come a book of the travels of an African explorer or sportsman, who pays an undoubtedly sincere and grateful tribute to the efficacy of some maker's pill, which he considers has saved his life; and then other concocters boom their products more enthusiastically than ever, with the result that the quack unblushingly parades his wares, to the detriment of the honest pharmacist who does understand what he is selling and whom his sales are likely to benefit.

Two pill ingredients which are readily available for the charlatan, no Poison Act obstructing his purchase (the case is otherwise when he would fain play tricks with corrosive sublimate or calomel) are rhubarb and aloes. He makes use of both, but ordinarily inclines largely to the latter, as its more violent action naturally predisposes him thereto. So, alike in form of pill and potion, he misuses this valuable medicament, abusing its use as a tonic and cathartic, and injuring numbers of the credulous who listen to his blatant asseverations. The stock-in-trade of an itinerant pill-vendor involves no heavy outlay. A few shillings will cover the purchase of enough liquorice powder, hard soap, myrrh, syrup, and aloes to provide him with it, for he is not habitually fastidious about purchasing nothing but the best qualities obtainable. When a customer asks for aloes (it is not retailed much in simple form) over the counter of a respectable pharmacist he is ordinarily served with the article designated 'Socotrine,' which commands the highest price on market, and is used in divers preparations of the *British Pharmacopœia*, such as the well-known Pilula Rhei Composita (compound rhubarb pill) and Tinct. Benz. Co. (otherwise Friar's Balsam).

Another article also official for pharmaceutical preparations, and much in demand for veterinary purposes, is the quality termed 'Barbadoes.' This is not quite so expensive as the 'Socotrine,' although the difference in the market price is not large enough for the retail chemist and druggist to make a practice of charging small quantities of it at any materially lower figure. But this is not the case with 'Cape' aloes. (Out of about two hundred species of the aloe some one hundred and seventy are classified as indigenous to the Cape Colony.) This is a far cheaper commodity, often retailed at less than a quarter of the price of the 'Socotrine.' Although, according to official figures, the exports of aloes from Cape Colony to the United Kingdom during 1906 were three hundred and fifty thousand six hundred and fifty-eight pounds, the value thereof was specified as not more than two thousand four hundred and twelve pounds (less than one penny three-farthings per lb.). This article is often mixed with many impurities, and has no official standing in the *British Pharmacopœia*, although adopted by the foreign ones. But the quack, considering that there is no necessity for

him to supply humanity with what the best beasts require, often affects this literally third-class drug. And even if he and his kind confined themselves to purchase of the better qualities of aloes, the harm done by their professions of the universal healing properties of their vendibles would remain incalculable. Dr Spencer Thomson illustrated this in his valuable *Dictionary of Domestic Medicine* (published in Edinburgh more than fifty years ago, and destined to go through numerous editions) when he said of quack pills that these 'may by their strong action perhaps relieve some individual suffering under the languor of an oppressed system; he is delighted at the change, and meeting his invalid friend, who is suffering from the real debility of incipient consumption or from some other disease, persuades him to try the wonderful pills, need it be said with how great probable, perhaps irremediable, injury. It would be easy to multiply instances. One is enough.'

Those who are inclined to decry the sweeping terms in which itinerant and unqualified pill-vendors are denounced by the medical fraternity, and attribute the condemnation mainly to the apprehension of the latter lest their professional gains be diminished thereby, should be brought to recognise the fact that whereas the controlling authorities of the leading medical journals place embargoes on advertisements tendered to them which make fulsome reference to the efficacy of proprietary pills, they readily admit those of manufacturers who claim to be efficient makers of any pills specified in the formulæ of the *British Pharmacopœia*. Their general rule is to insert neither any notice of a pharmaceutical preparation of an undefined composition nor advertisements of proprietary pills and medicines whose formula is not disclosed.

A simple definition of the aloes drug is that it is the juice, evaporated to dryness, which flows from the leaves, cut crosswise, of various species of the aloe, the growth of which is restricted to fewer regions than the agave or American aloe (some specimens of which, according to the *Pickwick Papers*, caused discomfort to Messrs Alfred Jingle and Job Trotter when ejected from Mr Nupkins's house). This, though resembling the former, is a totally different plant, and lacks similar medicinal properties. In fact, there are various points touching aloes imported to the United Kingdom which require elucidation.

To begin with, the quality commercially recognised as Socotrine is not now peculiar to the island of Socotra. It is derived from the *Aloë perryi* and imported from the East chiefly by way of Bombay; and, to borrow the phraseology introduced into Mr P. Squire's ever-valuable *Companion to the British Pharmacopœia*, 'the real garnet-coloured, translucent Socotrine aloes from *A. perryi*, grown in Socotra, now seems to exist only as museum specimens.' Reference has been made by various writers to the beautiful violet colour afforded by the leaves of the Socotrine aloe. The drug imported under this designation comes in one hundredweight kegs, and, as has been inferred, commands a higher market value than the other imported kinds, and is only, relatively speaking, in small demand.

Formerly the main source of supply of aloes for veterinary purposes was the island of Barbadoes; but, making allegation on the authority of one of the oldest, if not *the* oldest, wholesale drug-firms in England, it appears that there are no consignments of real Barbadoes aloes imported here now. What still figures and is retailed under that name comes largely from the Dutch possession, the island of Curaçao, a place more associated to many with liqueurs than aloes. It is sent over mainly in eighty to ninety pound boxes, and occasionally in gourds, and fetches a better price when the colour is 'good liver.' When dark, it is termed 'capey.' The article is one of those drugs that improve by keeping, under proper conditions. The dark shade objected to has then a tendency to give way. 'Fair capey turning livery' is not an unusual class description of Curaçao aloes at the London drug-auctions. It would never do for a vendor of Barbadoes aloes to base his pretensions in favour of his ware on its being new and fresh, as his article might compare very unfavourably, all the same, with a consignment which had been stored for half-a-dozen years or more.

Its strength makes it much in favour for animal treatment. There are differences of opinion, but experts have considered two grains of extract of Barbadoes aloes to equal three of Socotrine. 'Uncommonly good that last lot of aloes you sent me' (it was the Barbadoes article), stated a veterinary surgeon to a member of a wholesale drug-firm. 'Have you got any more of precisely the same lot? I find it much more economical than what I bought previously. Half the quantity I used to give does for a dose. When I started giving as much as before I nearly killed one old horse.'

Cape aloes is imported in cases of four to five hundredweight each. Fortunately the colour and appearance are such as to prevent any habitual attempt at palming off this Cape article for Barbadoes aloes of good quality. It usually has a much more 'coaly' appearance; and, in fact, if some small bits be dropped among pieces of coal of equal size many persons would not be able to say which was which without a close scrutiny. No amount of storing will make ordinary Cape aloes attain the softer tinge of good-quality Socotrine or Barbadoes.

Not many years ago an East Indian aloes used to figure on market and be quoted in trade papers under the distinction of 'Hepatic,' and ranked second in value to Socotrine. But this separate classification has been dropped to all commercial intents and purposes.

A necessary explanation is afforded in various

encyclopædia articles of the fact that the aloes which figures in the Holy Scriptures is the wood of a tree which gives off a pleasant smell when burning; for the odour of the aloes drug of commerce is highly objectionable to the majority of people if subjected to fire, and considered normally unpleasant. In bygone days, when the rising generation was commonly subjected to more drastic treatment than is ordinarily dealt out to tender youth of the present century, aloes was often resorted to as a deterrent to children given to biting their nails, or to those with thumb-sucking propensities who showed themselves sceptics touching the certain advent, in consequence, of the 'great tall tailor' with his scissors, immortalised in *The English Struwwelpeter*. The recollection of that bitter taste is with some seniors yet, who have never forgotten their aloes-treated fingers, any more than the barbarous remedy of soap-and-sand commonly applied to incipient boils.

The drug was also resorted to as a medium for practical jokes, then considered so exquisitely humorous. 'I remember,' said a relative of the present writer in his hearing, 'how H—— gratified my love of sweets by giving me a sugar almond. He had bored through one end of it and taken the almond kernel out, and then filled up the hollow with aloes. I thought I should never get the nauseous flavour out of my mouth. I had begun crunching eagerly, and the horrid stuff all stuck to my teeth!'

It is because of the objectionable taste that so many adjuncts of a palatable nature are employed in preparations containing aloes. There are persons who certainly show no objection to a dose of aloes wine (at one time this was prescribed largely), because they appreciate the flavour of the sherry, which disguises that of the drug, mingled with it to a sufficient extent for them to regard their draught as an agreeable tonic. Liquorice and other sweetening commodities figure conspicuously in solid and liquid preparations of aloes. 'Aloin tabloids' are to be found at the head of any list descriptive of sugar-coated nauseous drugs.

In short, aloes is a remedy which a period of many hundred years has not served to supplant. It is true that the doses of it which used to be administered freely to old and young are now materially diminished, whether in the form of extract, pill, decoction, or tincture; but this is only a natural sequence in accordance with the general disposition of the medical fraternity, who decline to experiment on the powers of human endurance to the extent that did their forefathers, and realise that increased education has weakened the once only too popular belief that the more nauseous the taste of a medicine the greater good it would effect. 'You'll find old T——'s book a useful one still,' said an old practitioner to a student. 'I got a deal of good out of it. But as to his doses—well, all I can say is, if I were prescribed them I'd rather try them on a patient first'!

THE WELL.

The font in the Memorial Church at Cawnpore was erected by Queen Victoria 'To the Memory of Robert M'Gillup of the Bengal Civil Service, who lost his life on or about the 25th of June in carrying water from the well to the distressed women and children.'

'I, WHO within My hollow hand
Have held the raging sea,
And stilled the storms that swept to land,
And set the rainclouds free!
By whose command the fierce monsoon
Above the plains has burst—
I, who am King of land and sea—
I, too, have said, "I thirst!"

'Hung on the Cross, and dying there,
That all the world might see—
The whole wide world, whose sins I bear,
That nailed Me to the Tree!
Pierced by the anguish of the sword,
My life-blood slowly fell;
You brought to Me, your dying Lord,
The water from the well.'

'Lord, what am I, that I should dare
Even to lift my eyes
To Thy dread form that lingers there,
Against the darkened skies?
I never heard Thy thirsty moan,
Deaf to Thy plaint was I.
They nailed Thee there—my sins alone,
My shame, that made Thee die!

'I only saw the women fade
Beneath the burning sky,
The fierce light piercing every shade
Where sorrow's self could lie!
I only saw the children pine,
As, struck to death, they fell;
And to those thirsty ones of Thine
Brought water from the well.'

'I was with those who bore with thee
The heated furnace fire;
Mine was the sad and thirsty cry,
And Mine the fierce desire.
Mine were the lips for water faint,
The hands outstretched to thee,
And as thou gavest it to them
Thou gavest it to Me.'

G. ROBERTSON.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

IT is being remarked that in these days the British people are betraying a peculiar hysterical nervousness, a tendency to become much excited or greatly enthusiastic over matters of trifling importance, which has not been a characteristic of the men and women of this country, and cannot be fitted with any proper conception of the temperament of that robust, stolid, dignified old gentleman John Bull. A little panic is easily started. The general public—so it is said, and apparently with reason—will advance themselves into a frenzy of enthusiasm over matters which, though interesting enough in their way, concern the working of no great principle nor the welfare of the nation in any respect. Twice within the space of a few months, at times when public affairs of the utmost consequence have called for the serious consideration of all, they have been temporarily neglected while the general attention has been focussed on trials at the Old Bailey. The people called for whole pages of newspaper reports concerning these trials, and read every line of them with the utmost eagerness, and often enough read the reports in two or more newspapers lest in the perusal of a single account they should miss some trifling point. And then at the end, when their yearnings were gratified and the accused were discharged, they exalted as heroes a man who had been tried for murder and another against whom blackmail had been alleged.

It is not that the people were not entitled to feel satisfaction that those persons were acquitted, or that they, the proven guiltless, were not deserving of expressions of sympathy; but in each respect there was a violent exaggeration which was nothing short of hysterical. Only a small proportion of the people who day by day read all these pages of newspaper reports ever gave the time for an examination of the progress of the German naval schemes and the necessities of our own situation in regard to them. These cases are said to be fairly typical of a peculiar national nervousness and irresponsibility; and students of human life, manners, and tendencies, holding that there is a reason for all such circumstances, seek to find it, and make the suggestion that these ebullitions of feeling concerning what are only trifles are by way of mental relief from severe tension of natural anxiety amounting even to fear. They are merely reactions, but, being so, indicate the exceptional stress of the times, and an uneasy foreboding that for people of all classes there are vast dangers ahead. And indeed the average Britisher does seem to feel that the future looms blacker than for some decades past, and that in more than one respect the national security and our domestic peace and contentment are less assured than at any other time within living memory. While the menaces of a foreign Power are held in many quarters to be more dangerous than at any other time, and to call for an enormous demand upon our financial resources for the purpose of building more ships as answer to those menaces, we have on hand perhaps the most serious problem in domestic affairs with which the people have been confronted for many years, and one which threatens a mighty upheaval. It is peculiarly unfortunate that the pressure from the side of Socialism and the initiation of a scheme for old-age pensions should synchronise with the stern necessity of a great strengthening of the Navy, and all this, too, at a time when the nation has not yet recovered from the effects of the South African war.

Thus every man we meet is an out-and-out pessimist who likes best the company of other such pessimists, and regards the optimist merely as a person of no understanding. These symptoms of the times were much noticed by close observers during the late holiday season. City men at their seaside quarters, instead of playing their golf with that whole-hearted abandon which has been their wont, would gather together in smoke-rooms and on verandas to discuss nervously the latest aspects of affairs, and then in the mood of panic some would rush back to town for a day's attendance at their

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offices because of the most trivial rumour which had reached them, which at other times would have passed unnoticed. In the same mood of fear men of comparative affluence take to exercising the most trivial and really unnecessary economies. They conceive that they may shortly be poor. It is the truth that motor-cars for which a thousand pounds were given only a few months previously have been offered for two or three hundreds, and even at such prices have with difficulty found purchasers. These rich men say they cannot afford to keep them and to run them. The first enthusiasm for motoring is no doubt over, and there is a reaction; but this general nervousness has also much to do with these sacrifices, which are largely responsible for the depressed state of the motor industry.

There is good cause for anxiety. Whether one agrees with the principle of old-age pensions or not—all are agreed upon the basic principle that in a State that is financially sound there must be no avoidable starvation—it is admitted on all sides, though tardily on some, that the initiation of a scheme, any scheme, lays the foundation for enormous difficulties in the future. In Australia the other day the system of old-age pensions was extended by raising the amount to ten shillings a head, while at the same time the age limit was reduced to sixty-five. When Mr Asquith first introduced his scheme the cost was estimated at six millions a year; but a reckoning shows that if eventually we followed in the path of Australia the charge upon the country would be from fifty to sixty millions a year. And who will say that, having given old-age pensions at seventy, we are not likely soon afterwards to be called upon to give them at sixty-five, as is done elsewhere, and that there will not be a demand for the increase of the pension? And how natural it will be that those who are in need and feel that they may not live to sixty-five or seventy should urge that they should receive some moiety of their pension in advance. At one time a Budget of a hundred millions sterling was spoken of as an almost impossible horror, and a thing that the country could not bear. Now, with new and heavy charges on the nation, and the likelihood that if naval competition between this country and another is to continue on its present lines, the present naval estimates will before very long need to be increased by ten millions a year, it is predicted that we are almost within sight of a two hundred million Budget!

* * *

Politicians and statesmen are searching for new methods of taxation that will hurt the people least. Why not put a tax on certain forms of sport—say cricket and football, particularly the latter? At the first thought such a suggestion may be regarded by a large section of people as outrageous, and by others as improper and dangerous. We have always considered ourselves as a nation of sportsmen, and it has to be said that we have lived very fully up to our idea of what we are. At any cost, sport has always been encouraged and never hindered. The champion athlete has always been a greater celebrity than the senior wrangler. To make an appeal in the name of sport has always been to be assured of abundant success. When this sport meant merely the playing of games and indulgence in exercises by the people, and that cultivation of the body which tended to the general physical and mental welfare, there was everything to be said for it, and hardly anything against; but in recent years what we call sport, and particularly our national sports, have come to be very different things. On the one hand they have been elevated to a plane of importance at which they are dangers not only nationally but internationally; and on the other they have come to be not games and exercises for the people, but spectacles and commercial enterprises. Cricket is a great pastime, to be greatly encouraged; but lately there was talk of concentrating the interest of the Empire during an English summer on tournaments in which the mother country and colonies would engage. Is any game quite big enough for this? In the case of football there are every Saturday scores of matches held all over the country, at which tens of thousands of people pay for admission, and so scores of thousands of pounds are taken at the gates on each day by the proprietors of the clubs. These are purely business concerns, although the profits may be spent in a ridiculous and in some respects shameful system of buying and selling players and in other such ways. In recent years scandals have been unearthed showing how utterly rotten is the professional football over which the multitude 'goes mad' on Saturdays for eight months of the year. There is nothing that is healthy, nothing that is to be encouraged, in this sort of thing. Then why not tax it? Why not build an extra ship for the Navy some time by claiming threepence from every shilling that is paid for admission to the football matches? The tax would not fall upon the spectator. He would get his football just the same, and the only result would be that the people who manage it for him would have fewer thousands to spend in absurd and improper ways, and the tendency would be to make the thing a little healthier. It does seem that there are good and serious possibilities in this suggestion.

* * *

It may be said with some confidence that, taking all things into consideration, the most discussed man in the world to-day, outside the limited circle of kings and emperors, the man whose name is most frequently uttered, is William Howard Taft, candidate for the twenty-sixth American presidency. And it is not merely that by his candidature, with an unusually bright prospect of success in the election, he is already lifted to a

position of magnificent importance in the home politics of America and the international politics of the world, but that for a period of four years from now he will be one of the dominating human forces of the world, the head of the richest and most independent community in existence, a man of much more consequence than the monarch of most States. What with one thing and another, the American people generally reckon to spend a matter of a million pounds on the election of their President, and their feeling is that, having done this, and having disputed about the succession to the office for nearly six months, they would then like their President to be a President in being, and to rule thoroughly with no mean powers at his disposal. In many respects the President of the United States is endowed with powers which might be the envy of an ambitious king who was anything but an absolute autocrat. Not a Bill that passes Congress can become law without his signature, unless, when he has returned it with his alterations, two-thirds of each House support it and pass it again despite his veto. He can call either House or both Houses together for special session, and he may dismiss them again to such a time as he thinks fit if they cannot agree as to the time of the adjournment. He can grant reprieves and pardons for offences against the State; if he has two-thirds of the Senate at his back he may make treaties and appoint ambassadors, consuls, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not determined by any special regulation. Generally speaking, he can fill the most important offices just as he pleases. He can interfere in Church matters according to his fancy and disposition. He is the master of all the ports of the United States, and, without making any excuse for his interference, he can prevent a ship from entering any of them, even though his action might plunge the country into serious difficulty with some foreign Power. When there is war he is the Commander-in-Chief, and from the White House directs the course of the campaign; but he cannot declare war, although he may make peace as he chooses.

The latitudes and restrictions that are attached to the American presidency are altogether curious. In the matter of the restrictions it is notable that the American President is not allowed to leave the United States for a visit to a foreign country a single hour while he retains his office; and not only that, but he is not eligible to visit any foreign embassy or any foreign ship that happens to be in an American harbour, since technically both embassy and ship would be foreign land. Although it is a constitutional principle that is freely made use of that the President is always available at the White House to every American who feels that he must shake him by the hand, but these Americans still have a vast regard for the dignity of their President when foreigners are out, and he is forbidden to make the first call on any visitor to the country if that visitor happens to be below the rank of king or queen. He must not ride on the left-hand side of his carriage, and he must not play games of chance or indulge in any form of sport on the Sunday! Every man who rules from the White House must observe these rules, and the men who have ruled from there have been such as have well and worthily upheld the great idea and the traditions of the United States. The American says to the European that the latter cannot make up a list of rulers that can beat the list of Presidents of the United States, and after some little reflection it has to be admitted that this is no idle boast. So this election that is pending is a thing of vast consequence, and it is inevitable that the general interest in it should be so great.

* * *

Now, the man who comes to be the most favoured candidate for the American presidency seems to the people of the outside world to rise up to great prominence and distinction from nowhere. We do not hear much of this man until full particulars concerning him are thrust upon our attention a little while before the convention selects him as candidate. McKinley and Roosevelt did not seem very important figures to the world at large until their people called upon them to take up the supreme office. The average Britisher may now reflect that he had just heard of a person called Taft before all the talk about this election began; but he was not sure about him in any way whatever. The fact is that there is generally only room for one great man in the government of America, and his personality shines out afar into the world, and the light of none of his subordinates can be seen. Yet America always knows very well all about her coming Presidents for a long while beforehand, and it is a certain fact that for the most part they are trained thoroughly for the high office during a long period of years. This remark applies particularly to Mr Taft, and the feeling among those who know of him and his career most intimately is that never since the office was established has a man been so well trained for it, and been so obviously predestined for it, as in this case. Mr Taft's ambition from the time when he was a young man up to the present was not to occupy the presidential chair, but to become a Justice of the Supreme Court, and time and time again he has undertaken onerous public posts because others persuaded him that it was his duty to do so, when the reward was very doubtful and the goal of his ambition was removed farther from him. When the problem of how to manage the Philippines was presented in its acutest form to President McKinley, the latter said that he wanted a very exceptional kind of man for the job, one who was willing to kill himself with work if necessary, and who would be strong, big, patient, tactful, and yet one of the firmest men in the country when occasion demanded firmness. Secretary Day, to whom he gave this description of his ideal Governor of the Philippines, remarked quietly,

'Why don't you send for him, then?' 'Eh, send for him? You need to find that man,' retorted the President. 'Oh, he's away down in Cincinnati, on the bench there. Will Taft's his name,' the Secretary said; and then McKinley telegraphed for him. Mr Taft was astonished when he came and heard what he was wanted to do; he said he wanted judicial and not executive work. McKinley told him plainly that it was one of the most difficult tasks that had ever confronted the nation, that he was the man to deal with it, and that in this crisis he was expected to do his duty. So he went, and the world knows now how well he did his work. He succeeded when there was an almost general fear that he would fail, and he rescued America from a very difficult position, and made order from chaos in those unhappy islands. He did that because he was tactful, and made the Filipinos like him, and because he was firm and showed them that they would have to do his bidding. In the middle of his work the President telegraphed him an offer to make him the man he wanted to be, a Judge of the Supreme Court, and he telegraphed back without hesitation, 'Thanks, but impossible to leave here now.'

They say he is just a big boy, his face is kind, and his manner is gentle; but this big boy can cow a mob with his determination when the need arises. It was when he was a judge in Cincinnati that there was a railway strike, and a case came before him in which the issue was between the strikers and their employers. A large number of the former squeezed into the court, and they made no secret of their resolution that if the decision was against them Judge Taft was not to be allowed to leave the court alive. He gave his decision against them in smooth, undisturbed tones, and when he had completed it he paused for a moment, while the smile on his face was converted to a look almost of ferocity, and then, banging his fist on his desk, he shouted out, 'When you leave this room, you men must do so with the knowledge that if there is enough power in the army of the United States to run these trains, these trains will run;' and, so saying, he got up and walked unmolested from the court. The men felt they were beaten, and the trains were not interfered with.

* * *

The betting on this presidential election will now begin, and as it is always the more curious wagering when there is a considerable disparity between the estimated prospects of the candidates, it is expected to be very interesting this time. 'You Britishers don't know how to bet,' said an American friend to us one time. 'You always bet in money which a man can pay when he loses and forget all about it by the next day. Why don't you bet the man so that if he loses he must wear smoked spectacles for six months though his sight is perfect, or insist on his walking to his work on one leg or eating something to every meal that he does not like? That is making him a real loser.' Then our friend gave us some examples of bets that were made, and which indeed represented quite a common type, at the last presidential election. A Chicago policeman agreed on his side that he would have certain teeth removed from his upper jaw if Mr Roosevelt were elected, while his opponent was to be penalised by wearing a golden ring through his nose if he lost. A shipwright of Maine had to drink sea-water with his meals for two days if Mr Parker was elected, while the other man had to appear in public in his wife's clothes if Mr Roosevelt won. At Ilion there was a terrible bet made. The supporter of Mr Parker agreed that if his man were beaten he would live in a pigsty for a week; while the man who believed most in Mr Roosevelt undertook to be covered with oil and ashes, and in that state to stand in an open field while his opponent threw rotten apples at him for an hour or until such time as he was thoroughly tired and could throw no more. Quite a common kind of wager is that in which the loser agrees to go on a long journey with the winner, the former wheeling the latter in a wheelbarrow all the way. In faithful fulfilment of such a contract one man duly wheeled another from New York to San Francisco after the last election. There are wagers which we should describe as being of a same type which are still more wonderful. Thus on the eve of the last election two merchants met in a New York hotel and began to discuss the forthcoming contest. As they held opposite views, the argument became heated, and eventually one of the men said, 'Look here, I will bet you my sugar refinery, which is worth sixty-two thousand pounds a year, against your miserable little cloth-shop, and I don't care whether you are making money out of it or not. I am certain that I won't lose, so it doesn't matter; Roosevelt can't lose.' And let it be said that this offer was accepted, the bet was made and the terms were drawn up in legal form, and it was mentioned in the document that the cloth business was worth a matter of one thousand two hundred pounds a year. Here in happy England we do say sometimes that the Government is ruining us, and different people say that of different Governments; but surely it is seldom that we are ruined in the simple process of making the Government, in the mere election to power of a party.

CASIMIR LE SOMBRE.

CHAPTER VII.

DEOTIMA was right in saying that the black morass was forty miles from the château. I had twice been there on hunting expeditions in happier days, so the road was not altogether unfamiliar to me; but it was a strange and weird ride that midnight gallop through the solemn glades of pine. The splash of my horse's hoofs on the moist ground sent the night-birds shrieking from their roost, the wind sighed mournfully among the trees, while a thousand fantastic shapes seemed to rise up menacingly from the tangled brakes and stretch out their crooked arms as if to touch me; occasionally a dripping bough would sweep across my face like the touch of an icy hand; the gray, lichen-covered stones flew by me in ghostly procession. Now we were crossing some open glade fitfully lighted by the pale rays of the moon; again our course lay through Cimmerian darkness, where the heavy branches closed overhead like a funeral pall; but still the brave horse pursued his swift career without showing a symptom of fatigue.

At rare intervals we reached a small oasis in the sea of forest, where the trees had been cleared away and a little hamlet nestled among peaceful-looking fields. It was pleasant to hear even the surly bark of the watchdog as I passed, so utterly alone did I begin to feel in the awful solitude of the night.

I had completed more than half my journey without meeting a living soul, when, in traversing a narrow glade, something struck my face more deadly cold than the wettest branch I had yet encountered, while Zampa gave a snort of terror and leaped to one side, almost unseating me. I looked up, and there, dangling white and bare in the moonlight, were a pair of human feet! They belonged to the figure of a man, clothed in a long sheepskin coat, who was hanging by the neck from the branch of a tree. I recognised the high cheek-bones and round head, with black matted locks cut straight in front but flowing loose behind, of a herd on the Count's farm who had often been with messages to the château. The large eyes were preternaturally dilated, and as the figure swung slowly backwards and forwards with the shock I had communicated to it, it seemed almost as if endowed with life. Similar ghastly burdens depended from other branches of the trees, for the paternal rule of the Czar had been enforced here.

Turning from this terrible spectacle with a shudder, I shook the bridle and dashed through the forest at the fullest speed of my horse.

We had not proceeded more than a mile when Zampa suddenly threw up his head and uttered a shrill neigh, which was immediately responded to by a dozen horses in a neighbouring thicket, while a rough voice challenged me in Russian. In my mad flight from the corpse of the herd I had almost ridden over a picket of Cossacks. I do not know if the Cossacks are more civilised now, but at that time the very name of Cossack was a terror in our ears, and a thousand stories were told of these wild riders from the Don, who spurred over the battle-fields with their long lances and mercilessly despatched the dying and the wounded. Already I could hear them unpicketing their horses, and as I galloped into the darkest shadow of the pines a dozen rifles flashed among the trees and as many bullets whistled round my head.

It was now a race for life or death. I had often hunted wild beasts before, but had never known what it was to be hunted myself. In vain did I urge on Zampa with knee and hand, and doubled through the winding glades before me. Two of my pursuers, better mounted than the rest, stuck close to my heels like bloodhounds, and I could hear their guttural cries as they incited their wiry little horses to fresh exertions. At last I got entangled in a piece of marshy ground that delayed my flight, and in a few minutes saw the long spear of the foremost of my pursuers gleaming behind me. Drawing a pistol from my belt, I turned in the saddle and fired, not at the man—I could not bring myself to do that—but at the horse; there was a heavy thud, a volley of oaths, and man and steed rolled splashing into a pool of water. The next instant Zampa gained firmer ground, and in a short time I found myself alone, for the second Cossack had not cared to share his comrade's fate.

I was now safe from immediate pursuit, but had completely lost my way, and it was only by catching occasional glimpses of the North Star that I was able to form any idea of the direction in which I was going; moreover, I had to be very careful not to fall in with another Russian outpost. The moon had sunk, and poor Zampa was beginning to show symptoms of distress. Thus we plodded on for two weary hours in doubt and uncertainty, till Zampa suddenly struck his fore-legs firmly in the ground with a low snort, and refused to advance. I peered into the darkness, and saw a wide expanse of dangerous bogland extending before me. On the right rose the whitened branches of a tall pine that had been riven by lightning, from the rotten wood of which proceeded a pale phosphorescent light. This was a welcome sight, for I knew that at last we had reached 'the black morass.'

CHAPTER VIII.

CAREFULLY skirting the morass, as I made my way in the direction of the river which I knew flowed through it, and just as the intense chillness of the air betokened the approach of dawn, my eyes were gladdened by the sight of the fires of the Polish encampment.

The sentinel on guard challenged me as I approached, but when he saw the White Eagle on my cap he lowered his piece and led me at once to the commandant's hut, a rude structure framed of pine-branches.

A tall man came out, and seizing a flaming bough from one of the fires, the better to regard me, asked in courteous tones what tidings I brought.

'That the enemy will attack your camp at daybreak, colonel,' I replied, assuming as manly a voice as I could.

'Ha! whom do you come from?'

'The Countess Deotima Czartoryska.'

'My sister! Have you a letter from her?'

'Only this,' I said, handing him the letter the messenger had brought.

He read it attentively by the flickering light, and then, turning to me, said warmly, 'Young man, you have done me a great service. What is your name?'

'Call me Casimir,' I replied, giving the first I could think of.

'Good. I will not seek to force your incognito. The service is none the less. It is too late for us to retire, but we may at least prepare for defence. When did you leave the castle?'

'At eleven.'

'Did you see anything of the Russians on the way?'

'I was chased by a Cossack picket about ten miles from here.'

'Ah, they will not be here for three hours at least! That is good news.' Then, regarding me kindly, 'Poor boy, you look tired! Go in there and lie down. I will call you when it is time. Your horse shall be well cared for;' and, leading the way into the hut, he pointed to a heap of fresh straw, on which I was soon sound asleep.

When I awoke the sun was shining brightly, and Colonel Ladislas was standing at the entrance of the hut buckling on his sword, while an unusual bustle seemed to be going on outside.

'Do you wish to take part in this affair?' said the colonel as I joined him; 'every hand is of value to-day. Have you had any experience of military life?'

'My father was a Cuirassier,' I replied stoutly, for I could not help feeling still a little strange in my man's dress, and above all I dreaded my secret might be discovered.

'Good! I have lost my lieutenant. You shall take charge of the cavalry. They will be in reserve, and may not have to fight at all; but if you are called on to charge I know I can depend on you. Ah! there is the first shot. We shall have warm work to-day;' and with a gay smile he strode away to where the infantry were posted in the wood.

Though our force was so meagre the position was well chosen. In the rear ran the river, which at this season was unfordable; on the left extended the morass, impassable for cavalry; while in the thick forest to the front and right four small companies of infantry were posted so as to form two sides of a triangle, and extended in such a way as to conceal the paucity of their numbers. Two more companies were in reserve, and behind all was posted the troop of about fifty horse, of which I had the command.

What would the good nuns at the convent have said if they could have seen me now?

I cannot describe the fight. At first every shot sent a cold shiver through me; but gradually, as the firing swelled into a roar, mingled with the shouts of the assailants, my spirits rose, and I longed to be in the thick of it.

For some time the Russian volleys did not do much damage, being scattered by the trees, while our sharpshooters made deadly practice among their closely packed ranks; but suddenly we discovered that some Finnish riflemen, the best shots in the Russian army, had crept on to the morass and were enfilading our position. This caused our line to waver; and with loud shouts and clapping of hands the Russian columns pushed forward with the irresistible weight of numbers, doubling our two lines back on each other.

It was in vain that Colonel Ladislas threw himself in front of his men with reckless devotion. A shot struck him under the arm as he waved his sword on high, and he fell to the ground in the midst of the open space which he had been defending, and on which the Russians were now beginning to pour.

This sight decided me. Calling on my men to follow, I charged down on them with my small troop so suddenly that they had no time for preparation. Three times we swept through their ranks, scattering them right and left; and then placing myself at the head of the infantry, who had promptly rallied, I ordered them to charge with the bayonet. The rout of our foe was now complete; for, entangled among the trees, they fell an easy prey to the fury of attack, those who were not killed flying through the woods in hopeless panic and confusion.

When I returned to the camp a sergeant approached, and, saluting, told me that the colonel wished to speak to me.

'But is he not wounded?' I asked.

'They say he is dying, but he has ordered me to find you and bring you to him as soon as possible.'

I followed the man sadly. A great reaction had come over my feelings; the excitement had passed; and as we picked our way among the bodies which still strewed the ground where the fighting had been hottest I shuddered to think of the dreadful work that had been done in the last few hours.

We had just reached the hut when a dark figure in a cowl came out. It was Father Ambrose, but he passed me by without a sign of recognition; and, remembering my disguise, I checked the exclamation which arose involuntarily to my lips.

Colonel Ladislas lay on the same heap of straw that I had slept so soundly on in the morning. He

breathed with difficulty, was ghastly pale, and indeed looked like a man whose hours were numbered; but his eyes still remained clear and piercing.

'You have done us noble service, Casimir,' he said, pressing my hand feebly as I knelt beside him. 'Had it not been for you my poor followers would have been even now at the mercy of the cruel Russians; for myself it does not matter, but I grieve to think what will be their fate when I am gone. Few of them had ever shouldered a rifle before the last two months, and those who are old soldiers only know how to obey, but have never had the responsibility of a command.'

This speech was not uttered consecutively, but in short, spasmodic sentences, broken by many painful pauses, while the sufferer struggled for breath. I was deeply moved and listened in silence, for there was nothing I could say. Presently he continued, looking at me wistfully:

'You are very young, but you have shown to-day that you have the true instinct of a soldier, the knowledge not only of how to fight but to act decisively in the moment of danger. It is a gift born in us, and cannot be acquired. I am a dying man, Casimir; promise me one thing—promise that you will take charge of my regiment when I am gone, and see my men safely through the dangers by which they are now environed.'

Here was a strange position to be placed in. I, a young girl of eighteen, who had never fired a shot in anger before the previous night, was asked to take command of a half-drilled band of insurgents in a country swarming with enemies! I was so frightened at the result of my own temerity that I could not speak, and knelt gazing at the colonel in utter confusion. At one moment I was almost on the point of confessing my sex and appealing to his generosity to keep my secret; but a feeling of shame prevented me, while at another I thought of flight.

'Well,' he said, observing that I did not answer, 'will you refuse me this boon? How can I die happily if I know that all these poor fellows who have served so faithfully will be left to perish? They are like children to me, you know.'

Thus driven into a corner, I sought a girl's last refuge, and asked for time.

'Colonel,' I said, 'I *cannot* answer you now. Give me an hour to think, and then you shall have my reply.'

'Be it so,' he said with a sigh, 'but let the hour be brief, for so are the hours I have remaining on earth.'

It had struck me that, as Father Ambrose was in camp, he might be able to counsel me; perhaps to him I could bring myself to confess my position. However, I was saved all difficulty on this point, for as I left the hut a hand was laid on my arm, and the Father himself led me a little way into the forest. When confronting me he observed quietly:

'Daughter, I perceive the hour for action in our cause has already come, and I rejoice to see you have not been found wanting. But you are perplexed. Colonel Ladislas, I know, has asked you to take command of his regiment. What answer have you given? It is on that subject I would speak to you.'

'Nay, it is your counsel I would ask, Father,' I replied.

He paced backwards and forwards in deep thought for a few minutes, and then, stopping abruptly, said:

'After all, 'tis a question of humanity. It is given to the many to obey, but to the few to command. You have shown to-day that you can do this, and without a leader these children of our cause will be lost. On the whole, I advise you to accept the command.'

'But, Father, you have recognised me; may not others do so? It would not be becoming, nor could I bear that my secret should be known.'

'Yes, I knew you,' he said, smiling; 'but you forget that I have often seen those rings on your fingers before.'

It was true I had forgotten to remove my rings: a large signet of my father's and a beautiful diamond hoop that the Countess had given me on my last birthday.

'But how can I leave Deotima?' I cried. 'If she were safe I might do it, but I cannot desert her.'

'Why not take her across the frontier?' he replied. 'Poland is no place for her now. Nay, why not take her brother also? He might perhaps live if properly tended. I am a man of peace; but if you will take your troop and see the Countess and her brother safe across the Prussian frontier I will remain here till you return. You need not be gone more than four days, and after the lesson they have received the Russians will not renew their attack till they can get reinforcements.'

'But, Father, if I do this you will promise to keep my secret?'

'It is my calling to keep secrets,' he replied grimly, and turned towards the colonel's hut, leaving me a prey to many mingled feelings.

That night, accompanied by forty of my troop and a covered cart in which lay the colonel, I started for the château.

(To be continued.)

THE MERCHANT SERVICE AND APPRENTICESHIP.

THE paper which recently appeared in *Chambers's Journal* on the subject of the officers of the merchant service has interested me greatly, and as part of the same subject I wish to write a few words about apprenticeship. The lessening of the supply of capable officers has several explanations, and I think I can afford one. The whole question is not only of widespread interest, but of national moment.

My youngest son has an exceptionally spirited temperament. When he left school it was plain that a sedentary career would be useless for him. He was a fairly good scholar, intelligent, and of good judgment. He understood ciphering, and was fond of books of adventure, but had distinguished himself up to that time mainly as a football captain. He often won games by clever tactics. It was thought that an outdoor life was most suitable for him; and accordingly, after some difficulty, I placed him with a farmer, to learn the trade of dairying.

The reports of his progress which we soon began to receive from the country were somewhat disquieting. We learned that he organised swimming-matches amongst the village boys, and also often led them through the village to the sound of music on the mouth-organ—for he is fond of music. We were told of conflicts with the rural police, occasioned, I believe, largely by his ignorance, as a town-boy, of rural laws and customs, and by his habit of climbing trees. We then heard with some dismay that he had been seen standing on the ridge of a high roof, with folded arms, proclaiming to the village that he was Nelson. After this we were not greatly astonished to hear from his employer that my son was not likely to make a good dairy-farmer. His character was good; he was honest, and had no vices; but he was not suited for the business.

He therefore left the farm and came home. After a time he told us that he wanted to be a sailor. He would be nothing else. He overcame his mother's reluctance, and I set about trying to find a shipping firm to whom he might be apprenticed. I applied to a firm who own sailing-ships, for I was told that it would be best to put him on a sailing-ship at first. I received a favourable reply; but whilst the negotiations were proceeding the boy, with his active disposition, got slightly injured in some rough outdoor sports, and was, in fact, confined to his bed for a few days. This was some evidence to me that his true sphere was the sea, and that he would therefore probably be safer at sea than on land. Unfortunately, whilst he was laid up a letter came from the firm saying that a sailing-ship of theirs would start soon, and requiring him to present himself immediately in order to sign the indentures. He wanted to leave his bed and go, but I prevented him, seeing also that the firm would hardly have accepted him if they had seen him in his injured condition.

I went myself, however, to the shipping-office, in the hope of somehow delaying matters. And here I had my first experience of a shipping-office. I do not say they are all alike. All I know is that, although I had got together a few pounds to pay a premium, and did not come to them at all as a suitor for favours, I was denied access to the principals, and only saw a clerk, who treated me with brusqueness bordering on incivility. I am, myself, accustomed to business, but I had never met quite the same thing in business before. I left the office, after ascertaining that there would not be another sailing-ship of theirs leaving England for six months.

As soon as the first ship had sailed the boy completely recovered, and as he was eager to go to sea, I sought about for another firm. This time I obtained superior introductions. It turned out that the new firm owned no sailing-ships, but only steamships. They offered to take the lad as an apprentice, without premium; but it is only fair to state that they suggested that it would be better that he should go first on a sailing-ship. But as the matter was somewhat urgent, I thought it best to accept their offer, and at once to get the boy to sea somehow, trusting that he would obtain some experience of a sailing-ship later. There I admit I made a mistake, and I believe it is true generally that the best way to start a boy in the profession of the sea-service is to begin with a sailing-ship.

However, the indentures were signed and everything was prepared. We got together his kit. We bought a proper sea-box and a bag to hold his bedding. We put into the box a full equipment, including new uniform, oilskins, sea-boats, and a lot of old clothing still serviceable. There were also included a few tabloids of medicine, some glycerine, a mosquito-net (as he was going to the tropics), and of course a Bible. I told him—as indeed he partly knew—that in the life of a seaman hardship and drudgery were to be encountered, but that he must go through it cheerfully in order to learn the trade or profession of navigation, so as to become in due time an officer, and to this end he should observe and learn everything he could, and do his duty loyally to the firm, who would, I believed, in return stick to him and recognise his loyalty. I also took him through some higher parts of Colenso's Arithmetic and some matters of geography, so as to refresh his school-memory, and these things he mastered with ready application, understanding them to be necessary to his career.

About this time we received some letters from the youths of the village where my son had been, expressing a hope that he might return to them

and revive the former glories. But this was out of the question.

In due course the boy joined his ship. Although extremely modest, he had displayed some little pride in putting on his new uniform and badge at home, in a way quite exceptional with him, for he generally hated display; but in this case no doubt it was natural that he should show some liking for wearing the uniform, as representing the profession he had chosen. But on the day when he joined the ship he put on some old things, because, he said, he wished to show that he came aboard to work; and, indeed, he was fully aware that the uniform is seldom worn except in port. Also, as we learned afterwards, he gave out that his name was Jack—which we call him at home—as he did not like to use the somewhat rare Christian name that he bears; and so he was afterwards called Jack on the ship.

The voyage was to be a long one, the ship touching at three continents, and being, in fact, of the 'tramp' species, concerned in carrying coal and grain, mainly; not passengers. We were dependent for news on the letters he sent at each port. These soon began to arrive. He described in a business-like way all the incidents of the voyage, under headings of date, and with simple brevity. From his writing the dates and arranging the facts clearly we thought he had been put to copying-out the log-book, but such was not the case. The first day he had of his own accord climbed both the masts, to practise in case he should be ordered up. Then there had come a storm—the worst, it afterwards turned out, that the ship had ever encountered—but he made little of it in his letters. There were the usual sea-incidents. But, amidst all the detail, two facts began to stand out. The boy stated them, but did not make much of them in his letters; he told us more fully afterwards. These facts were (first) that he was not being taught, and (second) that he was not being fed properly.

It transpired that, except that he did not sleep in the fo'c'sle, his food, work, and conditions of labour were exactly the same as those of the ordinary seamen—who themselves were treated badly—and that the bulk of his duty was to clean the iron and the paint of the ship. He had no objection to cleaning paint or doing whatever else was necessary. As a matter of fact, he shifted coal in the bunkers, performed all manner of menial offices, and acted as night-watchman in port without any great squeamishness. On one occasion in a foreign port he was kept shovelling coal at the bunkers for fourteen hours together, with but a short rest in the middle of the day, when he stretched himself on deck, tired, and black all over with the coal-dust, and on waking from a doze saw the face of a gentleman looking at him, a missionary in charge of some Christian mission in the port. The missionary asked who he was, and on being answered, 'An apprentice,' was overcome with astonishment and made many inquiries. But the point is, that with all this, the apprentice was taught practically nothing of navigation, and that whereas the seamen were paid, at all events, something, he was paid nothing. He did, in fact, a man's work for nothing. The food was rotten. He took it once or twice to the captain, and the captain, after judiciously throwing it overboard, ordered the cook to continue as before. The lad had not been brought up delicately. In fact, he despised luxury; but the putrid meat contained the ordure of rats, the biscuit was sodden and mouldy. It was bad in quality, insufficient in quantity. Several times it made the crew ill; and on one occasion, prostrate with a stomach disorder, the boy managed to cure himself by swallowing half the bottle of glycerine that I had given him.

The lad, with the faculty that belongs to him, had early become popular with the seamen, not the less because he resisted the invitations which at first they extended to him to drink with them, but which they soon discontinued when they understood his character. He could box, and displayed no lack of courage, and so he became rather a favourite. They all advised him, however, to quit the ship, which they said was no good to him or anybody else; and making all allowance for the grumbling habit of sailors, there is no doubt they were right. The second and third officers, indeed, said the same; especially the third officer, who often conversed with the boy at night on the bridge, and who was a true friend. The ship, it seemed, never had the same crew twice, nor did the apprentices stay; some had run away abroad rather than return home in her.

The inkling of these things that the letters conveyed, and a hint that he might come home on the completion of the voyage, caused me to write and tell him to do what he thought best. I confided in his judgment. Sure enough, as soon as ever the ship touched an English port, he put his box ashore in the dead of the night and escaped. Ashore he accidentally ran against the boatswain—an excellent seaman—who saw the situation, and then looked another way. Now, as I am not telling you or anybody else the name of the ship, I am not betraying any of the seamen or officers who showed such human fellowship.

So he came home again safely, bringing his sea-box containing his uniform—which he had never once worn outside the house—and all his things, except some old clothes that he had bartered for shells with black people at the tropical parts where he had been. He looked well, but this was largely because he had been able, out of his own money, to buy food for himself, during the latter part of the voyage, at European ports.

He likes the sea, does not mind the necessary hardships of a seaman's life, but hates the unnecessary hardships, and declines to go on a ship where he can learn nothing. He would try another ship but that his mother now hesitates, and he thinks too much of her to go against her wishes. So his career, as far as can be seen at present,

is spoiled; though perhaps a better ship may be found.

The shipping company wrote to me for damages for breach of indentures. I declined to pay, and have not heard further. It is quite possible that in the matter of food the company are not to blame, although liable.

I might write much more about the treatment of sailors as well as of apprentices. I think it a folly as well as a shame that needless hardships, as in the matter of food, are—despite all our legislation—still inflicted on seamen, not as a necessity of the sea, but simply for gain. From what little I now know of it, I think, too, that the whole system of training officers for the merchant service is defective and chaotic. Commercial development on unscientific and inhuman lines is eating the seed-corn. The supply of capable officers cannot be maintained unless shipowners, as a whole, treat them better. A youth who, as a necessity of his calling, is prepared to face with promptitude and courage all the risks of the sea, ought not to have foolish obstacles placed in his path in his attempts to learn his profession or have his health undermined by needless privation before he can attain promotion in it. In these days of scientific invention there is no longer any necessity for starvation even in sailing-ships. Yet if you ask officers you will find that most of them have been starved when they were beginners, and that others, through needless rigour or the extra work caused by undermanning, are afflicted with rheumatism, the result of sleeping in wet clothes, or are weakened by deprivation of sleep. The seaman does not want to be coddled, but if the merchant service is to maintain its supremacy he must be treated as a man.

THE CHAIRS ON THE VERANDA.

By Rosaline Masson, Author of *Leslie Farquhar*, &c.

COLONEL EVERETT tied his tie in front of the glass, on which the two tall candles from either side cast an uncertain but becoming light. He bent forward in order to see more clearly, and, having completed the little white bow to his satisfaction, shut the drawer from which he had taken the tie, and pushed the silver brushes into position. Then he stooped to blow out the candles; but in the act his attention was attracted to a vase containing three huge, exquisite roses of different shades of red, each proudly erect on its thick stem, surrounded by its own leaves. He took up the vase, and bent his handsome, elderly head to inhale the fragrance. Then he smiled. 'A pretty notion that!' he said to himself. 'We all know and like to put flowers to greet a woman; but a lonely old bachelor! He is generally accredited only with appreciation of his creature comforts. *This* gives one a feeling of coming home.' He looked round the room. A little fire burnt brightly, though it was August and the day had been warm. He smiled at that. 'A concession to my years in India,' he said. 'And my age,' he added.

He turned again to the glass, and glanced whimsically into it, as to an old and tried friend with whom he had shared many a joke and many a wistful thought. The dark, carved wood round the mirror framed for the moment one of those faces that conceal a history that would be well worth reading, and present to the world only a courteous and finely tempered present. The iron-gray hair was close-cropped, and much hard brushing had permitted its natural tendency to curl to show itself crisply only at the parting. The eyes were eyes that had seen much; but the lines on the face were lines of humour and of endurance, not the footprints of indulgence. It was a handsome, mellow face; and the assured bearing of the man, even here as he stood by himself in the candle-light, showed him a man of achievement and position.

He put out the candles and went to the window, drew up the blind, and opened it on to the fresh autumn tang of the rich Highland air.

'I believe it is the same room that they have given me!' he thought, straining his eyes, as they grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, and noting the outlines of the hills, and the nearer clumps of trees, and the gables of the great house. He betrayed his open-air instincts and experience by recognising the room thus, rather than by its interior; though the interior was characteristic enough—low ceilinged and high wainscoted, the walls at quaint angles, and the little window set deep into a recess formed by a gable of the house.

'Yes, it is the same room—thirty-five years!' he said. 'What a boy I was!' He looked again at the dim mirror, now lit only by the flickering fire. 'Did you recognise me?' he seemed to ask it. Then he suddenly turned, as if by some thought, and leant out of the window, over the tangle of ivy and creepers that surrounded the window-frame, and peered down below. Round the gable of the house the end of a veranda protruded; and there, hidden behind creeper-clad pillars, were grouped a few chairs, pushed back, as though their occupants had just quitted them. Colonel Everett drew a deep breath.

Thirty-five years, as he looked down at those chairs in the veranda, vanished. He was again a boy of five-and-twenty, eager, egotistic, confident, and in love. Again he was looking down from this same ivy-clad window at the chairs on the veranda and the lady of his dreams. It had not been autumn then, it had been an evening of early summer,

and the level rays of the golden sun had been on her, touching her splendid hair and the white of her girlish frock. And he had stood looking down at her for a moment, gathering courage to go to her and speak. And suddenly, round the angle of the house, there had come to her—the other man. And the boy above had seen the look in her face as they had met, had seen their meeting. And then he had turned away quickly.

It was the picture of that meeting—that look in the face of his lady of dreams as she had raised it to another man's kisses—that he had carried with him to India. It was the first of his gallery of pictures. For long it had been the only one, and he had seen it before him day and night—the listless, scented Indian nights, at his lonely station on the plains, where the denizens of the jungle would prowl by dark, and their footsteps be scanned by the natives in the morning. And he had thought of it as he rode at the head of his few men against the many fierce hill-tribesmen that day that had won for him his first promotion.

It was while he was recovering from his wounds in hospital that he had read it in a home paper: the announcement of her marriage. The other name in the announcement was not the name of the man at whose coming he had seen her face light with love, in whose arms he had left her, whose wife he had long since pictured her. It was the name of the owner of the house in which they had been fellow-guests that day—a distant cousin of Everett's, a wealthy man, vaguely remembered as elderly, dull, taciturn, unapproachable.

It was some years later that Everett had added another picture of her to the first—a picture of a proud, beautiful woman who swept past him in a crowded London room. He had known her at once—his lady of dreams. She was changed from the little, slender girl, her face alight and wonderful. She was again in white, and the diamonds flashed at her throat and in her hair, and others besides Everett turned to watch her with the elderly husband—the grave, tired man of much wealth—in her wake. To Everett, that second vision of her revivified her image, which had grown, during the years, into the blurred dream of a dream, only real in that it came between him and the realities. And, looking at her, he had remembered how the other man—the man she must have loved—had gone abroad, gained distinction, and only the other day had died. And, looking at her, he had wondered if his lady of dreams were a happy woman.

After that he had seen her again at various times, and met her often in gay crowds and brilliant scenes. Then the years had closed in upon them again, and distance had again intervened. His duties had led him to far places, and brought him into many contacts, and laid upon him large responsibilities and full days and anxious nights. And still, deep in his memory, was indelibly engraved her haunting face. Many other things had crowded the canvas of his life, had filled his mind and his thoughts. Other troubles, other joys, other people, other ambitions—fulfilled or lived down—had carved the lines on his face. And now, once again, he was come to stay at the house where he had stayed thirty-five years ago, when he had been a boy of twenty-five, and had loved so passionately! He smiled pitifully now as he remembered how his heart had been broken in this very room.

Was it the influence of the room, of that group of chairs on the veranda, or was he growing old, that it was the first faint blurred picture of her that stood out in his memory to-night, and not the later ones, more brilliant in their later colouring? For the last picture of her was recent; and, unlike the others, it stood alone in the canvas—the portrait of a widow, fine, tall, slender, much older, with her unforgettable face.

The house, hers to-day, would be her son's to-morrow. She had invited a gathering of relatives and friends, old friends and new, to celebrate her son's twenty-fifth birthday and his coming of age. There was to be a tenants' dinner, speeches, and toasts. Colonel Everett had been bidden as an old friend and an honoured one, and a cousin of the father's family. There had been additions to-night to the house-party, and the room was full as Colonel Everett entered it.

'We have not been so large a party here for many years,' the hostess said. 'It is like old times,' she added.

Yes, it was like old times! There was the buzz of happy talk and laughter; there were the groups of young people—pretty girls in white, and young men, college companions of the son's; and there were a few elderly folk, gray-headed, benign, smiling.

Yes, it was exactly like old times! But, ah, the change! He looked from the young girls in white to the lady of his dreams, stately in her sable robes, dignified, gracious, welcoming her guests. The carriage of her head was regal; and her glorious hair, that he had loved so well, was massed in waves as he remembered it, and diamonds flashed on it to-night in honour of her son. Yes, she was the most beautiful woman still, as she had ever been, the lady of his dreams. And, had he thought of it, Colonel Everett might have known himself now to be, what perhaps he had not been in his youth, the handsomest man present. The young girl who was confided to his care to take in to dinner felt it, and was a little overawed by the honour. He was gratified by her evident regard and admiration, pleased by her winsome prattle and her pretty eyes.

'I stayed in this house thirty-five years ago,' he told her, 'and I find that nothing has changed.'

The pretty eyes opened wide. 'Thirty-five years!' she exclaimed. 'Why, we were none of us born!'

'No,' he answered smilingly, 'you were none of you born; but you are all just the same. And so am I,' he added, as if he had made a discovery.

She thought him rather mad then, and looked

diffidently at him, uncertain what to say. And she found she need not make any answer, for he was looking past her, towards their hostess. And, as the girl hesitated, a hush fell upon the table, for some one had risen to propose the health of the young heir.

Colonel Everett sat looking along the table, between the shaded wax candles in the heavy, old-fashioned silver candelabra, over the massed flowers in the silver bowls and slender vases, at his lady of dreams. She was looking down and smiling as she listened to the ponderous commonplaces of the county neighbour. And then, amid much laughter and clapping, the boy himself, at the foot of the table, rose to return thanks. And suddenly his mother looked up, and Colonel Everett saw another expression in her face to add to his gallery—her expression of pride and love and yearning towards her son, as he stood making his nervous, boyish, stuttering maiden speech.

'Thank you all very much,' it ended. 'I 'm sure I—my mother and I—are awfully pleased to see you all here to-night.' And he sat down, amid much clapping.

Colonel Everett clapped too, and glanced kindly at the boy. He was accustomed to dealing with young men, to quickly judging them, to placing them. He liked this young man: liked his nervousness, his wholesome, frank face, his well-knit frame, his boyish phrases; liked, above all, his reference to his mother with himself. And yet—he 'felt chilly, and grown old.' Was there to be no place for him, then? Was there never to be any place for him? Was she never to need him?

When he had himself been a boy—the age of this boy now, young and strong, self-confident through ignorance and not through experience, eager, his heart on fire—he had wanted her. Ah, how he had wanted her! Wanted her first love, when she was but a girl—a child, he should think her now; and there had come the other man round the shadows of the pillars and the creepers, and her eyes had lit with the love-light. That was his first picture. What had prevented those two from marrying? Should he ever know? But, whatever had prevented it, whatever story lay in her past, it had not given her to him. He saw her again as he had seen her in the pride of her beauty, as she had swept past him in her heavy white robe and her jewels; and in her wake the gray, dull, apathetic husband. That was his second picture.

Was there always to be another figure in his pictures of his lady of dreams? For now, into his last canvas, had stepped this boy, careless, appropriating—'my mother and I;' and again there was the love-light in her eyes. Was she happy at last? Whatever her mistakes had been, whatever she had done or left undone with her life, it had at least brought her this. She had her son. *He* had no son. And Colonel Everett, the man of achievement, who had made and unmade so many careers, who stood there so tall and soldierly of bearing, so genial and courtly of presence, felt the sudden death-like prospect of loneliness.

They were dancing—the young people—and he slipped away, and went up to the little oddly-shaped room in the gable, flung a log on to the neglected fire, and went to the open window, where the soft night wind was stirring the curtains. The harvest-moon was shining down on the scene, cold and dead and burnt out, white and unfeeling. All the lawn was light as in the day-time, and so was every red rose that stood out of the little rose-beds cut in the turf; but lawn and roses were without colour. The pine-trees stood black against the pale, starry sky; and far off the dogs bayed and howled in the kennels, and over in the wood the owls hooted in the silences.

Colonel Everett sat long at the window. The moonlight fell on the veranda beneath and on the group of empty chairs. Thirty-five years!—a lifetime to the young, when it lies before them: yesterday to the old, when the years have passed.

A faint, pleasant odour of a cigarette; and the Colonel glanced down. One of the chairs was occupied; he could just see a man's foot, crossed over a knee. Some one tired of the dance, Colonel Everett thought, come out to enjoy a quiet smoke; and, as he looked, the man in the chair sat forward, as if listening, his cigarette between his fingers. The moonlight fell full on his face. It was the young son, the hero of the hour. As he listened he threw away his cigarette. The Colonel also listened, and heard a soft step and the rustle of a dress, and, smiling to himself half-cynically, was about to retreat from the window that commanded the prospect. But his smile changed. Across the edge of the ghostly lawn, behind the chairs, a slender, dark figure came, and paused for a moment in the shadows by one of the creeper-clad pillars. It did not need the little hand, white and flashing in the moonshine, that was put up and pressed against the pillar to hold back a loose trail of creeper, to tell the Colonel who it was.

So the boy waited for his mother! They were one, mother and son. It was the old drama of thirty years ago repeated. He must turn away once again: he must go out of her life again; he had no place in it. And once again he looked down, in order to carry away with him clearly this last picture of all, in which, as of old, there should be two figures.

But what was this? The boy had risen eagerly, but it was not to meet his mother. She still stood, in her trailing robes, in the shadows behind him, one hand on the pillar. Round the gable of the house, as in that earliest picture of all, came one to the tryst. It was a young girl in white, one of the many pretty young girls of whom the room had been full to-night. And the boy took a step towards her and held out both his hands. She stopped short when she saw him, and stood irresolute; but he went quickly to her, and led her away, and together they went across the moonshine and the shadows, and past the colourless roses on the lawn.

Then the older woman came from behind the pillar and sank into the chair he had left. The diamonds she had donned in his honour flashed and gleamed on her bowed head and on her clasped hands; and it seemed to the man above her that they held imprisoned in their depths all the colours of all the jewels she had ever worn. But he knew from that bowed head and those clasped hands that she was weeping bitterly. And Colonel Everett, looking down at the lady of his dreams, saw a solitary figure, and knew that she—who had never had the love of her youth satisfied, and to whom therefore this son was son and lover in one—was suffering the sharpest pang she had yet been called upon to endure, for she was facing the knowledge that it was the turn of another generation.

And suddenly he knew that she was wrong—that it was *their* moment that had come, the moment for which all the sorrow, all the years, all the courage, all the self-surrender had perfected them. Let the boy and girl lovers wander moonstruck among the colourless roses! They knew nothing.

And this time he went down to meet the lady of his dreams.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

HYGIENIC BED-LINEN.

THE equipment of the bed constitutes one of the most perplexing problems to the housewife, since it involves the study not only of the requirements and tastes of varying constitutions, but also of fluctuating climatic and season conditions. There are many who, for physical reasons, are compelled to sleep between blankets the whole year round, a necessity which in summer is particularly trying owing to the weight and thickness of the covering, which is oppressive, not taking into consideration any irritation that may be caused by the nap. Even so far as concerns persons possessed of robust health extreme care has to be observed in the use of ordinary sheeting, since, although it will absorb perspiration, it becomes damp and clammy, and often sets up a severe chill. In the cases of invalids and delicate persons the difficulty is more complex. There are, however, many maladies, especially of a tropical nature, where the slightest appreciable weight during the fever-stage is keenly felt by the sufferer; and although sheeting is used to improve the comfort, it has to be supplemented by a blanket to prevent the chilling reaction of the former acting injuriously upon the high temperature of the patient. Moreover, such clothing, owing to the closeness of the weaving, acts as a clog upon the pores of the skin. Under these circumstances, the new sheeting that has recently been placed upon the market should meet with a warm appreciation; it is made in accordance with the aertex cellular principles, the efficiency of which in regard to underwear has long been established. These sheets are made in one seamless piece, and from their cellular construction, while acting as an excellent covering to the body, still afford complete ventilation to the skin. Furthermore, they are very light, so that their presence is barely perceptible, yet at the same time they impart a feeling of sufficient warmth without any oppression. No matter how soddened they may become by absorbing perspiration, they never produce a cold or clammy effect; in winter they never impart that shock experienced when one jumps between the linen sheets, and never convey any sense of dampness. From the medical point of view, owing to their hygienic system of construction, they are in great request, many of our largest hospitals being exclusively equipped therewith, particularly for use in fever and consumption cases. Experience has demonstrated their efficiency for the last-named scourge when the patients reach what is called the 'night sweat' stage. The excessive perspiration which will make the linen sheet wringing wet, necessitating its immediate removal to avoid striking cold to the sufferer, does not so affect the cellular fabric. The perspiration is absorbed but never chills; while, owing to the porosity of the material, it ensures the skin being efficiently ventilated without any ill effects. The ease with which they can be washed is also an important point, since boiling is obviated. For children's cots they are eminently adapted, especially for those of tender years who require a textile thin, light, soft, and yet warm. Taken all round, this application of the cellular principle of weaving marks the most important stride that has been made in the hygienic equipment of the *lit* since blankets and sheets were first adopted.

A SAFETY-LAMP.

Despite the wonderful strides that have been made in regard to the evolution of various mediums of illumination which are supplied in bulk from central supply stations, the lamp is still extensively used by the poorer classes of the community and in those rural districts where other systems are unavailable. That the employment of such an article is attended with grave dangers a perusal of the numerous fatalities directly attributable thereto strikingly shows. But the lamp will never become obsolete. Under these circumstances inventors are devoting their energies to the contrivance of a simple, inexpensive article which is absolutely safe under all and varying conditions, while attractive prizes are still available to stimulate the inventive faculty. But the safety-lamp has so far resisted discovery. In the meantime, however,

the nearest approach thereto has been achieved by a Scottish scientist, whose invention promises to come into extensive vogue. Though petroleum, one of the most inflammable liquids known, constitutes the lighting medium employed, its use is carried out upon such lines that explosion or fire arising therefrom is quite impossible. The lamp is, moreover, of simple design. It comprises a special porous stone which is immersed in the oil and becomes thoroughly saturated therewith. This absorbent medium has a hole pierced through its centre extending to the orifice where the wick is generally placed. The stone is placed in a metallic receptacle which is so devised that a current of air can circulate through the channel in the absorber. The burner is placed in the usual position, and carries an incandescent mantle. To light the lamp one simply places a burning match to the burner. This causes an upward draught of air, through the stone, which in its passage mixes with a small percentage of the gas of the petroleum, and the mantle becomes incandescent. So long as the latter is alight the upward draught of air continues, but directly the lamp is upset it is extinguished. It cannot explode by any possible means, since the proportion of light hydrocarbon with the air is so small, while directly the absorbent stone becomes exhausted the flame simply expires. There being no free liquid in the vessel, it cannot catch fire. So simple and safe is the lamp that a child can manage it with absolute safety. For country-house lighting it is an ideal and economical system. The lamp is supplied in a variety of styles usually associated with oil illumination, ranging from a few pence to several pounds in cost, so that every requirement is met. It has been adopted with complete success in the lighting of the residential quarters at Holyrood.

FALLACY OF BACTERIA-DESTRUCTION IN MILK BY REFRIGERATION.

A short time ago one of our leading physicians strongly advocated the preservation of milk at a low temperature in order to secure the destruction of the bacteria present. That such a system is fallacious actual scientific investigation has conclusively proved. A small quantity of ordinary clean milk as taken from the dairy was immersed in a refrigerator and reduced to freezing-point. In the course of five or six weeks the milk was found to be teeming with millions of bacteria in a healthy and flourishing condition. This multiplication occurred despite the fact that the milk was in a semi-solid state of ice-crystals, and when a portion was raised to normal temperature no evidence of contamination was apparent to either the smell or palate, while when boiled it did not curdle. This result is quite in harmony with the theories of science concerning the non-influence of intense cold upon the propagation of bacteria. In regard to the liquefaction of gases, it has been found that, notwithstanding the intense degree of cold attained, it exercises no militant effect upon these organisms. It is for this reason that the recent liquefaction of helium, which it is hoped will give us absolute zero, is of far-reaching interest. It is anticipated that the temperature will be so low as to be incapable of supporting life of any sort. Incidentally, however, it may be pointed out concerning the foregoing experiments with frozen milk that although it may taste sweet it does not follow that it is free from bacteria.

WATER STERILISED AT THE TAP.

Ozone is one of our most powerful oxidisers, and advantage has been taken of this fact in a novel manner in France. Drinking-water, though passed through a lengthy cycle of filtering and purifying operations, is yet extensively infested with micro-organisms. This latest development is the introduction of a certain quantity of the gas into the water at the tap, so that when drawn the liquid is to all intents and purposes perfectly sterile. The apparatus is very simple and inexpensive to install. Mounted on a small panel some fifteen inches square is a small ozoniser, comprising sheets of glass covered with tinfoil on one side, and freely perforated. A current of air is drawn through these plates, which is ozonised under the influence of the electric current. The ozonised air passes into an inverted glass bulb into which the water is thrown by the main pressure in the form of a spray, and accordingly it combines with the gas, which immediately seizes upon all bacteria present, oxidising or despatching them immediately. The water drawn from the tap is quite germ-proof, while the addition of the ozone imparts a delightful sparkle and an invigorating taste to the liquid. The apparatus is very economical in operation, the ozoniser merely being connected to the holder of an electric lamp, while the simple task of turning the tap sets the ozoniser in action, switching off the current when the supply is arrested. The electrical consumption is very small, one unit sufficing for the sterilising of a thousand gallons of water. Over a thousand of these sterilisers have been installed in private houses in Paris, and recently they have been introduced into this country. The system has also been extended to the purification of public supply installations, a huge plant having recently been completed for the sterilisation of the drinking-water of Nice before its entry into the distributing mains, capable of treating over five million gallons of water per day.

NEW DUST-LAYING MEDIUM.

The dust-fiend has now assumed such huge proportions not only on our roads but in our buildings that any practicable means of subjugating its baneful influences should be to the public advantage. Several specifics have been devised to achieve this desideratum, but they have only proved moderately successful; while the primitive methods of watering and distributing damp sawdust have proved not only expensive but practically useless. One medium, however, which experiments have shown to be

unusually efficacious has recently been introduced upon the market under the name of 'crempoid.' By its use wooden floors can be kept as clean as polished linoleum, while the atmosphere is also kept free from dangerous dust particles with comparatively little trouble and expense. The specific is in the form of a liquid, which is sparingly distributed over the floor. Its effect is to weigh all dust particles so that they cannot rise into the air by any means, but roll along the floor when a broom is applied, so that they can be easily collected and removed. As it is not requisite to rub the floor with the medium, application can be effected very quickly, while, when swept, the boards are left perfectly clean and the atmosphere dustless. It is also a powerful germicide. The liquid is mixed with about 80 per cent. of water, and when administered may be left on the floor for four or six weeks, according to the extent of the traffic. Under these circumstances, it is well adapted for use in warehouses, shops, public buildings, theatres, offices, and so forth, where the accumulation of dust entails considerable annual expenditure. Crempoid is already being extensively used in schools, libraries, &c., while the executive of the Edinburgh Exhibition employed it for the treatment of the floors in the machinery and industrial buildings, greatly to the satisfaction of the exhibitors. It has the distinct advantage that it has no injurious effects upon the most delicate materials used for ladies' dresses, should they trail upon the floor.

A NEW PRESERVATIVE BLUE-BLACK IRON-PAINT.

The buildings necessary for carrying out what will prove to be a new chemical industry in this country are approaching completion in the Midlands. Here the ingenious process discovered by Dr C. F. Wülffing for the production of a new and valuable blue-black paint for preserving iron will be commercially exploited. The value of this chemist's invention is that not only does it provide a new and highly valuable and inexpensive protective medium, but it is prepared from what has hitherto been practically a useless by-product from another manufacture—the hydrochloric acid pickle used for the preparation of iron plates for tinning. In the Welsh tin-plate trade two such pickles are used, one made of sulphuric and the other of hydrochloric acid. The first-named, after its primary work is completed, is employed in the production of copperas, but hitherto the last-named solution has defied commercial utilisation. Dr Wülffing, who resided for many years in the centre of the tin-plate industry in the Principality, turned his attention to the question, the scope of his idea being to precipitate the oxide of iron by a cheap and commercially practicable process. There are certain agents which can effect this end, but although the oxide of iron is obtained, the precipitating substance employed in itself becomes useless. It occurred to this chemist that ammonia might be profitably adopted, especially since not only would the iron oxide be secured, but the resultant ammonium chloride obtained from the process would be more valuable than the ammonia used. He experimented on these lines, and finally succeeded in discovering a means of carrying it out profitably and without any appreciable loss of ammonia—one of the most difficult objects to achieve, bearing in mind its volatile nature. The iron oxide obtained is of a beautiful blue-black colour, absolutely insoluble in water, of excellent quality, and chemically pure. The paint is made up by mixing the oxide with boiled linseed-oil. That it is an excellent preservative for ironwork has been proved conclusively. Structures which were treated therewith two years ago, and continually exposed to the varying weathers, have a surface as fresh, perfect, and as varnish-like as when first treated.

HANDY PLEATER FOR LAUNDRIES AND CLEANERS.

One of the latest demands of fickle fashion is for fine pleating of frills and flounces sent to the laundry or cleaner, so that the wearing apparel may be returned home with an appearance practically identical to that it possessed when new. Hitherto content has prevailed with goffering, which was comparatively simple; but to achieve a pleating effect without removing the flounces or frills was impracticable. As is known in goffering, the fabric has a corrugated appearance, the channels being of U shape, due to the type of appliance used. With the new machine, however, a perfect pleated frill is obtained exactly the same as when new. The machine is small and compact, and capable of taking a pleat up to three inches wide. By its aid the embellishment of a blouse can be repleated in a few seconds, and by means of a patented device the frill is cleared directly the operation is completed. Any part of the frill, no matter how difficult, can be inserted. The machine is simple in design and operation, so that it is not liable to get out of order easily. Heating is carried out with gas, and the cost of running does not exceed three-halfpence for a day of ten hours. Its initial cost also is trivial. With this appliance the artifices of the laundress are appreciably augmented, and the appearance of the garment distinctly improved.

A NEW ILLUMINATING GAS.

A recent development in Germany should offer great possibilities in this country. This is the supply of gas in cylinders adapted for the lighting of country houses and rural districts. The gas has been invented by Hermann Blau, a chemist, and is distilled from oil and other materials. Manufacture is carried out upon new and novel lines. The oil is fed into the retort and distilled at a lower temperature than that employed in coal-gas manufacture. The by-products are secured, and the gas cleaned and scrubbed in the usual manner. It is then compressed at great pressure in cylinders similar to those employed for the transportation of oxygen, the effect of this pressure being a lique-

faction of the gases. The permanent gases which distillation has yielded, such as hydrogen, methane, and carbon monoxide, the chief constituents of coal-gas, are then dissolved to the required extent in the liquid gases. When the pressure is relieved the liquid volatilises, carrying off a certain proportion of the gases which were dissolved. The light obtained is of great brilliancy, while the gas is perfectly pure and harmless. The cylinders are of varying lengths and capacity, it being possible to acquire a small vessel holding one pound of gas, suitable for travelling, boating, or camping-out expeditions, up to large reservoirs containing heavy supplies suitable for extensive country seats. The medium size, adapted for use in small villas, will supply enough gas to meet requirements for some eight weeks. All that it is necessary to do is to install the charged cylinder in the receptacle supplied for the purpose outside the building, connect it up to a small tank in which the pressure is regulated, and then admit it to the ordinary piping-system of the house. When a cylinder is empty it can be easily and quickly disconnected, and a full cylinder replaced, the empty one being returned to the works for a fresh charge. There is no possibility of explosion, and no technical knowledge is necessary for its manipulation. In Germany several villages are being lighted upon this system. The distributing mains are laid in the usual manner, though small pipes need only be used, and are connected up to a small hut in which the gas cylinders are placed. The only attention required is the changing of the cylinders as they become exhausted. The system is cheap, highly efficient, and free from danger, and even the smallest villages can become possessed of a complete gas-distribution plant at a nominal outlay.

THE LATEST TRAM-CAR.

An ingenious invention for saving much of the time now wasted at stopping-stations, and at the same time adding to the comfort and convenience of passengers, is engaging the favourable attention of tramway managers throughout the country. After many experiments with types of one kind or another, American and German among the number, something like finality has been reached regarding the general design of car best adapted to British conditions of traffic in the shape of the double-deck vehicle in practically universal use here. One great drawback remains, however, by reason of the employment of a single door for both incoming and outgoing passengers, frequently giving rise to much confusion when the contending streams meet, and invariably causing serious delays. All this is removed in the new design submitted by Mr Kavanagh, of Liverpool, who has worked out a completely effective plan whereby the back-end of the car may be utilised, as at present, for entrance, and the front for exit, or *vice versâ*, and also introduced a variety of other improvements in the way of safety staircases and other novel contrivances calculated to facilitate the handling of traffic. In order to meet Board of Trade conditions, Mr Kavanagh provides—by means of automatically working doors—an exit absolutely free from danger, no matter in which direction the car is running. This is, indeed, the main feature of the design, and represents in itself the solution of the problem which has hitherto stood in the way of the adoption of the separate entrance and exit idea, since the safe side when the tram is proceeding one way becomes the danger side when it is going in the opposite direction. By isolating the driver and covering in the whole of the top deck, an improved system of ventilation is made possible, and passengers are completely protected from wind and weather from the moment they enter until they actually step from the car. In time-saving alone it is calculated that at least five minutes can be gained on the average journey, which means a large economy in towns with hundreds of cars and thousands of journeys daily, and no small consideration even in less busy districts. Then the separate doors clearly make for a better distribution of passengers over the car, and consequently for more expeditious handling on the part of the conductor, whose duty as regards fare-collecting is much facilitated owing to being enabled to make a complete round of the car, top and bottom, without covering, as at present, the same ground twice. From the passenger's point of view the extra comfort implied by the abolition of the crushing and struggling, sometimes for entrance and sometimes for exit, must be sufficiently obvious to all who are in the habit of travelling by tram. The model in which Mr Kavanagh exhibits his system has been visited by many tramway experts and others, who have without exception pronounced it not merely a beautiful and skilfully built piece of workmanship, but the embodiment of a design which marks a highly important and thoroughly practical advance in tramway construction.

THE LABOURER.

The day is nearly done; the air, grown chill,
Shivers among the poplars straight and tall;
From the old oak that yellows on the hill
The ripen'd acorns fall.

Not yet the hour of rest. There, where the field
Lifts a sharp shoulder to the deep'ning blue,
Stoops the bent back of patient toil, to yield
Its daily labour due.

Silent and sure he works, but half-aware
That the world needs him, lacking all its praise;
One with the slow, sure seasons, with a share
In all their silent ways.

Day unto day repeats its equal tale,
Night after night returns—a welcome guest.
Lo! the moon rising, large and round and pale,
Heralds the hour of rest.

ADA BARTRICK BAKER.

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SIXTH SERIES.

PEDRO THE MULETEER.

A SOUTH AMERICAN STORY.

By FRANK H. SHAW, F.R.A.S.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

A LONG-DRAWN bellow that rose in a swelling crescendo and culminated in a shrill yell ripped through the hot afternoon, and the dozing labourers about the docks at Puerto Bianca smiled sleepily.

'It is the man Pedro,' they whispered to one another; 'the poor Pedro—he who works when men sleep. Wherefore Pedro is a mule himself, together with his four mules, which make five—Pedro, who is like *el Presidente*.'

Once again the frenzied howls bit through the sweltering day, and a scuffling accompaniment added to the din. One man who was half-awake drew up his bare feet closer against the side of the big warehouse. For Pedro stood not upon the order of his going; he drove his sweating, scrambling mules up hill and down dale, over a thousand obstacles and through rushing torrents that would have been impassable to any other man. For Pedro had an aim in life: that aim, to provide many little luxuries in the way of *maté* and *torcillas* for an aged dame who dwelt up the hills in the shade of a waving deodar. Wherefore he worked while men slept, for pesetas were hard to come by, and vanished with amazing swiftness when gained, what with *cigarettos* and *maté*, with a little game at cards and a trifle of sugar for the mules.

With a halloo and a higher scream than ever from the man, the shaky wagon with its team of four stout animals rushed at a mad pace round the corner of the warehouse, and Pedro reined in his beasts within an inch of a slumbering peon's feet. He tossed his reins on to the backs of the wheelers, and sprang to the ground without a look about him. On the wharf, recently disgorged from a yawning tramp steamer's holds, was a mighty stack of cases and bales, importations from Britain, and destined for the scattered *estancias* up-country. Without a word, save that he hummed cheerfully, the muleteer began to load his wagon with the goods, and his great muscles seemed to crack as he flung weight after staggering weight over the tail-board. No man offered a hand, for the *peons* of Puerto Bianca were given to spending their leisure in sleep. Pedro worked alone, and the great sweat-drops hopped down his beaming face as he toiled on. Once he paused to wring the gathered sweat from his shirt, and for three seconds by the old watch in his pocket he allowed himself the luxury of a fanning with his sun-scorched sombrero, but the last tick of the three moments had hardly gone when he was at his task again.

'They make them heavier towards the end,' he grunted philosophically to the off-leader of his team—a mighty animal with the grace of an Arab horse and the strength of a traction-engine. But *El Lopos*, which being interpreted means The Wolf, made no answer beyond a choking scream, and lashed out with his heels. Well was he named The Wolf, for he bared his teeth to the tops of the red gums, and made a playful snatch at his master's shoulder as Pedro turned again to the bales.

'Back, pig!' shouted the muleteer without anger, striking the offender on the leathery muzzle. 'See, infidel, thou hast kicked the skin off *La Dolores*, thy sister! Pa! a hulking pig of a mule!'

The wagon was full and doubly full, and Pedro paused again. From his waistband he produced a packet of maize-leaves and a pinch of powdery tobacco. He rolled two *cigarettos*, one of which he stuck behind his ear pen-fashion; the other he kindled, and inhaled appetising gusts of smoke. Then he sprang upon the wagon-top, lifted the reins, and his shrill yell commenced anew.

The ill-paved roadway was a lurking danger to the tough wheeled cart. The railway lines gaped

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widely at the points, and The Wolf caught one lashing hoof in the cruel gap. He struggled madly, lost his footing, and fell across the track just as a loud-clanging bell denoted the approach of the shunting pony-engine that careered wildly along the dock-side.

'Get up, thou pig!' commanded Pedro, as he touched the ground at the screaming animal's head. He had sprung at one leap from the cart to the fallen animal's head, and was now laying on his quirt with all his strength. The Wolf made strenuous efforts to rise, but his hoof was held as in a vice. Then Pedro bowed his mighty shoulders to the work. In the midst of a sweeping hurricane of lashing blows from the free hoofs, he bent and seized the imprisoned foot. Once he heaved, and his shoulders creaked ominously. Twice he heaved, and the imprisoned foot came out with a rush, so that Pedro measured his length on the road. A circular gash on his forehead told where one at least of The Wolf's kicks had got home.

'Now, *holà!* up, pig!' and the quirt lashed out anew. The Wolf reeled to his feet and stood trembling, to be dragged out of the way by the head as the clanking pony-engine whizzed past to the accompaniment of a torrent of oaths from the engineers.

'Pedro has the strength of a bull,' exclaimed the watching *peons* as cart and driver vanished round the corner at a break-neck pace. 'No ten men could have dragged The Wolf's foot from that impasse. We know it; it clutches like Death himself.'

Racing madly round sharp corners, missing by a hair's-breadth the speeding tram-cars as they spun through the narrow streets within a foot of the pavement, into the very heart of the city Pedro drove; and as he went he sang to himself, for he had done a good day's work. It meant much *yerbe maté* for the aged woman up the hills.

A mounted *vigilante* gave him the time of day and a word of warning in the same breath; and, obedient to the latter, Pedro checked his headlong career for just long enough to enable him to pass out of the policeman's observation. Then, with a yell and a crack of the deadly quirt, he settled again to his furious pace. The springless cart bounded like a ball from the rough cobble-stones of the road; the cases and crates danced a devils' dance up and down; the snorting mules panted and quivered to the weight; but soon the stately rows of buildings gave place to rich avenues of trees, scattered here and there with cavaliers and ladies, until the open country was reached, and the road glared dazzlingly white under the noonday sun.

The road began to slope uphill at a sharp incline, but Pedro did not check his onward career. Instead, working himself into a perfect frenzy, he shrieked and yelled to his animals, while the squirming whip curled in resonant loops about the leaders' ears, so that the first two hundred yards of the slope was taken at a mad gallop. Presently, however, the struggling mules were reined in, and Pedro rolled himself another cigarette.

He sat listlessly on the front of the cart as he smoked it. His hands drooped inertly from his wrists, his heavy hat was thrust back from his brow, and his dusky beauty was fully revealed in the glaring light of the full day. Undoubtedly he was a handsome man, fit to pose as a model for a statue of Apollo Belvedere, as the firm round column of his throat rose in muscular perfection from the open collar of his spotless shirt. His great breadth of chest was scarcely apparent in his indolent attitude; but the swell of his mighty biceps was plainly to be discerned under the loose white sleeves, and his great hands had the appearance of a grip that would never relax until death claimed its own. In repose his face was almost melancholy, for he carried the true Spanish type of beauty, which depends more on its expression than on its actual features. It was not until some pleasant memory crossed his simple mind that the brooding eyes lit up with a gay sparkle, the long moustache curled up under his nose, and his cheeks wrinkled merrily. When Pedro smiled the girls of the roadside *posadas* stopped to chatter, and when he went his way, with a careless jest or an utter disregard of their inviting glances, they sighed, for they said he was a king among men.

And yet, in all his thirty years, he had never felt his heart quicken by a single beat at the smile of any woman save his mother. His hot blood was almost boiling in his Southern veins, but all the affection of his strong heart was lavished without stint on the aged mother in the hills. His tenderest smiles were for her; his few thoughts were of her alone. And she—she worshipped her handsome son with a mad worship that was half-jealousy and half-pride.

The white road wound sinuously up from the sun-baked plains into the torrid hills. A few dusty cactus-plants grew at the roadside, but there was nothing green in all the land. The heat lay in a quivering haze over the scorching rocks and the arid soil; it burned up every blade of grass and withered every flower; and the hot dust parched the muleteer's throat to madness, so that he drew his mules to the roadside as he reached a lonely *posada*, and called humbly for wine. It was brought to him in a mighty beaker, and the serving-girl would have dallied coyly to watch him drink—and would have considered herself well paid for the draught by a single kiss; but he had eyes for nothing save the city on the plain behind. As he looked over the swaying landscape his eyes were attracted by a sudden flame of dazzling white. He smiled sadly and shrugged his shoulders.

'What then, Pedro?'

'It is nothing, Juanita. I see the white wall where they shoot the presidents, that is all. It is now seven months since there was a revolution, and the wall is white as snow. I have seen it splashed

with red as high as a man's shoulder. Blessed be the peace, I say.'

The girl tossed her head saucily. Her big Southern eyes were revelling in Pedro's beauty, but he was all-unheeding.

'Nay, then, I love the war, Pedro. For then the soldiers come up the hills, and they are men who love a jest, these soldiers. They have eyes for a pretty face and a pair of ripe lips, these soldiers, *amigo mio*.'

'Ay, and for a wine-bottle. But I have noticed they look the other way when payment is due. *Buenos tardi*, Juanita.'

'Go with God,' she replied, with the common salutation of the land; and as the road was now level, Pedro sprang to his seat with one bound and yelled himself into a lather of sweat. The mules sprang forward with a rush, but before a mile had been traversed The Wolf checked in his stride and came to a limping halt.

'What ails thee, pig?' cried Pedro, dismounting and approaching the leader. 'Ah! blood on thy hoof. So, it was torn in the city? I will examine the mischief.'

He knelt incautiously at the mule's heels and passed his hand over the wounded part. Had he not so handled The Wolf for every year of his short life? There was no danger, for the mules loved him well. But the acute pain had driven the recollection of a thousand caresses from The Wolf's brain, and when the hand touched a gaping wound in his fetlock he lashed out savagely with his unhurt hoof and laid Pedro in the dust.

'*Diavolo!*' muttered Pedro. 'Be still, accursed one!' But the mule was wild with pain, and when his master approached once more he lifted his hoof deliberately and kicked him with savage strength just under the ear. Then the world went out in flames of fire, and Pedro knew nothing of the stampeding team and the roadway littered with broken cases as the cargo jolted from the wagon.

His forehead was wet and cool when he awoke again, and he put up a listless hand to brush away the drops. Then he looked at his fingers curiously, but there was no blood on them—nothing, indeed, but a few drops of chilly water. In surprise he lifted his eyes to a vague shadow that lay between himself and the sunlight. It was not often wayfarers passed on the hill-road, seldom that any stopped to inquire into the case of a stunned muleteer. The passers-by knew only too well that feigned stupor might simply be a ruse to entice them to their destruction. But here was somebody bending over him, and whispering words in a most entrancing voice. Pedro raised himself on one elbow, and looked earnestly into the most beautiful face he had ever seen.

'So, it is better—no?' asked the slim girl who was bathing his aching brow. 'The heat of the sun on an uncovered head, was it not? Or too much wine at the last *posada*?'

The muleteer attempted indignantly to repudiate the statement, but found himself curiously listening for his own voice, which would not come to his aid. So he put his hand up to his ear, and then heard a faint scream.

'Who has done this evil?' asked the dulcet tones again; but Pedro merely wagged one finger knowingly, and his face broke into a gay smile.

'It was—The—Wolf,' he said at length sleepily; 'he is surely accursed.' Thereafter he let himself fall back in easeful inanition, for it was surely good that such a vision of loveliness should stoop to tend him—Pedro the silent one. After long minutes had passed, it percolated to his consciousness that he was not yet dead and in heaven, in the presence of the angels, but that he lay in the middle of the hard road, and that a girl, clad in shimmering white silk, with a mantilla thrown back from her face, was regarding him with grave eyes. His inherent gallantry came to his aid, and he essayed to rise.

'It is not fitting,' he said huskily, 'that a great lady should stoop to tend one of the people. *Madonna mia*, but the beauty of her is as the stars of night!'

She affected not to have heard his last words, and smiled encouragingly. 'You are afflicted and helpless,' she said briefly; 'that is enough for me. So, now, can you rise?'

He arose with the assistance of her arm, and staggered drunkenly to the side of the road, where a rock formed a convenient seat. As he sat down giddily, clutching at the steadying hand, he became aware that a luxurious carriage stood at some little distance, and his eyes widened.

'The wife of the President?' he asked unbelievingly. 'Madonna, but I should have known! No, *Excellenzia*, I am again well and strong. The blow? Poof! it is nothing. I am used to such; but it is surely wrong that you should kneel in the dust at my feet.'

He remembered her more clearly now, and the tender look of pity in her eyes made his heart leap wildly. He had seen her in her state carriage less than seven months before, riding at the side of her husband the President; and he had been taken with the determined set of her shoulders and the carriage of the dainty head. 'Yes,' he murmured in drowsy content, 'it is she assuredly. It is well to be Pedro and wounded.'

She laid her wet handkerchief across the wound on his temple, and he bent humbly to kiss her hand. It was a strong, capable hand, he noticed, one formed for such acts of mercy as these. But he threw off the lassitude that was claiming his senses again, and stood erect once more.

'You will permit me to lead you to your carriage, *Excellenzia?*' he said gravely; and, seeing that he would not be denied, she assented. He handed her into the softly cushioned vehicle with all the grace of a cavalier of Old Spain, and stood, his head bared to the scorching sun, his eyes drooped to the dust, as she drove away with a gay wave of the hand. Then, when the carriage had disappeared in a golden haze, he struck himself on the breast.

'I was right,' he said simply; 'she is indeed one

of God's angels. And she tended me. Pedro, that is a debt to be repaid some day.'

He hobbled painfully back to the *posada* he had left, and made arrangements for his conveyance to his home. On the way he came up with his runaway team, feeding unconcernedly on a few scraps of alfalfa grass at the roadside, with the reins hanging about their feet. He dismounted from the cart in which he was seated, and ran to his mules.

'Oats in plenty and a blanket to thee, my Wolf,' he cried to the cause of his catastrophe, 'for thou hast shown me an angel of heaven.'

Thereafter began a long period of glorious dreaming for the muleteer. His chivalrous soul surrounded his remembrance of his succouring friend with a roseate glow; he deified her; he loitered about the Government Palace for long hours in the cool of the day, hoping that he might catch a glimpse of the girl who had taken compassion upon him in his pain.

'For she saved my life,' he explained to his mother simply when she chided him for his abstraction; 'had she not stayed to aid me the men of the mountains would have slit my throat for the sake of the few pesos I carried.'

'She has forgotten thee, of a surety, Pedro mio,' said the old dame mumblingly; 'why then, be a man. The stars are overfar above us; and she will know thee not again.'

But Pedro fed upon his worship, so that daily he grew more desirous to serve his goddess. He loved her, not with an earthly passion, indeed, but as he might have loved some radiant vision from the skies who had smiled down on him upon the sordid earth. And his mother seemed to understand, for when she noticed that the saint's picture in the little recess in Pedro's room was gone from its frame, and that a gaudily coloured portrait of the President's wife had taken its place, she said nothing, even though a chance gust of mountain wind once blew aside the curtain and showed her son bowed in reverence before his new shrine. Morning and night Pedro said his orisons with a simple faith to the reproduction of his wonderful vision, and grew in happiness with every passing day.

(To be continued.)

DO WE EAT TOO MUCH?

By Frederick A. Talbot.

PROBABLY at no period during man's history has the question of diet become so acute or so strenuously debated as at the present day. The crank and the faddist, like the poor, are always with us, but their pronunciations either for or against count for nought. On the other hand, the community has split itself into numerous camps, each of which has initiated its own tenets as to the proper laws of feeding, and by proudly pointing out one or two members of its particular coterie who, having attained a ripe old age, are hale and hearty, in possession of all or at any rate the most useful of their faculties, steadfastly assert that such examples substantiate incontrovertibly the fact that their mode of diet is that which is the most correct and in consonance with the laws of nature. But a little reflection soon tends to prove that any such examples only serve to uphold the old-time axiom that 'the exception proves the rule.' The greater proportion of the community, who pursue the even tenor of their way in regard to the science of diet, in reply to the foregoing arguments produce hundreds of beings who, never having given a thought to the question nor attempted to effect their feeding upon any methodical basis, have yet managed to reach twenty years or more beyond the allotted span of life. The result is that neither one nor the other is convinced, and consequently the battle continues.

Yet, at the same time, the advocate of either of the various dietary camps, or the average member of the larger community who does not pay much attention to such a question, has but a slight idea of either the design or functions of the human body. In reality it is a complex, beautiful piece of mechanism, requiring as much nursing and care as a steam-boiler. If the latter is improperly pulled with fuel it fails to work, while if overstoked a severe breakdown or disaster is precipitated; similarly, if improper fuel is used the working is spasmodic and unsatisfactory. At the same time in the hands of the amateur it is apt to play strange caprices which invariably have but one determination—irretrievable ruin. It is the same with the human body. It is so delicately constructed that it is much more susceptible to break down than the prosaic steam-boiler. If insufficiently nourished the thousand and one organisms constituting the complete machine fail to work up to their normal level, and if overfed the mechanism becomes clogged and unable to act, resulting in a complete collapse of the whole fabric, which can only be repaired by the judicious stimulating of the various organisms in the hope of restoring them to their correct balance. Then, again, improper feeding, while it may be adequate to maintain the human machine in running order for a time, invariably terminates in a collapse when any undue strain is imposed, and unless the harmonious development of the composite organs and tissues is quickly restored serious disaster is in store.

It is a well-known fact that quack dietary is more responsible for the early failure of the organic structure than underfeeding or overfeeding. The

reason is that the bodily activity is forced up to a high pressure, which it is able to maintain for a time; but the cells of the frame, upon whose extraordinary power of rehabilitation life is entirely dependent, being unable to withstand the strain, succumb. With correct nourishment the possibility of such a contingency arising is diminished, but it is the lack of knowledge upon this vital point which propagates many of the ills to which mortal flesh is said to be the heir. This deficiency, however, may be repaired by a perusal of Dr Chittenden's recent volume, *The Nutrition of Man* (Heinemann), which is the most exhaustively informative work upon the stoking of the human furnace that has appeared within recent years. The author is an advocate of no particular system other than that required by discriminating Nature herself; he holds no brief for or against any particular dietary system. He has only investigated the subject from the unbiassed and stern physiological science points of view, and the result of his researches admirably enlightens us upon a salient point, and serves to elucidate many of the problems of feeding which have hitherto been in a more or less chaotic condition. The work is not a mere scientific hypothesis or ethical digression, but embodies the results of actual experiments with human beings and animals purposely carried out to prove or disprove the contentions of former investigators and to unravel the many debatable points which they left in mystery.

The process of sustaining life is a chemical one; that is to say, the food you eat undergoes three distinct chemical actions: disintegration, decomposition, and oxidation, by which is evolved the requisite energy to maintain the heat of the body and the power for mental and physical effort. You partake of your meal, and the ensuing digestion of the same is the common expression of this chemical change. At the same time, the various articles you eat are or should be resolved into three fundamental constituents: proteids or albuminous food-stuffs, carbohydrates, and fats. The first are the most essential. In composition they comprise on the average 52 per cent. of carbon, 7 per cent. of hydrogen, 23 per cent. of oxygen, and from 1·5 to 2 per cent. of sulphur. Without partaking of proteids it would be impossible to support life, since they provide the material for the reconstruction of all the cells. The eminent scientist Liebig went much farther. He contended that proteids or nitrogenous food-stuffs constituted the real source of energy. Consequently many so-called food-experts, on the strength of this assertion, and not troubling to ascertain whether the argument was subject to controversion, developed into proteid cranks, and with the eminent testimony at their command soon gathered together a large following. But subsequent investigation upon the part of the scientific world has disproved Liebig's assertion. Nature is not so easily gratified. Although she demands a definite form of nitrogen, at the same time she seeks for its combination with some other elements to maintain the rhythm of physiological evolution. Hence the need for the carbohydrates and fats. The first-named include the two closely allied compounds sugars and starches. These substances are absolutely free from nitrogen; the other gas, oxygen, being the predominating element, which exists in the proportion of 49·4 per cent., followed by carbon 44·4 per cent., and hydrogen 6·2 per cent. It is obvious that the absence of nitrogen precludes any possibility of the carbohydrates serving as cell-builders, but at the same time they perform another vital function. By oxidation they yield energy for the heat of the body and muscular effort. The fats, though also without nitrogen, have a greater proportion of carbon, which aggregates 76·5 per cent. The fats thus, as it were, constitute an auxiliary to the carbohydrates for the furnishing of heat, since they are less oxidisable than sugars and starches, and require a larger supply of oxygen to secure their combustion. Thus the three natural food-stuffs perform two allotted tasks: the proteids serve as tissue-builders essentially, though capable of providing by oxidation a certain amount of energy for heat and work; but the carbohydrates and fats are required for no other specific purpose than as a fuel to the bodily machinery.

Under these circumstances, then, what constitutes the ideal diet? Certain standards have been drawn up in which the proportion of proteids is adjusted to the percentages of carbohydrates and fats, the proteid being about a fifth of the carbohydrates, and fat about half of the proteid in bulk, for a man of about eleven stone in weight and performing a moderate amount of work. In this respect Dr Chittenden states that 'my own conception of the true food-requirements of the body has been expressed in the statement that man needs of proteid, fats, and carbohydrates sufficient to establish and maintain physiological and nitrogen equilibrium sufficient to keep up that strength of body and mind that is essential to good health, to maintain the highest degree of physical and mental activity with the smallest amount of friction and the least expenditure of energy, and to preserve and heighten, if possible, the ordinary resistance of the body to disease-germs. The smallest amount of food that will accomplish these ends is, I think, the ideal diet.'

After all, however, no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down as to how much we should eat; but it is an incontrovertible fact that the majority of us eat too much. It is purely a question of environment, occupation, and circumstances. It is obvious that the man who follows an active calling involving the expenditure of much muscular energy requires a greater proportion of heat and energy yielding food-stuffs—that is, carbohydrates and fats—than the man who leads a sedentary life, while similarly the man of light weight needs less proteid than his heavier confrère. At the same time, simplicity in dietetic habits ensures a higher level of perfect

health. As, however, the limits of our financial resources extend we are apt in a single meal to partake of a wider range of edibles in a greater variety of forms than formerly. What is the result? The production of maladies such as indigestion, dyspepsia, and other kindred complaints, the cure of which is only possible by a return to the more simple and plainer foods. Neither habit nor instinct affords us any criterion as to how much the body requires to maintain equilibrium, since such results are influenced by the caprices of the palate. It is a curious though noteworthy circumstance that in one dietary article the three necessary constituents incidental to the support of life are found, and that, too, in relatively large quantities—that article being milk, the natural food of young life and of the invalid, in which the assimilation of large proportions of proteid is imperative to meet the demands for material in the construction of the tissues and cells.

For the purpose of practical experiment, Dr Chittenden selected a company of thirteen men from the hospital corps of the United States army, and they were kept under surveillance for the purposes of the test for a period of six months. Well-trained cooks and assistants were available, together with every facility for the preparation of the food, which was carefully weighed before being given to the subjects. Regularity of life was insisted upon, while the men had to perform their usual duties. In their case their ordinary food was rich in proteid, especially in meat. Throughout the period of test a daily dietary was drawn up, the composition of every comestible known, and the nitrogen content of each day's ration so graded as to bring about a gradual reduction in the quantity of proteid ingested, while every test was made to ascertain if the men were in a state of nitrogen equilibrium. The meals were of a very varied character, and although the quantity of meat was greatly reduced it was not entirely eliminated. Simple foods only were used. The amount of proteid food consumed by each man per day averaged about one-third of his accustomed quantity. Now, if this small proportion were insufficient for the sustenance of the physiological equilibrium, evidences of the fact would be bound to be manifested by at any rate one or two of the subjects, since there would result a diminishing of the body-weight, showing that Nature was drawing upon her available reserves to compensate for the insufficient quantities of food administered. Out of the thirteen men five either retained their weight during the test or made a slight gain; four others lost slightly, the falling off occurring within the first few days of the experiment; while two others lost more appreciably, also in the first stages. In these last two instances, however, the loss in weight did not detract in any way from the subjects' muscular appearance. The greatest reduction in weight was in the case of one man who lost practically eighteen and a half pounds during the period; but in view of the fact that he was somewhat stout, the change of diet, combined with hard work in the gymnasium, caused a loss which was beneficial rather than otherwise.

The sum of this experiment was that mankind is capable of maintaining nitrogen equilibrium with a far lower percentage of proteid food than that generally prescribed by dietary standards, with a corresponding improvement in the general health. Nor is the muscular energy impaired in any way by such restriction, since in this case at the end of six months the men all showed a phenomenal gain in strength, a factor totally unexpected and partially due to the change in diet.

In another experiment the subjects were eight athletes who were 'in constant practice and in the pink of condition,' and who were in 'training form' when the experiment was commenced. During the six months' test their daily allowance of proteid food was reduced 50 per cent. Yet at the end of the period every man had attained increased strength, thus testifying conclusively that prolonged low-proteid diet had not affected progressive muscular development and the attainment of a high degree of muscular strength. What does such a result show? Simply that 'the normal requirements of the body under which health, strength, and maximum efficiency are best maintained are on a far lower level than the ordinary practices of mankind would lead one to believe.' This is diametrically opposed to the general contention which favours rather a diet rich in proteid. Moreover, in the case of these athletes, after they had become accustomed to the dietary change they found that they could carry out their work with less fatigue.

While, then, proteid is imperative to keep the human furnace going, it is very evident that its proportion must be kept within limits owing to the fundamental action of the nitrogenous food-stuffs being merely for the building up and rehabilitation of the cells and tissues. An excess of proteid brings in its train a long line of maladies, and the thesis of Liebig that proteid furnished the most important portion of the energy requisite for physical effort has been once and for all exploded. It is quite safe to say that the greater proportion of our maladies—such as liver troubles, biliousness, gout, indigestion—are entirely attributable to excessive eating of rich proteid foods. Mankind, being an omnivorous creature, must steer his way perforcedly through the channel between the carnivorous animals which require a high proteid diet and the herbivorous class which thrive upon a very low proteid food. On the other hand, the demands made upon the system in order to furnish the energy necessary for any physical exertion are more advantageously met by consumption of the non-nitrogenous foods—the carbohydrates and fats. Muscular activity does not require stoking with proteid fuel. Yet care must be exercised to avoid underfeeding, since penalties arise from insufficiency as readily as from

excess. A perusal of Dr Chittenden's momentous volume will lay bare the evil effects of both in all their nakedness. Incidentally it will serve to show many who suffer from either one or the other cause how to avoid their accentuation if not bring about their elimination entirely. The work will emphasise, if nothing else, the necessity of a simple and temperate diet as affording the best health, combined with the maximum of muscular energy, activity, and efficiency, and will solve many of the problems incidental to present-day living. The life we follow is no doubt very artificial; Nature is being kept at a point of high pressure, and we must pay the penalty for such liberties. How to prevent the human machine from deteriorating, how to keep it at the highest pitch of efficiency, and at less expense to the household than at present prevails, this book will show.

CASIMIR LE SOMBRE.

By Lady Rollston.

CHAPTER IX.

WE travelled slowly, following the least-frequented roads, and it was near noon when we approached my home.

Being anxious to prepare Deotima for the meeting with her brother, I halted the escort in the forest, and proceeded to the castle on foot by a path which avoided the principal entrance and led round to the Countess's garden, for I knew that at this season the glass door of the library was seldom fastened, and that I might thus perhaps gain access to my friend unperceived.

Nor was I disappointed. As I sprang lightly up the iron staircase the swelling notes of the organ fell on my ear; and, pausing on the threshold, I beheld Deotima sitting before it with her fingers straying gently over the keys, and her fair head and shoulders bathed in a flood of mellow light which poured through the richly painted glass in a thousand rainbow tints, here gleaming on the ancient gilding of the organ, there broken by the heavy carving of the bookcases, but everywhere falling lovingly around her, and throwing out her dark, graceful figure in bold relief.

She was playing a sad, sweet meditation by Bach, which was a great favourite with her husband, and I was glad to notice this, as it was long since she had touched the instrument, and I thought that though its deep, tender tones might bring tears to her eyes, they would surely also bring comfort and relief to her troubled spirit.

Entering the room, I ran forward to embrace her; but, to my surprise, she sprang from her seat, and drawing herself to her full height, asked who I was and what I wanted.

In the pleasure of seeing her again I had quite forgotten my change of dress, and I was secretly glad to find that the disguise was so complete, and that she who knew me best took me for a stranger.

But it would have been cruel to keep her in suspense; so, holding out my hands, I cried reproachfully, 'Do you not know me, Deotima? It is I, Gabrielle.' And in another moment she was in my arms.

'My brother!—tell me of him,' she said, at last releasing herself and searching my face with anxious eyes.

'He is safe. I left him not long since.'

'Ah, but you look sad; he is wounded—perhaps dying,' she added with quick intuition. 'Oh, do not deceive me!'

'My darling, I will not do so;' and I told her briefly the events of the past day.

'And now,' I said, 'you must be brave and prepare for the journey. Let no one know that you are going but old Karl; he can be trusted, and will get the carriage ready. What money and jewels you have take with you, but as little luggage as possible, for we must travel fast, and the sooner you can get medical aid for your brother the better it will be for him.'

These words acted like a charm, and she dried her tears and proceeded quietly and swiftly to make the necessary preparations with that wonderful self-control that I have often noticed in Polish women, and which is born of the many trials to which they are exposed.

In less than an hour the carriage was at the door, and leaping on the driver's seat, I took the reins in my hands. Some of the waiting-women stared at seeing their mistress going off with a stranger, and old Karl peered at me very keenly from under his shaggy brows; but whether he recognised me or not he made no remark, and turning to the maids, ordered them sharply to go indoors and attend to their work. Then I cracked the whip, and we were soon lost in the forest.

The meeting of Deotima and her brother was a very touching one, for he had been an exile for many years; but we had little time to spare, and he was soon transferred from his jolting cart to the more comfortable carriage, after which we started at a brisk pace for the frontier.

That night we halted to rest at a small, out-of-the-way hamlet in the midst of the forest, and it was early on the following morning when we at length caught sight of the black-and-white Prussian colours on the telegraph-posts of the railway, and knew that our journey was over.

A few Custom-House officers ran out of a little

hut to stop the carriage, but prudently halted at sight of the drawn sabres of my troop. I dismounted, and taking the principal official by the arm, led him back into his office, where a conversation took place between us, in the course of which I managed to slip a heavy purse of gold into his not reluctant hand, and extracted a promise, after some grumbling, that he and his men would keep their eyes conveniently shut to the irregularity of our proceedings, and signal the train to stop and take up my companions. Then, withdrawing my troop into the forest where they could watch the line without being seen, I got into the carriage and waited.

My own French passport, with another that the colonel had procured before entering Poland, was properly vised so as to enable Deotima to reach Berlin in the character of a French lady travelling with her invalid brother; and before placing her in the train I gave into her hands a small russia-leather bag containing the Czartoryska diamonds. Then I bade her adieu with a formal military salute. It was a sore parting, for Deotima was in despair at my resolution to remain behind; but, not to betray my disguise, we had to control our feelings, and no one knew what was passing in our hearts. At last the whistle sounded, the wheels creaked, a white hand waved for a moment at the window, and I turned back to join my troop—alone!

CHAPTER X.

HOW dreadfully alone I felt, severed from all womanly companionship, and turning back into an enemy's country to take command of a band of reckless insurgents, you can readily understand; and for some time I rode sadly and silently at the head of my troop, with difficulty keeping back the tears that *would* force themselves to my eyes.

My reverie was rudely broken by the troop-sergeant, a brandy-drinking old soldier who had served in many armies, laying his hand on my arm and saying in a voice meant to be kindly, but husky from past potations, 'Young captain, you look sad; a slight tenderness in that direction, eh?' and he jerked his thumb towards the frontier. 'Well, she was pretty enough to excuse it. But cheer up, sir; there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. *A la guerre comme à la guerre* is my motto, and I have been a soldier these forty years, though I am only a poor sergeant still. Why, when I was your age—*dix milles tonnerres!* but I could tell you such stories.'

I started violently. Was I, by joining my fortunes to the Polish cause, to degrade myself into becoming the boon-companion of every roistering trooper who might choose to din his ribald oaths in my ears? No, that must *never* be; and, turning on the man a look of the coldest scorn, I said in a voice which even to me sounded strangely harsh, 'Sergeant Dzikowski, listen to me. Your duty is to obey your officer, not to tell him stories. Fall back at once, and order two men to the front as an advanced guard; yourself follow in the rear with two more. Do you hear?'

'No offence, captain,' said the man, saluting sulkily, 'but you know that we *powstancy* relax our discipline on the line of march.'

'And if you did not you would give a better account of the enemy,' I replied sternly. 'Away with you!'

As the abashed sergeant fell back I heard him whisper to a comrade, 'Our young captain can fight, but he has the temper of a demon. Why, I only just opened my mouth, and he nearly snapped my head off. Silence in the ranks there! You are like a set of chattering magpies.'

This incident made me think deeply. It was clear that if I was to retain my command and my self-respect I must check all friendly advances on the part of my comrades that might lead to familiarity, or sternly restrict my communication with them to matters of duty. So rigidly did I afterwards adhere to this resolution that often when I passed among the camp-fires the men would whisper to each other, 'Hush! here comes the young captain; he does not like our idle talk. And thus I acquired the name of Casimir le Sombre.

I had spurred my horse ahead of my party, trying in vain to outride my troubled thoughts, when the tones of a violin fell sweetly on my ears, and I saw a young man of pleasant appearance sitting under a tree plying his bow vigorously. He was poorly dressed, but had a certain air of refinement about his face and figure that seemed at variance with the meanness of his apparel. As I approached he rose, and, lifting his hat politely, said in French, 'From the White Eagle on your cap I conjecture, sir, that you belong to the national army. Can you tell me where I shall find an officer in command? I wish to offer myself as a volunteer.'

His voice went to my heart and aroused pleasant reminiscences of home, for it had a ring of my own Alsatian accent; but I was still so soured by Sergeant Dzikowski that I replied coldly, almost rudely, 'The nearest regiment of *powstancy* is under my command; but it strikes me, sir, the instrument you carry will hardly be of much use to the national cause.'

'And yet,' said he good-humouredly, as he tenderly enveloped his fiddle in a green bag, 'it has enabled me to cross the frontier unsuspected, and has often beguiled the tedium of my journey. Do you know, my indignation was so aroused at what I read of the wrongs of Poland that I have come all the way from Alsace to join your cause. I am a soldier's son, and have been through a military school.'

'Indeed! May I ask your name?'

'Maurice St Hilaire.'

'Not the son of Colonel St Hilaire of the Old Guard?' I cried, recognising the name of one of my father's comrades.

'The same. Did you know him? But no, you are too young.'

This speech grated on my then state of feelings—for why should I always be treated as so young?—and I answered briefly:

'I have heard of him, that is all. However, as you have been through a school, I will for the present attach you to my staff; but you must remember that if you join me there are two things I require of my followers.'

'May I ask what they are?'

'Entire devotion to duty and implicit obedience.'

He raised his hand to his forehead in military fashion, without saying a word.

'Very well; you will now have to share a horse with one of my men. When we reach the camp I will give you further orders.—Sergeant Dzikowski, take this young gentleman up behind you.' And I rode on.

Early on the following day we reached the camp, and Father Ambrose took leave of me, promising, however, that he would keep a constant watch over my movements, and follow the regiment from place to place whenever it was possible, so that I might feel that I had a friend near me in case of need.

CHAPTER XI.

DURING the next few months we were engaged in a constant series of skirmishes with the Russians, a sort of guerilla warfare in which we were often attacked by overwhelming numbers and forced to retreat to the deepest recesses of the forest, but always managed to elude our pursuers, and re-emerge at some unexpected point to deliver a counter-attack when opportunity offered. Our object was to prolong the campaign in the hope that we should at last receive succour from some friendly Power, and be able to unite our forces for a great final effort—a hope which, alas! was never realised.

During all this stirring time of forced marches, night bivouacs in the forest, and ever-present danger, Maurice St Hilaire was the life and soul of the camp. Often, as I sat solitary in my little shelter of pine-boughs, would the notes of his fiddle reach me pleasantly from the camp-fire, cheering my drooping spirits or soothing my overstrained nerves to rest; while in the fight he was always at my side, striving to be abreast of me in the charge, and sometimes vexing me by throwing himself between me and the enemy.

The reckless gallantry and cheery spirits of this blue-eyed boy—for he was little more—won their way to my heart, and a feeling that he was my own countryman and from my native canton made the tones of his clear, frank voice peculiarly sweet to my ears. But I adhered strictly to my resolve, and held rigidly aloof from all intercourse with him, as with the others, except on matters of duty.

Notwithstanding my cold and reserved manner, he seemed to conceive a strong liking for me, and was never tired of trying to win my regard by acts of kindness and devotion, though his sense of discipline prevented him from attempting to force an intimacy which he knew that I shunned.

Once, indeed, he asked me gently why I refused to accord him a friendship which he said he had hoped would be all the closer that we were both strangers in a foreign land. 'If I have offended you,' he added earnestly, 'tell me my fault; but at least let me try to win your regard, for that you have a heart hidden away somewhere under your captain's tunic, and that it is worth winning, I am sure, or I should not feel so strangely drawn towards you. Tell me, has no young lady ever been able to wake you from your reserve, or have you been unfortunate in your choice? If so'—and here his voice was full of compassion—'forgive me the question. I will ask no more.'

'No, Maurice,' I replied—and the frankness of my smile must have convinced him—'I have never been in love with any lady. But do not talk to me of love or friendship while Poland is still in chains; till this war is over I have vowed never to think of either, and am the friend of Poland alone—she can have no rival in my heart. Perhaps'—for here the heart which he had truly said was hidden away began to feel touched at his disappointed look—'when Poland is free, and we are no longer fighting her battles, I may be able to show you that I do not undervalue your friendship. But now duty, and that *alone*, must be the one thought and object of our lives. To-night I purpose moving farther east. You will order the men to fall in at ten o'clock, when the moon will have risen; and, mind, they must keep strict silence. Till then let them take what rest they can.'

For a long time I was very fortunate in my encounters with the Russians, and more than once succeeded in turning what seemed a certain defeat into a brilliant success; while the number of my followers increased in proportion as I gained the reputation of being a daring and skilful leader.

How I became so successful I do not know, unless it was that my father's early schooling in the science of war as practised by Napoleon's generals served me now in good stead, or that I threw myself into my new career with my whole heart and soul.

It no longer seemed strange to me to be dressed like a man. On the contrary, I strode about and shouted my orders in a fine, deep voice, as if I had never been anything else; nor did any of my men—among whom, though there were many fine

characters, there was also a leaven of bad—have the slightest suspicion that it was only a poor lonely young girl whom they followed into the fight so devotedly and who required such implicit obedience to her authority.

On one occasion I even fought in company with the two gentlemen who had challenged me to shoot a rifle-match with them at the castle, little thinking how stern a rifle-match we should shoot together afterwards; but they never guessed my identity. And you may be sure I took care to remove the rings that had betrayed me to Father Ambrose.

But at last there came a turn in my good fortune, and it began with the death of my brave horse Zampa.

(To be continued.)

THE RED SEA SHORE.

St Medard dwelt on the banks of the Nile,
He had been living there years fourscore;
And now 'taking the air,' and saying a prayer,
He was walking at eve on the Red Sea shore.
Ingoldsby Legends.

AND a fine, hearty old gentleman St Medard must have been to dwell on the banks of the Nile and take his evening promenade on the 'Red Sea shore.' And did he, one wonders, keep up these little post-prandial excursions during the months of July and August? For, if he did, the climate must have undergone a considerable change since that time. And where are the palm-trunks, one of which was overtaken by such an unfortunate fate? Perhaps they have all been *lean'd on*, and have disappeared long ago. Or possibly the elucidation of these mysteries lies in that *hiatus valde deflendus* which precedes the stanza quoted.

Be this as it may, there is probably no place in the world where the heat is more intolerable and the general aspect more desolate and barren than on the shores of the Red Sea. There is a terrible sameness about the scenery: the long brown line of desert, lapped by the calm blue sea, and in the distance a range of gaunt, inhospitable-looking mountains. These are the main features on both sides of the Red Sea. On the African side these mountains start at Gebel Gharib, near the Gulf of Suez, and continue with very few breaks right down to the great north-east escarpment of the Abyssinian highlands, whose foothills at Massowah abut almost on to the sea.

A few Arab towns may be found along the coast; and, few and far between as they are, one would wonder to what they could possibly owe their existence. Outside of their diminutive confines the eye searches in vain for a sign of cultivation or of human habitation. Yet there they stand, as they have stood, most of them, for more centuries than any one can tell. They are said to date back to those days when the kingdoms of Egypt took their places among the kingdoms of the world. Time has swallowed their history even as the sands of the desert have swallowed the still more ancient cities of the interior. A huddled little group of white buildings, dominated by the inevitable minarets, stands quivering and winking in the everlasting heat-haze just on the line where the deep-blue sea meets the brown monotony of the desert. It might be an architectural group in sugar taken from some titanic wedding-cake and planted there holus-bolus. Take a walk through its narrow, tortuous streets, and you will find them busy enough in their dreamy Eastern fashion. Arabs, turbaned and spotlessly attired, are passing to and fro or bargaining at booths with the half-naked rustics who have come in from the desert. Long strings of camels laden with the produce of the far interior are halted at the merchants' doors. Pilgrims for Mecca arrive and embark on the dhows that ride at anchor in the roadstead. Many of these poor Faithfuls have come from the uttermost confines of the Mohammedan world, from the western Sahara, from Kano, from Timbuctoo. They will have been away three, four, and even five years from their countries by the time they get back—if they ever do get back. Now they are poor in the world's goods, most of their little hoards have been spent on the road, but faith and hope is to them an endless store. Mecca is near, and having reached it, what matters afterwards? Formerly the traffic in slaves played a considerable part in the affairs of these towns. Now, though the trade may and does go on surreptitiously, the vigilance of those masterful, interfering English makes it but a poor speculation for the 'city man' of the Red Sea.

The rainfall in these regions averages on the coast about five inches a year, and occurs at about the end of October or the beginning of November. From October to the end of April, though the heat is intense during the day, the nights are fairly cool. Then comes summer, and with it the terrible *haboob*. July and August appear to be the worst months, the thermometer frequently registering one hundred and fifteen degrees and more in the shade, and averaging from eighty-five to ninety degrees during the night, the intense humidity rendering this heat far more trying than would be the case in the high desert, where the air is comparatively dry. The *haboob* is a hot wind, laden with fine sand, which blows over the country for many hours at a stretch, rendering travelling difficult and often impossible. Take a typical day during July or August. Up to ten o'clock in the morning perhaps not a breath will have stirred the atmosphere, which on the coast is something like

that in a tepid swimming-bath. Then suddenly comes a blast as from a furnace, and a vast opaque cloud is seen rolling along the land, rapidly obscuring everything in its path. It sweeps with fury over the town; the inhabitants rush to close their doors and windows, whilst the eyes, ears, and nostrils of any unfortunate pedestrians who happen to be out are quickly filled with the driving sand. This storm will probably last all day, giving place to another breathless night. Sometimes an extraordinary heat-haze will rise almost as thick as a fog, partially obscuring the sun, though the heat remains undiminished.

It would perhaps seem strange that in these uninviting regions there should live and flourish a tribe of the *genus homo*. Yes! Man the ubiquitous, who makes his home in the Arctic snows, in Europe, in the Pacific Isles, in the Congo forests, even in ships on the ocean, finds a refuge here, and a refuge which he would probably not exchange for the most verdant paradise you could offer him. Those arid plains and barren mountains, and the right to wander over them at will, represent home to the Hadendowa—the 'fuzzy-wuzzy,' the 'man who broke the British square.'

Take a ride into that desert, which to your inexperienced eye would not appear to contain as much as a single blade of grass. Here and there at long intervals will be found the humble shelters of matting which form the movable habitations of these nomads. Let us stop at one of these places and see if we can gather anything of the life that is led by these people who seem to thrive in the least favoured places of the earth, and with scarcely any artificial aids to comfort.

We will assume that it is the best season of the year—the winter—when the life-giving breezes from the north are blowing over the desert. At the opening of the structure sits the head of the family, a gray-bearded, handsome old man withal, as lithe and well knit in the autumn of his days as in his youth. His brown complexion and fine-cut features tell of his Arab origin. He is whittling at a piece of wood intended for the framework of a pack-saddle, which he has just cut from one of those dwarf mimosa-trees that seem to be fairly abundant along the edge of that dry watercourse despite the apparent barrenness of the land. A little farther on is a young girl sitting under a bush, to which is attached a skin bag which the girl is rocking to and fro; the bag contains milk which is being converted into butter. Yonder are a couple of women, each with a baby on her back. They are pounding at some millet in a wooden mortar and singing cheerily enough a somewhat dirge-like song.

Towards evening the sounds of laughter and conversation come floating across the clear desert air, and shortly afterwards three or four young men ride up on sleek, well-conditioned camels, with two or three pack-animals. They come from Suakin—to them a wonderful metropolis—whither they departed by moonlight last night, taking with them skins, butter, and perhaps a young camel or so for barter. They have brought back millet (a luxury for the desert dwellers), cotton cloths, and possibly money. The young men, having removed the loads from the camels and turned the animals out to graze, now approach their senior, whom they salute with every token of reverence, and then, sitting around him, they proceed to relate all that has befallen them since their departure from the encampment.

Later on the bleating flocks are driven in by the youths who have been herding them up the *khors* (dry watercourses), where quantities of nutritious vegetation are to be found. The camels are milked and then turned over to their frantic young ones, who have been prevented all day from taking their natural sustenance by means of an ingenious contrivance attached to the teats of the mother. Then comes sunset and evening prayer. The mantle of night descends upon the desert, the murmuring voices of the men soon die down, and every one is wrapped in slumber.

Such is the life of the Hadendowa in times of peace, and one would think it to be a happy and all-sufficient one. Unhappily these simple tribesmen are just as prone as the rest of poor humanity to covet and desire that which is not theirs; and as there is little or nothing lying between them and the attainment of their wishes but their own valour and enterprise, raids, tribal feuds, and warfare are no uncommon features of their existence.

Towards the end of June these people move from the coast into the hills, where light rains will have renewed the sparse vegetation. In this range of hills there is one spot which presents such an extraordinary contrast to the barren aspect of the surrounding country that it is well worthy of description. It lies about thirty-five miles west of Suakin, at an elevation of three thousand five hundred feet. It would appear that at this place, which extends several miles along the top of the range, the mountains, by some strange accident, had got just a little too high—high enough at all events to attract a greater rainfall, for here trees and shrubs in an amazing variety cover the upper slopes. On the top are beautiful stretches of green-sward, flanked by ridges and hillocks, which are covered with clustering masses of vegetation, in which the candelabra euphorbia, palms, creepers, and shrubs figure largely; the granite boulders of fantastic shape which everywhere peep out from the foliage complete the peculiar beauty of these giant 'rockeries.'

Thousands of baboons make their home up here, the bush swarms with a species of silver-gray francolin, whilst the variety of doves and smaller birds seems to be literally uncountable. There is no running water to speak of, but the torrent-beds contain pools. There is no more fascinating occupation for a lover of nature than to lie hidden near

one of these pools and watch the movements of the innumerable birds which come to quench their thirst and perch in the tall trees which overshadow the *khor*. The writer has often tried, though without success, to observe the baboons in this way. These animals must be possessed of remarkable powers of perception. They would advance to within thirty or forty yards of the pool without suspicion; then suddenly the senior 'old man' of the troop would give vent to a hoarse shout, and all the baboons would stop or retire, chattering with the greatest excitement; then if nothing happened they would quietly sit down on the rocks and wait; until at last, my patience quite worn out, I would get up and reveal myself, and then retire crestfallen, followed by the (to me) derisive shouts of the baboons.

Erkowit, as this charming locality is called, was once the snug retreat of Osman Digna. Here in these sylvan glades he was wont to assemble the Hadendowa tribesmen and preach to them the Madhi's gospel of poverty and bloodshed, and from here he made many of his successful raids. That this man of an alien race (he was a Suakin 'Arab' of Turkish extraction) should have succeeded in drawing these shepherds from their flocks and herds and involving them in a prolonged and bloody contest speaks much for his powers as an apostle. The Hadendowa grew tired of it at last, and by 1894 most of them had fallen away from the Khalifa's standard and returned to their own country. Osman Digna, however, continued for long to be a thorn in the side of the British. At one time, being hard pressed, he had abandoned this place, first wantonly cutting down the beautiful groves of date-palms which existed here. He was betrayed at last into the hands of his enemies by the friend in whom he had most trusted. This occurred as late as 1901, at a place called Irba, a little to the north on this range, where he was in hiding. Having conceived the plan of embarking on a dhow for Jeddah and thence going as a pilgrim to Mecca, he despatched the friend to Suakin to arrange for a vessel to pick him up on the coast. But this same friend, thinking less of honour than of the English gold which rewarded his treachery, laid information with the authorities, and guided the expedition which effected the capture of his chief—a sad story, but perhaps not an uncommon one in its essentials. Osman Digna is now a lonely prisoner at Damietta on the Mediterranean—out of harm's way, it is true, but far from his beloved desert and the scenes of his former triumphs and intrigues.

One of the most striking views in the neighbourhood is that obtainable from the top of a conical sugar-loaf hill. A short but steep climb up the sides of this eminence, which are richly clothed with shrubs, mosses, and maidenhair-fern, and we reach the massive heap of granite boulders which crowns the top. The panorama which now reveals itself is one that would be difficult to match in the Sudan, and possibly in many other countries. All around is a tumbling expanse of wooded hills and dales. The air is heavy with the scent of flowering acacias. From the gorges comes the crowing of the francolin, and from every hill the whooping calls of the baboons. To the east, far, far below, lies the desert stretching away to the sea, which is now flashed with silver, for the newly risen sun is hidden behind a bank of cloud. A curious notch in the coastline indicates the tortuous passage of Suakin harbour. Of the town itself nothing can be distinguished—it is lost in the immensity of the desert. This place would make an ideal watch-tower. One can imagine Osman Digna sitting up here straining his eyes in the direction of that obstinate little stronghold which, in spite of all his thousands of men, he was never able to take. Perhaps he would see the drifting line of smoke from some steamer taking supplies to the garrison. This should have been irritating enough.

Just behind us is another group of hill-tops and ridges, terminating in a peak which is still higher than the one on which we stand, though strangely enough there is not a sign of vegetation on any of them. They are apparently just outside of the fertile circle. The sides of these hills are covered with curious mounds and depressions which are thought by some to be the remains of ancient gold-workings. This is very probable, for there are many such in the Sudan. Another curious feature of this part of the country is the presence of large mounds of carefully piled stones of which no one seems to know the origin. Perhaps these hills once looked down on the toils of great slave-gangs, and echoed the shouts of their Egyptian task-masters.

Our reflections are somewhat prosaically interrupted by the sounds of distant hammering, and, looking along the valley, we see that many of the hillocks and ridges are ornamented by the unmistakable frameworks of modern wooden bungalows. Presently a puffing, grinding noise is heard; this is a steam-roller at work upon a new road, the why and wherefore of all this being that twenty-five miles away runs the Nile-Red-Sea Railway (which we degenerate moderns find to be more practical than old St Medard's way), and Erkowit has just been discovered as possessing great possibilities as a health-resort for the jaded officials of the Sudan. The Governor-General in his recent visit quickly succumbed to the charms of the place, and now the work of building bungalows and establishing a water-supply is being rapidly pushed forward. Arrangements are also being made for a racecourse, golf-links, polo-ground, &c., and Erkowit bids fair to become the Simla of the Sudan.

Thus turn the cycles of time. This place, which once witnessed the delving of the ancients, and was but yesterday the retreat of an outlaw, is to-day once more turned to account by the conquerors. To-morrow? A thousand years hence?

TASMANIA AS A FIELD FOR EMIGRATION.

By F. A. W. Gisborne.

THE colony or rather state of Tasmania contains an area of approximately twenty-six thousand square miles, and is, therefore, about the size of Ceylon, or of Scotland if we exclude the Hebridean archipelago. Its position, the map informs us, lies intermediate between the fortieth and fiftieth parallel of south latitude, and corresponds with that of southern France, central Italy, and the principal territorial unit of the Japanese Empire. Though but an islet compared with its gigantic neighbour across Bass Strait, Tasmania is distinguished by diversities of climate and physical features which almost entitle it to be called a continent in miniature.

Roughly speaking, the island consists of a rim of undulating plains, seamed by innumerable rivers, encircling a central tableland, from which rise isolated mountains to a height of upwards of five thousand feet. The strip of low country is widest in the north and east, and extremely narrow in the south and west. No other island in the world, authorities state, contains proportionately so large an extent of tableland. Along the east coast, where the low lands are sheltered from the prevailing westerly winds by the plateaus of the interior, a warm climate prevails similar to that of south Italy, without the sirocco. Subtropical fruits readily ripen, and the rainfall is light; but serious droughts are practically unknown. Throughout the eastern portion of the high lands the climate is yet dryer, but cool and bracing, and experience has proved it to be singularly adapted to those who are troubled with pulmonary ailments. Owing to the abundance of native grasses, large sheep-runs are here to be found. Unfortunately, mainly owing to the gradual disappearance of the trees which were once lightly sprinkled over the whole region, droughts seem to be increasing in duration and intensity. The deplorable denudation the country has recently undergone is only too visible to the eye of the traveller journeying by rail from Hobart to Launceston. The chief causes of the mischief have been the indiscriminating use of the axe, bush-fires (generally attributable to gross carelessness), and, worst of all, the depredations committed by the sheep. The latter nibble off the tops of all the young seedlings that spring up round the already existing trees, and so prevent their renewal. It is to be feared that unless an intelligent system of reafforestation is soon introduced this portion of the island will in the near future present nothing but the melancholy prospect of bleak, treeless steppes like those of Spain, scourged alternately by hot and cold winds; instead of the charming expanse of park-like plains which formerly refreshed the eye.

The pastoral district is a comparatively narrow belt lying between the lake-country in the middle of the island and the main railway-line. Westwards of it are to be seen, firstly, a beautiful group of mountain lakes, famed for their salmon-fishing, the largest, called the Great Lake, covering an area of some twenty-eight thousand acres; and then a wild and picturesque tract of mountains, tarns, elevated plains, and swamps, studded with clumps of pines and other trees, and intersected everywhere by deep gorges through which flow numberless streams. These ravines are so precipitous and so thickly wooded that they form most serious impediments in the way of the traveller and explorer. From the neighbourhood of the Cradle Mountain, the highest summit in the island, streams flow north, south, east, and west, adding their waters to those of three oceans and a strait. Severity, naturally, marks the climate of this region; the snow lies in sheets from two to four feet deep over the plains throughout the winter and far into the summer; and the writer remembers spending a regular old English Christmas in a hut near the Roof of Tasmania a few summers back. But the inconveniences referred to are worth undergoing for the sake of the marvellous views to be obtained on a clear day. From any eminence fully forty or fifty peaks from four to five thousand feet in height may be counted; and the masses of columnar basalt that cap them assume the most varied and fantastic forms, suggestive of cathedrals, pyramids, and ruined feudal strongholds. The vivid green of the gorges, the deep blue of the lakes, the white flecks of snow on the loftier heights, and the varied tints of the rocks present delightful contrasts. So far this portion of the island has been little visited; but rich mineral discoveries recently made in various portions of it will undoubtedly attract population very soon. To the prospector it is indeed a land of rich promise, for it abounds in extensive deposits of copper and silver ores which only require capital to develop.

Farther west the tableland falls abruptly to the Indian Ocean, and along the borders of the latter lie the wettest portions of the island. The rainfall is well over one hundred inches yearly, a quantity about five times as great as that which the opposite coast receives. This great difference is mainly due to the fact that the prevailing wind—a kind of backflow of the south-east trade-wind, similar to that which drenches with its precipitated vapours the south-west shores of South America—blows almost constantly from the west, bearing with it vast quantities of moisture drawn from the warm waters of the Indian Ocean. Over this damp and broken region luxuriant forests of the Tasmanian myrtle, blackwood, and stately eucalyptus extend

in waving sheets of verdure; and large rivers are numerous. Much of the country in the extreme south-west is still practically unexplored, owing to its impenetrable character; but as there are prospects now of a railway being constructed from Hobart in the south to Queenstown, the centre of the chief western mining-field, the prospector, timber-getter, and pioneer agriculturist will probably soon find most promising fields for their enterprise in its yet untrodden recesses.

In the north of the island a wide strip of rolling plain, with frequent belts of hilly country, separates the Western Tiers and the other ranges that form the northern scarp of the tableland from Bass Strait. Originally dense forests covered the whole of this region; but now most of the country is cleared and settled. This division of the island may be said, roughly, to embrace a tract one hundred miles long and about twenty broad. The climate is mild and equable, snow is very seldom seen except in the distance, the rainfall is regular and sufficient for all requirements, and the rich volcanic soil is unsurpassed in fertility throughout the world. This is the great agricultural region of the island, and the chief products grown are wheat, oats, hay, and potatoes—the latter being the most valuable. Tasmanian 'redskins' are now exported to the extent of upwards of one hundred thousand tons annually to the chief Australian markets, and command the highest prices. So rich is the soil that on newly cleared land crops averaging fifteen and even eighteen tons per acre have frequently been grown. As an example of the extremely remunerative character of this branch of the agricultural industry, it may be mentioned that a farmer on the north-west coast last season bagged ten tons per acre of marketable potatoes from a field of thirty acres, selling his crop at an average price throughout of nine pounds per ton. In other words, a single field returned him in one season a clear profit of over two thousand pounds. Of course this is an exceptional case; but the writer has heard of many instances where the first year's yield of potatoes from land just brought under cultivation returned to the gratified settler a sum exceeding the whole cost of the land and expenses of clearing and cultivation combined.

Wheat, although formerly a leading crop, is now losing favour with Tasmanian farmers. The latter find they cannot compete successfully with their brethren in Australia, on whom Nature has bestowed vast areas of perfectly level ground, free of timber, which can be cultivated at a minimum of expense. The Riverina of New South Wales, the mallee country of Victoria, the plains of South Australia, and the Darling Downs of southern Queensland are the natural granaries of the Commonwealth. The wheat-field in Tasmania is giving place to the meadow, and the flour-mill to the butter-factory. Dairying is a thriving and expanding industry; and with abundance of milk, potatoes, &c., pig raising and fattening are also highly remunerative occupations.

The east of the island is devoted chiefly to pastoral industries, sheep in particular being kept. Population is sparse, for the holdings are large.

To the farmer in the south, also, Nature has been somewhat unkind. The orchardist and the timber-getter are supreme. Of the fourteen thousand acres of orchard-land now in a productive condition in Tasmania, about twelve thousand acres are to be found in the valleys of the Huon and the Derwent, with their tributaries. In 1905 the writer contributed to this *Journal* a short description of the apple industry of Tasmania, so he need say no more about it now. Perhaps, however, he may be permitted to remark that, after reading with much interest two articles on the orchard industry of Nova Scotia, evidently written by a well-informed contributor from that province of the Dominion, he is emphatically of opinion that Tasmania offers superior attractions to the intending orchardist. Two points may be just mentioned: the apple-tree in Tasmania is in full bearing ten years after planting, while in Nova Scotia, apparently, twenty years are required to bring it to maturity. Again, our fruit ripens at the time when the demand for it is greatest in the northern hemisphere, and consequently higher prices may be relied on.

Besides its flourishing fruit industry, southern Tasmania prides herself on her magnificent forests and giant timber-mills. Some of these employ over two hundred men, and one turns out daily a quantity of sawn timber exceeding thirty thousand superficial feet. Nevertheless, merely the fringe of the forest country has yet been touched. When it is remembered that so dense is the growth and so enormous the size of the Tasmanian blue-gum and stringy-bark that competent judges estimate the possible average production of extensive areas of still untouched woodlands as exceeding two hundred thousand superficial feet per acre, one may form some conception of the dormant wealth that awaits development by the exercise of human skill and energy. The want of roads and railways still grievously hampers the men engaged in the timber industry, and without the expenditure of large sums in providing these facilities little can be done. Since federation, unfortunately, the Tasmanian Treasury has been sadly depleted, and individual enterprise must now do what in former days the Government did for the pioneer.

I have now briefly outlined some of the chief attractions that Tasmania offers the intending emigrant. She possesses a healthy and delightful climate, warm or moderately cold, wet or dry, according to choice of location. In the way of scenery, the tourist may choose between rugged cliffs, spacious sandy beaches, lovely fern-gullies,

and waterfalls, caves, lakes, mountains, moors, and forests. Equal diversities of occupation may be found. The sportsman will find first-rate fishing, and in some parts of the island very good duck, quail, and kangaroo shooting also. The magnificent harbours and estuaries on the south coast afford ideal opportunities also to the yachtsman. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that the island is a Switzerland and Riviera combined; but it appeals at least as much to the man who has his way to make in the world as to the mere tourist and pleasure-seeker.

For the benefit of the former, I will conclude this article with a few prosaic details. The possible settler will naturally desire to know something about the laws regulating the acquisition of land. These are of exceptional liberality in Tasmania. Crown land, of which there still remains a large quantity open to selection, is divided into three classes. First-class land, usually heavily timbered but of inexhaustible fertility, is valued at one pound per acre; but before acquiring the freehold the selector must spend an additional pound per acre in improvements. Each applicant for such land is limited to an area not exceeding two hundred acres. If he likes to pay for his land by instalments he is allowed a period of fourteen years to clear off the purchase-money, with one-third more added for interest, and to complete his improvements; should he be able to comply with the required conditions at once, he can pay for his land and obtain his deed as soon as his improvements have been finished. Second and third class lands are valued at ten shillings and five shillings per acre respectively, and can be selected in larger areas and on similar terms of deferred payment and improvement to the value placed on the land itself. Most of the country thus classified is suitable only for grazing purposes; but a fair quantity well adapted for fruit-growing can be obtained at these cheap rates. The man who selects a block of first-class agricultural land usually has the timber ring-barked and the scrub felled early in summer, and in autumn burns off. Grass-seed is sprinkled over the ashes left by the fire, and, failing the appearance of caterpillars meanwhile, an abundant growth of grass is visible by the following spring. The seed obtained from this will probably pay the costs of clearing and sowing, and if stock are then put on they readily fatten. As soon as a butter-factory is built within reach dairying becomes the settler's chief resource, for a good milking cow is expected to bring in one pound per month, and a small herd yields a very respectable income. In his spare time the pioneer farmer occupies himself in fencing, 'cleaning up' the partially cleared land by collecting and burning the huge tops that are scattered about, grubbing up the stumps, and preparing the ground for the plough. Finally, when the rough bush-track to his holding has been converted into a metalled and graded road, he turns his attention to oats and potatoes, and soon finds himself the enviable proprietor of a valuable farm.

If he object to leading a secluded life and 'roughing it' in a bush-hut, the immigrant with capital at his command can buy an improved farm near a town or railway. But such properties are expensive, and prices range from ten pounds to thirty pounds an acre. The soil, too, in many cases has been impoverished by wasteful cultivation, and expensive fertilisers have to be applied to restore its productiveness. If young, energetic, and industrious, and possessed of not less than one hundred pounds to start on, the new-comer (unless an absolute novice at farming, in which case he had better serve a couple of years' apprenticeship under a skilled agriculturist) would do best to go into the bush and select for himself. Two companions or partners would have the best chance of success and enjoy the greatest degree of comfort; for one hut would suffice for their accommodation, and they could give each other mutual assistance and encouragement. Moreover, it is highly unadvisable for a single man to undertake the dangerous work of clearing new land, for in the event of an accident his position would be almost desperate.

The mining industry of Tasmania is exceedingly important. From seven shillings to ten shillings a day are the usual wages earned by working miners on the mining-fields, and boundless opportunities lie within the reach of the persevering prospector. For its size, the island may claim to be the richest country in the world in regard to mineral wealth. Within the space of about thirty years Tasmania, with the population of an English provincial town, has actually produced minerals to the value, according to the latest official figures, of twenty-six million two hundred and thirty-five thousand two hundred and thirty pounds, and more than half the quantity has been obtained within the last ten years. The total for the year 1906–7 has been two million three hundred and thirty-eight thousand two hundred and fifty-two pounds. The list of minerals worked includes gold, silver, tin, copper, lead, zinc, wolfram, bismuth, iron, coal, and asbestos—practically all of the most commercially valuable minerals that the world requires. In tin and copper the island is particularly rich, and the Tasmanian production of the former metal will most likely within the next twenty-five years equal that of the Straits Settlements. Large coalfields and enormous bodies of first-class iron ore are known to exist, but difficulties of transport prevent their utilisation. If but a fraction of the British capital invested in Argentina and on the Rand were directed here both shareholders at home and colonists abroad would be equally benefited.

Just one drawback candour compels us to admit. Living in Tasmania, thanks mainly to the medieval legislation of the Federal Parliament, is decidedly

expensive. Taxation is heavy, for a debt of some nine million pounds presses heavily on the shoulders of less than one hundred and ninety thousand people. With increased population, however, the burden would be lightened; and it is to be hoped that even Antipodean legislators will ultimately learn that the whole art of government does not consist in the multiplication of taxes. At present the only reward bestowed on the honest and industrious citizen, who has by his own efforts earned a modest competence, is that of being plundered unmercifully for the benefit of predatory politicians and the extensive class described by Bismarck as 'gentlemen of the pavement.'

The facetious and envious visitor to Tasmania from the mainland used to be in the habit of calling the island State Sleepy Hollow. This stale and foolish old gibe is now being abandoned. Let us briefly sum up the claims Tasmania possesses to so uncomplimentary a designation. She supplies the English market with a necessarily limited quantity of the very choicest wool that enters it, and Australian flock-owners are willing to pay enormous prices—one thousand six hundred pounds for a single ram in one case—for Tasmanian stud-sheep. She exports to Europe annually about half a million bushels of excellent apples, besides sending an additional million to Australian ports. The quantity of fruit produced is increasing rapidly every year. She has also the largest jam-factories and fruit-preserving works in the Commonwealth. She furnishes Australian consumers with tens of thousands of tons of the finest potatoes, besides oats, chaff, &c. She possesses the two largest tin-mines in the world—the Briseis, now producing over one hundred tons of metal monthly, and the Mount Bischoff, which since the commencement of its career about thirty years ago has added considerably over sixty thousand tons of tin to the world's supplies, and still yields about sixty tons every month. She boasts also the possession of one of the three greatest copper, silver, and gold mines combined in the world in Mount Lyell, which has already within the space of ten years enriched its shareholders with sums amounting roughly to a million and a quarter pounds sterling. There are strong evidences to show, one might add, that there are several more Mount Lyells yet to come. She can show the largest and most completely equipped sawmill south of the equator, and vessels laden with the spoils of her forests sail for ports as remote as Antwerp and Valparaiso. Her manufactures are as yet but trifling; still, her woollen goods easily hold their own for durability and excellence against the best fabrics of the kind manufactured in Europe and America.

These represent but some of the achievements of a small community numbering barely one hundred and ninety thousand people—a population less than that of a single suburb of London! Surely few will deny that the Greater Briton who inhabits this small outpost of the Empire has worthily played his part, and has shown himself to be as amply endowed with the genius of colonisation as any other member of the race from whom he has sprung.

CHILD FANCIES.

I SEEK to tease no tortured rhymes,
Nor vaguely twist the tangled thought;
Through simple ways my versing climbs
To reach the goal that fancy caught.

What things are plain to infant eyes,
The wonderment that children feel
Who watch the glow when sunset dies,
Or mark the rose-blush dawning steal

Its tender pathway through the mist,
When hill and stream their form disclose
In beauty, where the daylight kiss'd—
Herein my rhyming fancy goes.

Such things I picture, as a child
That builds cloud-castles in the air,
And cares not if cold science smiled
And said those castles were not there!

For in the handiwork of God
We find the poem all-complete;
Yon golden clouds—where He has trod,
Yon sunbeam—pathway of His feet!

I feel the beat of angel wings,
Which duller senses call the breeze,
And catch loved spirits' whisperings
When evening zephyrs stir the trees!

The moonlight dancing o'er the stream
Is where God's messengers have sped,
And left behind a silver dream
To cheer some pain-tossed mourner's bed.

Nor wholly vain the lark's clear notes
In throbbing rapture upward fly,
If, borne with these, from meaner throats,
Our hymns get nearer to the sky.

J. S. REDMAYNE.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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SOUND INVESTMENTS FOR THE MIDDLE-CLASSES.

By the Author of *An Ideal Friendly Society*, &c.

IF every reader of these lines were in good health and in receipt of a salary of a thousand a year he ought to be a contented man. But he ought also to be a wise one, and of a surety his wisdom or his folly would be displayed by the use he made of his money. Note that I speak of a salary of a thousand a year, not an income. An income may be a certainty; a salary is, as a rule, subject indefinitely to a time-limit, without hope of compensation for its sudden stoppage. The wise man who is blessed with a salary of a thousand a year, therefore, makes provision not only for the life that now is, but for the life that may follow when the salary shall have ceased or diminished. If he lives at the rate of a thousand a year he is a fool, no matter though he have the promise, yet not the certainty, of still wealthier days. In proportion as he keeps the curb upon his spending and husbands his resources, not confounding niggardliness with frugality, he is wise and prudent. What is true of a man in the enjoyment of a thousand a year is, if possible, more true of a man who has to be content with less; and it is with the men with less—the average middle-classes of this country—that the writer is now concerned.

It is often said that the middle-classes, in proportion to their income, are the most heavily taxed. They are taxed by the State, and they are taxed by custom, by fashion, and by pride and ambition that are for the most part honourable. State taxes are a necessary evil; self-imposed taxes may be a necessary help. Every high-principled man, be he Tory, Radical, or Socialist, is at heart an Individualist. For his wife and family he desires the best that can be got in education, in culture, and in social advantages. He desires that they shall maintain with himself what is called his position in life. His self-respect demands it, and in many a case his continuance in that position depends upon it; and so long as these things are made compatible with frugality and with social duties, nothing but good to the man and his household can result. It is in fixing up the right relation of comfort and retrenchment that the problem of successful living is solved—a commonplace, of course; but commonplaces, as Joubert says, are of eternal interest.

It follows, therefore, that whatever a man's income, if its continuance depends upon his own hand and brain, he should save and invest as much of his resources as he can reasonably at present afford to do without. Every man is at times urged by a still, small voice within him to gather gear 'for the glorious privilege of being independent.' Adam Smith appraised this motive—'the principle which prompts to save'—as of great value, not only for individuals but for communities and nations. This principle, he says, 'is the desire of bettering our condition, a desire which, though generally calm and dispassionate, comes with us from the womb, and never leaves us until we go into the grave. In the whole interval which separates these two moments, there is scarce perhaps a single instant in which any man is so perfectly and completely satisfied with his situation as to be without any wish of alteration or improvement of any kind.' Yet, having within their hands or within themselves the means of securing this improvement, how many men there are who weakly stifle the desire and stagnate in thriftless unconcern! The way to wealth, using the word in its relative sense, is as plain as the way to market; but they walk not in it. They do not invest their surplus in sound securities, which stand beckoning at their very door, be that income large or small; they take no thought for the morrow; they simply live unfrugally, and therefore expensively, from hand to mouth, from year to year.

In speaking of middle-class investments let us exclude all thought of speculation. The man who invests should invest all he can afford to save. If he speculates, it should be only with what he can afford to lose, and the man of whom we are now thinking—the average middle-class citizen who is in receipt of a precarious salary, or at the head of a small business which, though now prosperous, may

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not always be so—this man cannot afford to lose anything. He will, therefore, prefer small certainties to large uncertainties, tempting though these be. Small certainties are in general not for present enjoyment, except for what they bring in peace of mind. They are prospective—for the days in which the salary may have ceased, and the business may have passed to younger hands, and the man has reached what should in some measure be the harvest of his life.

There are several ways in which the average middle-class citizen can, with gilt-edged security, invest his surplus income, but only two or three need here be mentioned. He can make use of a building society, or insure his life on the endowment system, or purchase stock as indicated below.

In the case of the building society, as indeed in that of life assurance, the earlier he begins the better, because the lower will his periodical payments or investments be; and if he live until those investments mature, the longer may he live to enjoy them. The simplest and most profitable way to make use of a building society is to become a shareholder at the earliest possible age. The mistake so many men make is that they delay until middle-age or later this most commendable method of thrift, and therefore lose the advantages that accrue to the accumulation of small savings invested at compound interest. It would greatly encourage thrift amongst young men if their parents would invest in a thoroughly sound building society on behalf of their sons. Suppose, for example, our middle-class citizen's father, when his boy was ten years of age, had taken up one building society share in the boy's name. This would have entailed the putting by of half-a-crown a week, ten shillings a lunar month, six pounds ten shillings a year. By the time the boy had reached his fifteenth birthday his father would have paid into the society thirty-two pounds ten shillings, which at 3½ per cent. interest would have stood in the books at thirty-five pounds nine shillings and fourpence; by the time the lad had reached twenty-one the amount paid in would have been seventy-one pounds ten shillings, which would then have grown to eighty-seven pounds one shilling and fivepence, of which fifteen pounds eleven shillings and fivepence would have been interest. This would have been an instructive present to the boy on his coming of age, an object-lesson in the actual and potential value of thrift. Such a lesson ought to be of lasting help to any young man. Of course, if he rightly esteemed his father's good example he would leave the eighty-seven pounds one shilling and fivepence in the society, and, so far as his means allowed, continue the monthly payments. If he did so for a little over three years, he would find that his share had matured—that is to say, one hundred and eighty-five and a quarter monthly payments would have amounted to ninety-two pounds thirteen shillings; the addition of twenty-seven pounds seven shillings interest would have increased the amount standing to his credit in the society to one hundred and twenty pounds, one fully paid-up share. If two shares or more were in this way subscribed for, the amount standing to the credit of the young man before he was twenty-five years of age would be correspondingly greater. But let us suppose that he has only one share. He might do one of two things with it. He might let it remain in the society as an investment earning 3½ per cent. compound interest and a bonus, and begin to subscribe for another share, or he might use his one hundred and twenty pounds as a letter of introduction to the lending department, and at once set about the purchase of a house.

Building societies vary in their practice both as to the proportion of the value of property upon which they advance and the interest they charge; but it may be taken as sound in principle to advance three-fourths of the value of the property to one who has been an investing member of the society, and to charge him 4 per cent. interest. The society, of course, employs its own valuer. Our young man, therefore, may find himself at twenty-five years of age in possession of a house of the value of four hundred and eighty pounds. If in addition to his investment with the society he can find another hundred pounds, he can take up a mortgage for a house worth, in round figures, eight hundred pounds.

It has here been assumed that the young man has had the foundation-stone of his good fortune laid for him by a thrifty father. He starts with a great advantage over his neighbour who has to provide and lay that stone for himself. But the stone may be found and truly laid at any age, and, as already stated, the sooner the better, because the essence of the building society system as a method of thrift is that a man should as early as possible begin to be his own landlord and pay his 'rent' to himself.

The amount advanced by the society for building or buying the house has to be repaid by fixed monthly or quarterly instalments spread over a fixed term of years—thirteen, seventeen, or twenty-four as the case may be—with the 4 per cent. interest. The borrower knows exactly from his pass-book how he is paying off his mortgage, in principal and interest. He pays the society, but in reality he is paying himself. If his house is worth forty pounds a year, and he is merely the tenant, in five years he puts two hundred pounds into his landlord's pocket (less taxes). Being a member of a building society, he puts that two hundred pounds into his own, which is far better. Of course he pays something besides rent—there is the interest; but he should remember that it is the interest that buys the house and makes the man his own landlord. It may at first seem rather heavy; in the earliest payments there is such a lot of interest, and relatively so little principal. But time adjusts all things. At the end of five years the disproportion is more nearly balanced; at the end of ten

there is very little interest remaining, and in another three, if the loan is for thirteen years, the borrower goes to the office of the society, has a pleasant little interview in the secretary's private room, and comes away with his title-deeds in his pocket and joy in his bosom—the house is his own. Nobody can run away with his property. It is true, there are vague rumours in the air that a time is coming when private ownership of property will be abolished by the State, and building societies will no longer be suffered to exist; but the prudent man will not be unduly disturbed in mind. What he has hitherto paid in the form of rent to himself he can now save in other ways or spend, and in all probability his thirteen years' experience of thrift and the tangible results of it he now possesses will induce him to do either wisely.

Then think of the tranquil joy the man feels in that possession. He has made a profitable and an entirely honourable investment. He has the approval of his self-respect and a substantial reputation amongst his neighbours. If, from year to year, he had spent his surplus, as so many men do, in frivolous luxury or worse, he would still be a tenant—for a man must live somewhere—paying thirty pounds or forty pounds a year as rent to a landlord. He is now his own landlord, and the money which he would pay as rent he now pays into his private banking account or makes other wise use of. The facts need only to be stated to prove the value of the building society as a medium for thrift. There is another consideration, too. As the owner of the house in which he lives the man has a personal zest and interest in improving his property. His garden is doubly prized. It may and probably does cost him annually more than he would otherwise spend upon it; but he can now afford it, and the satisfaction he finds in beautifying his little estate must be experienced to be understood. Ruskin was right in saying that we must buy what we would find real pleasure in. The man whose thrifty investment has enabled him to purchase his house probably has a fuller pleasure in it than the man to whom his house has been bequeathed.

Life assurance on the endowment system is a form of investment which is safe and profitable if conducted upon prudent lines. Great care should, of course, be taken in the selection of the office in which to insure. The writer has now in mind only mutual offices, in which the whole of the profits are distributed among the assured. There are proprietary insurance offices which are perfectly sound, but an endowment assurance in a mutual office is recommended as the steadier, if not always the more profitable, form of investment for the man who desires above all things ample security and peace of mind.

Unprejudiced expert advice in the selection of an office cannot always be had, but two or three very simple precautions any man can take before choosing. He should select an office which accepts only first-class lives, which does its business efficiently on a low percentage of management expenses in relation to its premium income, and which has a substantial reserve fund. The earlier the age at which he insures the better, because the lower will his premiums be, and if he live until his policy matures, the higher the total amount of interest his investment will earn. To take a moderate example: suppose that in his twenty-fifth year he takes out an endowment policy for five hundred pounds, payable at fifty-five or earlier death, with share in profits and bonus distributions, his annual premium will amount to about seventeen pounds seventeen shillings. On his reaching his fifty-fifth birthday the office will pay him a sum of money representing the whole of his premiums, with 3½ per cent. compound interest added. If he can afford to pay an annual premium of thirty-five pounds fifteen shillings, he can insure for one thousand pounds payable at fifty-five or earlier death, and be sure of his investment maturing at the same rate of interest. If the policy be payable at sixty or sixty-five, the premiums are, of course, lower, but fifty-five is a convenient, a 'popular' age. The average man can look forward to his fifty-fifth birthday with the expectation of being at that age young enough to appreciate with some zest the maturity of a good investment, and old enough to enjoy release from the strain of systematic economy. During the thirty years his family will have been provided for in case of his death, and with his five hundred pounds or one thousand pounds and 3½ per cent. interest again invested, his gray hairs need not worry him. If, happily, he has practised double-barrelled thrift, by means of a building society and a life assurance office, he will be able at fifty-five to twiddle his thumbs at his own fireside and sing with old Ben Jonson, 'Here is one that wishes to live longer!'

'The glorification of selfish ease,' does some one say? Not so. Since thriftlessness and extravagance bring their own misery and condemnation, do not thrift and wise investment merit comfort and esteem? The thrifty man who has honourably made himself independent in his old age can laugh at envious sneers.

Coming to investments on the Stock Exchange, it is easy to venture upon treacherous ground. Some time ago a reader of *Chambers's Journal*, who had read an article in these pages on thrift, asked for advice. Many people in India, he said, would like to improve their savings by means of investments which he specified, 'but,' he added, 'are deterred through fear of fraud.' He went on to ask for some explanation of how the fraud is worked. The writer does not feel qualified, nor would it be prudent if he were, to explain in detail how financial swindling is done. There is no doubt that it is done to a much larger extent than is commonly supposed, and there is every reason for putting small investors, whether in India or at home, upon their guard against plausible advertisements and

clever trickery. The best advice, perhaps, is: Don't be persuaded to invest your money at a high rate of interest. Be satisfied with a small return for good security. Limit your choice to investments yielding from 3 to 4½ per cent. Remember that honest business is neither philanthropy nor sharp practice. British Funds afford a safe 3 per cent.; Corporation and County Stock, including Corporation loans at fixed rates of interest, and Home Railway Debentures, from 3½ to 4. These are less subject to fluctuation in value than any other securities. Colonial and Foreign Railway Debentures yield from 4 to 5. A class of investment which is greatly favoured by those who want to plant a few hundreds safely is a mortgage on freehold property, care being taken to secure a good margin of value over the amount lent. On this class of investment 4 to 4½ per cent. is a fair return. 'Guaranteed mortgage debentures' are also commended on the ground of safety. It is a form of debenture given by a limited company over its properties, and guaranteed as to principal and interest by some of our best insurance companies. With respect to a mortgage on property, it must be borne in mind that a solicitor has to be employed to safeguard the interests of the mortgagee, both on entering into and terminating the mortgage. And this, of course, means costs; and, moreover, it is not always possible to obtain possession of one's money as promptly as might be desired. On the other hand, the Funds, Foreign Government securities, and Corporation and County Stock are realisable at will, which to an investor, especially a comparatively small investor, may be of the greatest importance.

As a general rule, the soundest investments are those which the investor reaches through unquestionable business channels; others that are eagerly commended to him and attractively advertised may be quite safe and profitable, but they may be otherwise. With so many sound and old-established banks and insurances offices, and openings for investments, to choose from, there is really no excuse for the man who makes mistakes. The middle-class investor cannot afford to yield to temptations which promise abnormally high rates of interest. For him old paths and old, well-founded institutions doing business as nearly as possible on old-fashioned lines are best. More modern methods of management sometimes yield better returns, but sometimes they yield none at all. For the speculator who can afford to wait ''tween fall and rise' they may in the long-run be more profitable; but, as already stated, the middle-class investor should not speculate.

Discussing another branch of this subject, Professor Muirhead, of Birmingham, has remarked that 'a thrifty attitude of mind is an essential part of civilisation.' From this statement two lines of thought may be suggested. The first is that all men can be thrifty; at all events, the contrary cannot with truth be maintained in excuse for such as are thriftless. A man does not need to be earning five pounds a week before he begins to save. In a recent will-case tried before Mr Justice Bigham it was stated that a working-man who earned one pound a week, and whose wife added to the household income by 'spinning,' managed in fifty years to save and wisely invest one thousand pounds. Thrift seems too mild a word by which to describe such household economy, and doubtless Professor Muirhead had in mind something easier. The working-man's one thousand pounds represents one almost incredible extreme; on the other hand we have an appalling amount of waste, in spite of examples on every hand encouraging to frugality. Thousands of men are to-day living in their own houses simply and solely as the result of a little wholesome self-discipline in earlier life; they have saved money systematically, often out of very moderate wages, and invested it prudently, and now in the autumn of their days they are enjoying the reward of what it seems absurd to describe as self-denial.

The other suggestion that arises from Professor Muirhead's remark is that the possession of property is the basis of civilised life. The doctrine is often disputed. Socialism is in theory opposed to it, though Mr H. G. Wells has declared it to be 'a doctrinaire and old-fashioned Socialism which quarrels with a little hoard.' Apparently what it quarrels with is a big hoard — an inconsistency which Mr Wells may be left to escape from in his own way. But really the writer ought to apologise for dragging in Socialism, for after all what has it, or can it have, to do with 'Sound Investments for the Middle-Classes'?

CASIMIR LE SOMBRE.

CHAPTER XII.

POOR Zampa! I grieve still when I think of his loss. It was on a Friday—a day of which my father, with a fatalism not uncommon among the followers of the first Napoleon, had a superstitious dread. We had been surprised in the morning by a party of Cossacks, who had only fallen back under our fire to return again to the attack, accompanied by a strong force of infantry and a couple of guns.

Fortunately, I was in the habit of protecting my camp with a rude breastwork of felled pine-trees, placed end to end, the projecting boughs of which formed a sort of chevaux-de-frise very difficult for cavalry to cross, while they afforded shelter to my riflemen, and we were thus able to hold our

position; but, owing to the nature of the ground, our line of defence was rather extended, and I was riding from one end to the other when a fragment of shell came fluttering and whistling towards me as it ricochetted from the stump of a tree.

I plunged my spurs into Zampa's sides, but too late; a shriek rang through the forest so terrible and unearthly that there is nothing to which I can compare it, a shriek that is only known to those who have been in a battlefield—the terrible cry of agony that on rare occasions escapes from the throat of a horse. And the next instant poor Zampa fell headlong to the ground.

As I took his head on my knees, his soft, dark eyes turned on me reproachfully as if to ask why I required him to bear this suffering, then a tremor ran through his limbs, and I knew the brave horse had taken his last gallop.

I bowed my head down and wept like a child. Through all my strange, solitary life in the midst of a crowd, Zampa had been the one friend to whom I need not act a part; on him I could lavish those gentle caresses that it is in the nature of a woman to bestow, to him I could whisper the deepest secrets of my heart, knowing that he would keep them safe, and stroke my hand with his soft nose and look at me intelligently with his large dark eyes to let me know that he sympathised with me. Zampa and I understood each other, and we were almost always together; often, when halting on the march, had I laid me down and slept with my head resting against his soft mane, and in the fight he had once saved my life by the quickness with which he eluded the thrust of a Cossack's lance.

A hand was laid on my shoulder, and Maurice St Hilaire stood beside me. 'Poor beast!' he said. 'I will bury him myself to-night. I did not know that you could feel so deeply, Captain Casimir; but you are wanted now.'

I sprang to my feet and dashed the tears from my eyes, for I was vexed that he had been a witness of my emotion; and I turned again to the scene of conflict, determined that *there*, at least, he should see nothing womanly in my conduct.

'Stop,' he cried, following me; 'take my horse; you must not go on foot.'

But I waved him back, saying, 'I have lost Zampa, and will ride no other horse to-day,' and was soon among my men.

It was true that I was wanted. Distressed by a flank fire from the cannon, and hotly pressed by the enemy in front, the centre of our line was beginning to give way; and had I not seized a standard and thrown myself among them, the Russians would have been over the breastwork. Fortunately my men were used to rallying to my voice, and, closing around me with fresh courage, they drove their assailants back at the point of the bayonet.

I looked for Maurice, but he was not as usual beside me, when suddenly there was a deafening Polish cheer, and I perceived that the two guns which had so harassed us were turned against the enemy. Maurice St Hilaire, at the head of a few resolute horsemen, had surprised and captured them.

This feat turned the scale in our favour; but though we had held our ground successfully, when we came to count our losses we found them so severe that after burying the dead I thought it prudent to retire during the night to another position.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW can I describe that *other* terrible loss? Though the day and the scene are graven indelibly on my memory, even now the old sickening pain comes back to me as I recall the dull, leaden sky, laden with rain, the yellow fields of trampled corn, and the little village of brightly painted houses nestling in their midst, the dark line of fir-forest all round, and the dank, green, treacherous bog in front, along the borders of which our sharpshooters were skirmishing.

The Russians held the village in force, but it was important that we should dislodge them, and my men were advancing gallantly to the attack. Maurice St Hilaire was beside me, full of life and spirits.

Then came that soft, gray, harmless-looking puff of smoke from a garden wall, and—and the fatal bullet sped which laid him in my arms.

My poor, noble, handsome Maurice! in a moment to be stricken down like that from all the strength of his manhood by a little piece of lead that a child might have played with.

My pride was all gone now. I held him close in my arms and called on him by every endearing name to speak to me, to hear me only once before he passed to a world beyond my reach. Just once his eyes opened and turned on mine with a strange, sweet, wondering expression, as I laid my lips on his forehead; then, with a deep sigh, he closed them again and was past the power of hearing.

How long I sat thus I do not know. Some one pulled me by the arm and whispered in a hoarse voice, 'Come, captain; it is all over. We must fly!'

It was Sergeant Dzikowski, his hair stained with blood, his face blackened with powder.

'Come away,' he said again; 'there is no time to lose.'

I looked up. The Russians were pouring out of the village, and my men were flying before them.

'But I cannot, will not, leave him!' I cried despairingly.

The old soldier bent down over the prostrate figure and shook his head.

'It is no use, captain,' he said; 'he will never fight again. 'Tis the fortune of war. Come, we shall be taken prisoners if we stay.'

'Save yourself, sergeant,' I said doggedly. 'I will not leave him to be mangled by the Cossacks.'

'Well, if it must be, it must be,' he exclaimed resignedly. 'I have fought too long beside you to leave you now. Give him to me, captain. I will

carry him to the ambulance;' and he lifted the slender figure on his broad shoulders. 'But for heaven's sake try to steady the men; they won't listen to me, but they may obey you.'

Thus adjured, I ran forward and endeavoured to stem the retreat, which had now become general; but it was of no use. It seems the Russians had been reinforced during the night, and by concealing their numbers had led us into a trap. All I could do was to collect a few faithful spirits around me, and cover the flight of my men by halting and firing from time to time at the Cossacks, who pressed closely after us. During five weary hours we fought our way back step by step, retreating farther into the forest, till at last the shades of night closed around us, and we found that we had shaken off our pursuers.

Then I called a halt and mustered such of my men as I could collect. Their ranks were sadly thinned; but though we had lost nearly all our baggage, the ambulance cart was safe, and my first care was to have its occupants lifted out. One by one the poor fellows were stretched beside the fire beneath the dark, shadowy canopy of pines; there were a few wounded and many dead who had been carried off the field by their friends, for the Russians gave little quarter. But Maurice was not amongst them.

In vain I scanned each of the calm, upturned faces; he was not there. Then I sternly called for Sergeant Dzikowski, but he also was absent. I questioned those around me, but none of them could give me any clue to his fate till late at night, when some stragglers came in who said that they had seen him cut down by a Cossack at the edge of the bog, as he was carrying a wounded comrade to the rear. Then I knew that all hope was over, and that I might not even have the sad comfort of laying the remains of the poor boy in their last resting-place.

Gallant and chivalrous, he had come from my native land to fight for Poland's freedom; and this was to be his reward—an unknown grave in the black depths of a morass!

I was not even free to mourn alone, for the safety of my followers depended on me, and had I not promised their late leader to be true to my charge? That night Father Ambrose came into the camp, having heard of our defeat and hastened to meet us; and early the next morning he conducted us by an unfrequented path to a little village in a remote clearing of the forest, where the peasants greeted us kindly and supplied our most pressing wants. In their humble graveyard we buried our dead; they were mostly beardless boys, and the young maidens of the village bore them on their shoulders to the grave and scattered flowers over them.

Father Ambrose performed the service, and could not help noticing my emotion; after it was over he drew me aside and said kindly:

'Daughter, I fear this work is preying on your health. I have decided that I will not again absent myself from you, and if you find that the task you have undertaken is too heavy I will seek to find some one to relieve you.'

'No, Father,' I replied sternly, for a sullen rage against the Russians was burning in my heart; 'I will fight to the bitter end. It is good of you to promise not to leave me again, and to lend me the strength of your counsel; but do not fear that I shall break down because I seem moved to-day. We have had a reverse, but erelong it shall be wiped out; and it is on that hope I live now.'

CHAPTER XIV.

WE stayed some days at the village till all the stragglers had come in and the strength of my men was somewhat recruited. Then I again set out in search of the enemy.

I was now more than ever Casimir le Sombre, for a black cloud had fallen over my soul. In vain did the call of the cuckoo and the coo of the turtle-doves ring sweetly through the woods; they only deepened my pain, and my heart was fiercely bent on exacting stern retribution for the murder of Maurice.

Though I hope and believe I never killed a man with my own hand, many a human life had been sacrificed by those under my command; yet now, in the madness of my grief, I said that the Russians had murdered Maurice, and that I would have vengeance.

'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' and I was mercifully prevented from carrying my wicked desire into execution. In the very first encounter we had with the Russians after my defeat I was wounded in the side. A dull shock, a sharp, burning pain, a strange tingling through every vein, and then a deadly sickness as the landscape seemed to whirl around me—that was all!

They ran to support me, and would have torn open my shirt, but I still had sufficient strength to bid them not to touch me, and called for Father Ambrose. They thought it was the command of a dying man asking for the priest, and they obeyed. I saw the Father dimly, as if through a mist; a scarf was tied tightly round me; then I was lifted from the ground and placed in some sort of cart that moved away at a rapid pace, jolting and bumping over the roots of the trees; and after that I lost consciousness.

When I awoke I was lying on a neat little bed in a long, whitewashed room, with a black crucifix nailed against the wall, which reminded me of the convent where I had been at school. A nun in a white cap and gray dress was sitting beside me, and as I opened my eyes she smiled and held a cup of some cooling liquid to my parched lips.

A lazy, dreamy sensation was upon me that I felt no inclination to shake off; and, closing my eyes again, I sank into a soft slumber and dreamt

of my old home in Alsace, and the hazel-wood where the rabbit-warren was, and little Eulalie, the schoolmaster's child, and Scaramouche, my faithful dog. Then a dull booming sound fell on my ears, which troubled me, and from which I tried vainly to escape, and at last I awoke with a start.

I was indeed in a convent, and the bell was summoning the nuns to vespers.

I afterwards learnt that my wound had been severe, but the bullet had been extracted, and careful nursing and a good constitution carried me through. Gradually my strength returned, and I was able to sit up; then I became very hungry, and longed for more substantial food than the beef-tea and toast which I was allowed; from beef-tea I progressed to chicken; and at last, when the snow was once more lying softly on the branches of the fir-trees, I was able to rise and take my first walk through the galleries of the convent.

Father Ambrose now came to see me frequently, and told me how he had brought me straight to the convent after I was wounded, and that no one had discovered my secret; how the insurrection was nearly at an end, and my own regiment had succeeded in reaching the frontier and dispersing.

'So,' said he, 'there is nothing for you to do but to wait patiently till you are strong enough to escape from the country.'

This was no easy matter, as the Russians kept a strict watch on the frontier; but a journey which the abbess had to make to Presburg furnished me with an opportunity. Disguised as a nun, in which costume the most vigilant official would hardly have recognised the insurgent leader Casimir le Sombre, I accompanied her to that place. From Presburg I went to Paris, where, Father Ambrose had told me, the Countess Czartoryska was staying with her husband, who had also been obliged to fly from Poland; and one day early in March I left my hotel in the Rue St Honore and started to seek her apartments.

(To be continued.)

PAPER-MILLS IN SCOTLAND.

THE SEARCH FOR RAW MATERIAL.

TO the sojourner in Midlothian the paper-mill is a familiar and insistent feature of the landscape. Judging by the aroma when he gets to leeward on a windy day, he may be pardoned if he holds the opinion that the county can produce all the paper that is wanted by the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. While Scotland has a very thriving industry in the manufacture of paper, yet it is a bad second to England. In number the mills of Britain are: England, two hundred and seventeen; Scotland, fifty-six; Wales, seven. The sister isle has only six, although Ireland's water facilities are surely ample enough for the trade.

In Scotland, the county of Midlothian heads the list with fifteen mills; but Lancashire far exceeds that total with forty-three mills, followed by Kent with thirty, and Yorkshire with twenty-eight. In looking at the Scotch counties it is interesting to observe how the Highlands have escaped. There is no mill in either of the big counties Perthshire or Inverness, nor anywhere north of Aberdeen; and with the exception of Berwickshire, where there are two firms, none of the Border burghs has a factory. Ayrshire has none, nor Kirkcudbright; in fact, there is only a small mill at Dalbeattie to represent the South of Scotland.

But in quality of work the Scotch factories are inferior to none. The directors and managers are a far-seeing class of men, and have no hesitation in adopting new processes and introducing the latest plant. Owing to the high price of raw materials, paper-millmen have been forced to look ahead. So great is the foreign competition in the cheaper kinds of paper, especially 'news,' that Scotch makers have to put the utmost value in their raw material before it leaves the mill. To do this means the best technical knowledge and the most improved plant. Electric power has been introduced by some owners in place of steam, and motor-wagons have superseded horse-traction. Skilled chemists are inventing new methods of economical treatment, and the machine-maker installs a machine to turn out a larger quantity of better paper at a cheaper working-cost. This is a trade in which there is no standing still.

One of the curious things about the paper-trade is the change that has taken place in raw materials. Not so long ago esparto grass was the chief commodity, and immense quantities arrived from Algeria and Spain; but esparto has given way to wood-pulp. Figures will prove this. During the nine months ending September 1907 the total quantity of esparto imported into the United Kingdom was only 150,671 tons, whereas the weight of pulp-wood imported for that period was 471,954 tons. Of linen and cotton rags imported from the Continent the weight was 14,825 tons. It may be stated, however, that London is the chief source for rags, with Manchester next. Another interesting fact is that while this country imported in 1906 manufactured paper to the value of £5,728,000, yet British makers exported a large quantity of paper. Were it not for the heavy tariffs there would be much more paper shipped abroad. A Scotch manufacturer, when in France and Belgium last year, showed samples of his paper to merchants in these countries. They were highly pleased with the quality; but the heavy duty of 25 to 30 per

cent. made it impossible to do business. Notwithstanding this exorbitant tariff, the singular spectacle was seen at Leith Docks on one recent occasion of a steamer from the Continent landing foreign paper for Scotch buyers, and at the same time loading into another hold packages of paper from a Midlothian mill to be delivered at the same port from which the vessel had brought the foreign stuff.

What troubles the Scotch makers most of all is the question of raw materials. They cannot make paper out of air and water, and have to search around considerably for stuff at a reasonable price. Unfortunately the cost is always trending upward. Wood-pulp is the backbone of the mill to-day; but how long will this continue? Just consider the vast volume of wood devoured by the pulp-grinders in 1906. In the United States the estimated total was 8,000,000 tons, in Germany 2,000,000 tons, in Canada 1,000,000 tons, in Sweden 1,000,000 tons, in Russia 250,000 tons. Britain's bill for pulp—the money paid by the mill-owners to the lumber-owners—was £3,000,000 sterling.

So great is the demand for wood-pulp in the United States that the forests are disappearing wholesale. Every year sees a rapidly decreasing average. There are twelve hundred paper-mills in the States producing 4,000,000 tons of paper each year; and new factories are constantly being erected. In Sweden and Norway the 'stumpage'—to use an American word—is quickly vanishing, and as new factories are getting to work the demand will get keener and keener. One huge machine built by an Edinburgh firm of engineers was shipped from Leith to Sweden. It weighed in all 550 tons, and a special steamer was chartered to convey it to Norrköping. It runs off two sheets of 'news,' each seventy-five inches wide, at a constant speed of five hundred feet per minute. Multiply similar or smaller machines, and then calculate the number of logs necessary to supply the pulp, and that is only for home consumption: the Scandinavians regard this country as a profitable market for pulp.

Fortunately the Swedish Government has become fully alive to the necessity for making good the ravages on the timber-lands; and there is now in force a very extensive system of cheap planting. Numerous small boys are engaged in the work. They go in a row about three or four feet apart, dig out small holes in the ground with a hand-iron, and drop in a few seeds. By this method ground is now being planted at the marvellously cheap rate of two shillings per acre! Spruce and larch are the woods most wanted; the great bulk of the paper used is now made out of spruce, and perhaps Scotch landed proprietors may turn their attention to the market in this country for wood for paper purposes. There are many thousand acres lying waste which could readily be converted into a boon and a blessing to the mills. In Norway 1,500,000 trees are planted yearly in the public forests, in addition to a large number planted by private owners.

Meantime the price of paper is ruled by the price of wood, and the American newspaper proprietors are getting restive. Sunday papers in the States run to thirty or forty or more pages, and as 'news' has advanced fifteen cents per hundred pounds, and is likely to continue advancing, these papers may have to be reduced to normal size, which, after all, may not be an unmixed evil. Everything is being done to unearth a substitute for wood-pulp. In Jamaica a company has been formed to make paper out of banana-skins. One of the latest achievements is converting waste cotton-stalks into a suitable pulp. Bamboo, which the Chinese use in a primitive fashion, is said to be capable of profit-yielding treatment under scientific methods. A syndicate is being or has been formed to convert the dried stick of the sugar-cane into paper; and there are 2,000,000 tons of waste sugar-cane annually produced in the Hawaiian Islands alone, not to speak of Mexico and other sugar-growing centres. On the banks of the Nile attention is devoted to the cultivation of the papyrus plant, and a consulting chemist reports that its adoption is only a question of quantity obtainable and cost. An expert is touring through India, accompanied by a portable laboratory, testing the innumerable fibres of the country as to their suitability for paper-making. At Capac, Michigan, machinery is now in operation transforming peat into paper, the only admixture being 10 per cent. of sulphite screenings. Perhaps our Irish friends may follow this example. Enormous heaps of rice-straw are burnt in the fields of Burma to clear the ground for tillage, and it is said to be excellent material for paper-making. A large mill is now being erected in Los Angeles, California, with a capital of two and a half million dollars, for the manufacture of paper out of fibres heretofore not used in paper-making; but what these fibres are or where they come from is kept a secret meantime, except that they are not grown in the United States. In short, almost every country, tropical or temperate, possesses abundant raw material; but what the Scotch paper-maker wants to know is, when that raw material is going to be deposited at the mill gates, and the price.

There is an important adjunct to a paper-mill—namely, the smell. Some of the odours are very agreeable. When a rag-boiler containing starchy cottons is being blown off the aroma of coffee is quite appetising. Esparto also boils sweet, and so do hemp and divers straws and grasses which are being experimented with. But there are others! Certain types of soda-recovery plants send forth sulphur odours the reverse of pleasant. Sulphuretted hydrogen fouls the atmosphere after a blue paper coloured with ultramarine is made. The dominant smell is that of bleaching-powder, ably supported by carbolic acid or formalin or sulphurous acid. Lime-salt in contact with acid and hypochlorous

acid will make a stranger decide to keep clear of paper-mills in future.

China clay is one of the substances much used in mills, and many shiploads arrive at Leith, Granton, and other Forth ports from Cornwall. Like everything else, the great demand—even from America—has raised the price at the Cornish mines. Probably to twenty hundredweight of pulp will be added two hundredweight of china clay for certain kinds of paper, and Scotland does not seem to possess any clay of her own.

Even to enumerate all the substances that are used in the many varieties of paper would take up too much space. Of rags alone, from Germany there are eighteen different brands, varying from new white cuttings at £27 a ton to housecloth at £4. Each country has its own marks and descriptions. English thirds are as low as one and sixpence a hundredweight, and they must be pretty bad at that. Wastes sell at all figures, from £15 a ton for gray or coloured or white threads to £1, 10s. for jute waste. Esparto is as high as £5, 2s. 6d. per ton from Spain. Wood-pulp has a dozen grades, sulphite bleached going at £14 a ton, and unbleached at £9, 10s. Pine, air-dry, is £5, 15s. per ton, and aspen air-dry £7, 10s. Straw-pulp, bleached dry in sheets, is £12, 10s. per ton. Waste-paper is of many descriptions. Books and pamphlets sell at £4, 10s. per ton; white waste-paper, blue papers, and light browns go for about £4 per ton; mixed papers, £2; and crushed news, £3.

Specially interesting are the materials bought for sizing the paper. Rosin is a standby, and starch is coming into vogue for the art enamel papers; but glue still retains first place, and the bill for glue and gelatines may be anywhere from £22, 10s. upwards per ton. Of the chemicals—the sodas, ammonias, potashes, acids—their name is legion; they have one thing in common—they all cost much money. As regards colours, since the days when an absent-minded lady dropped her blue-bag in a vat of pulp, and thereby was the medium of introducing coloured paper to the world, makers have advanced exceedingly. Sometimes the colours come when they are not wanted. Old ropes off ships, when boiled for a long period with caustic soda, may give a reddish tinge to the pulp, as the result of the chemical action of the lye on the tar left in the rope. When parts of corsets or hose-supporters are cut in the hollander into hundreds of small pieces, stains from the rubber may be left on the machine wires.

Paper-mills are not now the bugbears to disciples of Izaak Walton that they once were. Modern methods of treatment of offensive waste products prevent the streams from being polluted. Take for example what has been done in the case of the Water of Leith. Although there are half-a-dozen factories, several of large size, on the banks of that small river, yet trout thrive and multiply and afford ample sport. The chemical expert is an important member of the paper manufacturer's staff: every mill of any size has its own laboratory. And it may just be mildly hinted that Scotch chemists, and Scotch foremen and beatermen, and machinemen and engineeers, are in considerable request south of the Tweed. There appears to be something in the training obtained in Scottish mills which makes skilled employés acceptable in English factories.

Poetry and paper-making are so far apart that mention must be made of a little-known poem by Thomas Churchyard, of the year 1588. It was written in eulogium of the first mill built in England—at Dartmouth in Kent—by a German, who was knighted—Sir John Spillman. This poem on the 'Paper-Myll' is in no fewer than forty-four stanzas, ten of which describe the water-wheels, the beating of rags by stampers, and the production of the finished sheet. The fourth stanza introduces the subject:

I prayse the man that first did paper make,
The only thing that sets all virtues forth;
It shoes new bookes and keepes old works awake,
Much more of price than all the world is worth;
It witnesse bearcs of friendship, time, and troth,
And is the tromp of vice and vertue both;
Without whose help no hap nor wealth is won,
And by whose ayde great workes and deedes are done.

PEDRO THE MULETEER.

CHAPTER II.

FOR a whole year did Pedro make his daily journey down to the city docks, returning in the full blaze of the day to the mountains. At times—which he treasured in his memory as things of incalculable worth—he caught a passing glimpse of the woman who had saved his life, and on one glorious day she smiled full in his face as he knelt on the kerb when her carriage passed him. She knew him! He went about for a month with a song in his heart, and wondered how best he might serve her. The time was coming, had he but known.

Pedro was not deaf to the common rumour, as it flew about the dockside *posadas* and the city taverns. He knew as well as any man that the people were groaning at the so-called tyranny of the President, who was doing his utmost for the ultimate good of his nation. Besides, there had arisen a new leader in the land, a man of the people, who promised them much that was good and nothing that was evil. General Manuello had risen

from the ranks because of a certain bulldog courage, and this success had fired his blood with a wilder ambition. Then, too, a certain section of the community were wont to flourish on the misfortunes of others, and a revolution was a happy hunting-ground for these wild spirits. Manuello's fiery oratory, poured forth in the quiet cafés of the water-side, fired the malcontents' hearts with mad lust for battle and spoil. Murmurs were heard when the presidential carriage passed through the city; and once, when one of the President's horses accidentally struck down a gutter-snipe, the murmurs rose into an open roar of rage. It mattered nothing that the carriage was stopped and the boy lifted in to be carried to the great public hospital; Manuello made this accident the theme of his most impassioned appeal to his followers, and the meeting broke up in waves of animal passion.

But Pedro knew that the President was a strong man, and waved the ominous forecasts aside airily as he rolled his interminable maize-leaf cigarettes. '*Holà!*' he exclaimed once suddenly, to the great surprise of his mother, and after two hours' steady thinking, 'let him but ask Her Excellency to unveil her sweet face, and the people would worship him again.'

But when one morning brought to Pedro's ears the dull roll of musketry from the city beneath, he dimly understood that things were going awry with his country. He knew that there would be no work done about the docks that day; so he donned his cleanest shirt and his smartest jacket, and made his way down the hill on The Wolf's back to a certain snug café which he was wont to patronise in his moments of affluence.

'How then, Pedro?' said the woman of the house when he entered. 'There be great doings afoot. Already the people have turned against *el Presidente*, and it remains but for the soldiers to go with them. It is a matter of no moment to me, who have seen many revolutions. A little blood spilled in the streets, a few red splashes on the white walls, much custom at the cafés, and then—peace once more.'

'What would the fools have?' growled Pedro. 'They will run their necks into a smaller noose, that is all. This Manuello, I know him, by the saints!—a villain of villains, without blood or breeding. Woe to the men on whom he climbs!'

There arose outside the vociferous outcries of a revolutionary city and the tramp of hurrying feet. Scattered shots sounded above the tumult like the bark of an angry dog. Then a mighty cheer, which echoed and re-echoed throughout the labyrinth of white-walled houses, resounded; it swelled and grew like the lashing of a stormy sea on a pebble-ridge.

Pedro started to his feet as he heard some incoherent words from outside. A man was hurrying past the door—a man who brandished a deadly *machete* in his hand, whose very elbows were wet with something red and sticky. As he saw Pedro he started back a little, and then, with the knife upraised, made a fierce cut at the muleteer's head.

'*Diavolo*,' he yelled, 'it is the accursed President himself!'

But Pedro had been trained in a hard school. As the blood-stained hand flew up he threw his scarlet-lined *capa* about his arm and guarded his head. The knife sank into the soft folds, and at the same instant a hand that had no equal in all Puerto Bianca shot forth and seized the lifted wrist in a death-grip. There was a loud scream from the would-be assassin, a feeble snip, and the arm fell useless at his side.

'Fool!' muttered Pedro, 'dost not know Pedro the Muleteer and his grip?'

The man's face was distorted with pain and chagrin, but a slow grin creased his cheeks. '*Caramba!* It is indeed Pedro. Hide that face of thine, my friend, or others will make the same mistake as I. It is bad to have a face like the President's to-day, Pedro *mio*. He will assuredly be shot, that President.'

'What then, ass?' asked the muleteer, tenderly examining a rip in his cloak. 'His soldiers are still true. No?'

'The soldiers are wise men. They revolted half-an-hour ago. Already the palace is in their hands, and they have opened the gates to the citizens. There is much plunder. I must go. Devils a thousand! how am I to take my share with a broken arm? You have done me an evil turn this day, Pedro.'

'And—and the President?' asked Pedro, unheeding the other's almost tearful remonstrance. A sudden fear had seized upon his heart, so that he was choking. As in a vision he saw a sweet young face, the eyes alight with pity that was all but divine; and he knew—for was it not the current rumour of the city in happier times?—that the young wife worshipped the very ground on which her husband trod. If the men on whom Balcazia relied were untrue, what of the man who had pinned his faith on them?

'The President!' said the man with a grim chuckle. 'Ah! they have caught him. He would not run; he would not fight. He is now in the prison, where he has sent many honest men. To-morrow, with the dawn—eh?'

He made a gesture with his hands, and stood himself against the wall of the café with folded arms and closed eyes. Then he gave a dramatic start, leaned forward slightly, and sank slowly downward in a huddled mass.

'So!' he explained. 'You understand, Pedro? He is an enemy to the cause; therefore he must go—thus.' And he rolled a few grains of dry tobacco with his sound hand and blew them into the air. 'Poof! it is all over by to-morrow.'

A fresh roar of cheering broke from the streets ahead, and the surging tide of men who were rushing past madly paused and turned. Here

and there were men who had gone mad with blood-lust, and these irresponsibles were firing revolvers into the midst of their fellows. Already the gutters at the sides of the street were streaked with red, and here and there a fallen man lay in the middle of the road. The mob took no heed, but rushed on, trampling the dead under foot with grim callousness.

'It is Balcazia,' gasped the man whom Pedro had worsted, as he reeled back into the café from the press of the crowd. 'He goes to his trial.'

Pedro sped forth into the street and joined the tumult. He made for a cross-street, and forced his way through the raging medley of maddened men as a cruiser ploughs her mighty way through the foaming surges of the stormy seas. Men shrank back from the glare of his eyes; they fell before the sweep of his great arms. So he reached the Plaza, and there he saw what he had come to see.

A rough platform had been erected before the Government palace. It was shrouded with black and surrounded on every side by the mutinous troops, who leaned on their rifles and cracked foul jests with the screaming mob. But Pedro had no eyes for the revolutionists; he saw only the one tall, fearless figure on the dais. Manuello, a cruel grin on his crafty face, was seated in a gold-coloured chair, and was reading a long indictment from a parchment he held in his hand. Balcazia was proudly unconcerned, even though, when the newly elected President paused in his reading, the entire crowd in the Plaza broke into a blood-curdling yell. These were the men whom he had striven for with all his strength. He had wasted the best years of his life on their behalf, but they had forgotten that. A new idol had arisen; the old must be trampled down from its high place.

Wave after rolling wave of hoarse cries reverberated through the square as indictment after indictment was read out in a sonorous voice that rattled across the tossing sea of humanity like thunder. They were all lies, but no man spoke a word in the fallen man's behalf.

'And the verdict of the people is?' asked Manuello briskly, rising to his feet and pointing dramatically at the fearless ex-President.

'Death!' The scream came from every throat save one. 'Death! Down with the tyrant!'

'Shout thou too,' cried one evil-faced fellow, advancing a threatening face towards Padro, 'or, by the saints, this goes through thy heart!'

Pedro waved aside the levelled poniard with one hand, and smiled calmly.

'Shout!' again cried the murderer—his clothes were decked with finery torn from ladies' garments.

But as he spoke a second time he advanced his face still more, and laid bare the vulnerable spot beneath the ear. Pedro struck once, and the man sank to the ground without a moan.

In that reeking atmosphere of blood there was no time for nice discrimination, and Pedro's action passed unnoticed. He surged forward on the resistless tide of men, and strained his eyes to see over his fellows' heads. A fear that he could not name was in his heart; but he thanked God the wife of the President was not on that draped dais. Evidently she had escaped, or—— Pedro's knees trembled under him. If she were dead!—struck down by the frenzied murderers!

He broke through the crowd, hearing as he went Manuello's last words:

'To-morrow, at the dawn, then. To be shot.'

The muleteer made for the palace steps, and confronted the sentry there.

'Her Excellency—she is dead?' he asked breathlessly.

The soldier curled his fierce mustachios and said killingly, 'No; she escaped. It was the doomed man yonder who sent her away in time. But, my friend'—he tapped Pedro confidentially on the shoulder—'knowing what we know—that she loves him, eh?—it were better for her that she died with him. She will live in hell.'

Pedro had heard all he desired to know. His angel, his divinity, was safe. No idea was yet born in Pedro's brain, for he was but a simple man, whose face was like the President's, a fact on which the sentry commented as the muleteer turned away.

'Hide thy face,' he cried warningly. 'It is a dangerous one.'

Pedro mounted The Wolf and broke through the howling masses. Out and away from the reek of blood and smoke he rode at a hand-gallop, his heart full of a song of thanksgiving that his goddess had escaped; and so riding, he came to the *posada* on the hill where he had rested after his wound. The girl was no longer there, but the old man who owned the place had much to say. He spoke ramblingly of revolutions in the past; but when Pedro turned to go, and threw down a peseta impatiently, the old fellow grinned.

'A girl on a horse, her hair flying in the wind, her eyes starting with fear!' he cried, shaking a palsied hand towards the hills. 'She passed an hour agone. Her face was like Death himself.'

'What manner of face was this?' said Pedro.

'Very fair indeed. *Si, si;* but such a face as a man might love to have upon his heart. A beautiful face, with raven hair about the white brow. She rode a mottled roan.'

Pedro remembered the mottled roan. It was rather a curiosity in that place, where the horses were chiefly bays or browns. What if this flying fugitive were Her Excellency herself?

He leaped upon The Wolf and struck the big spurs home. Like a thunderbolt the mule leaped forward up the slope, and the watching innkeeper saw nothing save a cloud of sun-sparkled dust.

'He is a deep one, that Pedro!' he said as he ambled back to his brazier.

(To be continued.)

OUR MOTHER MOSCOW.

By MAY BALDWIN, Author of *Peg's Adventures in Paris*, &c.

PART I.

'MON dieu! it is madness—sheer madness.'

It was a bright, spring-like day, although it was midwinter, and the boulevard in Paris where the above words were spoken was gay with the spring toilettes of the light-hearted Parisians, who on the smallest encouragement put on cheery spring garb.

'It is madness,' they repeated when I announced my intention of leaving their gay capital and going to Moscow, and that as soon as our ambassador should be convinced that I was a fit and proper person for the British Government to extend its protection to in the shape of a passport.

'Wait at least until the weather is warmer,' they protested, 'and then things may be more settled. Why, it is full revolution there now! The trains may even stop, as they did last year, and you will not be able to come back.'

Thus, and with many more warnings, did they implore me not to be so rash as to run into certain discomfort and possible danger. But 'woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still,' and two days later saw me off to the 'Heart of Russia,' having but one word of Russian to carry me through that always disturbed country. That one word was *da* ('yes'), and it has its limitations.

'I must say,' I observed to my travelling companion—a pleasant Russian lady—as I peered gloomily out of the window of the German train on our way through German Poland, and saw snow, snow everywhere—'I must say that it was more cheerful in Paris.'

'Having previously explained, in answer to her inquiries as to why I was going to Moscow, that I wanted a complete change, she reminded me of the fact, and began to talk enthusiastically of 'Our Mother Moscow' and the beauties of the Kremlin, to see which had long been one of the desires of my heart.

At last we heard all along the train the word 'Alexandrovna' and knew that we were at the Russian frontier, so braced ourselves up for a tussle with the Russian custom house.

They seem to be in no hurry to augment their population—the Russians—to judge by the time they kept us and our train waiting before they took any notice of us, though the sparseness of their population, we thought, might have suggested the advantage of encouraging desirable visitors.

But this same desirability is a point upon which they have strong doubts, as is well known, and just now they are more nervous than ever. We were locked in our train, and three Russian soldiers—tall, bearded men in long, thick, blanket-like overcoats, with black leather belts, black astrakhan caps, and regulation sabres—came to the door of our compartment and demanded 'Passports,' which word is wisely the same in most European languages. They were examined always with the same suspicious air that is so irritating to the average free-born Briton, who is accustomed to be considered an honest man until he is proved to be a rogue, and objects to be considered a rogue until he is proved to be honest, as is the way in Russia.

As an example of their point of view on this matter, here is a 'discussion' I had with a Russian official when I wished to leave Moscow for England without having asked the leave of the police, which leave they refused to give because I had not mentioned to them that for the last three days I had gone on a visit to friends and (heinous offence) 'slept in an unknown house' without previously notifying the police. Indignantly I pointed out the distinguished position of the Russians with whom I had been staying. With stolid countenance, though perfectly polite, he replied in French, 'Madame, you did not tell us you were going to stay there. *Why* did you not tell us [that is, the police] that you were going to stay with this lady?'

Naturally I replied that I had not seen the necessity, nor did I see it then.

Patiently he explained, 'Madame, we must know what you were doing those three days.' When I in my turn demanded 'Why?' he replied in the tone of one giving interesting information, 'You might have committed a murder.'

'In that case you ought to be glad to get rid of a dangerous criminal,' I suggested; and then, my patience being out, I added, 'And if you were to spend your energies in looking after real criminals of that sort (instead of wasting your time on me), and keep them in your own country, we should be obliged. We are not keen to have your Nihilists in ours.'

What might have been the result of this rash remark will never be known, for a suave member of a foreign consulate—not the English—who had been listening with amusement to this passage of arms, and at my request not interfering, as I was 'sure I could arrange the matter myself,' now interposed, and handing his card to the official, settled the matter in two minutes.

But to return to the custom house, out of which one does not get much more easily than I did out of Moscow, I got off fairly well compared with our two travelling companions, both Russian ladies, one of whom tried to smuggle, and was so heavily fined for having hidden a new silk gown that she had to leave some of her wardrobe for

which she refused to pay; and the other of whom, a gentle, timid-looking little woman, unfortunately had the same name as a 'wanted revolutionary,' and was only allowed to pass on with her passport after she had been well scrutinised by a number of officials and her features compared with those of the suspected person. After this I was relieved to escape with having my boxes ransacked—which they do most thoroughly—so that one wonders how any contraband literature or other matter gets into the country, as get in it does.

As a matter of fact, though my boxes were eventually passed as innocent and labelled to that effect, for reasons unknown to me two of them were detained at the frontier and only followed two days later. When they did arrive they were frozen, and the effect of touching the icy contents was to make one start with cold, and hastily carry the clothes to the hot-air pipes to thaw.

Having received my passport back, to my relief—for I had begun to realise its importance—I made for the Russian train, and from that moment until I left Russia I ceased to breathe (figuratively speaking) while under Russian roofs.

No words can describe the heavy weight of the air, nor the torture it is to English people fond of fresh air to be imprisoned in a Russian interior, whether it be a train, hotel, house, or public building, in winter; but some idea may be gathered from the fact that for the six winter months all windows are double, hermetically sealed, and have wadding between the two windows to prevent the slightest breath of air penetrating into the interior.

Oh, that two days' journey from Alexandrovna to Moscow! No air within, and nothing to distract your attention without. Every traveller has expressed his feelings on the subject of the long, endless, weary, dreary, snow-clad plain with forest and apparent desert, apparent desert and forest, succeeding each other in monotonous melancholy procession, and never a town or village, in the English acceptation of the word, to relieve the monotony of the scene. Even Russians own to feeling the depressing effect of the landscape, and do not attempt to defend it or find beauty in the ocean of snow which stretches as far as one can see to the horizon. Occasionally a lonely peasant wending his way through a field of snow would be seen, and arouse one's compassion for his solitary lot and one's curiosity as to where he could possibly live; or a sledge with a muffled-up driver would be driven across the plain, where no roads or hedges could be distinguished, and only a few snowy heaps told the initiated that some *isbas* or peasants' huts were there, half-buried in the snow.

How glad we were when one of the conductors came to collect tickets for Warsaw, and we were informed that we were near the Polish capital, though we could see no sign of a great city being near! We had to change trains here, which would make a diversion and give us breathing space.

A friendly Russian lady in the train took compassion upon my helplessness and limited vocabulary, and told me that if I liked to join her in a sledge she would take me across Warsaw to the other station and see me into the train for Moscow. Needless to say, I accepted the offer with gratitude and alacrity, and we were soon jolting along the streets of Warsaw (Varzava, as it is pronounced in Poland), in a sledge through a bitter snowstorm.

It was half-past eight o'clock in the morning, but we had not gone far before my companion, touching my arm, said, 'Look—prisoners;' and following the direction of her eyes, I saw for the first time a Russian political prisoner being conducted to the police office. Whether because he was the first or not I cannot say, but he made a deep and painful impression upon me. He was a tall and intellectual-looking Pole; my companion surmised him to be a professor or barrister, and he looked very ill as he walked along free so far as his custodians were concerned, for the two gendarmes or soldiers—I could not tell which, for at that time I had not learnt to distinguish the uniforms of the two, both consisting as they do of long overcoats and fur-edged turbans—walked behind with a yard between them and their prisoner, though near enough for their fixed bayonets to transfix him if he was so ill-advised as to try to escape.

He was the first, but in that quarter of an hour before nine o'clock in the morning we saw no less than five political prisoners, the other four having students' *serviettes sous le bras* (that is, the black brief-cases used by students abroad).

We were both glad to say good-bye to poor Poland and delighted to find that by our speedy crossing of Warsaw we had just caught the Moscow express—save the mark!—and were soon off to Moscow in a *train de luxe*, as my new friend called it; after hearing which I wondered what an ordinary train was like. I wanted out of curiosity to travel in one, but the sight of it damped my ardour; a cattle-truck in England would be preferable.

Our 'express' stopped about every half-hour at what was ostensibly a station, but as no passengers alighted or boarded the train, some of us who wanted to get to our destination failed to see the object of these endless delays. How tired we were of the glaring snow plains and the skies laden with unfallen snow, and how glad we were when, after another day and night, we were told that we were near Moscow!

Here again there was no sign of an important city being near—no suburbs, no habitations even—but we soon came to the station at Moscow, and I saw my friends on the platform. Then I learnt my second Russian word, the word I heard the oftenest in Russia. It was *Pojaluista* ('please'). The Moscow equivalent to a 'cabby' taught me that.

In order to engage a sledge a good deal of bargaining is absolutely necessary, and the same performance is gone through a hundred times a day no doubt by the sledge-drivers. The hirer mentions his destination and the sum—from twopence halfpenny to

eightpence—which he proposes to pay. The driver doubles it, you repeat your price, he descends kopeck by kopeck until, tired of the discussion, you walk away, he following at a walk till finally he says, '*Pojaluista*.' He has accepted. No one thinks of walking in Moscow, so that first day I had six drives in six separate droskys or sledges, and six times did we, or rather my companion, go through exactly the same ceremony, and so did everybody else. It sounds futile, but such is the custom in Moscow, and at all events it is less unpleasant than dealing with some London cabbies.

There is a Russian proverb which says, 'He who has not seen Moscow has not seen what is beautiful.' That may be a matter of dispute, but the day I arrived at Moscow, after a timely thaw which had melted the snow on the roofs of the houses and the domes and cupolas of Moscow's four hundred and eighty (so they say) churches, it was bright and frosty, and Moscow was beautiful with an Oriental beauty.

It is probably the first impressions which are the most truthful, and what struck me most that first day was the predominance of green—green roofs, green walls (to some of the houses), green domes to the churches, sometimes spangled with gold or silver stars, sometimes not, and green on the officials' gray uniforms. Later on I became aware of a perfect riot of rich colours, pink, blue, gold—in fact all the colours of the rainbow; but I remember that my first remark was, 'How fond the Russians seem to be of green!'

Opposite my hotel was a pink church with sky-blue cupolas spangled with gold stars. I grew to dislike that church after a time. I mean its colouring, and only forgave the artist when it helped me to 'find myself' one day when I had hopelessly lost myself and could find no French or English speaking person to tell me where I was.

I was told that any well-dressed person would be sure to speak either French or German. I do not wish to be critical, but people in Moscow do not dress well in the street; or, to put it differently, well-dressed persons do not walk in Moscow. In winter, as a rule, they take horrid little sledges, only wide enough for one person, properly speaking, unless they are rich enough to have their own sledges.

The second thing which struck me was the beggars, and they taught me my third word, *niet* ('no' or 'not'), which I invariably said when they asked me for alms. Lest I should be thought stony-hearted, I may mention that one day I gave to a most deplorable-looking object, whereupon during that (my first) walk alone in Moscow no less than fifteen beggars followed me, to my great alarm. Before I ventured out alone again I had learnt to say *niet*, and it was quite enough; they always took it for a final answer, without insolence or dispute, poor creatures!

A Russian told me that it is only since the revolution that they have become so troublesome, for now the Government 'dare not interfere with them, and they swarm in the streets'! Once I counted the number outside a church on a feast-day. There were forty, and they stood in two orderly rows, through which the worshippers had to pass, each with his fur-edged cap in his hand.

The third thing I noticed was that no one seemed to laugh in the street, or if you did see a smiling face it was that of a French or German man or woman. I asked whether this also was the result of the revolution, but was told that the Russians are 'like that.' Perhaps this struck me more from the contrast between Moscow and Paris, where people smile through life.

Perhaps also it was owing to the fact of my having spent the previous few months in the Vosges Mountains, where the cold was intense, that I did not feel the cold so much—that first day, I mean, for there came days when I did indeed feel the cold till it numbed me so that I felt nothing.

We drove up, with the flourish peculiar to Russian drosky-drivers, to the door of my hotel, and half-a-dozen hall porters of kinds came forward to help us to descend from our sledge—which, as it was not a foot off the ground, was not such a difficult matter—to take my luggage and my goloshes (which I did not happen to wear, to their surprise), and to usher us into the hall. When I left the hotel there were ten men in the hall and a row of servants in the passages, of which custom I had fortunately been warned and told to provide myself with change to tip them—not such a deadly matter after all, as they are satisfied with a small coin.

My rooms, one inside the other, had been engaged, and I was glad to get to them and see a bed again, and if the windows had opened, instead of being, as usual, hermetically sealed and double, I should have been quite happy.

'You will soon get used to it,' my friends assured me; 'you must wear very thin things in the house and only dress warmly to go out.'

Excellent advice no doubt, but as one generally went out to see people or 'sights' (that is, public buildings), which meant going into other overheated and underventilated rooms, the advice was not so practical as it sounded. The Russians, of course, are enveloped in furs from head to foot, and spend enormous sums on furs; but these are not 'walking' attire. However, as I have observed, one does not walk much in Moscow, so I soon took to a cumbersome wadded cloak and light house dress. Thus protected from the wind, I felt a sledge drive to be most exhilarating, especially with the sun shining brightly and making the snow sparkle and causing icicles to form on the eaves of the houses. I never saw such enormous icicles in my life nor such fantastic shapes as they assumed, those first days when Moscow was recovering from the sudden and unexpected thaw to which I was so grateful for letting me see the minarets of Moscow and the Kremlin in all its glory.

(To be continued.)

LONG-RANGE PHOTOGRAPHY.

By Captain OWEN WHEELER.

ABOUT seventeen years ago the scientific world was a good deal interested by the introduction of a new form of photographic lens which bore to the ordinary lens much the same relation that the telescope bears to the ordinary eye. Previously it had only been possible to photograph objects at long ranges by using lenses of very long focus, which required an equally long extension of the camera. To render satisfactorily an object only a mile or two off a lens having a focal length of five or six feet might be necessary, and a camera with that extension, however beautifully built, is a cumbersome piece of apparatus. In such cases enlargement is a help, but it has its limitations. If you take a photograph with a lens of, say, eight inches focus, and then enlarge it nine times in order to get the same effect in point of size as would be obtained with a lens of six feet focus, the result will be woolly and unsatisfactory. For in the film of the finest grain plates there is a granularity, due to the sedimentation of silver particles, which when enlarged more than five or six diameters become disagreeably perceptible.

Accordingly, when Dr Miethe in Germany, and the late Thomas Dallmeyer in this country, began to discuss the telephoto lens, as it came to be called, the new arrival was rather eagerly welcomed. In theory the thing was fairly simple, and the process by which the ordinary photographic lens was converted into a sort of photographic telescope was not at all difficult of comprehension. In its simplest form, indeed, it was and is quite captivating in its artlessness. Behind an ordinary photographic lens is placed a 'negative' lens, and a greater or less separation between these negative and positive elements, coupled with a corresponding adjustment of the camera extension, produces a greater or less magnification of the image produced by the ordinary lens when used alone. With a single telephoto lens a number of different magnifications can be produced; and by using a 'high-power' combination, and a fairly long camera extension, marvellous results, especially in the clear air of Switzerland, were obtained in the early nineties by skilled enthusiasts.

But in practice the telephoto lens often proved disappointing, and it soon dropped out of favour, in spite of the heroic efforts which the late Mr Dallmeyer made to popularise it. In reality it is rather a complicated instrument, which, if the best results are looked for, has to be constructed with the very greatest precision, and which even then needs expert handling to produce pictures which can be readily mistaken for those taken with the ordinary lens. The latter as manufactured by a good optician is full of beautiful 'corrections' for chromatic and other aberrations, and when a negative lens is added in order to convert it into a telephoto system those corrections are liable to be disturbed. Then, again, the amount of light which is passed by a telephoto lens is small compared with that passed by the ordinary lens when the latter is employed by itself. To use the technical formula, it varies inversely as the square of the magnifications. In other words, in taking a telephotograph at five magnifications the exposure has to be, *mutatis mutandis*, twenty-five times that which would be needed in an ordinary photograph of the same subject.

Lastly, as the rays which go to form the telephotographic image enter the lens at a very small angle, a good deal of superfluous light is sometimes admitted, which causes internal reflections and consequent flatness or veiling of the negative. This used to be a common failing in almost all telephotographs, and was perhaps the principal obstacle to the early popularity of the telephoto lens. It was, to say the least, disheartening, after buying a costly telephoto attachment and mastering its peculiarities, to be able as a rule only to get negatives more or less marked by that ugly obscuration which is familiar to all photographers under the name of 'fog.'

The telephoto lens still needs careful handling, and cannot be readily used at any but very low magnifications for snap-shot work. But latterly the simple expedient of using an extended hood to prevent internal reflections has practically banished the demon of 'fog' from the region of telephotography, and one can now get just as bright pictures with the telephoto as with the ordinary lens. Opticians, too, are producing new and distinctly improved negative lenses specially calculated to work harmoniously with certain positive lenses, with the result that telephotographs taken with a comparatively short exposure at about ten magnifications can now be fully enlarged three or four diameters without any serious loss of definition. In this way enormous magnifications can be produced with the help of an attachment of only moderate power. But a high-power lens has recently been patented which enables direct high-power telephotographs to be taken in an ordinary half-plate camera, and in these pictures a distant object is rendered the same size as it would appear if taken with an ordinary lens having a focal length of six yards!

Naturally, military men are interested in the possibilities of the telephoto lens, and both in this country and abroad a good deal of quiet attention is being given to it. The need for increased exposure makes it difficult to use the lens for balloon work, but even here there are signs that practical

results will eventually be attained. Those interested in the potentialities of balloon photography will find the subject very fully discussed in *Airships Past and Present*, by Captain Hildebrandt, of the Prussian Balloon Corps. But incidentally they may take it from the writer that instantaneous telephotographs can now be taken under favourable conditions which will nearly, if not quite, satisfy the requirements of the military aeronaut.

The extent to which telephotography may become serviceable to the Navy is at present doubtful; but there seems little question that eventually the telephoto lens will play an important part in naval reconnaissance. The fact that a ship standing several miles out to sea can secure a permanent record of an important piece of coastline is alone of some significance, to say nothing of the opportunities which the telephoto lens affords for studying details of forts, harbours, and naval construction without exciting observation. Apart from the more serious purposes of the fighting naval service, telephotography offers a new and delightful pastime to the yachtsman, who at present does not take the trouble to photograph much of the littoral which he passes, because he knows that with the ordinary lens the result would be a mere uninteresting thread in which details would hardly be discernible with a strong magnifier.

Travellers, and more especially explorers in mountainous regions, will soon come to regard the telephoto lens as the most important detail in their photographic equipment. Already telephotography is successfully employed in the Alpine region for the purpose of mapping out the details of peaks for the benefit of future climbers. But this is a circumstance compared with the services which a carefully selected telephoto lens might render on an expedition such as, for instance, that with which the name of the Duke of the Abruzzi is associated. Architects and engineers, again, have many uses for the power which telephotography places in the hands of a skilful and intelligent operator. It must often occur in the course of great building and engineering operations that a record of progress is desirable which with the ordinary photographic outfit is only to be obtained, sometimes at considerable risk, by means of scaffolding, cradles, or other contrivances. Here the telephotographer steps in and easily does what is necessary from firm ground, simply because he is to all intents and purposes turning the ordinary lens into a very effective sort of photographic telescope.

It is almost needless to expatiate upon the value of the telephoto lens in natural history. The public are already familiar with some excellent examples of bird and animal telephotography; and, now that the telephoto lens is becoming better known, it is probable that a considerable impetus will be given to its employment for this class of work. At the same time it must be borne in mind that it is in this particular connection that the limitations of the telephoto lens are specially obvious. The lens, as already explained, is essentially and necessarily a 'slow' lens, owing to the decrease in the amount of light which it passes as compared with that passed by the 'positive' lens when used alone. The advantage of being able to photograph a bird or an animal at sixty yards instead of at thirty feet is sometimes rather dearly bought by having to give an exposure nearly forty times longer than it would be in the latter case. Still, the telephoto lens in natural history has amazing possibilities, and opticians are preparing to meet the demand which will inevitably occur for objectives specially adapted to this purpose. Quite recently the great Jena firm of Carl Zeiss has placed upon the market two tele-objectives with foci of about eighteen inches and thirty-five inches respectively, which work at the comparatively large aperture of f/10, an optical achievement which can only be fully appreciated by those who have made instantaneous telephotography a special study. Several English makers also have lenses which, properly combined and properly handled, are sufficiently rapid to enable capital bird and animal studies to be made without unduly attracting the notice of the shy creatures concerned.

TO PEACE.

Oh, must thou only reign when darkness comes!
Can the white moon alone thy blessing win,
When fair above the city's towers and domes
The evening star shines? Nay, thou shouldst begin
Thy tender benediction with the dawn,
When the awakening world stirs in its sleep,
When the sun's beams across the wave-crests leap
And turn the dew to opals on the lawn.

Come forth at sunrise and at noon, and be
A shield to anxious hearts and brains that strive
Through weary hours, when most we crave for thee
To keep the pulses strong, the soul alive.
Whisper the magic words which can dispel
The doubt-mists of the mind and calm wild fear—
Thou, who dost bless the forests bleak and sere,
Thou, who dost guard the wild-flowers in the dell!

Wrapped in imperial robes, serene of brow,
A goddess, dwelling in far realms divine!
So high above the restless world art thou,
Dost thou not care that mortals fret and pine?
That we must seek thee veiled, with bated breath,
Lest ugly scar or sigh should fright thy grace?
That we must woo thee in some darkened place,
And win thee only with the plea of death?

'Tis life that needs thee! As a mother fold
The tired children closely to thy breast;
And, as a maiden loving, proudly hold
The lordlier souls who give the world their best.
Oh, come across the mountains and the sea,
And dwell beside us all the busy day!
Then, when the azure deepens into gray,
Lead us to thy still land of mystery.

Constance Farmar.

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SIXTH SERIES.

AT THE DAWN OF BRITISH HISTORY.

By Sir ALEXANDER MUIR MACKENZIE, Bart.

DR THOMAS RICE HOLMES, assistant master in St Paul's School, London, author of a learned work on *Cæsar's Conquests in Gaul*, which has met with high approval, has followed it up with an equally interesting and important book on *Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Cæsar* (Oxford: Clarendon Press). In his inquiries regarding Ancient Britain he has made his work practically an account of the country, as far as was possible, from far beyond the date to which the creation of man used to be referred, down into historic time; from tertiary and quaternary strata, through the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age, down to the tribes that resisted the Romans, who threw the first illuminating glance upon our condition at the dawn of written history. On the main questions discussed in the book hardly any certainty can be attained, for the author points out that 'it is impossible to define with anything like arithmetic of chronology, to fix the exact date of the commencement, the duration of, or the transition of any age.'

We present a few notes gleaned from or based upon the eminently suggestive epitome of our unwritten history by Dr Holmes.

It is coming to be generally admitted as probable that there was in the Tertiary period a creature who may be termed man, the progenitor of the more highly developed man of the Quaternary period, with its Ice Age or ages. One of the earliest efforts of the Palæolithic man, the man of the older Stone Age, would be to make use of some kind of weapon to defend himself against the carnivorous animals more powerful than himself, and accordingly he began to fashion flint and other stones into knives, hatchets, and arrows.

Those who made the very first efforts are named 'eolithic' man, and their rude attempts at tools 'eoliths' (i.e. 'stone implements of the dawn of time;' as palæoliths are 'ancient stone implements'). Mr Harrison of Kent, who has been investigating different finds of flints of the Palæolithic Age, as well as those of the Neolithic, has classified those relics found in the Kentish chalk as eoliths — flint implements of a ruder or more primitive type than even the palæoliths. They seem to have been in existence at a time when Britain was receiving its last touches from the mighty scalpels of the disappearing Ice Age; but flints, wherever found, must always be received with caution, as it is by no means certain that all of these show marks of human workmanship.

There are two kinds of chips, or flints—those of nature and of man. On Dartmoor and in Cornwall the granite chips, here named 'clatters,' lie in confused masses round their parent tors, and no man can guess the age of these fragments, which, due to purely elemental causes, can by careful inspection be distinguished from the very rudest of human efforts. But the value of the human-made chips is a convincing evidence to those who can read. In one of the Cheddar caves in the Mendips there is a well-worn seat, fashioned out of a block of stalagmite, some feet in thickness, on which must have sat the primeval man, chipping his flints—'massy fragments of another world'—into arrow-heads, spear-points, or knives, of which numerous tiny chips at the base of the seat buried in the débris of centuries testify to this day. Naturally, 'chipping' infers a hammer.

Another step forward, and we find man in a state of transition, but improving on his predecessor in his weapons, arms, and ornaments. Greater care and skill were used in preparing the flints and antlers for tools or spear-heads. The relics found in the valley of the Somme and in every quarter of the inhabited globe bear witness to this. According to Johannes Ranke, in the caves of Mentone and Gibraltar, and Kent's cavern, man was further engaging in the development of his religion, in commemorating the attributes of his gods, and paying respect to the deceased. Honour to the dead was as much a religious sentiment in the Neolithic Age as it is to-day among the Japanese, while the different branches of the Aryan or Celtic

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families have left behind them many mighty monuments of this idea. To confine ourselves to Ancient Britain, the dolmens, barrows, men-an-tol, cromlechs, monoliths, and circles are 'stones crying out' to us to demand their meaning. From Land's End to Orkney we find these expressions of worship, of a cult lost to us, and of which we have hardly a key.

'It is easy to laugh at the guesses of Camden and the theories of Stukeley; but they were only framing the hypotheses which are as necessary for the progress of archæology as of other sciences;' they were indeed, Dr Holmes reminds us, the pioneers of antiquarian lore. He specially notes such circles as the 'Hurlers' in Cornwall, associated as it is with legend of the very earliest British Age —a rough double circle of undressed monoliths; Stanton-Drew, with its elaborate circles, attributed to the sun, moon, and planets; together with an avenue styled the 'Weddings,' having its counterpart in many parts of the world, set up with huge masses of breccia, each huge stone hauled, as old writers tell us, by one tribe. Similar methods were employed by the Egyptians of old in moving huge monoliths, and Professor Gowland in his *Stonehenge* shows illustrations of these.

The barrows are a distinctive feature of the Neolithic Age, in their various shapes, according to the custom of the tribe or individual. Dolmens and cromlechs mark places of sepulture. The dwellings of this period assume some better form. Weapons, implements, and ornaments show attempts at decoration; but toward the end of the period working in metal had made its appearance and so marked the beginning of a new epoch, known as the Bronze Age.

It appears, though not in Britain, that there was a Copper Age, before the alloy of copper and tin was discovered. The oldest piece of bronze to which a date can be given is believed to have been cast in Egypt in 3700 B.C. Working in metal naturally produced a great improvement in all kinds of tools and weapons, as well as ornaments, amber (electron) and gold being found on the latter; while axes, spears, and javelins were pushing out the stone weapons. The 'beehive' huts and hut-circles—of which 'Grimspound' on Dartmoor is a notable example—belong to the Bronze Age. Broken pieces of pottery are found in different localities, and numerous vessels of metal, more or less ornamental, show the step forward.

The great temple, in double circle, of Stonehenge is treated by Dr Holmes as a sort of climax to the Bronze Age. The huge trilithons, fixed as they are by mortise and tenon, show a decided advance on the equally large undressed blocks of Avebury, scarce a score of miles away; to be surpassed in due time by the acme of pure architecture, the Early English of Salisbury Cathedral (in 1225–70). The standing stones of Stennis in Orkney are not commented upon.

It was in this age that Pytheas, a Greek, sailed from Massilia (Marseilles) to explore the British (Tin) Islands. Passing through the Pillars of Hercules, he coasted Iberia (Spain) and Gaul, and explored the coast of Britain as far north as Ultima Thule. Whether this be Shetland, Orkney, Iceland, or that mysterious place called the 'Green Island' (by a latter-day writer) is a matter of conjecture, and is not determined; but doubtless he obtained a very good idea of the form of our islands, the probable riches therein, and last, but not least, of the races inhabiting them. The island is supposed by some to be called 'Bretanic' from *Qrtanoi*, possibly the Brythonic or Gaulish equivalent of the Goidelic or Irish *Cruthni*.

His voyage marks a new era—the Age of Bronze is passing, and making way for the early Iron Age; although, as found in the camps of southern England (notably at Cranbourne Chase, excavated by General Pitt-Rivers), there still remained stone and bronze implements for some time to come.

The working in iron—mining, smelting, and fashioning—was probably introduced into Britain by the Gallic invaders five or six centuries before Christ (of whom the best known are the Belgæ); and the innovation naturally had a great effect on the form of implements and weapons.

About 400 B.C. coins were introduced bearing the head of the Greek Philip, although already there were extant some coins of the Bronze Age; but the first actual British coin does not date before 200 B.C. Though there were still cave-dwellers in various parts, dwellings and towns were being formed, and 'hill-forts,' strongly entrenched, such as Worlebury on the Severn, Carnbrea in Cornwall, the vitrified forts in Scotland, and exemplified by the city of the Picts; this might be Abernethy or Inchtuthill, Perthshire. In these are found ornaments, such as brooches, wheel-shaped pins, bracelets, and decorations in many forms, all showing a considerable advance upon the work of the bronze period.

Religion was much influenced by the Roman mythology, and the British deities became mixed up with the classic gods, such as Jupiter, Minerva, and Mars. Sepulture reached a higher phase. The cult of the Druids was now extending, and had a large part in the religious, social, and probably political life of Old Britain.

The ordinary scholar or antiquary has been too apt to generalise all monuments which he cannot satisfactorily account for under the term Druidical; and it may be useful even here to treat them to a mild douche of explanatory chronology.

Druids and their cult are not heard of until 200 B.C., and it is held that Druidism originated in Britain and passed over into Gaul. The origin of customs and laws is traceable back to the neolithic period, and Druidism was quite probably at its height when Stonehenge was completed. It cannot be held as an inseparable part of the Celtic religion, but it is by no means proved that it was

universal in Britain. Druidism was doubtless of comparatively late growth, and the old temples and sepulchres met with in Ancient Britain have an ancestry far earlier than is suggested by the too general designation of 'Druids' stones.'

Divitiacus, an Arch-Druid, was a friend of Cæsar and of Cicero. The Druids, as a sacerdotal caste, resembled the Brahmans of India. Some of their customs were not peculiar to them; thus the cutting of the mistletoe was a German rite. Here is the adjuration of the Druids, as conceived by the Yorkshire antiquary, Godfrey Higgins, in his *Celtic Druids* (1829):

> By the bright circle of the golden sun,
> By the bright course of the errant moon,
> By the dread potency of every star,
> By the mysterious Zodiac's burning girth,
> By each and all of the supernal signs,
> We do adjure thee by this trusty blade
> To guard yon central oak whose holy stem
> Invokes the spirit of high Taranis.
> This be thy charge.

To Soldiers:

> Worship God, do no evil, be valiant in battle.

The voyage of Pytheas to Britain having prepared the way, as it were, for a further change, the Romans cast their eyes beyond the continent of Europe, and determined on exploring pastures new in the island visible from the shores of Gaul.

In 55 B.C. Julius Cæsar, the great Roman general, determined on landing in Britain—the 'Cassiterides,' or 'the Tin Islands'—of which he had heard as having been visited by the Phœnicians from southern Spain and the Greeks from Marseilles. 'In the war of the Gauls, he [Cæsar] resolved to pass into Britain, whose peoples had ever assisted the Gauls.' Cæsar landed in Kent in 55 B.C., at a spot between the North Foreland and Dover, and the scene of that debarkation is most graphically described by him. Cavalry, Balearic slingers, Numidian archers landed, and were met by the Britons with their chariots and hurlers of javelins.

Next year, 54 B.C., Cæsar again invaded Britain, landed between Sandown and Sandwich, and engaged with Cassivellaunus, the commander-in-chief of the Britons, who seems to have relied greatly on his force of chariots to keep the Romans at bay. Having defeated Cassivellaunus, Cæsar advanced inland, and crossed the Thames at some point between Richmond and Oxford. The most likely place is said to have been Brentford, and his march inland and his method of crossing the river were minutely recorded.

The result of the two campaigns of Julius Cæsar, as far as the Romans were concerned, was to open out new regions for conquest, to be entered upon in future years, and carried out by Plautius (41 A.D.), Agricola, Vespasian, Prefect Lollius Urbicus, and Septimius Severus.

But the chief operations of which we have any record were conducted by Agricola in his seven campaigns, culminating in 84 A.D. in the great battle of Mons Grampius, and his recall by the Emperor Domitian.

The effect was to introduce the British islands to the civilised world, to teach the Britons the arts of war and the methods of building and bridging, as well as to lay the foundation of many laws and customs traceable to this day. As an island of great natural wealth, Britain attracted the notice of the general traders of the world, and its position was geographically and politically recognised. So that we of the twentieth century look back with interest to the visit of Julius Cæsar to Ancient Britain, for it was then we were linked on to the highest civilisation in the world at the time.

CASIMIR LE SOMBRE.

CHAPTER XV.

AS I turned into the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées and walked up toward the Arc de Triomphe, I met a crowd of holiday folk enjoying the first really warm rays of the spring sunshine.

Nurses in spotless white caps and bright-coloured ribbons; charming children running and romping gaily among the trees, which were already bursting into leaf; dapper little soldiers in blue coats, red trousers, and white gaiters; stout, well-to-do shopkeepers, with their wives and families, all chatting, laughing, and sitting on the iron chairs in merry groups to watch the splendidly appointed carriages that were fast beginning to fill the central drive. Everybody seemed bright and happy except myself! Had none of these cheerful, smiling, well-dressed people any cares or memories of lost dear ones to temper their mirth? No doubt they had, for not a few of them were in black; but with the facile gaiety of their race they had thrown themselves heart and soul into the enjoyment of their holiday, and they were happy.

I soon discovered that I was not able to pass through the crowd without attracting attention. Many of the people that I met turned round and looked after me; some even overtook me and passed me again, not staring rudely, but evidently regarding me with curiosity. Was it because among all these joyous faces mine alone was sad? A whispered conversation that I overheard behind me solved the mystery. 'I tell you, *ma chère*,' said a voice, the bluff tones of which the speaker was trying in vain to subdue, 'it is a

boy, a handsome boy if you will, but still a boy in woman's clothes.'

Nor was the honest bourgeois who confided this theory to his wife to be blamed for his suspicion. My short-cut hair and the dragoon-like stride which I had acquired from the habit of walking about in spurs, with a sabre dangling at my heels, must truly have made me look very different from the coquettish little Parisians, tripping daintily along in their high-heeled shoes. Trying to subdue my walk to a more conventional standard, I at last got clear of the crowd and entered the *porte cochère* of a handsome hotel in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice, where, I had been told, the Countess lodged. The *concierge* said she was at home, and bade me ring at the right-hand door on the first floor; so, passing up a broad marble staircase, I soon found myself ushered into a handsome drawing-room full of mirrors, gilding, and costly upholstery, where everything seemed to speak of wealth and comfort.

'Will madame tell me her name?' said the servant with his hand on the door.

'Casimir,' I replied mechanically.

'Madame Casimir,' he repeated, and before I could stop him the man was gone. In a few minutes there was a rustle of silk behind me, and Deotima entered with that air of polite inquiry on her face with which people generally greet a complete stranger. I must have been sadly changed by my wound, for even when we stood face to face it was a moment or two before she recognised me; but when she *did*, a low cry of delighted surprise escaped from her lips, and her greeting was so tender, so warm, and sister-like that, as I was still far from strong, my eyes filled with tears—though not of pain.

'Here come Sigismund and Ladislas,' said Deotima at last, as she heard her husband's footstep on the stairs, 'and they shall thank you themselves.'

'Brother, this is the young soldier to whom you resigned your command, and to whom you owe your life.—Sigismund, you know that had it not been for Gabrielle your poor wife would now be in Siberia.' In their good-nature they would insist that I had done them all a great service, and if love and kindness on the part of my friends could have made me happy I ought to have been so.

Of course Deotima and the Count insisted that I should stay with them, and had I wished to move in the brilliant society of that gay capital I could have done so to my heart's content, for my story had got about, and many great ladies of the Faubourg St Germain begged the Countess as a special favour to bring me to their parties. Even the special correspondent of an English daily paper, a portly little Jew, whose head reached hardly as high as my shoulder, did me the honour to interview me. But all this gaiety and notice only caused me pain, and I longed to return to the rustic quiet of my native village, and be free to dream *alone* of the past among the hills and woods which had been so familiar to me in my happy childhood.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was not without difficulty that I induced my kind host and hostess to consent to my leaving Paris, for they wished me to make my home with them always; but when they really discovered how ardently I longed to return to Alsace, they promised that if I would delay my departure till May they would themselves accompany me there, and see me settled in a new home before taking leave of me. Thus another month slipped away; and one lovely spring morning we all took our places in the train for the nearest station to my native village.

The only public conveyance we could obtain on our arrival was an old char-à-banc that had seen better days; but when the driver, cracking his long whip, shouted, '*Heu! heu!*' and the bells began to jangle on the horses' necks, I felt happier than if I had been driving in the Empress's carriage; for I was going *home*.

My heart beat fast and thick as I looked once again on the soft, undulating line of the Vosges mountains, clothed almost to their summits with waving chestnut-woods, and saw the little thatched hamlets nestling in the valleys, gay with bright gardens and rich, green pasture-lands—they spoke of *home!* Presently the driver discharged a whole volley of cracks from his whip, like pistol-shots, and we found ourselves jolting and bumping over the round stones that paved the long, straggling street of my own village. I was at *home!* Nothing seemed changed; there were the Père Galoche, our old Tourenne cooper, and the Mère Poupo with her seven children in white caps and blue pinafores, and Fritz the sabot-maker, all sitting at their doors just as I left them sitting there two years before.

And that pretty girl in black with golden hair—why, that must be little Eulalie; but what a change those two years have made in her! Ah! there is Monsieur le Curé, who chided my poor father for dressing me in boy's clothes; he is getting very old now, and, like the others, does not recognise me as he politely lifts his shovel-hat in return to the Count's salutation.

Now we approach the 'Boule d'Or,' and I can see the buxom landlady smiling welcome as she watches our char-à-banc from the door; but we pass her by, and I look at Deotima inquiringly, for there is no other inn in the village.

'Sigismund has got a little cottage in the neighbourhood,' she says rather nervously, 'and we thought it would be pleasanter for you to come and stay with us for a few days till your plans are settled.'

So we emerge again on the long, straight road bordered with trees, and I soon catch sight of the white wall of my father's garden, and eagerly point it out to Deotima, who only smiles and nods.

Then—am I dreaming?—the char-à-banc pulls up at the gate, a motherly-looking servant in a snowy-white cap runs out with a pleasant greeting, and in another moment I am handed into the old familiar parlour where I have so often sat listening to my father fighting his battles over again, after the manner of old soldiers.

How the home-memories crowd upon me! for though the rooms have been freshly painted and papered, and the furniture newly covered, everything looks so familiar.

'The fact is,' says Deotima, speaking very fast, 'Sigismund heard about a month ago that the old Chevalier from whom your father rented this cottage had died, and—and we took the liberty of buying it in your name; and if you will not accept so small a souvenir from us, why, we will never speak to you again. No, I *will not* listen to a word. Come, dear, you must let me show you your room;' for she sees that my heart is too full to answer.

'And how can I accept all this from you who have lost so much?' I asked that evening as we were all seated round the dinner-table.

'Why,' said the Count gaily, 'we are not so hard up as all that. It is true, poor Deotima has lost her jewels, but they realised over a million of francs, and a little bird tells me it is not impossible that I may even save my estates; money and interest will do a great deal in Russia, and I still have a few friends in high places.'

They stayed with me a week, and then returned to Paris. When Deotima was putting on her hat in my room on the last day, and the old char-à-banc was waiting at the door, she said archly, 'You will be getting married soon, Gabrielle, and, mind, we are to have an invitation to the wedding—that's a promise. Sigismund will be so disappointed if you don't let him give you away.'

'No,' I replied wearily, for her playful speech brought back all the old pain, 'I shall not marry even if I live to the age of Père Galoche.' And I honestly thought *then* that I was speaking the truth.

'Nonsense,' cried Deotima, seizing me round the waist and drawing me to the glass. 'Look in *there* and see if your own face doesn't tell you a different story. Why, child, let me see; you are only just nineteen, and quite an eligible *parti*, too, with your house and your garden and your father's 3 per cent. Rentes. Ah, I fear the young men are more mercenary in France than they are with us; you will have to come back to Poland if you want to find a good husband.'

She little knew how her words pained me, for was not my heart already in Poland, buried with my poor Maurice in the dark waters of that fatal swamp!'

CHAPTER XVII.

THE spring bloomed into glorious summer, summer ripened into fruitful autumn, the corn was cut in the yellow fields, the grapes grew ruddy on the trailing vines, the vineyards rang with the merry voices of women and children gathering the juicy harvest; and still I lived apart in my pretty cottage, dreaming of the past, not bitterly, but gravely and sadly; trying to find occupation in the homely duties around me, visiting the sick or helping the poor according to my modest means, tending my little garden, and occasionally taking long walks into the country, where the sweet companionship of birds and insects, rippling brooks and rustling woods, soothed my spirit, and at last taught me the lesson that the world of nature around me is *always* beautiful in every varying phase, and that it is the discontent of our own hearts alone that makes it ever appear dark and sad.

Thus time glided quietly by, till one evening near the close of the vintage season, when all our people were away at the vine-presses, and the sun was sinking slowly behind the purple line of mountains in a tender glow of golden light, as I was working in my garden I heard the distant tones of a violin.

The sound made my heart beat, for it brought back memories of that ride through the sombre glades of the Polish pine-forest when I first met Maurice; and going to the little green gate, I leant over it and looked along the straight, dusty, sunlit road, across which the tall poplar-trees cast their shadows in parallel lines like the rungs of a ladder.

Slowly climbing up this shadowy ladder came the figure of a poor beggar-man, stopping every now and then before the windows of some cottage to play the violin he held in his hand, and then wearily resuming his journey, for the villagers were away in the vineyards, and there was no one to give him money.

At last he paused before my own house and struck up a lively little gavotte which I believe was composed by Louis the Thirteenth; but its gaiety only brought tears to my eyes, for it had been a favourite with Maurice. Crossing the road hastily, I placed a franc in his hat, and as I did so I noticed that he reeled slightly and sat down on the bank with his hand to his forehead.

'It is nothing,' he said faintly; 'I have not tasted food since yesterday. Thank you for your charity, mademoiselle.'

His face turned towards mine with the dying glory of the sun upon it, and *then* I knew him.

Pale, careworn, and emaciated, it was my own Maurice risen from the dead!

'Come in,' I said hoarsely, almost choked with my own emotion; and, taking him by the arm, I led him into the parlour and placed food and wine before him. He ate it gratefully, as one who has not tasted food for many hours; but every now and then I saw his large blue eyes turned on mine with a strange, dreamy, wondering expression.

'You have a good heart, mademoiselle,' he said at last. 'Do you know, you remind me somehow of a dear friend whom I have lost.'

'Really! How did you lose him?' I asked in a strange, muffled voice which I hardly recognised as my own.

'He was my commander, mademoiselle. I was a soldier once, and we were parted by—the chances of war. Poor Casimir! I afterwards heard that he had been shot.'

'But how were you parted?' I asked in the same strange voice.

'I was badly wounded and left for dead in a Polish swamp. When I recovered consciousness I was lying up to my neck in water. It was night, and I could see the Russians—against whom we had been fighting—hunting about for their dead with lanterns, so I had to remain in my hiding-place till morning, and this gave me the fever. I believe I wandered about the woods in a delirious state till some good peasants found me and nursed me kindly, for the Russians had left their village. It was many months before I was able to get about, and then no one was allowed to cross the frontier without a pass; so I stayed with my kind preservers, trying to do what work I could to repay them for their hospitality.

'At last I succeeded in reaching Austrian Poland, and the French Consul gave me some money, with which I bought this fiddle; but the authorities ordered me to leave the country, and I begged my way till I reached France. I had written home two or three times, but my letters were either stopped or lost, and I got no reply; so I am now on my way to my native village to prove my identity, for I am an orphan, mademoiselle, and I fear all my little property has gone to strangers. I have had many trials,' he continued, sighing, 'and your kind face reminds me of the friend whose loss seems the hardest trial of all. He did not love me as I loved him, and yet once I thought, as I lay wounded in his arms, he kissed me on the forehead, and spoke to me as tenderly as a woman could have done. Ah, mademoiselle, you have a good heart;' for he saw that my face was bathed in tears.

'Oh Maurice!' I said, 'I am your friend Casimir. Do you not know me?' And all my heart seemed to go out to him in that cry. He grew deadly pale and rose from his seat, looking at me eagerly by the fading light that streamed through the little window.

'You Casimir, my old leader! You—a girl!' he said with a half-sob. 'Yes, it is—it *is* the same face! Ah! this accounts for the strange way in which I felt drawn towards you.' Then our eyes met, and opening his arms, he took me into them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAURICE did not continue his journey that night, but stayed at the 'Boule d'Or,' and shortly afterwards, with the assistance and advice of my father's old friend the Juge de Paix, he was able to prove his identity and recover his property.

One sunny day late in the autumn, when the woods had put on their robe of russet leaves and the mountain-peaks were sparkling with freshly fallen snow, we two were made one before the altar of our little church.

The Count and Countess, true to their promise, were there to give me away; and before returning to Paris, Deotima hung round my neck a beautiful gold chain to which was suspended a locket with a White Eagle on it set in diamonds. Of the five happy years we spent in our Alsatian home till the disastrous war between France and Germany broke out I need not speak. Then some of the principal people of our district, to whom my story was known, came and formally asked me to take command of a corps of Franc-Tireurs, in my old character of a guerilla leader. But while I was still thinking what to reply, our little Deotima opened her innocent blue eyes and smiled at me from her cot; and if before I had any doubts whether women should take part in scenes of bloodshed and violence, I now felt quite certain that a mother ought not to do so.

Maurice, therefore, took the command of the Franc-Tireurs and fought all through the war, while I busied myself in organising an ambulance staff.

After Alsace and Lorraine were finally ceded to Germany, we sold our house and bought a pretty little estate on the banks of the Loire, in that part of Touraine which is called the 'Garden of France,' and where the softly wooded hills sometimes remind me of my native valley. Here the Count and Countess, who have now regained their possessions in Poland, often come to visit us; and over the fireplace in our drawing-room hangs a sword of honour which was presented to Maurice by the members of his corps, together with the sabre that I once wore as Casimir le Sombre.

THE END.

OUR MOTHER MOSCOW.

PART II.—A DAY'S SIGHT-SEEING IN MOSCOW.

THE next morning on entering my sitting-room I was greeted by a flood of sunshine. I wondered whether it was very cold; the rooms being at one uniform high temperature, it was impossible to tell. So I mounted upon a table in order to open the one and only little square pane which was openable at the top of the window, and, lo! I was in the midst of a miniature snowstorm; everything in the room was covered with tiny particles of snow, and I felt a stinging sensation of cold. I promptly shut the aperture, wiped the furniture guiltily, and calling to mind forgotten science, concluded that the air in the room had frozen, with the above result.

At all events one fact was clear: it was a day for furs; so, enveloped in furs, I stepped into my friend's *troika* (that is, a three-horsed vehicle like a victoria, very near the ground and decidedly narrow for two people). The horses, all three abreast, were very fine, and against the middle beast I have nothing, but the two outside animals turned their heads incessantly towards us, the right-hand one keeping his eye determinedly on me, while the other one observed his mistress. This is an acquired accomplishment and much admired in Russia; unfortunately to English eyes it is reminiscent of a circus performance. Moreover, we were decidedly over-horsed, with the result that we sped over the snow at breakneck speed along streets crowded with traffic, and round corners which, if a church happened to be situated there, were dangerous, as the coachman, on arriving in front of the church door or of the holy picture which is to be found outside most churches in Russia, divides his attention between his horse and his devotions. Having taken off his fur hat, our coachman tucked it under his arm; one hand was occupied in crossing himself innumerable times, and this left only his left hand free for driving. The only fairly safe drive I ever took in Moscow was with a godless cabby, who passed churches and even the holiest shrine without any notice.

Our coachman was a quaint enough figure in his astrakhan turban, and enveloped in a long, wadded, full-skirted, blue cloth coat, which broadened out from the shoulders, was about two yards round where the waist generally is, and from there resembled a crinoline. The more inflated your coachman the smarter, and in the merchant classes his belt—of two yards, remember—and his buttons are often costly and gorgeous affairs.

The attitude of Russians of the upper class towards their servants struck me as half parental and half that of a slave-owner. My friend was very good and kind to her servants, and they seemed to regard her with great affection; her maid had been in the family sixty years, and was treated like a valued friend. All the family kissed her affectionately when leaving home, and yet I have heard her scolded like a naughty child.

This attitude of the Russians caused me to make a stupid mistake one evening. It was after a dinner-party, and about eleven o'clock my friend invited me to come and pay a call with her. Personally I should have preferred English calling hours. I do not think one is at one's best at that hour after a fatiguing day, but such is Moscow fashion. We all went into the hall, which resembles a fur-shop, with all the furs hung round. Three servants of sorts, including her old maid—it takes three Russians to do one man's work—were helping her to put on her furs and snow-boots (though we were not going to walk an inch), and an old general, an exception to his race and class, who was of the party, and who hated the English so much that he had been barely civil to me—an attitude which I patently resented—to make amends came forward to help me on with my cloak. Having heard my hostess say '*Tak*,' or some such word, to her servants when they had aided her, I followed her example and, as I imagined, thanked the old man graciously by saying the same word. I saw a look of surprise on his face, and guessed that something was wrong, so in the carriage demanded an explanation. It appears that *Tak* is equivalent to 'That will do,' and is only the way you thank a servant in Russia. At present it is the fashion to say '*Merci*.' I am sorry, but after all I distinctly heard him say '*Angliaki*' (which means English) in a most offensive tone, and he was the only Russian I ever met who was not most courteous and kindly. But to return to our drive and our coachman, who had been a serf, he stopped of his own accord before the holy picture of Moscow in the little chapel or shrine of the Iberian Mother of God, which stands between the two archways that lead from the Kitai Gorod, or Chinese town, into the Red Place, on one side of the Kremlin. This is the spot to which the Czar, when he comes to Moscow, pays his first visit, and kneels bareheaded before the holy picture.

These holy pictures play an important part in the religious life of the Russians. They are carried to the houses of the faithful in cases of sickness, or on any other important occasion, for a sum of money. While I was in Moscow the daughter of a friend was betrothed, and the servants came to say that a holy picture was quite near; they had seen its carriage standing in the street, and might it come in and bless the pair? It is the peasants who keep the faith; the nobles are less pious. However, the picture was sent for, and from the window I watched

its arrival in a gilt coach, being carried by two priests. It was brought in and placed upright upon a table with candles, and some prayers were said.

It happened to be this very picture, a painting of no artistic value at all; but so much is it revered that when it is 'hired' a duplicate is slipped into its place, so that it may not be missed by the constant stream of worshippers at its shrine, and I wondered which picture I was looking at — not that it mattered to me, for the interesting thing was the shrine, with its splendid jewels and gold roof.

When we had admired the shrine, we got into the sledge again and drove round the Kitai Gorod, that part of the city encircled by a curious white wall, and presently turned into the boulevards, of which the inhabitants of Moscow are so proud, broader than those of Paris, or indeed any other European town. But what a contrast to the gay boulevards of Paris! Instead of the light-hearted, laughing Parisians in their brilliant toilettes, accompanied by trim cavaliers, who apparently have nothing else to do but pay them compliments, those grave, silent, dignified Russians enveloped in furs, driving in sledges the bells of which were the only cheerful sound to be heard as they slid over the deep snow. But it was not only the brightness of Paris and the bustle of London that one missed; it was the street cries, and above all the shrill cry of the newspaper boy or the hoarse voice of the 'extra special' hawker, hurrying along with the 'latest intelligence,' that one missed. There are no exciting 'extra specials' in Moscow, no specials at all—no newspaper men or boys that I ever saw; though there are two papers a day, I believe.

But it was not until we came to a level bit of road without much traffic, where our progress was less of a switchback nature, that, being accustomed to the crab-like movement of my off steed, and relieved from the immediate expectation of being pitched out of our sledge at the next turn or hillock in the street, I had leisure to notice the depression of Moscow streets. Tobogganning, by the way, is a favourite amusement, but I did not care about it, finding ordinary driving quite exciting enough. I should mention that this 'bumpiness' of the streets was the after-results of a thaw. Until then sledging had been smooth driving.

On this day, as has been said, the boulevards were deep in snow, and the gardens in the middle between the two broad roadways were deserted; but some weeks later, when the weather was warmer (that is, for Moscow, though in England we should call it winter weather) and the snow was partly melted and stood in huge heaps, sand had been carted into these gardens for the children to play with, looking so odd and yellow amid the snow; and groups of hardy little Moscovites, well wrapped up in fur hoods and tippets, were revelling in it, just as our street players do in some parts of London in the summer months, and then the boulevards took on a more cheerful appearance, though they still depressed me.

No doubt a knowledge of recent political events helped to sadden one, and one was reminded of Moscow's revolution of two years ago by the sight of the policemen in certain parts of the town standing with bayonets fixed or conducting an occasional prisoner through the streets—which, by the way, they could easily do in their prison-vans instead of marching them long distances through the town as they do.

But I was not allowed to dwell on these thoughts long, for now, as we turned a sharp corner, I involuntarily clutched at my friend, who in her turn grasped my hand as she said with a thrill in her voice and in accents of pardonable pride:

'Look! Look straight in front of you!'

We were dashing madly up an incline across a bridge over a sort of moat, which was planted with trees and shrubs. It was the moat of the Kremlin. I looked as desired in front of me, and saw that we were passing under a gateway into the Heart of Russia—the world-famed Kremlin. I had met my Russian friend some time before in Paris, and she it was who incited me to take this trip, and she had chosen the point of view best calculated to impress a foreigner at a first sight of her beloved Kremlin.

I was impressed.

Pictures of the Kremlin, with its battlemented, red brick walls, are familiar to almost every one, and it is well known that it is not a fort pure and simple but a fortified collection of buildings, including the Palace of the Czar, which he inhabits for his coronation, and six churches, one of them the little cathedral where the Czars are crowned, a much bejewelled and begilt church, and a great contrast to the church close beside it, where the Czars are buried in huge, hideous, box-like tombs.

The Palace of the Czar is a mixture of ancient barbaric splendour and modern lavish magnificence. I suppose the Hall of St George, in which the Czar holds his receptions, is the finest apartment, but in my memory dwell the old cramped rooms of former Czars, with their painted and mosaic walls and ceilings—among them the rooms which Napoleon occupied; and equally interesting the dining-hall in which the royal family dine alone on the occasion of the coronation, while the nobles, including the grand dukes, dine in a long balcony overlooking the dining-hall. The carpet here, a corner of which was uncovered for me to see, was unique and made by hand, of cloth-white ground—if I remember right—with brown, blue, and other cloths appliquéd on to it in conventional patterns by the nuns in some convent.

The public are not allowed to go into this apartment (and I was admitted only because my companion was an official well known at court), a fact of which I was not aware until, stooping down to

examine the carpet—which I greatly admired, and, truth to say, had a desire to copy for a rug—I was aware of a murmur in the background, and looking round, saw at the barrier we had passed a crowd of Russian peasants and sight-seers, who were not pleased to see the carpet which their 'little Father' the Czar had trodden upon on this sacred occasion, and which had been uncovered for us to see, touched by a foreigner. Needless to say, I hastily withdrew my sacrilegious fingers, sorry to have hurt the feelings of the loyal, loving Moujiks, and abandoned the idea of reproducing anything so beautiful.

To 'do' the Kremlin requires more than one afternoon, so we did not attempt it; but after looking into the two chief churches and the nunnery, we crossed over to the monument erected to one of the Alexanders, which overlooks the river just within the walls. I regret not to be able to give any historical details of this fine structure, gorgeous and gilded with true Russian lavishness, nor even to be able to say with certainty to the memory of which Czar it was erected; but the fact is, the monument consisted of a statue surrounded by three sides of a square of arcades, roofed inside with mosaics, giving a picture of all the Czars from the first Romanoff, with their names and dates.

My friend was a Russian of the Russians, and devoted to her country and her Czars, but a little consideration will show the reader that to see these Czars, read their names and dates, and hear their histories requires a turning up of one's face which causes a painful crick in the neck; and a little more consideration will cause the writer to be forgiven for issuing from those arcades after a miserable half-hour with a complete indifference to all the Czars, their dates or names, and only conscious of feeling very cold and mentally and physically worn out.

The coachman, who had been careering about over the snowy space, seeing us, swept up to us in fine style. My companion paused before she gave further orders, and cast a loving glance at the buildings of the Kremlin; then, mindful of my dislike to sight-seeing in general, proposed that we should just drive once round inside the Kremlin, passing the 'Great Bell' as it stood where it had fallen from the tower close by, the Czar of Cannons, and farther on the spot, marked by a cross, where the Grand Duke Serge was blown up by a bomb, and out at the famous 'Redeemer Gate,' through which every man, whether he be Russian or foreigner, must pass bareheaded.

It is said that Napoleon was the only man who ever broke this law with impunity, and even he, tradition says, had his hat blown off as he tried to pass through with his head covered. Last year, I was told, a daring American did try to ignore the signs made to him to uncover, and was promptly made to kneel and bow to the holy picture forty times. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that no one would be allowed to pass by hat on head unpunished.

Our coachman having satisfactorily uncovered and crossed himself, we passed out into the Red Place, where so many executions have taken place, and at the end of it we came upon the quaintest little church ever built or conceived by mortal eye. This was the Church or Cathedral of St Basil, which remains to amuse, delight, or torment the eye of man in spite of Napoleon's order to 'take away that mosque.'

This is the church to describe which travellers have exhausted all the similes and abuse possible. Hare calls it a nightmare, and another writer likens it to 'a stranded, jelly-like polyp of many colours, which has thrust itself out into knobs and excrescences, a most extraordinary mass of little terraces, galleries, pinnacles, small steeples, onion-like domes, pagodas, and Gothic windows in colours of red, green, lilac, yellow, blue, and other shades hardly to be found in the rainbow.'

This is not by any means all that this writer had to say upon the subject of that little church, but as I grew very much attached to it—so much so that it was called 'my church' by my friends—I will not repeat the rest of his abuse. All that I will say is, that if it is eccentric outside, it is still more eccentric inside. I once went in with a member of a consulate, who remarked that he took visitors of his nationality to see that church so often that he thought it must be his thousandth visit. I promptly asked his help to describe it in a letter home.

'Impossible,' he cried, shrugging his shoulders; 'one could never conceive such an edifice unless one had seen it; but you might say that it is of many colours and shapes, and that there are all sorts of nooks and crannies inside, and—that, in short, it is impossible to describe it, but you will send a picture post-card.'

This was his most brilliant suggestion, and not so brilliant as the post-card, which gave no idea of the real colouring or architecture. The reason I liked that church was simply that when I lost myself in Moscow and saw it, I knew at once where I was; there was no mistaking it; it was unique, and it is something to be unique.

After seeing this church we both felt that we had had enough of sight-seeing for that day at least, and the order was accordingly given to return to my friend's home; and so bitterly cold was it, now that the sun had disappeared behind a cloud—a snow-cloud—that I cared nothing for the reckless driving of our coachman, to whom collisions seemed a necessary evil, so long as we were hastening to warmth and tea, even though it was tea Russian fashion, without milk and with slices of lemon floating in it, and very weak.

One ceremony which I witnessed impressed me greatly; it was the funeral of a public man. The ceremony in the church lasted four and a half weary hours. I should certainly not have lasted it

out if I had not been with a Russian, who, being used to these lengthy religious services, stayed to the bitter end, quite unaware that it was more than I had expected, and that I was not used to a church without seats, where one has to stand or kneel all the time. However, now that it is a thing of the past and the fatigue forgotten, I am glad that we did wait; though I was somewhat taken aback when, thinking we were related to the deceased owing to our being in mourning, they made a way for us, and we found ourselves near the uncovered coffin, where the dead man lay in his official dress, with all his orders pinned on a white satin cushion at his feet. It was startling, and must be very trying for the relations; but the most trying moment is when the Farewell of the departed is chanted, a most touching and marvellous lament, which stirs one even though one does not understand the words, which are very beautiful.

After this the relatives and friends give their last embrace, and the coffin is covered and taken to the cemetery, where another service is gone through. I did not attend that, having 'stood' as much as I could.

Such are life and death in Moscow as I saw them, and it seemed to me that the former was perhaps the sadder.

Of their politics I know little and care less, but for the Russians I care much. A kindly, hospitable, people, with large brains, large hearts, and high ideals, they have no more sincere well-wisher than the writer that they may speedily and bloodlessly work out their own salvation.

PEDRO THE MULETEER.

CHAPTER III.

IT was the sight of a grazing horse against the dusky skyline that showed the muleteer where to find the fugitive. The mottled roan was feeding unconcernedly on the rich grass, and a little distance from him, plainly to be seen as The Wolf galloped on, a patch of white showed on the ground. Pedro had searched for long hours, for he knew that her fleeing instinct would be to climb, as it is the instinct of a lost child. The road that passed his mother's cottage was the only hilly road in the whole republic.

She was lying in a tumbled heap on a rocky ledge, and her dark hair clothed her as with a garment. Her dress was disordered and bore unmistakable traces of its hasty donning; but Pedro had eyes for none of these facts. He was bewildered at the heaving sobs that shook the slender figure. She never lifted her head as The Wolf's hoofs rang on the rocky soil at her side; she only sobbed heart-rendingly, her head waving helplessly on her small, white hands. Pedro leaped to the ground and stooped over her.

'*Señora!*' he murmured helplessly, possessed with a wild desire to bid her thrust her woe on him that he might bear it for her sake; and then again, '*Señora!*' She lifted her face for one moment, and a gleam of hope shot through the swollen eyes. Then blank despair took its place when she saw that the man who bent over her, though like her husband, was not he.

'Juan, Juan,' she sobbed piteously, 'come back to me!'

Pedro uncovered his head before her awful grief. He had never seen the beautiful face save when it was sparkling with happiness or tender with wonderful pity. Now he was more than half-afraid. He put one great hand on the tumultuously heaving shoulder, and his voice was very grave as he said, '*Excellenzia*, let me share the pain.'

'My husband,' she cried with a choking throat—'what have they done with him?'

Pedro was silent. How could he tell her that the man she loved was to die with the dawn? She raised herself on one hand and looked at him earnestly. She must have read his message in his face, for she threw herself down again and gave free rein to her passionate grief.

'He was too brave to flee from them—cowards!' she cried after a while. 'Now they will kill him like a dog. Unfit to lick the dust from his feet though they are, they will kill him, my Juan!'

'He may be saved,' said the muleteer helplessly, though he had not the faintest glimmer of light in his simple understanding.

She heard the words, and looked up again. 'You have heard, then?' she asked sharply.

'He is to die with the dawn, *Excellenzia*,' said Pedro deprecatingly, holding out his hands, with a helpless quiver of his face.

She looked once more, as though to read his inner soul, and then sprang to her feet. 'You lie!' she screamed furiously. 'Pah! you are a coward like the rest. I tell you, you man, that he is too brave to die. Who are you who dare come to me with such a tale?'

'I am Pedro the Muleteer, *Excellenzia*,' he said humbly—'he whom thou didst tend in the past time. It is but too true. I heard it in the city; I saw him sentenced to death. I would have attempted a rescue, but I was one and they were many. It would have meant him no good, and they would have shot him then.'

She realised the utter hopelessness of the situation now, and she wept no more. Pedro shrank back from her staring eyes and pallid face.

'Take me to him,' she whispered intensely. 'I will die with him; he must not die alone. He sent me away, knowing that this was coming; and, like a coward, I fled. But I will go back to him. I tell you I will go back.'

Then she tottered and stretched out her hands blindly. Pedro caught the swaying form and laid it tenderly on the hard ground. She moaned a little; but as the muleteer, as reverently as though in the presence of the angels themselves, placed one arm under the drooping head, her eyes fluttered a little, opened wide, and then shut tight. After that she did not move.

He picked her up in his giant arms with the ease of his strength, and looked vaguely about him. It was some distance to his mother's hut, but that was the only shelter to be found. He went towards The Wolf, and climbed laboriously into the saddle, still bearing his precious burden; and then, riding furiously, yet shielding her in his arms from the rough motion, he brought her home. She never moved, not even when he dismounted and carried her in to his mother.

'Water, Pedro *mio*, and wine. Haste, then, my son. The pretty one faints merely. So, she will recover.' The long lashes were already quivering on the white cheeks, but there was no further movement.

'*Por Dios*,' said the old woman, with a grimace, 'thou mightest be His Excellency himself, Pedro, bearing the *señora* in thy arms thus. *Teuf!* it is a romance.'

Gradually the germs of an idea that had been floating through the muleteer's brain during the ride home began to take clearer outline. All people he met were commenting on his likeness to the ex-President; he knew himself that he might have been his brother. And there on the rough couch, her breath coming in tiny flutters, lay the one to whom the man he resembled was dearer than life. 'It is well,' he said, and lifted his head with a new pride. What a man could do should be done to bring back the light to the shrouded eyes. His mother had gone from the room in search of some simple remedy, and the night had fallen fast. There was no light in the place now, save from the smouldering brazier on the floor; but by that light Pedro stooped and pressed his lips to the white forehead with grave reverence. Then he went out and caught The Wolf.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WOLF was sorely wearied, for he had done a good day's work already, but he made no demur when Pedro threw on his heavy saddle. Down the hilly road they clattered, and the earth seemed to turn itself to welcome the coming dawn as they raced on. With whip and spur Pedro urged on his beast, but it was within an hour of dawn when he reached the centre of the city. All was very quiet. With the sublime carelessness of their race, the victors in the previous day's *débâcle* had not posted any guards in the streets; and the only sound to be heard was the distant clamour of some drunken mob bent on pillage. Corpses still strewed the streets, and The Wolf stumbled once and nearly fell over a dead woman who clutched a dead babe in her arms. In another hour all this quietness would be changed. The prison doors would be thrown open and the yelling mob would press upon the escort's heels as the prisoner was led forth to die. But there was still an hour before that time, and in an hour much might be done.

It had penetrated to Pedro's understanding that by some means or other he must gain access to the prison. He rode there, but his heart fell utterly as he marked the strength of the guard about the doors. Manuello's trusted lieutenant, a scoundrel unalloyed, was in command of the guard, and him Pedro knew there was no hope of outwitting. To gain entry by the door was impossible, but there were other ways. Your true Spaniard does not always use the doors; he prefers the windows in most cases.

He dismounted from The Wolf, and approached one of the sentries.

'He dies with the dawn, then?' he said with an assumption of rollicking anticipation. 'Might one stand close here, that one may see the tyrant led forth?'

The sentry growled forth a sulky acquiescence, and Pedro searched under his coat. There was a pleasant gurgle as he drew forth his hand.

'It is a good brew,' said the sentry, smacking his lips. 'Nay, nay, I will leave thee a little.' But he drank it all notwithstanding, and after a furtive glance at the officer of the guard, who dozed in an arm-chair on the prison steps, he grew garrulous.

'He will assuredly die with the dawn,' he said. 'There will be no sport, for he will not cry out. *Bang, bang*, and it is all over.'

'But if he escapes?' asked Pedro with a motive.

'He will not escape. He is in the condemned cell, and no man escapes thence.'

The muleteer's heart gave a great leap of thankfulness. The condemned cell was at the remotest corner of the prison—he knew that well—and its only window faced on a narrow street that was seldom traversed. The prison authorities of Puerto Bianca trusted to the strength of the great iron bars to retain their prisoners for death.

'On second thoughts,' said Pedro carelessly, 'I will find a warmer waiting-place. *Adios!*' He vanished into the night, and the soldier yawned miserably. But Pedro was wide awake as he led The Wolf carefully round to the back of the prison. No one was in sight. Stooping, he muffled the

mule's hoofs in his rent shirt, and then led the animal close under the barred window that stood high up in the frowning wall. Then he mounted the saddle and rose to his feet. He could see into the cell, but could distinguish nothing.

He was surprised at the ease of the task. One great shoulder he inserted between the bars in the centre, and he thrust his hand between his coat and the rough iron. Then he began to exert his utmost strength, a strength that was more than trebled by his devotion to the white woman in the hills. He strained until the great sweat-drops coursed down his face; he wrenched and thrust, feeling the stout bars bend beneath his attack, until the knotted muscles on his arms cracked like to break. One other tremendous heave he gave, and the bars bent outward like straws. Then he thrust himself through the aperture, and groped about him in the darkness.

'What is that?' asked a voice from beneath.

'It is I, Pedro,' he answered thickly, spitting the blood from his mouth. He had broken something in his chest with that last great effort. A surprised murmur reached his ears, but he waited no longer. He forced his way right through the window and dropped on the hard floor.

'It is Her Excellency,' he explained in choking gasps, as a strong hand was placed on his shoulder. 'She weeps all the day, and looks her fears. She is up on the hills in my mother's hut, Excellency.'

The ex-President laughed bitterly. 'You have not come here to tell me this alone?' he said. 'Do the men of Puerto Bianca torture their victims, then?'

'No, no, it is not that, *señor*. She calls upon your name without ceasing, and she is very ill. I have come to save you.'

He felt the surprised start the ex-President gave, but the time was flying fast.

'It will be a jest to these people, *señor*,' he said hurriedly. 'I will take your place here in the cell—I am very like you in the face—Pedro the Muleteer, whom Her Excellency was kind to. You will climb through the window where is a hole, and will take The Wolf, who stands in the street outside. He will take you to her; trust him—he knows the road.'

Pedro was deaf to all protestations. The ex-President would not hear of such a quixotic sacrifice, and protested that he would stay and meet his fate like a man. Pedro was in despair, but his worship of the fair girl gave him an added cunning.

'Then I stay here, *señor*. There will be two men shot if we are found together. But if you go I will tell them the jest, and they will not harm Pedro—who always means well.' He was lying very freely now, for he well knew the blind fanaticism of an angry mob.

Then, as a further plea, Pedro drew a simple picture of the hopeless anguish of the girl in the hills. In few words and with useless gestures (for the cell was still as dark as the grave) he outlined her incoherent sobbings and drew a gloomy prophecy of her ultimate fate supposing her husband died. Then he felt for his companion, and began to unbutton the uniform coat Balcazia still wore.

In his tremendous grasp the ex-President was as helpless as a child. In less than five minutes the two men had changed clothes, and Pedro lifted the man in his arms to thrust him through the aperture.

'Leave it to The Wolf,' he said as he lowered Balcazia to the street. Still protesting, the surprised man groped his way to the mule and mounted. Straining his ears hard, Pedro heard the sound of the animal's muffled feet, and then he fell back from the window, half-senseless.

But the need for action came upon him. If the guard came and found the ruined window the deception would be made manifest at once, and his sacrifice would be all in vain. He groped about the small cell until he encountered a rough bench fastened to the wall. One wrench, and another, and the bench was free. He reared it against the wall and climbed upon it; then, with his last remnants of strength, he wrenched the bars back into their place. There was a dull ache in his chest, and his breath was coming in painful gasps, but his heart was light. He had repaid the debt he owed the fair woman whom he worshipped as a man might worship a star. So that when the dawn filtered through the window and the tramp of marching feet resounded in the corridor outside, he threw his head back and smiled.

'Come forth, Balcazia,' said the commander of the guard. 'It is time.'

'I am ready,' Pedro said proudly, and with folded arms and shining eyes he followed them forth.

A man in the stained dress of a muleteer heard the rattle of rifle-firing from afar, and he sobbed aloud.

THE END.

SPANISH INNS.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

THERE is all the difference in the world between a Spanish country inn and a Spanish town hotel. Even in A.D. 1908 Don Quixote would feel much at home in the average *posada* of the Castiles and Asturias miles from a railway. The same pig-skins of wine are in their cellars, the same blackened rafters in the common guest-room, the same jangling of mule-bells outside, and the same costumes and oaths are on the muleteers and their tongues. The electric lamps in certain of them would puzzle him until he decided, as he assuredly would if he had time to think it out, that they were the work of witchcraft and the devil, and therefore something to smash. But the merry dances, as of old, by the firelight in that great common kitchen, to the clacking of castanets or the tinkle of a guitar, might keep his noble frenzy in abeyance until he fell asleep on the floor like the rest of the company, with his sad head on his saddle-bag and his *monta* for a blanket.

The town hotels (*fondas*) are tame in comparison. They give you soft beds and good, if rather oleaginous, fare, but no company worth mention, and very conventional circumstances. They bloom in the sunlight of regular hours: dinner at twelve or so, and supper at seven or eight, notified in print. These hours, in the smaller towns, are very irregularly kept; but the distressed waiter will always blame the kitchen for that. They have also regular guests, all bagmen. This soon palls on the stranger in search of human types as well as scenery, adventures, and good wine. I have met no commercial traveller so silent and unattractive as the Spaniard. In so far as his personality impinges upon that of the stranger, he is nothing but a hungry animal. He and his brethren pace the dining-room for the half-hour previous to the prescribed time for the dishing of the soup, and the subsequent other half-hour or so, with grunts and growls of exasperation which increase with the movement of the clock's minute-hand. The long-suffering waiter comes and goes, apologising pathetically for the customary delay, and flicking at the flies with a duster; but he cannot soothe them. Even when all is ready and they are invited to fall to, they do not become genial like our own knights of the road. They croak now about the bad cookery. Their table-manners are often worse than the cookery. I have seen one eat in his hat next to another in his shirt-sleeves. Interpret this aright, and you will understand that, in spite of the sacrifice of their independence to the restraints of a commercial life, they are as proud of their birthright as any other Spaniard, and withal wholly careless about the feelings of their neighbours, notwithstanding the formal courtesies with which they sit and rise. I may be wrong, but I have often fancied that upon such occasions the Spanish 'commercial' eyes an Englishman with special disfavour as one who may be a rival in cottons or hardware. He has an old-fashioned belief, fostered by certain of his country's old-fashioned newspapers, that the Briton is still a demon at trade, pursuing it under all manner of disguises.

This kind of company gives no glamour to the life indoors at a Spanish inn. There is not even much chance of an outrageous bill. In certain provinces the tariffs are a matter of municipal arrangement. You find in your bedroom an intimation from the worshipful mayor of the town that under no pretext need you pay more than five pesetas a day for board and lodgings. It is agreeable news in its way, but it seems to make you and the maids and men who wait on you rather more like machines than is altogether desirable. The *muchacha* who brings you your chocolate in the morning is the only person who smiles on you. She comes in, however, without knocking, as if you were as insensitive as the bedstead; and of course she has thus caught too many men in their pyjamas, or less, to blush as well as smile at your own individual degree of dishevelment.

You are welcomed or not, as may happen, at these town hotels; but at the mellow *posadas* of the large villages which sleep all day in the sunshine and only rouse when their corporate flocks and herds come home in the short gloaming, you will be wise to expect no welcome at all. The landlord understands the mulemen and the bruised and fatigued old ladies and gentlemen whom the diligences discharge upon him in twos and threes by moonlight. They are not critical customers, and he knows just what to do with them. But a solitary foreigner is another pair of shoes; and if he is very anxious about his lodging he had better begin humbly with the large-paunched, imposing person in the flowered waistcoat and the immense sombrero whom the startled maid brings to him as her master. Like as not this gentleman will at once make excuses. He has nothing in the larder and no bedroom fit to be seen. But assure him you wish to take pot-luck, that the house must not disturb itself on your account, and that you will consider it a profound favour to be received on such—or indeed any—terms, and all may be well. Then it will perhaps be your privilege to be made free of the vast, flea-bitten establishment and the merry

smiles and capers of the black-eyed little hussies who swarm about it.

Even after this, until he feels quite at home with you, the gentleman may show little regard for your feelings. Allured by the gleam of glass, the bright fruits, and the flowers in his parlour—poor parlour, but the gala chamber of the house none the less—you enter the room and sit at your ease. But this display of magnificence is not for you. It is a saint's day, and mine host is expecting company of his own. The company arrives in a covered van while you are still stretching your legs and enjoying the perfume of the flowers; and in a moment or two they fill the room—peasant ladies with silk handkerchiefs round their sleek, black heads, and much jewellery, and enormous, broad-shouldered men like the landlord. Without even an apology, this last points you straight to the door. You in your broadcloth or tweeds will do very well in the kitchen, he gives you to understand, and to the kitchen you go.

Here, amid noisome flies and nasty fumes, there is company enough of another kind—cooks, maids, children, dogs, cats, and smaller creatures. But it is your own fault now if you do not get fed somehow, if your patience and courage do but hold out. I know nothing more murderous of appetite than to be a forced witness of the preparations for a meal in a downright orthodox old Spanish *posada*. There is the chase of the toughest of the roosters in the adjacent sand-patch; a chase punctuated by the shrill and—to the modest stranger who understands them—very surprising blasphemies of the cook, knife in hand, resentful of the aged victim's agility in its last moments. There are the subsequent proceedings from feathering onwards; there is the chopping of bread for the soup with the same knife that beheaded the fowl, the smearing of grease—— But why continue? This land, so fertile in proverbs, has one germane to the situation: '*Quien las cosas mucho apura no vive vida segura*' ('He who looks too closely into things has but a sorry time of it').

By-and-by, having finished their own meal in the parlour, the rustics troop into the kitchen as a wider field for their vinous hilarity, and spread themselves about with fine pictorial effect. If, as is probable, they have a baby among them, it will be tossed into the air. Heated arguments arise between the men, and differences of opinion about the baby between the women. The words '*Conio!*' and '*Hombre!*' ring through their phrases. And the more contemplative of the company range themselves in front of the stranger's lowly table (the swing back of a venerable bench), and while they pick their teeth divert themselves with his idiosyncrasies much like a thoughtful solitary schoolboy before the monkey-house in Regent's Park. This, of course, is the stranger's opportunity. If he have the precious gift of adapting himself to circumstances, he may in a minute or two win the goodwill of these massive peasants, who face life fearlessly and care not for lords nor ladies. A smile for the dames, a pinch of praise for the child in arms, and an uplifted glass with a nod for the men, and you are near enough to the open sesame of their simple hearts. The mere words 'It is a bad Government,' tossed at random, may introduce you intimately to their sympathies. Praise the wine to the landlord's face and the trick is done completely. 'Why, he is just the same as ourselves!' one of them will exclaim in a burst of delight. More than possibly, the landlord's sledge-hammer hand now falls hard on your shoulder as he formally initiates you into his friendship with a '*Viva!*' And when the bottle of negrohead rum is brought forth from the many-coloured chestnut-wood coffer in his bedroom, to be distributed in very tiny glasses to the other ladies and gentlemen, you are not forgotten. Nor will you on your part forget the '*Hombre!*' of indignation which strangles your proposal that you pay for your tiny share of the rum as if it were an indulgence of your own commanding.

The nights are the most trying part of the entertainment in such a house, especially if it be at a cross-road corner; not so much because of the fleas as because of the constant racket outside. Wagon after wagon, each with its six or eight mules, comes grinding to its haven under the stars, with the music of bells and shouts which tell of the wine the men have quaffed on the way. There are also the little rat-trap diligences from remote mud-villages, bound for the nearest railway station and its first train in the morning. They shake their passengers together to and from the ruts and holes in the road like dice in a box, so that often human nature can stand no more of it, and the exhausted souls stagger forth at 2 A.M. or so, and lie down in the vast stable among the mules, horses, and men already supposed to be asleep. The village *sereno* or watchman is not so violent a nuisance, but even he makes against repose as he strolls under the window now and then, and drowsily proclaims the hour and the state of the weather.

There is as much going as coming in the night. The man in charge of a mere donkey-cart and a large barrel of wine may suddenly decide that he has reposed sufficiently. He has slept for an hour or two with his head on his animal's buttock and its tail fondly curled round his thick red neck. That, with his midday *siesta* under a fig-tree, while his animal fights the flies, will do very well for him; and, being aroused by new-comers, he likes the look of the stars outside. So up he gets, shakes himself, drags out his reluctant ass, and harnesses it for the road. The ass relieves its feelings with a bray as loud as a church organ, the muleteer silences the ass with a crack of his whip like a gunshot, and more wheel-creaking begins. So it goes on until the dawn, when the brown-and-blue pigs of the

house and all its poultry start a tumult of their own. They rush and trip about the corridors, and even burst such bedchamber doors as have not sound latches to restrain them. This is the time for the stranger to rise, call for his chocolate, pay his trifle, and wish his landlord an enthusiastic 'farewell.' The landlord's responsive, 'Go with God, *caballero!*' will, however, be matter-of-fact, and perhaps in a tone which makes you think he means rather, 'Go to the devil!'

The unseasoned tourist whom such treatment may irritate had better confine himself to the cosmopolitan hotels of the tourist towns. Had Shenstone travelled in Spain he would have hesitated ere writing that stanza about 'life's dull round' and the 'warmest welcome at an inn.' The average rural *posada* in the Peninsula is pretty much like this. There are variations from the type, of course, but experience will readily find a reason for the anomaly. It is either a new master, young, from a real town, and with what are called American ideas; or it is a lately imposed tax which has startled the old innkeeper into the discovery that he has nothing in his purse to meet it, and that, therefore, he must endeavour (once in a way) to profit by this manna in the wilderness in the shape of a stranger who has descended upon him from the clouds; or it is something else not so easy to describe. There is another proverb in the country, '*Ventera hermosa mal para la bolsa*,' which may be translated, 'A handsome landlady is bad for the pocket.' In other words, unless you pay your hostess all the compliments her face demands she will endeavour to give you emotions in the morning—with the bill. At least, I am willing to read no deeper into the text than this.

One need not rummage far back into the centuries for the causes which conspire to make the Spanish innkeeper so impressive and even haughty a personage. This land of sierras and blistering, dust-haunted plateaux has for generations bred folks with a rare conceit of themselves. Though tyrannised by his officials (from postmen to Secretaries of State) like no other people, he is at heart the most convinced democrat in the world. His king is only the first gentleman in a country where all are gentlemen except the Gallegos of Galicia, those contemptible worms who enjoy work for work's sake, and save money on it, too! The local pride of birth is immeasurable. An Asturian will tell you gravely that he is descended from one of Pelayo's men—that untiring three hundred who slew three hundred thousand Moors in the great fight for independence which started Spain afresh in its career as a Christian kingdom. A Basque points to the imposing stone escutcheon over his front door in evidence of *his* ancestral greatness. There may be a dung-heap before the door, but there is nearly sure to be that pompous stone shield over it, with or without the Guernica oak-tree in one of its quarterings. As for the Castilian, he must be assumed to be as brave as the Cid, as generous as Andrew Carnegie, as patriotic as Romana or Palafox, as amiable as he is brave, and as wealthy as he is generous. He is the best of them all in Spain, and if you behave to him as if you realise his many virtues of character and blood you will have no cause for complaint about his favours in requital. Thackeray has left us an amusing, if rather indelicate, sketch of Louis the Fourteenth in contrasted presentments as Rex—Ludovicus Rex—and mere bald and half-stripped, spindle-legged Ludovicus. The Castilian in full ceremonial panoply and as common man is something kin to that. Humour him in his monstrous self-esteem and you make him more than enough your friend. Though he die of suffocation from the flattering phrases you thrust down his throat, he will return you compliment for compliment, and with his last breath declare that he is no better than yourself, and that he passes away contented in having met you. A hundred years ago the French tried to win the Castilian's regard by hanging his relations on his own threshold and insulting his wife and daughters. It was Bonaparte's most serious tactical error in the Peninsula, and he paid for it. When poor in everything else, the Castilian is still rich in pride and the furious valour which bursts helmeted and armed from the wounds in his self-esteem. It is just because Wellington and the other British officers in command of the allied army omitted to flatter him, but told him plain truths about himself instead, that he is still far from mindful of the service we did his nation in fighting its battles.

But to return more closely to my subject. All Spain's country inns are not under such autocratic control as this of my sketch. In some of the poorest I have had charming entertainment at next to no cost. At Lubian, a miserable hamlet high in the mountains between Galicia and the Traz-os-Montes province of Portugal, I expected bad times. The house was a black, two-storied hovel, but it devoted itself to my needs with most gracious determination. The village was scoured for an orange to follow the bread-soup and omelette which was the best menu to be managed. The wine was almost undrinkable, but the orange was served on a lace napkin, and the little daughter of the house who waited on me rejoiced in its size. 'Never have I seen such an orange, *caballero*,' she declared. 'You will perhaps remember Lubian for it when you are again in your own country.' Upstairs I shared the one large bedroom of the house with I know not how many others, screened from them by curtain slips hung from the rafters. It was amusing, until I slept, to listen to their various snores. But by-and-by I woke in the moonlight, and beheld a slender, barefooted shape in white patrolling the uncurtained length of the room with a babe in her arms. 'Who is that?' I asked. The reply came softly from the little daughter of the house: 'Do not discompose your-

self, *caballero*. Sleep on. It is only I. The *angelita* is restless, and so I walk with her. But I will be very quiet.' The moonlight on the girl's face while she whispered is my best memory of Lubian, not its mammoth orange.

Cangas de Onis, in Asturias, has left a different impression. I came here on a fair-day, and the great barrack of an inn was crammed with tipsy and consequential *proprietarios*. The dinner was a banquet. There were dishes of fine trout, the *puchero* was perfection, the cherries were like little apples, and the wine was from a famous valley. Nevertheless, I got but little to eat, because I preferred not to scuffle for it in the local way. The heated maids had no time to sympathise with me and my lack of enterprise, and my fellow-guests thought only of themselves. Some smoked cigars between the courses, half of them wore their hats, and all were more interesting than the look of the dinner itself. Better still, they were exquisitely heedless of the presence of a stranger. I was thumped on the back two or three times by my neighbours with an invitation to 'Drink, friend!' and that too was very well in its way. And I spent the night with two of these raucous fellows in a room none too large for one.

A last vignette and I have done. Hospitality is not one of the Spaniard's strong points, and so the conduct of a certain young gentleman of Ginzo, in Galicia, seems worthy of mention. The Spaniard will often effusively offer you everything in the world, yet be astonished if you take him at his word to the extent of anything worth mention. This young gentleman of Ginzo was, therefore, a marked exception to his race. My supper was to be ready at eight, and at about half-past nine I sat down to it with him for my companion. He was, it appeared, affianced to the innkeeper's daughter, a calm-eyed girl who would have been beautiful but for the powder on her face. She waited upon us, and early in the meal the young man astonished me by the freedom with which he clasped her waist and held her when she brought the plates. 'She is mine, *señor*, when the time comes,' he explained more than once. Nor did she deny it.

As it chanced, I did not like the local wine, and said so. The young man took my objection much to heart. He called for other wines at his own expense. 'You will offend me, word of a gentleman!' he declared when I protested. 'I have a rich father, and it is a pleasure to me.' He appealed to his sweetheart to confirm his words, and I let things go. They went capitally as touching the new wine, but his conduct to his young lady did not improve. He kissed her now again and again, and after the sweets took her on his knees. But this was the last straw. With tears of rage streaking her powder, the *señorita* slapped his face violently and rushed from the room. Instead of bringing him to his senses, this treatment made him only the more determined to lavish his generosity upon me. He called for the landlord, and soon a dozen bottles of liqueurs were before us. I know not how many of them he tried, but two were enough for me; and eventually I left him. When I went to bed he was still with the bottles, too far gone for arguments to work upon. Nor was it any affair of mine to discuss him and his character with his future father-in-law. In the morning, however, when I had drunk my chocolate and was for the road, I mentioned him to the landlord. 'Bah!' cried the man, with a fine gesture, 'never will I give my daughter to such an one! He has done for himself, *señor*. I who speak swear it! To disgrace me and my house in that way before a stranger! And the girl is of the same opinion!' That sounded very bad. But as I rode away across Ginzo's wide plain for the mountains of Orense I had my doubts. In a village like Ginzo a rich young fool must have considerable value as a husband. Obviously it was his head rather than his heart that was at fault; and the innkeeper and his daughter might wisely put their own heads together to relieve him of its responsibilities in the future.

THE YEAR'S PRIME.

By leafy hedgerows, where the birds are silent,
Where whispering winds are breathing soft and low,
I seem to hear the 'farewells' of the summer
Breathed by the laden bees that murmuring go.

The scent of death arises from the grasses,
From all the weeds so closely twined and spann'd;
Weeds that in summertide were flowery masses,
Decking the lonely places of the land.

But all the specks of faint decay now glowing
On shrub and tree and on the humblest flower,
A tender peace to weary hearts is showing,
A hint of rest for our receding hour.

As fades the grass the days of man are speeding,
As grew the grass he grew to strength and glow;
And who would toil for ever in the struggle
Of crowds that hurry, pressing to and fro?

These last bright hours in tones of peace are closing;
The last pale flowers, the latest buds in bloom,
Wake softened anthems that, distrust composing,
Disarm the fears of dying and the tomb.

Each season has its beauty: springtime sprightly,
The full-robed summer with its dower of pride;
And last, not least, this death that falls so lightly,
Crimson and orange, like an Eastern bride!

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

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THE PRIME MINISTER'S PATRONAGE.

By MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

ONE of the most difficult and embarrassing duties of a Prime Minister must be the distribution of the patronage, civil and ecclesiastical—the bestowal of titles and decorations, the appointments to bishoprics and deaneries—which lies in his gift, subject to the approval of the Sovereign. This brings him closely into contact with the sordid side of public life.

Lord Brougham, in his *Statesmen of the Time of George III.*, writing, as he says, of his own official experience in the years when greedy place-hunters crowded round him as Lord Chancellor, declares: 'No one who has been long the dispenser of patronage among large bodies of his fellow-citizens can fail to see infinitely more numerous instances of sordid, selfish, greedy, and ungrateful conduct than of the virtues to which such hateful qualities stand opposed.' Richard Brinsley Sheridan is another witness to the meanness of politicians. In one of his great speeches in the House of Commons on the French Revolution, he ascribed the desertion of Fox by some of the Whigs to Pitt's lavish distribution of offices and honours. He said that this dirty traffic in lucre and emolument tended to confirm the pernicious doctrine 'that all public men are impostors, and that every politician has his price.' Then he went on in a scathing blast of satire: 'Nay, even from those who seem to have no direct object of offices or profit, what is the language which the actors speak? The Throne is in danger! We will support the Throne; but let us share the smiles of royalty. The order of nobility is in danger. "I will fight for nobility," says the viscount, "but my zeal would be much greater if I was made an earl." "Rouse all the marquis within me," exclaims the earl, "and the peerage never turned forth a more undaunted champion in its cause than I shall prove." "Stain my green ribbon blue," cries the illustrious knight, "and the fountain of honour will have a fast and faithful servant."'

If this repulsive picture of the demoralisation of politics was ever true—which I am disposed to doubt—it certainly is not true of the twentieth century. There probably is a good deal of selfishness in public life. Some politicians are influenced less by a sense of duty to the State than by the hope of reward. No doubt there is scheming and intriguing for the honours, places, dignities, preferments, stars, and ribbons which the Prime Minister has at his disposal. But the manifestation of human nature in public life cannot be so bad as it is depicted by the disappointed and cynical Brougham and by the ardent party man Sheridan, eager to score a point against his opponents. At any rate it is the comic aspect of this pursuit of the Prime Minister for offices and distinctions, so far as it is selfish and unworthy, that appears most conspicuously in the records of political history.

Happily the place-hunter, the claimant for a step higher in the peerage, and the seeker after ribbons and stars often meet with well-merited rebuffs. Pitt was induced by Sir John Sinclair to constitute a Board of Agriculture towards the end of the eighteenth century, and make him the President. Having enjoyed his office for a few years, Sinclair began to desire promotion in the social scale. 'Dear Mr Pitt,' he wrote to the Prime Minister, 'don't you think the President of the Board of Agriculture should be a peer?' 'Dear Sir John Sinclair,' replied Pitt, 'I entirely agree with you. I have, therefore, appointed Lord Somerville to succeed you as President of the Board of Agriculture.' Sir John Sinclair went about wringing his hands and exclaiming, 'Dear me, dear me! it was such a wilful misunderstanding.'

Lord Melbourne was indifferent to honours or distinctions for himself. The young Queen Victoria, anxious to show in some public way her high appreciation of the great services of her first Prime Minister, pressed him to accept the much-coveted decoration of the Garter. He declined the honour. 'Why should we waste the resources of the Government?' said he good-humouredly. 'A Garter may attach to us somebody of consequence whom nothing

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else will reach. But what would be the use of my taking it? I cannot bribe myself.' The undecorated coat of Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna in 1814 distinguished the Foreign Secretary of England in that gorgeously attired assembly of ambassadors. Similarly, the plain and unadorned costume of Melbourne, the Prime Minister, made him conspicuous in the crowd, glittering with stars and ribbons, at Court functions. It has been said that his vanity found a certain gratification in conferring honours upon men of nobler birth than himself. On the contrary, the authentic accounts we have of him in connection with the dispensation of patronage show that he had little sympathy with the craving for titles, and derived no pleasure in satisfying it. In the distribution of honours at the Coronation of Queen Victoria he seems to have been guided principally by party considerations. Here is a letter he wrote to Lord Lansdowne in June 1838 with respect to conferring peerages upon supporters of the Government in the House of Commons:

'I think it absolutely necessary not to vacate counties or towns at the present moment. I would, therefore, boldly lay down as a rule founded upon the necessity of the circumstances that we should make few members of the House of Commons peers. It follows from this that we must have a very limited creation, as it must be remembered that the claims of those who are in Parliament will be considered hereafter. I propose, therefore, to make only eight. English: Hanbury-Tracy, William Ponsonby, Sir John Wrottesley, Paul Methuen; Irish: Lissmore, Rosmore, Carew; Scotch: Kintore. I think if we adhere strictly to this we can stand upon it, and shall produce the least dissatisfaction, which is all that can be expected. The only promotions, Mulgrave to be a Marquis and Dundas to be an Earl. I am very desirous that the whole should be limited, as these large creations at Coronations are, I believe, quite unprecedented, and date no further back than the Coronation of George IV., who was overwhelmed with promises. If no Members of Parliament are made, the whole may be discontented, but no particular person can be. I hope that you may think this is the safest course that can be pursued in a difficult conjuncture. I send you John Russell's view of it, which is very much mine. All the Scotch agree that Kintore is the only Scotch peer we have who has fortune for it.'

The petty annoyances which usually follow the distribution of honours is illustrated by the following extract from a letter from Melbourne to Lansdowne on June 27, 1838, after the publication of the Coronation List:

'I have this morning received Lord Queensberry's resignation of the Lieutenancy of the County of Dumfries, upon the ground of Lord Kintore being made a peer whilst he is passed over.'

A peer who was an old friend of Melbourne called on the Prime Minister previous to the Coronation to urge that his long fidelity to the Whig Party deserved some recognition. 'Well, what can I do for you?' asked the Prime Minister. 'I don't care about it myself,' said the Baron; 'but my lady wishes that I should be an earl.' Melbourne, who knew that his friend was hardly rich enough to maintain an earldom, exclaimed, 'Why, you are not such a damned fool as that, are you?' A peer, who was already a knight of 'the Most Noble Order of the Garter,' but whose ambition was still unsatisfied—'a fellow,' as Melbourne described him, who was asking for everything, and fit for nothing'—wrote to the Prime Minister for an interview. 'What the devil would he have now?' said the worried dispenser of patronage. 'Does he want a Garter for the other leg?' A Scotch peer who was manœuvring for a decoration got a mutual friend to sing his praises in the ear of the Prime Minister. 'It won't do,' cried Melbourne. 'If I gave —— the Thistle he'd eat it.' Poor Melbourne, indeed, found it impossible for some time before the Coronation of Queen Victoria to escape from the hunters after titles and decorations. He had contracted the habit of talking to himself aloud, and one day, as he stood alone in the hall of Brooks's Club, divesting himself of his overcoat, he was heard to exclaim, 'I'll be hanged if I'll do it for you, my lord!' No doubt in imagination he was still being pursued by an importunate claimant for a higher rank in the peerage.

What was incorrectly said of Lord Melbourne, that his vanity found a vent in the distribution of titles, seems to have been true, to some extent at least, of Gladstone. Lord Morley in his *Life of Gladstone* writes: 'Once in a conversation with Mr Gladstone I asked him whether he remembered Peel's phrase to Cobden about the odious power that patronage confers. He replied, "I never felt that when I was Prime Minister. It came in the day's work like the rest. I don't recall that I ever felt plagued by improper applications. Peel was perhaps a little overfond of talking of the sacrifices of office. A man has no business to lay himself out for being a Prime Minister, or to place himself in the way of it, unless he is prepared to take all the incidents of the post, whether disagreeable or not. I have no sympathy with talk of that kind."' Lord Morley adds: 'He was far from the mind of a Carteret. "What is it to me," said that glittering Minister, "who is a judge or who is a bishop? It is my business to make kings and emperors, and to maintain the balance of Europe." To the bestowal of honours he brought the same diligent care as to branches of public business that to men of Peel's type seemed worthier of care.' Sir Edward Hamilton, who was Gladstone's private secretary, also declared that his chief found 'a pleasurable excitement in proffering a Lord Lieutenancy or a peerage, an order or a baronetcy.'

Having been four times Prime Minister during an aggregate period of twelve and a half years, Gladstone had ample opportunities of indulging

in this form of excitement. Like Melbourne, he would never accept an honour for himself; but he created sixty-seven new peerages; on his recommendation fourteen Scotch and Irish lords, who were not peers of the realm, were called to the House of Lords; he was also responsible for seven promotions in the peerage—one dukedom, two marquisates, one earldom, and three viscountcies; and the baronetcies created on his recommendation were ninety-seven. Gladstone must have had many applications, direct and indirect, for honours which he felt bound to refuse. That, no doubt, has been the experience of all Prime Ministers. There is a good story told of the way in which Disraeli got rid of an importunate applicant for a baronetcy upon whom, for sufficient reasons, it was impossible to confer the honour. 'You know I cannot give you a baronetcy,' said Disraeli; 'but you can tell your friends I offered you a baronetcy, and that you refused it. That's far better.'

In the *Life of Lord Randolph Churchill* there are some amusing letters from Lord Salisbury which make further contributions to the comical side of the subject. Churchill, when leader of the House of Commons, wanted some honours for his supporters. The Prime Minister writes: 'I am afraid that in the matter of honours I am as destitute as you are. The C.B.'s are all exhausted.' Again Lord Salisbury says: 'My Baths are all run dry.'

Titles, decorations, and distinctions are, of course, legitimate objects of ambition, and if their distribution appears at times capricious, narrow, or unwarranted, they have been on the whole worthily bestowed for eminent services to the State in all walks of life. John Leech, in a famous *Punch* cartoon published in 1851, represented the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, as a little boy writing 'No Popery' on the wall, and then running away. It was a satirically amusing illustration of Russell's precipitate action in passing an Act prohibiting the assumption of English territorial titles by the newly constituted Roman Catholic hierarchy, and then irresolutely declining to put its provisions into force. 'That was very severe, and did my Government a great deal of harm,' said Russell, talking of the cartoon to a friend years after; 'but I was so convinced that it was not maliciously meant that I sent for Leech and asked what I could do for him. He said he should like a nomination for his son to the Charterhouse, and I gave it to him. That is how I used my patronage.'

Every Prime Minister has also the bestowal of considerable ecclesiastical patronage. Lord Salisbury had to appoint to almost every bishopric during the years he was Prime Minister, and to some of them more than once. He is said to have been known in ecclesiastical circles by the most appropriate name of 'the bishop-maker.' There is a story told of a dean of St Patrick's, Dublin, named Packingham, who wrote to Wellington, his brother-in-law, at the time he was Prime Minister: 'My dear Duke, one word from you will get me the vacant bishopric;' and received the following laconic reply: 'My dear Dean, not a single word.' But we have had an interesting confession from Gladstone on the subject of Church preferments which shows that the sense of duty, not the hope of reward, is the distinguishing note of dignitaries of the Church. 'It has been my lot,' said he to the Honourable Mrs Goodhart in 1889, 'to dispose of some fifty preferments in the Church—high preferments, I mean, such as bishoprics and deaneries. Not one of the men I have appointed has ever asked me for anything. That is the literal and absolute fact; and I do not know that anything could be more honourable to the Church of England as a body.' 'I am a very lucky man—luckier than most Ministers. I have no sons, grandsons, or nephews to stuff into the Church,' said Lord Palmerston cynically enough. During the years he filled the office of Prime Minister he had twenty-five mitres at his disposal, and, like all Premiers—so far as we can gather from the biographies of statesmen—he was uninfluenced in his appointments by political motives. 'If a man is a good man, I do not care what his political opinions are,' he said to Lord Shaftesbury. 'Certainly I had rather not name a bishop who would make party speeches and attacks on the Government in the House of Lords; but, short of that, let him do what he likes.'

Dr Magee, who died Archbishop of York, applied to Disraeli in 1868 for an appointment. At that time he was Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin, and wishing to get to England, he wrote to the Prime Minister asking for any minor vacancy that might be created by the filling up of the Deanery of St Paul's. Disraeli perpetrated a droll joke at Magee's expense. He began his reply so that on one page of the letter the words appeared: 'Very Reverend Sir, I regret that I cannot comply with your request;' while upon turning over the leaf Magee read the reason: 'I felt it my duty to recommend Her Majesty to nominate you, if agreeable to yourself, to the vacant See of Peterborough.' This was a jest which Eldon, the Lord Chancellor, had indulged in years before. Dr Fisher of Charterhouse applied to him for one of the Crown livings to which the Lord Chancellor has the right of presentation. He replied: 'Dear Fisher, I cannot to-day give you the preferment for which you ask.—I remain, your sincere friend, ELDON.' Then came the injunction, 'Turn over,' and on the next page Fisher read: 'I gave it to you yesterday.'

Queen Victoria exercised a strong personal influence and control over the appointments to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. When Dr Sumner died, in 1862, Lord Palmerston nominated Dr Baring, Bishop of Durham, for the Primacy; but the Queen insisted on appointing Dr Longley, then Archbishop of York. On the death of Archbishop Longley in 1868, the Queen's selection was the Bishop of London, Dr Tait, setting aside

Disraeli's nominee, Bishop Ellicott of Gloucester and Bristol. Bishop Wilberforce records in his diary a conversation with Dean Wellesley on the subject. The Dean told him: 'Disraeli recommended Ellicott for Canterbury. The Queen would not have him; then Disraeli agreed most reluctantly, and with passion, to Tait.' It is hardly credible, however, that that supreme courtier, Disraeli, could have been put into a passion by anything the Queen might do.

George III. once adopted a more decisive way, even, of filling up a vacancy in the Archbishopric of Canterbury. On January 19, 1805, Dr Manners-Sutton, Bishop of Norwich, was giving a dinner-party in his Windsor deanery, when his butler informed him that a gentleman wished particularly to see him, but would not give his name. 'Well, I can't come now in the middle of dinner,' said the Bishop. 'Beg pardon, my lord, but the gentleman is very anxious to see you on important business;' and the butler was so urgent that the Bishop apologised to his company and went out. The gentleman who would not be denied proved to be King George III. 'How d'ye do, my lord?' said he. 'Come to tell you that you're Archbishop of Canterbury—Archbishop of Canterbury. D'ye accept—accept? Eh, eh?' The Bishop bowed low in token of acceptance. 'All right,' said His Majesty. 'You've got a party—see all their hats here. Go back to them. Good-night! good-night!' Next morning Pitt appeared at Windsor Castle to inform His Majesty that Archbishop Moore had died the day before, and to recommend the Bishop of Lincoln, Dr Pretyman, for the vacant primacy. 'Very sorry; very sorry indeed, Pitt,' said the king, 'but I offered it to the Bishop of Norwich last night, and he accepted. Can't break my word.' Pitt, according to Lord Sidmouth's account given afterwards to Dean Milman, was very angry; but the deed was done, as the king meant it should be, and so Dr Manners-Sutton became Archbishop of Canterbury, and held the great office for twenty-three eventful years.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, there is recorded but one attempt to bribe a Prime Minister. In November 1802 a man named Hamlyn was indicted in the Court of King's Bench for offering a bribe to Henry Addington, the Prime Minister. The Premier should have two thousand pounds if he procured for the prisoner the office of landing surveyor at Plymouth. Hamlyn was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of one hundred pounds. Addington must have felt that the niggardliness of Hamlyn added injury to his insult. Two thousand pounds! What a paltry sum to offer the man who makes kings and emperors!

CONTRABAND—BY THE 'GOLDEN CRESCENT.'

By Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R.N.

'SHAWIA, Beni-Snassen, Riff, Berber, Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic, it's all the same to me, Grub, and I presume that it's all the same to you, provided the *duros* come in?' Captain Ralph Heriot, of the mercantile marine, took his cigar out of his mouth and stared fixedly at Mr Moses Gruber, in whose office at 1000A Cannon Street the interview was taking place.

Mr Gruber, who was pondering over a map of Morocco spread out before him, tapped thoughtfully on the edge of his desk with a finely pointed pencil, and puffed heavily at his cigar; from outside came the subdued roar of the City traffic, and a pale winter sun filtered in through the dirty window-panes. There was a pause of some moments, and then Mr Gruber spoke: 'If we don't take over the contract, captain, there are plenty of others who will.'

Heriot sat up in his chair with some show of excitement. 'Look here, it's no time for fooling. The Germans or the Belgians will take it for a cert', and, mind you, I'm by no means saying that those chaps at Marseilles even would sniff at it; but we have a pull, because we ain't quite so greedy as the others, and provide better stuff.'

'It's rifles this time,' observed Gruber slowly.

'Yes,' replied the other quickly, 'and ammunition—as much of it as we can land. Mighty little boggling and haggling over the price either, supposing it's got out there quickly.'

'Whom did you see on the coast, and where did you see him?' asked Gruber.

'Sort of half-bred German chap, who calls himself Holstein, who's been scull-dragging around the Moghreb-al-Aksa for years; all the bashaws from Tangier to Marrakesh know him, and most of the tribal sheikhs from Udjda to the Atlas. I think the French would hang him out of hand if they could catch him; but he's not the sort of bird who'll spread out his tail for them to put salt on. He came in to Saffi with Hafid's crowd.'

'It's Hafid's crowd, then, that we are supplying?'

'That I don't know, and, what's more, I don't care; but here at any rate are the papers he gave me to prove that he wasn't a stumer and could put up the brass if we could provide the arms.'

For some time both men bent over and examined the documents which Heriot produced from a large envelope; the sailor giving swift, pregnant explanation here and there; the man of business keen and alert, assenting, disputing, examining.

What the outward and ostensible business of Moses was those who dealt with him never stopped

to inquire. One thing they knew as a certainty, that where arms or ammunition were wanted in any quarter of the globe, the firm of Volsass, Schmidt, & Gruber could supply them with a certainty and a secrecy equalled by few, if any, of their Continental rivals. There have always been men who fish in the troubled waters of the world, and find therein a rich reward for the difficulties and dangers inseparable from such an occupation.

At length the colloquy was ended. Moses Gruber swept the papers together and crammed them into their envelope, which he handed back to Heriot. 'Right,' he said; 'they put up half the money in London *pro rata*, the rest to be paid on delivery. My firm is for it. When can you sail?'

'I'm just out of dock with a clean bottom, and completed with coal yesterday, so it's just as soon as the stuff can be got aboard.'

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The *Golden Crescent* was steaming down Channel; she had dropped her pilot, and was slipping along at ten-point-five knots per hour, her normal gait of going. All along her upper deck, ranged in orderly rows, were bags of coal; every crevice and cranny that could hold an extra bag had been utilised, as until her cargo was disposed of Captain Heriot had no wish for communication with any port whatsoever. A light but bitterly cold wind was blowing up Channel, but not sufficient to raise any sea; astern, in the gathering dusk, shone the glare of that tremendous light on Saint Catherine's Point. Heriot was pacing the bridge with the mate, an old and tried comrade; they paid wages in the *Golden Crescent* fully commensurate with risks taken, and the same trusty crowd 'signed on' for voyage after voyage, keeping their mouths shut in a most surprising manner when ashore in London and elsewhere. Nobody but an idiot wishes to spoil his own livelihood, and Captain Heriot shared Solomon's dislike of a fool to the fullest extent.

'French and Spaniards,' Heriot was saying, 'will be on the lookout, not for us in particular, but for any one in general. The Spaniards don't count, but if some of these blessed Frenchmen get any wind of this they may shepherd us down the coast, so I ain't taking any risks; once we take our departure from Ushant, we don't sight any land until we run in to meet our dear friend Holstein on the coast. The mischief of it is that now the men-of-war on the station have got mighty little to do since the scrapping has moved inland from Casablanca.'

They caught the tail-end of a westerly gale after rounding Ushant, and experienced to the full the delights of a heavy beam-sea on a ship with a deck-load of coal; but twenty-four hours saw an end of it, and as the good ship reeled off the knots to the southward the sun rose on cloudless days, the moon shone on cloudless nights, and the spirits of all on board rose.

'Looks like a spell of fine weather, sir,' said Thompson, the mate, to Heriot, returning his sextant to its case after taking a meridian altitude at noon.

'Yes,' replied his captain, 'it does; and heaven send that it lasts! *We* know the coast in bad weather, and a spell of that at this time of year might ruin the trip.'

They kept well out to sea until the ship had made her southing, and they had reached the latitude 'somewhere to the southward of Saffi,' as Heriot told the mate, in which the spot on the coast arranged between Heriot and Herr Holstein was situated; then the helm was shifted, and they stood in due east. So far all had gone well; they had sighted no ships save on the farthest horizon; but the anxious time was still to come. The wind was now ahead and light—that is to say, easterly and off the coast, which was what suited them exactly, as with a full head of steam they made their way in; but the luck was too good to last, and out of a misty horizon there swept belts of fog. Heriot, fuming with vexation, never left the bridge as they surged through a calm sea, now blanketed down by a fog impenetrable as wool, again emerging into bright sunlight and a cloudless sky. At length, in one of these emergings, the lookout on the forecastle-head sang out sharply, 'Sail on the port bow.'

Heriot clapped his splendid Zeiss glasses to his eyes and stared long and fixedly; then he said slowly to the anxious mate, who was standing at his side, 'A French destroyer, by all that's unlucky, Thompson.' As he said it he saw black smoke leap from the funnels of the destroyer, and in another moment she was, in Thompson's phrase, 'travelling like a train.'

Escape was impossible, and the *Golden Crescent* was held on her course, the hands staring over the rail at the rapidly approaching Frenchman. In a quarter of an hour she ranged alongside, torpedo-tubes and guns shrouded in their tarpaulin envelopes, a bland and smiling officer, a miracle among Frenchmen, speaking perfect English, interrogating the captain. There was an interchange of question and answer, conducted with demonstrably false politeness and charged with much mendacity. The admiral on the station had heard that gun-running on an extensive scale was about to take place, and the smiling officer was desolated to inconvenience the captain, but his orders were to board and examine papers. Would the captain be so good as to stop and allow him to come on board?

The vessels were running side by side as the conversation took place, a gentle, undulating swell of some size, coming up from the southward, causing them to roll considerably. Heriot smilingly assented to the proposition of the French officer that the latter should come on board, saying that he would just turn his ship's head up to the swell for greater convenience in boarding. This he did, stopping the *Golden Crescent* quite close to the destroyer, the keels of the two vessels being thus at right angles to one another.

The Frenchmen busied themselves in getting a dingy over the side, and Heriot stepped to the voice-tube down to the engine-room: 'Is Mr

MacPhail below?' 'Ay, ay, sir!' 'Is that you, MacPhail?' 'It is, captain.' 'Stand by to give her every ounce of steam when I signal go astern. Work your engines for all they're worth.' 'Right you are, sir.'

The French captain stepped into his dingy and shoved off, and as he did so Heriot jammed the telegraph to full speed astern. The destroyer's crew, idly watching, never noticed what was happening until too late; then a sub-lieutenant put her telegraph over to full speed ahead; but as he did so the stern of the *Golden Crescent* on the downward fall of the swell crashed into her stern, crumpling up her starboard-quarter like an eggshell, bending her starboard screw-shaft, and stripping two blades off her starboard propeller. Heriot stopped his engines, reversed his helm, and went full speed ahead, circling round the destroyer, the amazed captain of which vessel sat petrified in his dingy as he watched this audacious steamer—which bore no name or mark by which he could identify her—steam swiftly away, leaving him to creep cautiously back to Casablanca half-speed, with one engine.

'I hope friend Holstein ain't going to keep us waiting on the coast, Thompson,' said Heriot with a grin. 'It's one battleship and four armoured cruisers, to say nothing of all the torpedo craft on the station, will have an urgent desire to pay us a morning call after this turn out.'

'Oh Lord!' said Thompson, laughing, 'did you catch a sight of the French skipper's face as he sat in the dingy. I wouldn't have missed it for a month's pay.'

As he spoke the scream of a twelve-pounder shell was heard passing overhead; but next moment the fog shut down upon them again, and Heriot remarked quietly that they might go on bombarding, but without doing much harm. Another hour passed, and gradually, with a light wind from the northward, the fog split up and finally disappeared, enabling Heriot and Thompson to get afternoon observations of the sun, and thus fix their longitude exactly.

'At ten knots we ought just to hit it off at daylight,' said the former as they bent over the chart; and at daylight, as he prognosticated, the coast, long and low, came in sight.

'"Two dark conical hills half a mile inland; on the top of the southernmost you will see a staff with a white flag. When you sight the flag keep it east by north, and run in to ten fathoms, then anchor." Those are the directions of friend Holstein,' said Heriot.

And as they approached the coast all hands strained their eyes for a sight of the conical hills and for the sovereign promised by their captain for the first man to sight the flag. They made an astonishing land fall; an eagle-eyed A.B. spotted the flag at the same moment as Heriot picked it up with his glasses, and in an hour's time the anchor was let go some four hundred yards from the shore, and the work of transference began. It was toil of the most frantic description, as surprise by a French warship on the station meant confiscation and annihilation. Heriot told the story of the encounter with the destroyer to Holstein, who—garbed in turban, *jellab*, and yellow Moorish slippers—offered scarcely any points of difference from the tribesmen by whom he was surrounded.

'There is but one God,' quoted the German piously, 'and I trust that Mohammed is going to look after his true believers this time; just one hour before you hove in sight the French cruiser *Gueydon* passed northwards, going about fifteen knots; but my crowd here were not to be seen, and those on board suspected nothing. She may look in at Saffi, but she's bound to Casablanca, after having thoroughly searched the coast and found nothing. So we sha'n't be bothered with her again.'

'That, then, is a little bit of all right. And now, Herr Holstein, regarding payment—dollars, you promised, in portable cases. Are they here?'

'They are not,' replied Holstein coolly.

'Then, my friend,' returned Heriot calmly, 'I shall just take back the rifles and ammunition already landed, and get back to London river with all convenient speed.'

'*Ach Gott*, Herr Captain!' grunted the German, 'don't be a fool. The money I have got, but it is not here.'

'Where is it, then?'

'A day's march back into the country. I could not get all the camels I wanted. I had to travel fast, and so I leave the dollars to journey faster. They are now hidden. As soon as I get back to where they are I put down the arms there, load up the camels, and come back here.'

Heriot whistled. 'And you expect me to believe that yarn?'

'Listen, and I shall tell you the truth. You cannot stop landing the arms now, because I have but to say one word and you and all your men they have their throats cut, and my army here would loot your ship and burn her afterwards.'

'That,' commented Heriot grimly, 'I can quite believe.'

'But,' continued Holstein, 'I am not such a fool; and once I play that trick, although I get this cargo for nothing, I should never get another; and I make my money in North Africa, captain, where I know the language and the people, and they know me. You think this one silly what-you-call yarn?'

'I do,' snapped Heriot.

'All the same,' continued the German, who had lighted a large china-bowled pipe and was smoking placidly, 'what I say is true. The arms, mine friend, I must have, even if these so-excellent soldiers have to cut all your throats; but the dollars will be here in two days after the last camel-load shall start from here.'

'I shall come with you and fetch them,' replied Heriot. He was well aware that he was completely in the power of this cosmopolitan adventurer, and had nothing to guide him as to whether or no he was speaking the truth; but to see the thing through to the bitter end, at the cost of his life if necessary, was characteristic of the man.

'You have got me a sitter, my good friend,' he said to Holstein; 'and whether you are an honest man or a most almighty scoundrel you and Allah alone are aware. As I don't want my throat cut—yet—the arms shall be landed. Then I ride with you to find the dollars which pay for them. If they are not there, Herr Holstein, I give you fair warning that I shall see to it you never make another contract.'

Holstein remained profoundly unaffected by this harangue, smoking his big pipe and occasionally shouting guttural directions to the hurrying tribesmen loading the grunting, growling camels.

'If you do not find the dollars, captain, you shall to me what you like do,' he replied stolidly.

Heriot stared at him for a time fixedly, as though trying to gauge his truthfulness—or the reverse—and then said, 'I must give orders about the ship, as I intend to go with you.'

'Ver good,' was the impassive reply.

Heriot jumped into the first empty boat returning to the *Golden Crescent*, and straightway informed Thompson of the situation. Some nautical language concerning the artfulness of Dutchmen may be omitted with some profit, but in the end Heriot handed over charge of the ship to Thompson, who was to make a good offing from the coast, then wait and return to the anchorage at the expiration of forty-eight hours from the time that the caravan started from the coast. Six hours more and the cargo was all on the beach, and at the expiration of a further two Heriot, with a heavy revolver stuffed into his pocket, rode slowly inland at the side of Herr Holstein and at the tail of a string of slithering, smelling camels.

Holstein, on a three-cornered, wiry, long-tailed barb, still puffing at his apparently inexhaustible pipe, rode by his side, silent, enigmatical.

Heriot broke the silence. 'Whose territory are we in?' he asked.

'That of the Sultan of Morocco, mine friend.'

'Yes, of course; but which Sultan, Abdul Aziz or Mulai-Hafid?'

'This is the Bled-el-Makhzen, or the land of the Sultan. Here they fight for Hafid.'

'And you?'

'I do not fight. I trade.'

'But if the other crowd come down upon us?'

'We must defend ourselves. The *Mahalla*, or army, for which these arms are intended, lies three days' march beyond where we are going.'

'Shall we be attacked?'

'Who knows? They range far, the light horsemen of these plains.'

All night the camels padded and shuffled over the hard sand, and the mounted escort, rifle in hand, rode hard by on either side. The moon came out, flooding the plain with silvery light; occasionally a hare scuttled distractedly to right or left, or an owl hooted in the distance. Save for this, there was silence. As the gray dawn crept into the sky ahead the caravan halted, watered their animals, drank themselves, and snatched an unsatisfactory meal on bread, gritty and of a consistency like leather.

As Heriot lit his pipe and dozed in the loose sand by the side of the water-hole Holstein approached him. 'It is nearly six o'clock,' he said. 'By one in the afternoon we reach the cave in the hills where the boxes are stored—Spanish dollars from Marrakesh, Herr Captain. You will find the tally quite correct.'

'I have counted your crowd, Holstein,' replied Heriot, 'and I make it out at just about two hundred. How many are waiting out there at the back of beyond?'

'Ten times the number. They wait the arrival of the Ouled-Sali tribe from the south, then they move.'

'With the cargo of the *Golden Crescent* in their hands,' laughed Heriot; 'but I see that we are getting a move on us.'

About 10 A.M. low hills came in sight to the eastward; and, pointing to one in the middle, a little higher than the rest, Holstein said, 'At the foot of that hill, captain, we shall find the price of the cargo; it is but a three hours' ride now.'

At noon the hills were close at hand; and, in the clear white light of the wonderful Moroccan atmosphere, Holstein was pointing out a small black scar in the side of the centre one, and explaining that this was the cave they sought, when the figure of a man on horseback was seen in the far distance galloping furiously towards them. In some twenty minutes he had reached the head of the caravan, and then all was bustle and confusion; the camels were urged to their highest speed, and the hitherto silent escort gabbled and gesticulated excitedly.

Holstein had a brief colloquy with the messenger, and then wheeled his horse back alongside of Heriot. 'The lookouts on the hill have spied a force of the enemy. They are riding in our direction. There has been treachery.'

'And now?' asked Heriot.

'We fight,' snapped the other; 'and unless you wish to see the interior of a Moorish jail, captain, you will fight too.'

'Happy, I'm sure,' replied Heriot. 'I've seen 'em from the outside, and shall fight pretty hard to prevent my becoming acquainted with them as a lodger—they are not healthy.'

A sheikh from the head of the column now dashed down the line, and drawing rein alongside of Holstein, conversed eagerly with him. The German nodded, and the caravan gradually sorted and rearranged itself, the mounted men now pre-

ceding the camels in four compact groups of fifty men each; the camels, six abreast, bringing up the rear. No sooner was this manœuvre completed than round the spur of the hills jutting out into the plain, now quite close, there came into view a body of mounted men.

'By Jove!' said Heriot to Holstein, 'they are two to one.'

Holstein was staring hard at the opposing force through a pair of small glasses he had drawn from secret recesses of his *jellab*. 'Right, Herr Captain,' he replied; 'but we shall beat them sure enough.'

'Are your men so good, then?'

'The usual fighting tribesmen,' answered the German; 'but those others, they are Moors of the towns, and so not so good; but the odds are heavy,' he concluded thoughtfully.

As he spoke the enemy—for there was no doubt now of their quality—split into two groups, one of which swung at an easy hand-gallop at right angles to the course pursued by Holstein's men, the other galloping furiously in their direction on a parallel line, but keeping well clear.

'Soh!' grunted the German, 'they bar our way in front to the cave; they also try to cut off the caravan.'

He called to the leader of one group, and spoke rapidly. The man, his fierce, handsome face working excitedly, seemed now to assent, now to dissent, but finally to agree; he gave an order; his troop swung round and joined the camels, who were then driven on to a slight eminence and made to lie down; the troop rode into the centre of the circle thus formed, hobbled their horses, and lay down behind the camels. With this party went Heriot. Holstein had explained to him that his plan of campaign was to fight with and rout the enemy in front, while the camel-men and dismounted troop fought a purely defensive action in the rear. Should the detached party of the enemy follow up, then Holstein's detached troop were to follow in their turn and take them in the rear.

Heriot curtly declared that he should ride with Holstein.

'And charge on a beast like that?' said the German with a smile of derision, looking at the sorry horse the sailor was riding. 'No, no, mine friend, a rifle and a good rest on a camel's saddle will do us more good than seeing you killed by a better-mounted man.'

Recognising the logic of facts, Heriot disgustedly followed the troop, and prepared to assist in the purely defensive side of the coming action.

He saw Holstein, who was splendidly mounted, ride out in front of his three remaining troops; he saw the slow, rocking canter at which they approached the foe, also the sudden welding together of two troops into one, while the third shot out like an arrow at right angles to encircle the flank of the foe. He heard the crackle of rifle-fire, and then his blood boiled with excitement, for Holstein, riding a clear six lengths ahead of every one, disappeared into the ranks of the foe, and even at the distance he was he heard the shock of the charge which carried 'his crowd,' as he mentally denominated them, clean through and out at the other side; and then his attention was distracted, and he remained entirely absorbed by his own immediate affairs, as, hearing a thud, he looked round and beheld the man crouching next to him fall upon his back in a singularly unstudied attitude with a neat round hole in his forehead and the back of his head blown out. For a space of time, which he never reckoned, but which afterwards always reminded him of a nightmare, the same thing went on.

Holstein had shown real generalship in his selection of a defensive position, as it was a natural elevation in the plain rising some fifteen or twenty feet, with somewhat sharply sloping sides, on which grew thickly scrub and tamarisk, ground which could be ridden over but not rushed. Accordingly, the attacking force were foiled in their initial idea of swallowing up Holstein's horsemen by weight of numbers, and were reduced to a cautious method of attack. Inside the square formed by the camels Heriot and the tribesmen crouched and shot. The latter had possessed himself of the rifle of the man just killed, and, with an ample store of cartridges by his side, aimed and fired mechanically. What was happening to Holstein he could not guess; but surely, after the first quarter of an hour or so, he said to himself, never was there a more futile fight than the one in which he was engaged. Around them circled, mostly at full gallop, their adversaries, firing in their direction certainly, as the whine of the bullets, with which the air was filled, attested; but of execution done, one man and one horse, which Heriot noted with no great sorrow was his own, was the total of the killed, while a camel-man in the centre of the square had received a wound in the calf of the leg. Of the enemy, three had dropped and two horses had been killed; but the perpetual movement was beginning to tell upon their horses, which were becoming blown and tired. Heriot, a creditable but not brilliant shot, had just accounted for a man more venturesome than the rest, when, upon lowering his rifle to reload, he looked out across the backs of the camels to Holstein, who was sitting on a foundered horse with a white cloth tied to the barrel of his rifle. He was at the foot of the slope, and the firing in the square died down as he lifted the weapon and tore the cloth away. Then he spoke, and the men inside gave a wild cheer and rushed to their horses. As they did so another of their number fell dead.

Holstein dropped from his horse and made his way into the square on foot. The stolid, pipe-smoking, indifferent Teuton was a changed man; a dark smear of blood dripped from a slight wound where a bullet had grazed his temple, staining his fair moustache; but the blue eyes danced with the light of battle, and his voice rang like a trumpet.

'Aha, Herr Captain!' he shouted, 'a horse now if you like to ride down those dogs yonder,' pointing to the wheeling, circling foe. He caught a loose horse by the bridle and swung himself into the saddle. Heriot, with sailor-like agility, followed his example; and, passing out of the square, the troop formed at the foot of the hillock. What happened afterwards was pure exhilaration, as first one knot of the enemy stood and then another. Through them Holstein and his troop crashed, and then the fight was over, men on blown horses flying for life fiercely denied to them by pursuers who followed and shot them down one by one.

'And the rest?' asked Heriot as he pulled up alongside Holstein.

'They have run away. Did I not tell you that they would?' replied that gentleman. 'The town Moor is no fighter. If it had been otherwise, we, mine friend'—pointing to the flying figures and their remorseless pursuers—'would have been doing—that.'

. . . . . .

The Atlantic Ocean lipped and creamed on the edge of the golden sand; the *Golden Crescent* lay motionless at her anchor; a long steel rope whined through the sheave at the derrick-head as small, squat, heavy boxes, travelling slowly up her side, were swung inboard and dumped heavily on the deck. At the brink of the sea Heriot was standing talking to Holstein.

'When I came here I did not know you, Holstein. You must admit that when you had not acted up to your promise I had some cause for suspicion.'

Holstein smiled, took the long German pipe from between his lips, and blew out a great puff of smoke. 'I bore you no malice, Herr Captain, although you did mean to shoot me if I were a thief. Ach, I know; you need not tell me.'

'Come back to Europe with me, Holstein. This is no place for a man like you.'

Holstein smiled again. 'Did you think so—up yonder?' pointing with his pipe-stem in the direction from which they had arrived.

'By the Lord, no!' answered Heriot in generous admiration. 'What a soldier you are!'

'Were!' corrected the German. 'Listen! I was an officer, and I struck across the mouth an officer of higher, of much higher, rank than myself, who spoke slander—of a woman. They would have shot me had I remained, so I came here, where I trade.'

'Can you never go back?'

Holstein shook his head. 'When I am an old man, perhaps; but before that'—he lightly touched the unhealed scar left on his temple—'some day one may come even closer. And, after all, what matter? Is it not better than everlasting beer and billiards and a stuffy garrison town?'

Heriot shook him warmly by the hand. 'Good-bye, and the best of luck.'

'*Auf Wiedersehen.*'

The sailor swung himself up the side of his ship, and as she gathered way and swung hard on her starboard helm he looked over the stern to where a small party was disappearing in a light cloud of dust. 'Thompson!' he said.

'Sir,' replied the mate.

'There goes one of the best men in Morocco—or out of it for that matter. I thought he was just the ordinary beach-comber, neither more nor less, and that I might trust him just as far as I could throw him—no farther. I have found him a gentleman and a soldier.'

'Well, the *duros* are all right, anyhow,' commented Thompson.

'And I owe Holstein the most gorgeous scrap of my life,' said Heriot.

'Let's have the yarn, sir.'

'Right! Come down to my cabin. I think that this occasion merits a bottle of the best.—Steward, a bottle of *the* champagne.'

THE HUMAN ENGINE.

By Dr ANDREW WILSON.

THE idea that a good many analogies between machines of man's making and his own body are capable of being drawn is not one which prominently forces itself on the public view. Yet nature has preceded man in respect of 'many inventions' which typify and foreshadow mechanical expedients seen familiarly around us. We have a force-pump illustrated in the heart, and a photographic camera—lens, adjustment, and so forth—in the eye. We find all kinds of lever-movements exemplified in the working of bone and muscle, and we could discover examples of self-governing machinery in the nervous regulation of the heart and circulation. Valves are also duly represented in the heart for the regulation of the blood-flow in the proper direction and for the prevention of back-currents; while the whole nervous system is nothing more than a very complex telegraphic apparatus, imitated even to its batteries, its wires, its instruments, and its switch-boards.

So far, there is little difficulty in drawing many comparisons of exact nature between the furnishings of our bodies and the mechanical contrivances which characterise the march of civilisation and human progress. But beyond these details lies another field of inquiry such as opens the door to considerations connected with our body and its working powers, viewed collectively as a living machine. A little reflection shows us that all through life the body of an animal, high and low

alike, is the seat of constant change, and that this change is due to the fact that the living frame is incessantly at work. It is true that in the hours of sleep the bodily processes are slowed down; they do not, however, cease action. The heart works constantly; the rise and fall of the chest in breathing continue all through life; the process of manufacturing the fluids and secretions used in digestion (such as bile, sweetbread-juice, and the like) goes on both in sleep and in the waking state; and of certain brain and nerve centres it may truly be said that they exist in a condition of unending watchfulness, keeping watch and ward over the actions through which life is maintained. No truth of physiology is, therefore, more easily demonstrated than that which shows forth the constant work of the body. This inside labour is independent of the external work we perform; indeed, it is through the possession of the working powers just noted that we are able to perform the daily tasks our hands and brains require to discharge. Our body, therefore, is not merely a working engine in itself; its labours extend beyond the actions devoted to its upkeep, and include other duties through which the vast majority of mankind gain their daily bread.

Now, all work, whether in a watch, an engine, or a living body, implies wear and tear. There is represented waste of the substance of the machine; and there is seen waste—that is, the using up—of the 'energy' or working power wherewith it is endowed. The watch wears, imperceptibly perhaps, but nevertheless surely, until in time renewal of its parts is demanded if its time-keeping functions are to be accurately performed; but every day the store of energy we impart to it by the coiling of the spring requires to be reinforced and renewed by fresh winding. The engine also wears down its parts, and equally demands fresh fuel as the source of its working-power. The living body presents a striking likeness to both machines. Our substance wastes imperceptibly day by day; worn-out cells are replaced by new cells, and in time a complete reproduction of our tissues must take place, while our personality is wondrously maintained throughout the change. So also our store of 'energy' is dissipated in work. We grow tired and weary, and hunger and thirst afflict us, and so we need sleep and food and drink by way of supplying us with fresh power to discharge the work our hands and brains find to do.

These facts raise the question in the case of the living machine of the value of different foods regarded in the light of sources of working-power. Obviously this topic is of high social and economic interest. We should be able to select those foods which are best suited for energy-production, not forgetting that from our food we also require to draw material for the repair of the living machine itself. As a matter of fact, we do make this distinction in the foods on which we subsist. We speak of 'body-building' foods (those that contribute to tissue-formation and tissue-repair) and of 'energy-producing' foods (those which give us the 'power of doing work'). The former class includes such substances as meat-juice and white of egg (albumen), the curd or casein of milk, the gluten of flour, &c., the legumin of peas and beans and lentils, fibrin derived from blood, and like substances. The latter class is represented by fats, starches, and sugars, foods which are really nearly akin in chemical composition. Starch is changed into a sugar by the saliva of the mouth, and starch and sugar can be converted into fat, especially when the latter food (sugar) is taken in excess. In addition to these food elements we have, of course, to add water, minerals, and the oxygen breathed in from the atmosphere. These last are equally with the other items to be regarded in every sense as foods. While there is a very distinct line to be drawn between the body-building foods (called also 'nitrogenous' foods because they contain the element nitrogen) and the energy-producers, it must be borne in mind that under certain varying circumstances of life the functions of the foods may become interchangeable. On occasion the tissue-forming foods may to a certain extent be employed in force-production. But apart from this fact, the characters of the two classes of nutriments, as evinced by their functions when consumed in the body, may be regarded as being clearly enough defined on the lines just noted.

The next point for consideration brings us face to face with a great scientific doctrine, that of the transformation of energy. Here we see illustrated the indestructibility of force. All that really happens is that energy merely changes its direction; it cannot be put out of existence. A bullet striking the target converts its motion, suddenly arrested, into an equivalent of heat. A weight dropped from a height also has its motion transformed into a corresponding amount of heat when it lands on the ground. All the energy of nature which man uses in the form of steam and electricity illustrates this same doctrine. The energy stored up in coal, when liberated, raises the temperature of water and produces steam, and this steam may either itself give us a certain return for the coal in working-power, or it may be used to generate an equivalent of electrical force into which its energy can be converted when applied to the movement of a dynamo-machine. Now, the working-power of the human engine has to be calculated on a precisely similar basis. All the power it develops it derives from its food. Whatever energy it exhibits represents as truly the transformation of that which was locked up in the diet into muscular and brain work, as does the liberation of the energy of the coal when burnt account for the work done by the steam-engine. Accordingly, it has been found possible in science not only to estimate the relative values of the various foods which stoke the living machine, but also to calculate how much work day by day that machine, under ordinary circumstances, is capable of gener-

ating. Science, by the aid of the 'calorimeter' (literally 'heat measurer'), has succeeded in proving that the oxidation or burning of a given amount of food outside the body corresponds in respect of the heat generated with that produced by the chemical burning and consumption of such food within our frame. As the measure of a food's heat-producing power is to be taken as that of its energy-development, we can thus also calculate the amount of work which can be done on different foods, and likewise the body's working capacity viewed as a whole.

The standard by which we judge both things, on the English system—the foreign system differs somewhat—is founded on the 'heat-unit.' This is the amount of energy needed to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree measured by Fahrenheit's scale. Now, if this same amount of energy were applied in mechanical work, it would raise seven hundred and seventy-two pounds weight one foot high, or (what is the same thing) one pound weight seven hundred and seventy-two feet high. We usually calculate work in terms of 'foot-pounds' or 'foot-tons.' The latter unit is the amount of work required to raise one ton weight one foot high. As we have thus got a standard or unit, the calculation of the force-values of foods becomes experimentally easy. The fats, starches, and sugars are our great sources of energy, and are therefore to be regarded as our typical working-foods. One calculation teaches that one hundred parts of fat are equal in value as energy-producing material to two hundred and thirty-two parts of starch, two hundred and thirty-four parts of cane-sugar, and two hundred and thirteen parts of the body-building albumen. The German army medical authorities were wise in their day and generation when they insisted on a large proportion of fat being included in the soldier's ration.

It may finally be asked, what power is the human engine capable of developing on the fuel with which it is supplied? This question can be answered with a very near approach to correctness—as near, indeed, as we can ever approach exactitude when dealing with the continually varying conditions of a living body. Man's bodily work is divisible into two categories. First, he has to produce heat, itself a large item in the working-expense, and to provide power for the internal work of the frame. The heart has to be kept working, the muscles of breathing have to be provided for in the way of energy-supply, and even the act of digesting food to repair the body involves the expenditure of energy, illustrating thus the burning of the physiological candle at both ends. The second phase of work done by the bodily engine is represented by that which is external—that is, the work of our muscles and the daily labour in which we may otherwise be engaged. The body's own energy expended in maintaining heat and in providing for the upkeep of its internal work has been calculated at about two thousand eight hundred foot-tons per day. Put into a big lift, so to speak, this amount of work would raise two thousand eight hundred tons weight one foot high. The external work on the same basis is given as amounting on the average to about three hundred foot-tons daily, while a very hard worker may develop from five hundred to six hundred foot-tons. But it would seem that even to get the bare outside work of the human engine done we need to develop actually about five times its amount, *plus* that needed for the internal work. So that if we are to allow three hundred foot-tons for the outside labour of the body, we have really to provide one thousand five hundred units, and to add to this the two thousand eight hundred required for the body's own affairs, making a grand total of some four thousand three hundred units to be generated every day we live.

Now, though these figures seem large, they nevertheless represent economical work when all is said and done. A man's total daily income of food, water, and air amounts to about eight and one-third pounds only; yet out of this modest supply his body generates power far exceeding in amount and in direct and economic usage that produced by the best engines of his own invention. The waste seen in the engine, due to friction and to loss of power in getting at its work, so to speak, is largely obviated in man's own body. While only a small percentage of power for the coal burnt is returned to us by our finest engines, our own body yields a very generous amount indeed, having regard to its small fuel consumption. If we think that a man's heart alone, in twenty-four hours, expends one hundred and twenty foot-tons of energy—force sufficient to raise that weight one foot high—we may see how admirably living nature orders her ways of income and expenditure. The profit, in the shape of 'the power of doing work,' we get out of our food and drink and air is really a very handsome one. Most wonderful of all is it for us to consider that all man's achievements, physical and mental alike, represent part of the profit accruing from the transformation of what he eats into what he does.

AN IRISH FISHING-GILLIE.

By 'CATHOGUE.'

IN every sport that I know there is a strong feeling of comradeship that binds together those who pursue the sport merely for pleasure, and the familiar spirits—as, I think, I may properly call them—who make their living out of it, and frequently eke out with their knowledge the inexperience of the amateur.

The hunting-man is, as a rule, on friendly terms with the huntsman; but the latter's duties permit of very little conversation when hounds have once reached the covert side. One may say much the same thing about the gamekeeper, who is, moreover, frequently taciturn and preoccupied, owing to the nature of his work and the difficulty of ensuring that his pheasants shall be properly shown or his partridge-drives correctly carried out. The cricket professional is often an extremely pleasant companion, and we get to know him very well; but perhaps he comes into a somewhat different category.

Among the innumerable attendants who accompany a man and assist him in the divers forms of sport, there is probably no one with whom he becomes so intimate and familiar as with the gillie who is his companion—and, if he be a beginner, his adviser—when he is in pursuit of that noble quarry the salmon.

When I think of the fishing-gillies I have met, my mind at once goes back to one Tim M'Carthy, an Irishman of the best type, and a sportsman from the crown of his rusty head to the soles of his ample feet. He haunted a certain river in the south of Ireland, and he it was who gave me my first lessons in the art of casting a salmon-fly, and subsequently landed my first fish.

I can picture him now as I arrived on an outside-car at about 11 A.M. on a beautiful spring morning, after the long journey from England. He was awaiting me on the bridge over the river, and gravely held up his hand to stop the car exactly like a well-seasoned Metropolitan policeman. The owner of the water, whose guest I was, had warned him when to expect me, and directed him to have everything in readiness.

'Marnin', yer 'onner,' he said. 'If ye'll be gettin' down we'll thry down a pool or two. She's in great arder altogither.'

Now, I had had no intention of fishing until I had reached my destination and changed into suitable garments; but Tim's eye was upon me, and he was already trying to drag the rod-box off the car; so there was nothing for it but to acquiesce, which I did not unwillingly.

Tim, having secured the rod-box, proceeded to investigate its contents without a moment's delay, and I had time to take stock of him. He was about five feet four inches high, and enormously broad in proportion. His head was covered with a shock of rusty-red hair, and there was a good deal of the same material all over his face, which looked as if he shaved possibly once a week (probably for mass on Sundays); but the delightful feature was his eyes—they were of the brightest blue, and had a most wonderful twinkle in them whenever he spoke—they gave one confidence in the man at once, and one could not help feeling that here was a cheery, good sort.

He was dressed in an old shooting-coat which had evidently been given to him by one of 'the fishing-gintlemen,' as he called them—the said 'gintleman' evidently having been quite six feet two inches in height, since the skirts of the coat hung down to Tim's knees; he also wore 'gift' breeches, with heavy leather gaiters, and the most prodigiously large pair of boots that I have ever seen on a man of his size. These, with a battered old hat, completed his outfit.

Whilst he was being looked over, Tim had got out the rod, put it together, and was testing the weight, balance, &c. by a few preliminary swishes.

'What do you think of the rod?' I asked.

'Well thin, ut's not too bad,' observed Tim, 'but ut's not over sthrong in the middle jint.'

Now, although I had killed a good many trout, I knew nothing of salmon-rods, this one being, in truth, the loan of a friend, so I held my peace.

The line was soon run through the rings, and a trace, which Tim had soaked in readiness, was quickly attached, and we went down off the bridge on to the bank of the river.

It should here be explained that he always called a fresh-run salmon a 'tidy,' and an old fish either a 'slack' or a 'kilt.'

The next step was the selection of a suitable fly. Now, the friend who had provided the rod had also taken me to one of the best fly-tiers in London, and selected a stock of flies for me, which I duly purchased at what seemed to me fabulous expense. Tim opened the fly-box and looked gravely through the whole lot, and an expression of the most sublime contempt spread over his countenance. 'Thim do be shop-flees,' he said. 'Wait, noo, whilst I show ye a *fisherman's* flee.' So saying, he produced from the greasy lining of his old hat an outrageously roughly tied pattern, and after freely wetting his first finger and thumb in his mouth, straightened the wing out affectionately and proceeded to attach it to the cast. He then handed over the rod, saying, 'Noo, yer 'onner, lit off some line.'

It was an awful moment. Imagine one who had never had anything larger than a ten foot six inch trout-rod in his hand suddenly receiving a seventeen foot six inch pole, and being told to get his line out!

Concealment was of course useless, so Tim was

informed that I had never used a salmon-rod before. His face fell a trifle, but his eye soon twinkled, and he said, 'No matther. All the wurruk ye have to do is to make the rod do the wurruk'—a quaint saying that I shall always recollect. He then pointed out a rock showing above the water, which appeared to me to be about as far as I could throw a cricket-ball from where we stood, and invited me to throw the 'flee' across it and let it come round below the rock. To cut a long story short, my casting, of course, was hopeless, and the line fell for the most part in large rings at my feet.

When he once understood that he had an absolute beginner, then did I realise what a capital little fellow he was. Firstly, he made a few casts himself to show me how to 'shoot' the line, and then handing back the rod, he kept his pupil at it till his back nearly broke. In vain did I tell him that my arms ached, likewise my back. All he would say was that the more I fished the less I should feel it. Moreover, he added, very truly, 'If yer 'onner kapes the flee on the bank, the fish wouldn't be leppin' out of the wather afther ut.' Well, all down the pool we went, flogging all I could reach, and probably terrifying every denizen of it out of the place. When we reached the tail I struck work, and sat down, firmly refusing to touch the rod again until I had had a good rest. Tim allowed this, and lighting a marvellously black little pipe, also sat down and gave me sundry wrinkles. He was delightful to talk to, and as keen as mustard, and assured me that we should get a fish before long. We then returned to the top of the pool again, and went through the same performance several times more, until things began to go better, and Tim, after satisfying himself that he had fairly exhausted his man, allowed me to depart in peace. His patience was wonderful; he took infinite pains to point out mistakes, and was manifestly pleased whenever the results were good.

The next day we fished in earnest (the first effort having been a lesson pure and simple). I verily believe that Tim watched every single cast, and we made considerable progress. In the afternoon a fish came up at the fly—a beautiful head and tail rise—took it well, and was firmly hooked. The excitement was simply ghastly! To my horror, Tim, who had seen him well, said, ''Tis nought but a dhirty ould kilt, yer 'onner, but 'twill be great thrainin' to play him.' It was a great disappointment, but he was a big fish, and the playing of him certainly did teach me a great deal; added to which there was some grain of comfort in the thought that if he did get off it didn't matter! After he had towed me about for some twenty minutes, Tim insisted on very severe measures, and eventually tailed him for me. The worst part of it was putting him back!

On the third day we had two more 'slacks' out on the bank, amidst much exhortation and advice from Tim; but there was no sign of a fresh-run fish.

The fourth day was the successful one. We had fished for about an hour without a rise, when just as the fly was coming nicely round I saw the wave made by an approaching fish. It was a moment of intense anxiety. As the fish reached the fly, in spite of Tim's previous warnings on this identical subject I struck hard, and of course back came the fly.

I looked round at Tim, and his face was a thing to remember—a look of blank despair was on it, the twinkle had gone from his eye, and I felt that he regarded me as a criminal. For a moment he said nothing, and then, 'Begor, if ye pull the flee out av his mouth, whin he's afther thryin' to take ut in, the divil a fish *ye*'ll iver catch. 'Twas a tidy, I tell ye; no ould slack was iver afther lyin' in *that* strame. 'Twas a tidy, begor, and ye just tore the flee from him;' and so on, with amazing volubility. No 'yer 'onner' this time! Indeed, my honour as a fisherman had departed. 'And what was ut I *told* ye about sthrikin'?' asked he, with sublime scorn.

Truly I had but little to say in self-defence; I muttered something about being accustomed to strike quickly at trout; and then suddenly the infuriated little man realised that my disappointment was possibly almost as great as his. His face relaxed, and back came the twinkle. 'Wait now, yer 'onner,' said he; 'we'll let him rist a shpace, and maybe he'll come agin. Take it aisy if he do be comin', and, begor, maybe we'll kill yer firrst tidy yit.'

I felt distinctly nervous, and we both gravely filled and lit our pipes.

Tim then gave precise directions as to the exact spot to begin to fish, some little way above where he believed the salmon to be lying; he looked at the cast and fly, and handed me the rod. 'Noo,' he said; and I began. I can see that first cast in my eye as I write. *Something* went wrong; the line didn't 'shoot,' and the fly went into the water much after the fashion of a shell from a ten-inch gun.

'Holy murther!' I heard muttered into my left ear; 'but ye're plinty above him yit.'

The next cast was better, and gradually we worked down to the place where the salmon had come up the first time. I heard the word 'Aisy!' hissed into my ear, and almost at the same instant up came the fish. After what seemed an eternity, but what was in reality perhaps a second, I felt him, and tightened on him. Glorious moment! he was on this time, and apparently well hooked.

And then the torrent of advice that came from the erstwhile counsellor of 'Aisyness!' If ever a man was *un*easy, of a surety Tim holds the record. 'Lit him run! Lit him run! Don't be houldin' him! Kape opposite to him!' he roared; and then, as the fish jumped and showed himself well, 'He's a tidy, I tell ye, and as wickud as a pup-dog. See now, dhrop the pint to him as he leps or he'll bate us,' and so on, with a never-ceasing stream of advice, cautions, and even threats. I peeped at him quite early in the encounter, and well remember

noticing that, although the day was bitterly cold, he was in a state of profuse perspiration.

The fish played very gaily, continually 'lepping' and making terrific rushes; but, hard as he worked, I almost think that Tim worked harder, and I'm sure I did. We tore along the bank to keep opposite to him, and there was a thrilling moment when it was necessary to get over a fence and pass the rod round a tree. Once he rushed straight in at our feet, and for a second there was slack line; Tim let loose the most appalling oath (when I reminded him of it afterwards he vowed he had never said it); but, mercifully, when the slack was recovered the fish was still on.

This went on for a long time—I have no idea *how* long, but it seemed hours—and finally the salmon began to show more freely, and to turn on his side. Then came orders as to what was to be done to bring him to the gaff, all delivered *fortissimo*, with Tim's head about a foot from mine. The excitement was terrific. My host appeared on the opposite bank and laughed at us till he cried. He afterwards told me that he was fishing quite a long way below us, when he heard Tim's yells borne on the breeze, and, at once guessing what was happening, he ran up to us.

Gradually I got control of the fish, and by degrees worked him up to where Tim was crouching with the gaff. The salmon saw him, however, and once more made a run for mid-stream, but it was his last effort, and he came in again at once, nearer and nearer to that intent little figure, who reminded me exactly of a terrier watching a rat-hole. I saw Tim's arm go out, a lightning stroke of the gaff, and then—a loud splash; and Tim had overbalanced himself in the act of lifting out the fish, and there he was in the river up to his armpits, whilst up on the bank, with the gaff still in him, lay the kicking fish. I rushed at the latter, and moved him to a safer distance from his native element, and then I sat down and laughed at Tim till my sides ached. He laughed too as he scrambled out, and did not care a scrap; but his delight over my having killed a 'tidy' of fifteen pounds was absolutely touching.

We then resolved ourselves into a mutual admiration society, he praising my villainous fishing, whilst I pointed out the brilliant cleverness of his advice. I had carried a certain coin of the realm in my pocket each day, intending to give it to him if we killed a clean fish. This was now produced and handed to him. He looked at it gravely for a moment, then spat on it, and, producing a piece of dripping-wet newspaper from his capacious pocket, carefully wrapped it up, and placed it in the breast-pocket of his coat. 'I take ut vary kindly of yer 'onner,' said he, 'and I do be tarrible plazed we kilt the tidy betwane the both av us; 'twas a great wurruk althegither.'

After a sip at my rather large flask, I handed it to Tim and told him to have a pull. He proceeded to pour the remainder of its contents down his throat, without winking, remarking, as if he had done nothing particular in swallowing about half a pint of neat whisky, that it was 'purty stuff.' Then, since I had to be in early, and, moreover, could not keep him out in his wet clothes, we proceeded home in considerable triumph.

During the remainder of my stay we killed four more clean fish, and had capital fun with them; but I do not think that Tim enjoyed any of them as much as he did the first one. I know that I didn't.

When the time came to leave for England once more I was quite depressed at parting from the little man; he was always the same, courteous and cheerful, and had one of those charming natures that rejoice in the good sport of others as if it was their own. I never spent a dull moment with him, and I never worked harder in my life than during those days, for the one thing he insisted on was that the 'flee' should always be on the water. I sincerely hope that we may meet again some day. My last glimpse of him I remember well; he was standing on the old bridge with Mrs Tim, surrounded by a considerable portion of the contents of his 'quiver' (which was a fairly full one—there were twelve children, I think), waving his old caubeen, and shouting, 'Safe home, yer 'onner!' as the car turned the corner.

THE MAKING OF DIAMONDS.

THE diamond has a most eventful history. No single country claims to be its birthplace, nor is it always found under the same conditions. Its home may be in India or South America, Australia or South Africa, Russian Lapland or the plains of Arizona. It has been discovered among the pebbles in a stream, embedded in the boulders of an igneous rock, in gold-washings, in meteoric iron, and (if we can believe Sindbad the Sailor) in beefsteaks brought up from inaccessible valleys by eagles and vultures. It varies in colour no less than in weight. It may be white (or what naturalists call colourless), with an occasional tinge of yellow, red, orange, green, and sometimes black.

Ever since the old Greeks called it *adamas* (the invincible), the diamond has exercised a peculiar fascination. To discover its composition hundreds of gems have been destroyed. Composed of only one element, and that the commonest in Nature, it stands alone among precious stones and constitutes a class by itself. Many strange tales have gathered round its quest. We read of diamond-hunters, diamond-smugglers, diamond-thieves, and diamond-makers. It has been counterfeited in paste and

actually produced by chemical art. In fact, there is and always has been a diamond cult.

How does Nature make the diamond? That is Nature's secret, which nobody knows. Various theories, ranging from the suggestion of a vegetable process to the crystallisation of carbon at great depths under the earth's surface, have been propounded. Sir David Brewster maintained that the diamond was fossilised resin deposited from the sap of a plant, just as a peculiar variety of flint is found in the branches of the bamboo. This view was accepted by Jameson, the famous mineralogist of his day; it was also favoured by Petzholdt, who based his conclusion upon an examination of the ash which is sometimes left after a diamond is burned. Others have maintained that the diamond is made from carbon which has crystallised after being in a liquid condition. Intense heat and pressure, it is said, have liquefied carbonic acid, and as the liquid cooled the formation of the diamond began. Others, again, have maintained that the diamond has been crystallised from molten iron. A remarkable discovery of sixteen years ago lends support to this view. It was supposed that the plain of Arizona contained a vein of iron from the fact that many pieces of the metal, some of them of considerable weight, were found lying on its surface. The iron was pronounced to be meteoric, and when an attempt was made to cut one of the pieces it was found to contain certain hard grains which resisted cutting. These grains were declared to be diamonds. The declaration made such an impression that one of our distinguished scientists suggested that the diamonds which have been found under isolated conditions in sands or gravels on the surface of the ground may have had a meteoric origin. It is well known that acids will dissolve iron and leave a diamond unaffected. The atmosphere will do the same if the iron be exposed to it long enough. Had the Arizona iron been left exposed the diamonds, in the course of time, would have been liberated, and be found distributed over the soil. Hence the conjecture that single diamonds picked up occasionally on superficial deposits, though regarded as minerals, may have had an extra-terrestrial origin.

After all, there is evidently no single mode of origin common to all diamonds. The latest conclusion is that, in different deposits, the gem has been made in different ways. When it occurs in a crystalline igneous rock—as in India, Lapland, and South Africa—it is supposed that it was during the cooling and subsequent solidifying of the rock, after passing through a melted condition caused by volcanic agencies, that the diamond crystallised, its carbon being either present as part of the rock or derived from some carbonaceous source outside of it. When, on the other hand, the diamond occurs, as in Brazil, with crystals of quartz, it has evidently been made in a different way. The scientific name of quartz is itacolumite; it belongs to the group of rocks known as metamorphic. This means that the rock was originally deposited from a watery solution, and probably even at an ordinary temperature. In Brazil the earlier diamond-hunters searched for their treasure below the beds of rivers, digging through the upper clay to the quartz-vein beneath and finding the gem there. In this case the conjecture is that the diamond was made in the same way as the quartz in which it is found. This, however, brings us no further than the point at which we started. Nothing is known regarding the character of the solution by which the diamond is deposited in its matrix, and so the natural origin of the gem is still to a great extent shrouded in mystery.

But though the secret has been so well preserved, the composition of the diamond itself has long been known. The ancients had no suspicion of the true nature of the element of which the diamond is made. They fancied it was a kind of crystal. Even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, an authority on physics defined its composition as 'the purest and finest earth, the most ethereal fire, and the most limpid water.' Modern chemistry has changed all that. The most refined experiments of Lavoisier in France and of Davy in England have proved that the diamond is pure carbon in a crystalline state. This conclusion, however, was not accepted without question. It was hard to believe that the precious gem and the common element carbon were one and the the same thing. Accordingly Guyton de Morveau made further experiments with a view to confirming or rejecting the conclusions of Lavoisier and Davy. Morveau's method was so different from the usual procedure that we cannot help admiring its boldness and ingenuity. It is well known that a piece of soft iron, when heated with charcoal or carbon, absorbs some of the charcoal and becomes steel. Morveau substituted diamond for charcoal, and he converted a fragment of soft iron into steel identical in every respect with the steel produced by the usual method. The question of the composition of the diamond was thus finally determined.

No other gem consists of one, and only one, element, and this apparent simplicity has not only attracted artificial production, but has also been the insuperable barrier which has hindered success. Artificial diamonds have certainly been made, but on such a small scale that they have been practically useless. By the term artificial we do not mean a glass or paste imitation, but the real substance, so made by chemical art that the product is the same in every respect as that made by Nature. Different workers have employed different methods, and with varying success. In 1853 the method of Despretz consisted of depositing carbon by the disruptive action of the electric spark in a large vacuum tube. The carbon was deposited on platinum wires, and the deposit, when viewed under the microscope, had certain remarkable features. At the ends of the wires some points were seen which experts pronounced to be octahedral crystals—the form in

which Nature gives us the diamond. In colour they were black and white. Tested upon hard stones, the substance polished a ruby. As diamond is the only substance that polishes ruby, the deposit was pronounced to be the powder of the diamond.

The next notable attempt was made in the direction of dissolving carbon in a liquid. Sugar or salt dissolved in a liquid leaves the crystals of sugar or salt behind when the liquid has evaporated. In the same way, if we could dissolve carbon, either as charcoal or lamp-black, and by the evaporation of the liquid allow the dissolved carbon to separate out, it would probably crystallise in the lustrous form of diamond. In 1880 J. B. Hannay, a Glasgow chemist, conducted a series of valuable investigations on the solubility of solids in gases, and claimed the discovery of a solvent for carbon. He was the first to dissolve silica in a gas. He found that the metal lithium could separate the carbon from a hydro-carbon—that is, from a compound of hydrogen and carbon. He placed lithium and paraffin—the latter being the hydro-carbon—and some sperm-oil in strong wrought-iron sealed tubes, which were then exposed to enormous pressure and high temperature. Out of numerous experiments only a few had a measure of success, Hannay's difficulty being to get tubes strong enough to resist the heavy pressure and the intense heat. Though the sides of the tubes were three and a half inches thick, they exploded as if built of cardboard. Hannay expected that the carbon, separated by the lithium, would dissolve in the sperm-oil, and that when the solution cooled the carbon would crystallise in the form of a diamond. The result was a crystalline mass. It was diamond, but in the form of a fine sand.

The next worker in the same field was the French chemist Moissan, whose researches on the distillation of metals have attained a world-wide fame. Moissan used molten iron as the solvent. He placed carbon in an iron cylinder, and put the cylinder in a bath of boiling iron in the electric furnace with its temperature of three thousand five hundred degrees centigrade. The cylinder, under these conditions, became soaked with carbon. The hot mass was then plunged into cold water. This solidified the molten iron. Molten iron, like water, expands as it solidifies. Moissan thus produced a strong solid crust which held the inner molten mass in its grip. As the inner mass cooled its expansion produced an enormous pressure. Under this pressure the dissolved carbon separated out in a crystallised form. The size of the crystals did not exceed one-fiftieth of an inch across, but they proved to be absolute diamonds by withstanding all the known tests. They were completely combustible in air, they yielded carbonic acid gas as the sole product of combustion, and possessed the hardness and refractive qualities of the natural gem.

More recently a method of artificial production has been devised by Friedlander. A piece of olivine—the glassy, translucent species of silica, of a light olive colour—after being fused under the blowpipe, was stirred with a rod of soft carbon. On cooling, the silicate was found to contain a number of crystals which were even smaller than those obtained by Moissan. The crystals had the diamond or octahedral shape, they resisted acids, were refractive, burned in air, and scratched ruby.

The investigations of Moissan and Friedlander, apart altogether from the size of their artificial diamonds, are valuable in one respect. They afford a plausible theory as to Nature's mode of working. Moissan helps to solve the mystery as regards the diamonds found in meteoric iron. Friedlander does the same with regard to those of South Africa—that these may have been formed by a molten silicate acting on a carbonaceous material. The problem, however, may be solved otherwise. It is quite possible that if Moissan's process dealt with a few pounds of iron instead of with a few ounces, subjected to greater pressure and higher temperature, the result would be larger diamonds. It is in this direction, judging from the conditions already known, that success seems to lie. A higher temperature than three thousand five hundred degrees centigrade has just been produced. It has been accomplished by Sir Andrew Noble in exploding cordite in a closed chamber. A temperature of five thousand two hundred degrees centigrade was reached, and a pressure of fifty tons to the square inch. The temperature melted carbon, and from the melted carbon diamonds were naturally expected. On analysing the carbon in the explosion chamber, minute diamonds were found in it, proving that before crystallisation the element had passed through a liquid condition. These results may be the forerunners of a greater achievement. The crystals already produced artificially, though inapplicable for ornament and having no commercial existence, may be the first fruits of the secret which Nature shall yet give up. And when she does give it up absolutely, the chemist will not be surprised.

THE ANGEL'S CHOOSING.

A BABE one day in his cradle lay,
While the mother softly sung,
'God grant my child rest undefiled
Till the last low bell be rung!'

An angel flew from the vaulted blue,
And whispered in voice of love,
'Your boy must share the world's dread care,
Or return with me above!'

The mother knew not what she must do:
'Blessed angel, choose for me—
I would leave the choice with thee!'

The angel smiled as he kissed the child:
'The Master would have him stay,
To fight the fight against sin and night
Till the dawn of eternal day!'

THEODORA WILSON WILSON.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

IT has seemed to those who associate with them that members of Parliament are in a gentler, more conversational, and more reminiscent mood at the beginning of an autumn session than at the first start of the business of the year in February, when they are too fierce politically for the easy administration of the social amenities. In February the member conceives himself to have a great mission, to be bound up with a great duty, and he is constantly suggestive of springs and electricity and an eternal restlessness. But the labours and disappointments of the session subdue him, and his late summer holiday—on the moors, or on the golf-links, or at some Continental spa—yield a certain mellowness to his spirit, so that he seems to be a more human man when he forgathers with others of his kind a day or two before the beginning of that extra term of parliamentary work in the autumn, and on to nearly Christmas, which comes to be regarded as an almost inevitable feature of the Westminster programme in these strenuous days. So at this time good stories of parliamentary life and events are recalled and told, which, if not absolutely original in all cases, come quite fresh to the ears of most people. And the other night in a little company of parliamentarians returned to town the conversation turned on certain matters affecting the position of the Speaker; and one of the group told a strange tale of how some six years since the entire House of Commons collectively nearly committed a fault the proper punishment for which would have been imprisonment in the Clock Tower as prisoners of State until it should have been the gracious pleasure of His Majesty the King to let them go free again and resume their arguments upon the merits and demerits of various Bills. It was in this way. The time was the middle of February, when the House was feeling very energetic and greatly desirous of doing something. It came to the conclusion that it should appoint a Deputy Assistant-Speaker who, in the possible contingency of the Speaker and his assistant both being indisposed at the same time, could perform their duties and, if it became necessary, enforce the closure—this latter being a power which is withheld from an ordinary Chairman whose services might be casually employed. The suggestion came from the Prime Minister, and the House was going forward to make the appointment, when up jumped a member and frightened the House exceedingly by the information that it was contempt of the Throne—or *lèse-majesté*, as it is called in another country—in a most aggravated form even to discuss such a subject in a quite informal way without first having gained the permission of the Sovereign to do so. A very little consideration showed the House that this was indubitably true; and it shuddered, so it is said, at the thought of the heinous offence that unwittingly it had very nearly committed. What should it do then? Of course it immediately ceased discussion of the subject it had taken in hand, and some members are said to have pretended that they had never heard of such an office as that of Deputy Assistant-Speaker; while in the meantime one of the Junior Whips of the House was sent off post-haste in search of the King, found him at Marlborough House, and came back with the pleasing intelligence that His Majesty intimated he had not the smallest objection in the world to his faithful Commons discussing this matter to any length and in any manner and to any effect that they desired. Thus it was well. Later, *à propos* of the Suffragettes (of whom it is being said that they will now always be with us until some abnormally strong Parliament passes a new Act for the imprisonment of all of them), another member related anecdotes about interruptions in the House; and a couple of his stories, resurrected from some private records of his own, were good. The incident contained in one of them occurred a few sessions back. A keen debate was being pursued when the shrill voice of a child in the Ladies' Gallery was heard, saying joyfully, 'There's daddy, mamma! There's my

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daddy!' Honourable members were amused and smiled; but officials, who are not allowed to be amused at any irregularity, were apparently angry. Up they went to the Gallery, where they found that the offender was the three-year-old son of Mr John Dillon. Mrs Dillon and her little boy had been granted seats in the private section of the Gallery reserved for the wife of the Speaker, and the boy, evidently possessed of some considerable hereditary instinct, had no sooner arrived than he began to manifest the keenest interest in the proceedings. Ultimately the Speaker's private secretary went aloft to suggest that as yet Master Dillon could not be allowed to address the Chamber, though there would quite likely be strong possibilities for him in the future. So the mother and child took their departure, Master Dillon loudly protesting and declaring, 'I want to make a speech, mamma! I want to make a speech!' Ireland has more leaders coming along. And this pretty story reminded the teller of another childish interruption, in which case, again, the child was that of no ordinary father. Lord John Russell was Prime Minister and Leader of the Commons, when one day a childish voice was heard from behind the ladies' grille, saying, 'Oh, mammy dear, there's papa!' The House, as usual, was quite pleased; but Mr Speaker instructed the Serjeant-at-Arms to go up and 'request the lady in charge of the squalling bairn to leave the Gallery at once.' In answer to the Serjeant's question, the Speaker said that he would leave it to his discretion as to whether he asked the lady for her name or that of the father of the bairn. Thereupon Mr Bernal Osborne got up and exclaimed, 'A wise child knows its own father; it is Lord John Russell's baby!' And as the Serjeant went off to perform his duty, and duly did so, the House laughed boisterously.

* * *

Why do the people and the papers make so much of Mr Winston Churchill? That is exactly the question that most men have asked of themselves and some one else at least once during the last few weeks, and generally there does not seem to be any satisfactory answer forthcoming. When he was married the other day the event appeared to attract as much attention as if it were the wedding of a Prime Minister or a Princess of the Royal House. There sometimes looks to be as much interest focussed on this young man, still in his early thirties and a Cabinet Minister of less than a year's standing, as if he were established beyond dispute as one of the greatest men of the day, and one who had been of the utmost service to the State. Let us not be misunderstood. Most men agree that Mr Churchill is an exceedingly clever man, and that no young person of the time is as likely to go very far in statesmanship. And he looks it all. He has cultivated a style of appearance that suits his part most excellently. Young as he is, he stoops low in his walk, as if the cares of the State already weighed unduly heavily upon him, and he helps his appearance of age by constantly wearing the square-topped shape of felt hat which is generally regarded as the private and particular wear of gentlemen who have become well established in middle age and see no further reason for disguising the fact. Big pockets in his Chesterfield overcoat, the expansive wings of his collar, and a dozen other smaller items of attire and manner all combine to accentuate this look of age and experience, and the finishing touch is imparted by the look of tiredness and strain which hangs upon his fine intellectual face. Mr Winston Churchill himself would not, we imagine, deny that he is very considerably a showman; and it is very difficult to get on in Parliament in these days unless one is a showman. But because he gives these impressions, and because of his apparent cleverness and his frequent amazing but most remunerative audacity, and because we feel that he will some day be a very much greater man than he is now, are really not reasons why the people should make so much of him at the beginning of his career. It is contrary to rule to do so; since in this country it is our practice to recognise in this way only the achievement, and not merely the promise of it. The fact is that there seems everywhere and at all times to be a conspiracy in favour of this young statesman, and the conspirators include his enemies as well as his friends; indeed, we have heard it said that more of them are enemies than friends. His career so far has been roses all the way. People began by taking notice of him because he was the son of a dazzling political genius and of a lady who is quite one of the most brilliant intellectually of her time, and they regarded his future as an interesting experiment in heredity. If, they said, there is anything at all in breeding, this young man should be a wonder. From that time it has become a habit, and an increasing one, to take notice of him, and so he has never suffered from that terrible handicap which has blighted the prospects of men perhaps quite as good as he is, that they have never been able, despite constant endeavour, to make the people notice them once to begin with. They could not make a start. Mr Churchill was started at once, and his own audacity has enabled him to score the maximum number of points for himself at every one of the countless opportunities that have been presented. People do not any longer resent that audacity; they would be sorry to miss it. But it was not always so. We remember a story that was very frequently told about the time of the Boer war, when Mr Churchill first set about the task of making himself famous in real earnest. No war-correspondent is so well known, of such ripe experience, and of such great achievement as a certain gentleman connected with a leading London journal, and one evening during the war he and a few other correspondents were chatting together on the stoep of the Bloemfontein Club when they were joined by Mr Churchill, who went forward to congratulate this veteran on his

great feat in getting away from Ladysmith just at the right moment. 'Mr Blank, that was the finest thing you have ever done in journalism in the whole of your life; it was absolutely great,' he said. No doubt he meant to be nice and kind; but it might have been better if he, so young and inexperienced, had expressed himself in some other way. And nobody who knew him was very much surprised when the other, nettled, replied, 'Boy! it is presumption in you to tell me what is the greatest thing I have done in my life—you, a lad, just beginning your career!' Nevertheless, Mr Churchill made a good deal for himself out of the Boer war, and his tales of his escape from Pretoria, of his ride in the wagons of a luggage-train, of the time when he laid himself down wearily under a tree, the picturesqueness of his subsequent narrative being then helped considerably by the timely appearance of vultures who perched on the branches above and probably speculated on the number of hours that their man was likely to hold out—the accounts of all these matters made fine reading for people who like that sort of thing. It may be taken for certain that Mr Churchill knows his business, and he has framed a policy for himself which, though original in many features, is winning all along the line. We do not seek to depreciate him, nor do we regret that he is so successful and that he is so much noticed when, as we say, we do not know why. He is a refreshing novelty in public life. Some day he will justify all this interest, and experience will give that stability to his principles which his detractors say they are most in need of. In the meantime he is a pleasant as well as an interesting character, and all who know him speak of his kindliness of heart.

* * *

In the big town November is not generally an unpleasant month. The workers of all degrees are fresh with the vigour won in the holiday-times, the atmosphere is cool and invigorating, and a bronzed mellowness seems to overhang the streets. Such, too, is the love of variety and change that we welcome each new season as it comes; we even seem to rejoice in the donning of winter clothes, and we regard the dark evenings by the fireside as among the most joyful features of our social arrangements. The novel, the theatre, the concert have an attraction for the average person in November that they have not in May and June. But the fogs! the fogs! Yes, there are the fogs, and at these we do indeed grumble and growl vehemently, and we make out that they cause us nothing but misery and aggravation, and that we hate them accordingly. Without doubt, when we get two or three days of an unceasing and most impenetrable fog that seems as if it never would lift, the patience of the Londoner is most sorely tried, and he rails against the men of corporations and the men of science because they do not find any cure for this evil of London life. Yet we may bring ourselves to believe that this townsman would even miss the fogs with a faint trace of regret if it were brought about that he was never to have the thinnest of them evermore. Something that was familiar and that caused much discussion would have gone from his life, and we would not have even all our enemies removed entirely from the scope of our consideration. We do believe that it is with more of a smile than a frown that this townsman looks out from his bedroom window at the first fog of November. He seems to have been given a reassurance. He knows that the old order of things is maintained, and that the world, which has very likely not done badly with him so far, is just what it was. The annoyances that follow, in late trains, unkept appointments, stoppage of cabs, and so forth are relieved by little excitements; and there is something wholesome in the breaking of the vast monotony in London business-life. A tangible and absolute excuse is provided in a sphere of work in which for the most part no excuse is ever accepted for a deviation from routine. The folks of lesser responsibility will laugh and joke about the fog, pretend that it necessitates their gathering in club smoking-rooms and drinking punch, while others have at various times been known to make wagers upon it—as to the hour when it would lift, upon the actinic value of the light as evidenced in photography, as to the difference it would make in the weekly returns of certain railways, and so forth; while it has been held by participants that one of the finest forms of sport is racing through London in a dense fog either on foot or with hansom-cab! It is a sport for bold men of strong nerves and great resource, for accidents may happen and ways may be lost. During the thickest fog of last season, when things were so bad that cabs had ceased to ply for hire and there was a congregation of idle omnibuses in Trafalgar Square, four worthies whose time was hanging heavily on their hands held a race with hansom-cabs over a three-mile course along the chief thoroughfares in the heart of London for a handsome stake. Race it was, but not such a one as could be banned by the authorities, for the speed was low and the competitors were not even to be seen by the policeman. It turned out that the winner, adopting the slow and sure principles of the tortoise in the fable, led his horse by the bridle from the beginning to the end. Foot-races in fogs have been common, and some of them have become quite historic. Thus there was one at the beginning of 1865 between Robert Bethell and Joseph Dee, which was a veritable Marathon race in its way. Their course was from Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange, and the arrangements for the event were organised in the most thorough manner. What might be called stewards were stationed all along the route, whose business it was to see that each competitor passed that way, or rather hear him, for the fog was so thick

that a man could not see his own hand, and these befogged athletes had to sing out passwords as they strode along, as proof of the fact that they were proceeding on the proper course and in the proper manner. Many adventures befell them. But a few yards had been traversed when one injured himself considerably through collision with a hackney-carriage, and a little farther on his rival knocked down a linkboy who was leading an old gentleman across the main thoroughfare to Waterloo Bridge. The gentleman belaboured him with his stick, and the incident caused the runner to lose his bearings, so that a little while afterwards he found himself in an alley off Drury Lane. Meanwhile the other made Ludgate Circus half-an-hour after starting, and an exciting finish was promised; but Bethell's haste down Cheapside attracted the attention of a policeman, who ridiculed the suggestion that an important race was being run. It happened most unfortunately that he still held in his hand the expensive gold-mounted stick which he had seized from the gentleman in the Strand, and clung to half-unconsciously afterwards. It had the name of the owner upon it; and as poor Bethell was marched away by the officer of the law, the enemy Dee strode past him to the goal. By the way, it has been calculated that the total loss caused to London by a full day's fog is one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It is estimated that the special measures that have to be taken by the railway companies cost them six thousand pounds, and that the cabmen collectively lose one thousand pounds.

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People all over the country must have viewed with interest the great demonstration of enterprise and activity in the theatrical world of London at the beginning of the present autumn season; for what is the gain of the people of the Metropolis in this matter to-day is that of the provincial a little while later, when the success of the London production is assured, and excellent copies of it are then circulated through the country. Not for some time past do we remember the season of theatrical entertainment to have been opened with so much real force, not merely in the number of new plays—though that has been prodigious, and at one time there were too many *premières* for nights of the week — but in their general quality; and even people who make no affectation of prudery do not conceal their satisfaction that the tone is healthier than it used to be. It is suggested that at one time the London and provincial publics did evince a fancy for problem-plays of a grosser sort; but they soon indicated that there was a limit to their appetite in this direction, and it begins to appear now that tastes have turned. The other evening in one of the leading variety-houses a newly engaged artiste of great reputation sang a song with a thinly hidden double meaning, and when it was ended the audience remained icily mute. Then the performer recited a pretty little ditty of a sweet and innocent domestic character, a child-and-daddy story, and the people cheered vigorously, and the more vigorously to indicate why they did not cheer at all before. It is said that a great outburst of literary activity is often the precursor of the fall of an empire, and we suppose that literature in this matter may be taken to include the drama. But though there are some people who would like to discover some moral hanging on to the present state of things, or account for it in some way, no such pessimism as this is possible. It is simply an interesting fact that at a time when every man you meet is complaining about the hard times, the severity with which he has to limit his personal expenditure, the details of the much smaller house than that he lives in at the moment to which he is shortly moving, and the scrap-iron price that he got for his motor-car when he sold it—at this time there is more money for the theatres than ever there was, and playwrights and managers who can offer to the public something really good are sure of a handsome reward—surer, perhaps, than any one else in the world. It was estimated lately that at one time seats to the value of fifty thousand pounds had been booked in advance at West End theatres. It is an adventurous business; a great courage is needed, and the adventurers must be prepared for failure. But there are many playwrights making great incomes in these days. It is said that Mr J. M. Barrie, who has a new one out this autumn, has already made about one hundred thousand pounds from his plays. Sir W. S. Gilbert made fifty thousand pounds from *Pygmalion and Galatea* alone, and Mr Pinero made forty thousand pounds from *Sweet Lavender*. It is generally reckoned that a successful play—not a brilliantly successful one, but a play that has just a good run — is worth ten thousand pounds to its author; and as there are only about eight thousand words in the average work, this represents a very excellent rate of remuneration. But think of the money that a popular play draws from the public, and what the profits must be! It is said that *The Silver King* has drawn more than six millions sterling! This was the late Mr Wilson Barrett's estimate of gross takings. *Rip Van Winkle* is supposed to have made a profit of over a million, and *Charley's Aunt* half that sum. *The Private Secretary* earned one hundred and forty thousand pounds for Mr Penley; and *Sweet Lavender*, which, as we have seen, did so well for its author, did even better for its producer, Mr Edward Terry, who cleared sixty thousand pounds out of it. And there are plays to-day that are doing and will do nearly or quite as well as some of these, although competition is so much severer than it used to be, and a much greater diversity of attraction is offered to the public than a couple of decades back. There

are more failures now than there used to be, and the cost is greater and the risks more frightening; but the rewards for great merit are waiting just as before. Nearly a year since it was calculated that sixty thousand pounds had been paid in royalties to the composer of that wonderful success of the time, *The Merry Widow*, and forty thousand pounds to the librettists; and that the Viennese music-publisher Herzmansky had up to that time made seventy thousand pounds profit out of the publication of the musical score! And this musical play is still going strongly. It is, indeed, a big business in these days. Lately a good authority in Mr Seymour Hicks was giving us some interesting figures of an ordinary sort of theatrical budget. He said that an average West End theatre when full is worth to the box-office about two hundred and eighty pounds. If the play is a big success this is taken eight times a week, resulting in two thousand two hundred and forty pounds being taken. From this amount an average of one thousand two hundred pounds may be deducted for current expenses, leaving a profit balance of one thousand and forty pounds, from which, however, the initial cost of production has gradually to be recovered. In an ordinary way, everything will be cleared in a few weeks' time, and thenceforth the management will view with increasing satisfaction the continuation of the weekly profit of a thousand and few odd pounds.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

JEAN DUPONT looked at the garden with anger and regret. At this hour of sunset — when the heat of an August day was turned to the slumbering quiet of evening, when the slanting sun lit up the valley with soft tones, and the woods and ravines were already sunk in sleep and twilight—the garden should have looked its best, the roses sending out a gentle fragrance to the air, and the long shadows on the grass lying softly on the velvet green, while the geraniums, the dahlias, and the spear-like heads of the foxgloves took on a darker hue, more attuned to the hour of the Angelus. But the lawn was cut about out of all recognition, the flower-beds were trampled on, and branches of the fruit-trees lay about, torn off in pure stupidness, for the fruit was far from ripe.

So this was war! Jean would not easily forget the night that was past. Far through the summer darkness into the early dawn soldiers had passed the house, silent, dusty, and ragged, pressing onwards with a look of shame, a burning anger. He had stood all night at the gate and watched. Few had stopped; few had spoken to him; and he, for his part, had asked no questions. If any demanded food and drink he gave what the house could offer, for so madame had bidden him. Once when a company of dragoons had passed he recognised the uniform, though it was ragged and very different from what he had ever seen it before, even when monsieur had come back from a day's manœuvring. So he had stepped out from the gate and stopped an officer. Could the captain inform him, he asked, whether Major de Coutelan would be passing that way during the night? This was his regiment, the officer had answered, but he would not pass that way or any other; he was behind, on the field of Wörth, dead—for the country; and, so saying, he had galloped on to join his company on the road through the Vosges.

First Jean had thought it best to go immediately and tell madame that her husband was dead; then he had decided it could well wait till morning. There was no good to be done by hurrying these things; the news of death always came soon enough, however late one put it off. And so he had rolled a cigarette and smoked, sitting in the roadway by the gate and watching the stream go by. Towards dawn the hurrying crowd had thinned, and after about four o'clock no more soldiers had passed. Jean had had the valley to himself, and the silent Vosges, rising and rolling up into the distance, shimmering and blurred in the morning mist.

Major de Coutelan had been a pleasant master, always promising to find him a good occupation in life when he should be old enough. A fine soldier too, it was said, and one whom the Emperor had noticed. Had he not himself pinned the Cross of Honour to the Major's breast? Jean had often thought he would like to be a soldier himself; one would then get so much more spice from life than when just tending the garden and driving madame and mademoiselle in the pony-cart. Not a conscript, to do a year or two of soldiering and then back to the garden; but a real soldier like Sergeant Moreau at Orleans, who gave fencing-lessons, and was so full of stories of the army. He wondered if the sergeant was killed, or if he too rode with head bent through the night. Of course this battle of Wörth would be revenged, and France and the Emperor would drive the Germans back, and then follow them into their own country across the Rhine. He was not sorry for the Major. It was much better to die in the rush and excitement of battle, where death came swiftly and with no pain, than to die in bed. And dying for the country—that was something glorious, something to be remembered in one's village. He could recall how Georges, the son of old Marie, who kept the 'Vache Noire,' up by the church, at the end of the main street, had been killed at Magenta, though that was when he was a very little boy; and how the curé had preached on the love of one's country. Old Marie had always

seemed proud and glad that Georges should so have died; but then she had five children, so that there were four left. It was different with madame and mademoiselle. They would be left alone now; it was very different for a woman to be alone than for a man. Still, they would go back to the Loire, to the château near Orleans, in his own village of Vampes, and little by little they would become used to the Major's death. Jean had never liked the idea of coming to Alsace, and of taking this house on the slopes of the Vosges, simply to be near the Major at Strasbourg; and with the war it was no place for women. But it was madame's wish, and even with the beginning of the fighting she would not go back to the Loire. There were no men about the place now but himself; he was only just sixteen, but then he was tall and strong, and did a man's work easily. He must look carefully after the women-folk, and keep them from any danger. Monsieur de Coutelan would expect that, and now that he was dead the duty became the more compelling. Besides, he was not sorry to have some definite duty when so many of his friends were with the army in real danger and in the midst of desperate fighting.

The morning was wearing on and the sun getting up; he had better go into the house and tell madame that her husband was dead. That was not easy. Perhaps it would be better to tell one of the women-servants, and let her break it to the mother and daughter. No; that smacked of cowardice. He was the only man in the house, and must not begin by shirking an unpleasant task.

So he had gone into the house in the first freshness of the summer morning. He had found the other servants already about, doing their everyday business with white, scared faces. What had he seen? What had he heard? they had asked him. But he told them simply that he had stood at the gate and watched the press of men go by; that he had gained no information. It was better, he had thought, not to tell them of the master's death; they would only make a noise and frighten madame. It was much better that she should know quietly and in private. So he had escaped their questioning and made his way to the bedroom.

Madame had at once opened the door to his knock; she was fully dressed, and very white and tired. She looked as if she had spent the night in praying. Mademoiselle was sitting by the window, a slim, mournful figure, the morning sunlight touching her black hair and lighting the pallor of her face. She looked very beautiful, more beautiful even than she had seemed to him before; and the pride of her bearing, which had always made him ill at ease in her presence, seemed gone away. For the first time since the officer had given him the news Jean had felt frightened. His message had suddenly grown so bald, and these two watching women so frail and lonely!

'What news have you?' madame had asked him, and her voice was still and strained.

'I stopped an officer of the dragoons, and he told me the master is dead, back there on the battlefield,' Jean had blurted out, not knowing how to put it, and wishing his message were anything but that.

Madame had not spoken; she had simply drawn herself up, her hands clasped and her head thrown back. It had been as if Jean had hit her a blow in the face. Mademoiselle had not moved or spoken, but had sat as he first saw her, the sunlight on her hair, the same unquiet look, the same uneasy poise. He had remained by the door longing to tell them that he would do all he could, give all he had, to keep them from harm, yet not daring to break in on their silent grief.

'When was it?' madame had asked in an even, expressionless voice; and when he had told her 'Early in the battle,' 'Ah!' she had said, and turned slowly to mademoiselle. And he, glad of the opportunity, had made his escape.

Jean had gone down to the kitchen then, and taken the bowl of coffee and the lump of bread that had formed his morning meal since he had worked for the De Coutelans; for before that one did not drink coffee—at least not much, not every day; it was expensive. He had told the cook his message. She had known it all along, she said; she had been sure from the beginning that this move into Alsace would bring nothing but ill-fortune to the family. Now they were a houseful of lonely women, with not a man to look after them. Jean had thought of telling her that when the Major was alive but with the army he could not very well look after them, so his death but little affected their position; but long experience of the cook had told him that it was better to let her have her own way. She was sorry at the master's death, he knew well; but she would like above all things to blame him for an ignorant and conceited boy by way of hiding her feelings. So he had left the kitchen and gone out to his work in the garden.

He had worked with more than usual vigour; but, no matter how careful had been his attention to the garden, his thoughts had wandered back to the night and the retreating army, and then again to the two women in their silent mourning. It was with something of relief that he had heard the sound of horses' hoofs at a distance down the road to Wörth. He had run to the gate, fearful lest it might be men bringing back the body of the Major; and then, remembering that soldiers in war-time had other things to do than bring back the dead to their relatives, he had thought scorn of himself for an ignorant boy full of child's terrors.

The soldiers turned the bend at the bottom of the hill and slowed their horses down to a walk as they came up the rise. Jean had not been able to distinguish the uniform at the distance, but had noticed lance-points gleaming in the sun. As they came nearer he had seen the uniforms more clearly; but they were not like any he had seen before, and the men themselves looked different from the soldiers that he knew. And then the officer who was riding at the head of the troop turned and shouted some-

thing to a sergeant riding at the rear, and Jean had known that these were Germans. He had been frightened; there was no doubt about it this time, he had been really gripped by fear. All sorts of tales about the cruelty of soldiers in war-time had come into his head, and he had badly wanted to run; but the thought of mademoiselle had come to him, and—he was glad to think of it now—he had not even hidden behind the gate-post.

Jean had carefully taken stock of the officer as he rode up. He was a biggish man, fair, and rather inclined to be fat, though he looked very young—almost as young as Jean himself; he had little eyes that stuck out rather far from his head, a large, loose-lipped mouth, with a slight, fair moustache on his upper lip.

'Holà, there, boy!' he had shouted to Jean when the troop had come up to the gate; 'is there any one in this house, or have they all scurried off like rabbits?' He had laughed himself at this, and the troop had joined in with a guffaw.

'The house is full,' Jean had replied; 'and we have no corn left for your horses, for we gave it all last night.'

'Look here, my fine fellow,' the officer had continued, 'I'm not here to waste my time listening to your tales. Who lives in the house? How many are there? Sharply!'

'Madame and Mademoiselle de Coutelan, three women-servants, and myself,' Jean had answered.

'And the stables—for how many horses is there stabling?' the officer had queried in the same important, rather squeaky voice with the heavy German accent.—'But there is, I see, a decentish-sized garden. I think it will do, eh, sergeant?'

'It looks well enough, sir,' the sergeant had answered.

Then the lieutenant had turned again to Jean and told him to inform his mistress that she might prepare for company. He would sleep that night at the house, and would expect something to eat. Meanwhile, he would leave five men to prepare for the evening. 'In these troublous times,' he had finished, 'it is just as well that lonely women should have men to look after them.' And the troop had laughed loud at their lieutenant's wit.

Jean had protested that the house could not support so many men, that there was no corn in the stables, that madame and mademoiselle were in great grief—Major de Coutelan having been killed in the battle—and that it was no time to receive strangers. The lieutenant had only sworn at him, and ordered him sharply to take his message. Then he had given some orders in German to five of the troop, of whom one was the sergeant, and trotted off up the hill with the remainder.

During the day little had happened. The Germans were not bad fellows, and had kept out of the way of the household. Except that, there not being room in the stables, they had tethered their horses on the lawn and so spoilt all the work Jean had given to it since the family came to Alsace, and that they had taken what fruit they wanted and sometimes branch as well as fruit, they had behaved with consideration and a marked respect for the cook's tongue. Madame and mademoiselle had not appeared all day, but remained shut in the bedroom. Jean had passed the day with nothing much to do, but with a certain interest in watching the Germans cooking their food and tending their horses, and in listening to the sergeant, who seemed a pleasant fellow, though gruff and blunt of speech.

After the evening meal Jean had come out into the garden to await the lieutenant's return, with sorrow turned to anger against the Germans in his heart. About seven o'clock there was a noise of horses on the road, and the lieutenant came back with ten troopers. They were dusty and hot, and all looked none too pleased with life. The officer, having curtly given his orders, and told the sergeant to see that his horse was properly tended, swaggered into the house, calling loudly for his supper. Jean brought him a message from the cook that if he wished a good meal he must wait half-an-hour; meals did not stand ready at all hours of the day awaiting every stranger's good pleasure. This message Jean delivered, though he had taken leave to alter somewhat the wording. The lieutenant received it sourly, and announced that he would walk in the garden till the food was cooked.

There were lettuces to be cut and fruit to be picked, so Jean had gone out to the kitchen-garden, where he got a sight of the officer pacing the gravel terrace behind the house, his sword scraping and clanking, and a thin blue cloud of cigar-smoke hanging about his head. Though Jean had conceived a great dislike for the man on account of his overbearing manner, he was struck by the fine martial figure that the German cut in the fast-falling light. Well set up, though inclining to stoutness, the smart uniform of a Uhlan regiment fitting to a nicety, the officer impressed on Jean the power of this enemy that was now walking the soil of France.

As the lieutenant came to the end of the terrace and was turning about to retrace his steps, mademoiselle came round the end of the house, stepping almost into the man's arms. Jean saw the soldier click his heels smartly together in the most precise of military salutes, at the same time bowing with something of an exaggeration of deference. Though hidden by bushes, from where he was Jean could see the two figures plainly outlined against the western sky, the voices carrying with distinctness across the few yards that separated them from him.

'Good-evening, mademoiselle,' said the German; 'it is a pleasant hour for the garden—the best hour of the day, to my thinking.'

'Good-evening, monsieur,' mademoiselle replied, and made as if to move on.

But the lieutenant stepped to her side, and, with a wave of the arm, said, 'Surely it is just the

time to walk on this terrace. You can teach me the beauties of your flowers. I will prove myself an excellent pupil, I assure you.'

'Thank you, monsieur, but I have no wish for such amusement this evening. You must know that my father was killed in the battle yesterday. You can understand, then, that I am not wishful for company. Though perhaps it seems strange to you, who are a soldier, I cannot forget that you are of the side that killed him, and would, therefore, that you excuse my company to-night,' said she, and stepped on with a bow.

'Mademoiselle, I am sure you make a mistake,' replied the lieutenant. 'You would do much better to forget your grief a little while. Besides, I am not bad company, or so my girl-friends have given me to understand. Be persuaded, and take a turn with me. You are told to forgive your enemies, you know. Come, take pity on my loneliness. I promise that you will not regret it.'

'Monsieur,' the girl answered, the disdain that Jean knew so well ringing in her voice, 'I have asked you to excuse my company. Good-night.'

'Come now, my dear,' said the lieutenant—and his voice had taken a light, insolent tone—'there is no need to be angry. A girl always finds some pleasure in a man's society, especially if he wears a sword, and you are no exception to the others, I'll warrant. Away with that feint of anger. I know your sex, I tell you. Still, I'll find a reading for the flowers that will please you, though you are no lover of botany. Come now, that's a bargain!'

'Monsieur,' mademoiselle answered, 'you bear an officer's uniform, and so I imagine you have met some few gentlemen among your fellows. Try to recall the manners of these. It is sometimes good to imitate even where one cannot reproduce. In time, I think, you might make a passable caricature of courtesy that would meet with much approval from the friends that you have mentioned. Good-night, monsieur;' and with a sweep of her dress and a slight emphasis on the last word, mademoiselle passed into the house.

Jean saw the lieutenant gnaw his moustache and turn angrily away; yet the man made no effort to apologise, but walked up the terrace with every appearance of conceit. He must have his dinner, Jean thought, and that quickly, so that he might be got out of the way of again meeting mademoiselle as soon as might be; but if such a chance-meeting should again occur, then it must be the servant's business to teach this man the manners that he lacked. So Jean had stepped on to the terrace and announced that dinner was served.

He waited on the lieutenant as he had been taught a servant always should, quietly and with every readiness to anticipate his wants; but there was a great desire in his heart to refuse to serve the man. And when he thought of the conversation on the terrace he was ready to strike the officer on the face. He noticed that the wine went freely, but the lieutenant preserved an air of sullen ill-temper, coupled with the assumption of an added swagger.

When the meal was finished the lieutenant lit a cigar and pushed back his chair, stretching his legs out and blowing smoke-rings to the ceiling. Jean could see his face was red; after the hard exercise of the day the wine had gone quickly to his head. He was already a little muddled, on the road to being drunk. The lieutenant drunk, Jean thought, would probably be easier to deal with and less overbearing than when sober. So when the German moved to the arm-chair, and in the short passage from the table to the side of the fireplace showed himself not altogether master of his legs, Jean promptly carried out his order for another bottle, and stepped through the long, open windows on to the terrace.

It was cooler and quieter in the garden. A full moon shone peacefully on the scene, showing the soldiers lounging about on the ground, smoking, and talking together in low voices. The tread of a sentry came from the road on the other side of the house, the sound carrying distinct and sharp on the still summer night. Jean could also make out the form of another soldier standing silent by the brook beyond the rose-beds. He could see no horses, and imagined that they must be tethered in front on the little lawn by the stable entrance. He looked up at the window of madame's room; it was lighted and wide open, but the blind was drawn down. The next window—mademoiselle's—was dark; so the two women must be in the same room. Down below among the Germans he would watch over mademoiselle, and she would not know it. It was better that way. He could show all his devotion; he might put into action his love, though he was almost afraid of that word; and there would be no chance of his forgetting his place, and being checked by that proud manner that he was so afraid of, which yet made the woman so much more beautiful and so different from all the others he had seen. It was easy to carry out a duty that was so much what he would have chosen it to be. But a great shouting from the lieutenant upset his thoughts and brought him into the dining-room.

'Here, boy! Confound the fellow! where is he got to? Boy, come here, you fool!' And, as Jean hurried into the room, 'Here, you clod! do you think I'm going to spend the night calling for you? Why don't you come when you're wanted? Show me my room, and hurry up about it. Remember I'll have my orders obeyed, and none of your long faces and surly looks here.'

His face was red and puffy, his eyes bright and staring. Drunk he was, without doubt, but his senses were mainly with him still, though wandering and excited.

'The rooms are all full upstairs, monsieur; but I will make you a bed in here or in one of the other rooms downstairs,' Jean answered.

'Full! Then let them empty themselves. I'll sleep in a bed this night, or I'll wring your neck, boy!' and the lieutenant swore loudly.

'You can have my bed, monsieur. I sleep over the stables. I tell you the other rooms are full.' Jean felt his anger mounting, and a desire growing to show this man better manners, and to teach him to make less noise and not disturb the whole house.

The lieutenant's face became purple and he sprang from the chair.

'*Gott*,' he stuttered, 'but he offers me his bed! His bed to a German officer! Listen! I'll give you one more chance before I thrash the life out of you. Arrange how you will, it matters nothing to me; but sleep in a bed I will—not in a garret, but a bed. If you do not get my room ready in five minutes from now—five minutes, you hear—I'll settle you first, my fine young garden-boy, and then I'll make a visit upstairs and pick my room. I dare say your young mistress would prefer to sleep alone, but she may have to accept my company if you don't obey. Now, get out!'

Jean had gone white; he felt a curious pricking of the skin under his hair and a tight feeling in his throat. He drew himself up. There was only one thing to do: send those last words down the lieutenant's mouth and his teeth with them. He was about to spring and strike, when the door opened and mademoiselle herself appeared in the doorway. It was a slight, tall girl that stood there, arrayed in a clinging black dress that showed off the graceful lines of her figure, the head thrown slightly back, the full throat gleaming white through a collar of lace-work, the dark mass of hair flinging into relief the pallor and haughtiness of the face.

With eyebrows slightly raised and a surprised look in her eyes, mademoiselle asked, 'Jean, what is all this noise about? I trust that you have not forgotten to make this gentleman in every way comfortable. Remember that, though unbidden, he is a guest in our house, and so entitled to all that we can give him.' And then, turning to the lieutenant, who had been staring stupidly, 'What is it that you require, sir? We are only women in the house, except the good Jean here; but what we can do to make you comfortable shall be done gladly.'

Jean was standing between the door and the lieutenant, his right hand touching a chair on which lay the lieutenant's sword-belt and revolver. He neither moved nor answered; he had taken one look at mademoiselle as she entered, and then his eyes fixed themselves on the man's face. The lieutenant had merely stared stupidly when the door had opened, but now there was a look on his face that Jean had seen on other men before. That look must never find expression in word or act. If it did—— Jean's right hand felt for the revolver and his fingers closed round the butt.

The lieutenant took a step forward, with a smile and a deep bow. 'Mademoiselle,' said he, 'I am very sorry that there has been any noise; still, I cannot blame it, since it has again brought me the pleasure of your company.' He paused, but mademoiselle's look was of icy surprise, and Jean remained rigid. 'The truth is, I was asking for a bed—a man must have a bed, you know, young lady—and this fellow here refused, or offered me his own, which is the same thing. I suggested that you might be willing to offer me yours.' Mademoiselle shivered. 'But I do not wish to be unpleasant to a lady. I will forgo any talk of such things if in return you will give me one kiss—one kiss for a bed—that's fair, eh?'

And the lieutenant stepped forward, his eyes gleaming, his arms stretched out. Mademoiselle stepped back with a low cry. It was then Jean fired. Through the smoke he saw the lieutenant stop; the drink and passion went out of his face, a sort of questioning wonder coming in their place, his arms bent towards his chest. The man swayed, took a half-step forward, then fell heavily on his face and lay still. Instantly, it seemed to Jean, the room was filled with soldiers. The sergeant was down on his knees by the body. Madame and the women-servants came hurrying into the room. Then men seized Jean and tore the revolver from his hands. Every one was talking, and the servants whimpering and trembling. Madame went to her daughter and stood with an arm about her.

Jean did not move. He did not seem interested in the proceedings, only a great gladness filled him that the lieutenant was dead. Then he heard mademoiselle speaking. 'The man insulted me; my servant fired and killed him. He cannot be blamed. He has but carried out his duty. You would not punish him for that?'

It was good to hear that! It did not matter what happened to him now, Jean felt. He had saved mademoiselle from insult, and she was pleading against his punishment. Then the sergeant stood up from beside the body and spoke calmly, as if these affairs might occur any day.

'Ladies, I much regret that this should have happened. I am afraid that Lieutenant Waldstein was drunk; but a German officer has been murdered, and your servant will have to pay the penalty. I will remove my men from your house, or, if you will, escort you to Wörth and put you in safety there. But I shall shoot this boy. There is no other way.'

Mademoiselle had then pleaded for his life. He was young, and had acted on the impulse of the moment. He had done his duty, and had saved her from insult and harm in her own house. Jean got all his reward while she was there asking his life. Not that he wanted life; he could die so well now, when all had been brought to a fitting finish. Besides, it was not right that mademoiselle, who was of high family, should thus plead for a servant.

So, trying hard that his voice should not shake, he said, 'Mademoiselle, it will be as the sergeant says. Do not waste time on me, but go and

get ready to leave for Wörth, where you will be in safety. I am sorry that I cannot go with you, but I am glad of what I did. If I could have killed him before he spoke I should have been more glad. Good-bye, madame. Good-bye, mademoiselle.'

Then mademoiselle turned to the sergeant and begged him, with a sob in her voice, for Jean's life; but he refused with few words. So she had come across to Jean, and stood a little while with her hands on his shoulders and the tears running down her face; then she stooped and kissed him on the forehead.

Jean died where there is a little space of wall between the stable-gate and the laurel-bushes. They buried him where the pine-trees at the side of the house look out over the valley. The moon was full, and the night soft and calm, and a light wind among the trees went sighing up the slopes of the Vosges away into France.

SAVING THE CHILDREN.

THE past sixty years have been fruitful of public and private effort to save orphan and destitute children from sinking in the social scale and pursuing careers of vice and crime. Parliament has passed many beneficial Acts, and never was there more voluntary effort; while the founding of Ragged and Industrial Schools, Dr Barnardo's Homes, and those of George Müller and William Quarrier, is a creditable record for our common humanity. Much, no doubt, remains to be done, for, as G. R. Sims says, 'we must take no rest, and give the country no rest, till every child—orphan, destitute, diseased, oppressed, afflicted—has not only food and clothing, but Christian love and Christian home-life.' The publication of *Memoirs of the late Dr Barnardo*, by Mrs Barnardo and James Marchant, with an introduction by Dr W. Robertson Nicoll (Hodder & Stoughton), affords an opportunity to say something on this important subject.

Thomas John Barnardo was born at Dublin, July 4, 1845. His father's family was of Spanish origin; his mother, who belonged to an old Quaker family—the Drinkwaters—was a woman of great strength of character and deep religious convictions. As a boy Barnardo was full of fun, mischief, and exuberance of life; was somewhat thoughtless and careless also; and gave trouble to his teachers. He had abundance of ability; lessons gave him little trouble. Never fond of sports, his favourite hobby was reading. On leaving school he spent a little time in a merchant's office. At the age of sixteen he decided, as David Livingstone also did, to train as a medical missionary for China. Neither was destined to carry out his youthful plans. Barnardo attended for a time the theological class of Mr Grattan Guinness, came to London in 1866, and became a student in the London Hospital.

While at his books the call to do something to mitigate the misery and misfortune of the poor children of the East End of London proved to him a more powerful magnet than even the foreign mission-field. Gradually the expulsive power of this new affection drove out the other. Though he 'kept his terms, he did not reach his goal.' John Ruskin, in turning his back on his old early love, the study of art and architecture, for the sake of social problems, wrote in 1871: 'I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like; and the very light of the morning sky—when there is any, which is seldom nowadays near London—has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly.' Ruskin became a social reformer and enriched the world with some inspiring and eloquent, even prophetic, books. Barnardo found his way also. Early in his career he said, 'I am set primarily for the saving of the children.' With a warm heart, red-hot earnestness, and wonderful genius in organisation, as Dr Nicoll says, 'in a world of talkers, Dr Barnardo determined to do all he could for the miserable and the weak so long as he could, and this is the story of his life.' During a working career of over forty years the public gave him three and a quarter millions sterling to use in saving human wreckage amongst boys and girls. He was happy in his work, which he would not have exchanged for that of any other sphere.

As a young man he was distinguished for energy and enthusiasm. 'The head and face indicated capacity, being that of a thoughtful, resolute, obstinately persevering man.' He did mission and ragged school work; and we have the prophecy of his future career when, in 1868, he engaged two four-roomed houses in a retired court on the confines of the parishes of Stepney and Limehouse; Hope Place being the first permanent home of his mission Sunday school and boys' evening school. During the cholera epidemic of 1866 Barnardo got to know the poor people in a way he could not otherwise have done, and was as faithful as was young Dr John Brown at Chatham during the same period. He attended as many as sixteen deaths in one day, and only youth, enthusiasm, and good health carried him safely through.

There were several factors which helped Barnardo in his decision to remain in this country. Lord Shaftesbury urged him to give up his whole life to the rescue of waif children. Then there came a gift of one thousand pounds from Mr Samuel Smith, M.P., for the establishment of a Home for waif and stray children in East London; and a successful public address Barnardo gave in the Agricultural

Hall still further helped to confirm his purpose. The discovery of his first street-arab did as much as anything else to point the way, for this lad led Barnardo to a lair where eleven waifs of ages from nine to eighteen were seen sleeping in all positions in gutters and on iron roofs, clad in rags. 'Often since,' he writes, 'amid scenes of comfort, I have seen before me the upturned piteous faces of these eleven outcast boys, realised their awful misery and destitution, heard their mute appeal for assistance, and afresh registered in my own heart the resolve to devote my future life to their rescue and training.'

The country was awakening to the condition of the children when Barnardo began his work. Laws were being made and unmade for their protection. Lord Shaftesbury's beneficent labours were beginning to bear fruit. And so the boys' lodging-house at 18 Stepney Causeway took root and prospered. A tent-mission held in 1872 in the East End resulted in some four thousand temperance pledges being taken, two public-houses were closed, and the 'Edinburgh Castle' gin-palace, forced to capitulate, was purchased and transformed into a mission church and coffee-palace. Barnardo kept it as attractive as it had been aforetime; for 'the publican understands human nature; he adopts what are supposed to be common-sense methods of attracting custom.' It paid as a commercial undertaking, and for thirteen years Barnardo was here preaching two or three times a week. There were games and newspapers and temperance refreshments, with social intercourse. The place was rebuilt at a cost of eight thousand pounds, with a hall seated for three thousand two hundred people, and was opened by Lord Shaftesbury.

No destitute child was ever turned away from any of the hundred Homes and branches which were eventually organised. Barnardo was always in need of money, as those well knew who read his printed appeals. Unlike William Quarrier or George Müller, who never anticipated their income, he actually incurred a debt of about two hundred thousand pounds to acquire land and build property, rather more than half of which has been paid since his death in 1905. In that same year over two hundred thousand pounds was sent in for the Homes, and the work has gone on since without check and even with increased momentum. In 1899 the institution hitherto known as 'East London Juvenile Mission, Dr Barnardo's Homes,' became 'The National Incorporated Association for the Reclamation of Destitute Waif Children, otherwise known as Dr Barnardo's Homes.' The writers of the *Memoirs* are justified in saying: 'Never in the history of the Church or the world has such an organised attempt been made to rescue the destitute from starvation, the suffering from peril, and the down-trodden and cruelly ill-used little ones from their oppressors and tormentors. Never before have the hands of loving sympathy been held out so widely or so effectively to the orphaned and the helpless. Never before has any one man borne so large a share of responsibility in such a cause, and never before were there so many children saved in a single year and placed with their faces heavenwards as our records for 1892 exhibit.'

In his sixtieth year Dr Barnardo wrote that forty of these years had been spent among the children, the wastrel children of the slums, not merely of London but of all the great towns of the kingdom. He had caught thousands, but there were thousands more to catch. Boys and girls had always been fond of him, and he was equally fond of them. To his eye no child, however deformed, was really ugly. 'Sometimes,' he writes, 'I have spent the whole night long in slum streets with only my bull's-eye lantern, traversed horrible courts and alleys, examined tenement-houses and common lodging-houses, spent hours in the market-places and down by the wharves and in the railway stations, and all this without one single catch. At other times I have found quite a shoal of little folk seeking shelter in odd corners to hide from the police; then has come my grand time, although often many of them would be alarmed, dazed, and willing to run off at the least opportunity given.'

At Stepney Home he was scarcely ever in before 3 A.M. He made mistakes, and suffered for them; his life was a hard one, with seldom a holiday. His working day was often about sixteen hours. The salary he received was barely sufficient for his wants; yet he rarely complained and never boasted of what he was doing. This man, so good a servant of the Empire, as Dr Nicoll points out, received no public recognition, and no honours came to him. He was a born leader and organiser, and did everything well — too well, some of his critics and contributors thought. The Village Home for Girls at Barkingside was his peculiar care. Every detail of every cottage, from the foundation to the chimney-pot, the colour of paint and paper, and the furnishing, had his supervision. It was his aim that in these cottages family life and family love should be reproduced. It was only after his happy marriage in 1873 to Miss Elmslie that he received orphan and destitute girls. During the twenty-nine years from the opening until the founder died eight thousand seven hundred children had been received and trained in the Village Homes. The boarding-out system, first adopted by the State in Scotland, and now also adopted in England, had Dr Barnardo's hearty approval. 'I believe,' he said, 'my institutions are as good as any on earth. Of course I do. If I didn't I would make them better; but there is something better, and that is boarding out, if it is well done. Boarding out is better because it is natural instead of artificial.' We learn that in 1906 over four thousand children were boarded out by Barnardo's Homes, the average annual cost for each child being thirteen pounds; babies cost seven shillings per week, and children from two to four years six shillings per week. The Homes being

on a Protestant basis, Dr Barnardo had on various occasions litigation with Roman Catholics, in which he came off successfully, as he did at a crisis in 1877 when a demand was made for an inquiry into his financial and other methods. Dr Barnardo died on the 19th September 1905, and this year a monument fashioned by Mr George Frampton was placed over his tomb. Here are two verses from a tribute by the editor of *Punch*:

> Naked, he clothed them; hungry, gave them food;
> Homeless and sick, a hearth and healing care;
> Led them from haunts where vice and squalor brood
> To gardens clean and fair.
> . . . . . .
> He stooped to save them, set them by his side,
> Breathed conscious life into the still-born soul;
> Taught truth and honour, love and loyal pride,
> Courage and self-control.

The Orphan Homes founded by George Müller at Ashley Down, Bristol, and those founded by William Quarrier at Bridge of Weir, seven miles from Greenock, have an equally beneficent record. Their methods differ from those of the Barnardo Homes in that no public appeal has ever been made for money, their support having depended upon the exercise of faith and prayer on the part of the promoters and voluntary contributions from the public. The story of their inception and the careers of Müller and Quarrier are more interesting than any romance.

It was in 1835 that George Müller, a German pastor resident in England, printed proposals for the establishment of an Orphan Home, which took shape in 1836 at Bristol. As the result of 'prayer to God' he announced that he had up to 1856 received eighty-four thousand four hundred and forty-one pounds on behalf of his orphans, these numbering two hundred and ninety-seven. From the start until last year one million six hundred and thirty-nine thousand eight hundred pounds had thus flowed in to meet the necessities of the twelve thousand four hundred and fifty-three orphans cared for in the Homes over that period.

The record for the Quarrier Homes is quite as remarkable. In the years between 1871, when the first Home was opened, and 1905, upwards of thirteen thousand children were dealt with, five thousand of whom had been sent to Canada. Something like six hundred and seventy thousand pounds was received in voluntary gifts, of which two hundred and seventy thousand pounds has been spent on land and buildings, and four hundred thousand pounds in the maintenance of the Homes and Consumptive Sanatoria. No one is called upon for subscriptions, and no resort is made to bazaars or entertainments. 'The needs are committed to God in prayer.' At the close of the year 1907 there was a company of one thousand four hundred and twenty-seven orphan children, consumptives, and epileptics; for the needs of the sixty-nine Homes forty-five thousand pounds had flowed in, besides food and articles of clothing.

William Quarrier began his public work among the street-boys of Glasgow by the organising of shoeblack and newsboy brigades. From these developed the Orphan Homes which to-day provide a home and Christian training for fourteen hundred fatherless and orphan boys and girls of all ages. The founder was born at Greenock in 1829. His father died when he was three years of age, and Mrs Quarrier removed to Glasgow and supplied the needs of her family by doing needlework. There was a temporary stoppage of work when William Quarrier was seven years of age, and the lad, having been thirty-six hours without food, 'was standing in the High Street, with bare head and feet, pinched with cold and tortured by hunger, wondering that amidst all who crowded by not a soul had a heart to feel for him or a hand to help. There and then the starving child registered the vow that if ever he should have the means to help he would not pass by the destitute children.' He worked for a time in a pin-factory, and finished his apprenticeship to shoemaking at twelve years of age. He became an indefatigable worker in Church and social schemes, and commenced business at twenty-three; and in 1864, when he was thirty-five years of age, his meeting with a ragged and destitute match-boy recalled his vow, and his shoeblack brigade and other social schemes followed. A letter from him to a Glasgow newspaper in 1871 led Mr Thomas Corbett to subscribe two thousand pounds; and this enabled him to begin the work in Glasgow which broadened out to the Homes at Bridge of Weir.

The Orphanage at Aberlour, Banffshire, founded by the Rev. Charles Jupp, its warden and treasurer, was visited by the King on 23rd September 1907. The Canadian railway magnate, Lord Mountstephen, a native of Speyside, close by, has given a donation of ten thousand pounds towards the institution, which has accommodation for four hundred destitute children. An effort is being made to endow beds for the different clans of the Highlands at a cost of three hundred and fifty pounds each. The beds when endowed will be at the disposal of a child nominated by the clan. The Orphanage was founded in 1875 for Episcopalians only; but so many applications were made for others that its doors were thrown open to children of all denominations resident in the United Kingdom. Canon Jupp began, as other pioneers did, in a humble and homely way by taking four boys into his own parsonage, and now the Aberlour Orphanage extends to three blocks of buildings, with schools, swimming-bath, a farm where sixteen to twenty cows are kept, and a market-garden. The farm and market-garden produce yields a profit to the institution. Girls are trained chiefly for domestic service; boys are apprenticed to various trades. Canon Jupp has been unweariedly earnest in the interests of this Orphanage, has never taken a holiday, and since 1883 has collected twenty-five thousand pounds towards its maintenance and extension. A monthly

magazine is issued. Aberlour Orphanage, which has done and is doing a noble work, depends entirely on voluntary contributions.

The Children's Home and Orphanage, Bonner Road, London, with its dozen branches in various parts of the kingdom, cares for one thousand eight hundred orphans and crippled or afflicted children. It has done excellent work during the thirty-eight years of its existence, and has sent about two thousand boys and girls to Canada. Last year the number sent was about one hundred and sixty, all of whom found good situations. It is proposed that the headquarters of this Orphanage shall be at Harpenden, where an estate has been purchased. Thousands of children have been saved from vice and poverty, and from falling into criminal ways, by the aid of this Orphanage.

Mr J. W. C. Fegan began a work for the rescue of waifs and strays in south-east London, first at Deptford and then at Southwark, in connection with which an orphanage was founded at Ramsgate, and later another at Stony Stratford. The cost of sheltering, feeding, clothing, educating, and teaching a lad a trade in this Home is sixteen pounds a year; the cost of maintaining a boy at the Orphanage and Training Home at Stony Stratford is fifteen pounds a year.

The movement in 1847 which culminated in the founding of the Edinburgh Original Ragged Industrial Schools was the outcome of the interest awakened on behalf of the poor, helpless, neglected children of Edinburgh by the publication of Dr Guthrie's *Plea for Ragged Schools*. Between seventy and eighty girls are accommodated at the girls' school at Gilmerton, and two hundred boys at the Liberton school. There have been excellent and encouraging results since the start at Ramsay Lane, Castle Hill, Edinburgh, and the schools never did better work than they are doing to-day.

If the truest national wealth consists of human life, then those who have increased its power and conserved what might have been a waste product deserve well of their country. Sir John Gorst, in his *Children of the Nation*, remarks that there are some folks whom society has got to pay for either at the beginning or end of their lives, and that it is much cheaper at the beginning. And, further, the work of the State as compared with the work of private individuals has proved a lamentable failure. It is on record that, in the case of one London workhouse, of the eighty girls who had gone out to service every one went to the streets. The chief cause of this failure is the absence from State institutions of that special individual love which nature implants in a mother. It is this special individual love of the father and mother, and the training given to orphans and the destitute through the institutions founded by Dr Barnardo, William Quarrier, Dr Guthrie, and others, which have saved thousands from growing up a burden and curse to society, and made them instead a valuable and useful asset to the Empire.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A SHORTHAND TYPEWRITER.

AMONG the numerous endeavours that have been made to expedite, facilitate, and simplify the transaction of correspondence in the office, the evolution of some mechanical means of writing in shorthand has claimed particular attention. Up to the present, however, no practical success has been achieved, a result due to the extreme difficulty in recording the necessary signs incidental to any system of phonography. Now, however, a simple machine, the 'stenotyper,' has been devised, in which the problem has been completely surmounted. True, it involves the committal to memory of a new stenographic alphabet; but this is of such an easy character that it can be mastered within a few hours, so that speed of manipulation is only a matter of practice. By its aid, however, even the most rapid speaker can be recorded verbatim without effort; and, what is of far greater importance, the report thus obtained can be transcribed by any person familiar with the particular alphabet. The machine and system is a marvel of ingenuity, comprising what appears to be a diminutive typewriter, printing but six characters, while the machine itself consists of only sixteen working parts—nothing to get out of order—and, being of substantial construction, can be subjected to the roughest usage without any apprehensions as to damage. There are only six keys, and the characters are similar to an abbreviated Morse code, being a combination of one long dash, two short dashes (upper and lower positions), and one double short dash, together with a single and a double dot. By the combination of these six characters every word in the English language can be legibly written. The keyboard is so arranged that on either side of the centre the three characters are the same for each hand, this being done so that each hand can have, in conjunction with the three central keys, full command of the alphabet. The hands can thus be used alternately, one hand always going down while the other is coming up. By this means the speed of manipulation is practically doubled, and the ease of writing considerably accentuated. Each time a key is depressed a full line of that particular letter strikes the inking-ribbon, but only the one letter prints which strikes the paper where there is a solid anvil or backing-block above it, since the inking-ribbon will only print when brought sharply into contact with the paper, and

as the paper has no backing except at the precise point where the letter should be imprinted, the remaining letters in the line do not print. The backing-anvil moves on a spiral, causing a new backing-block to be brought into position to the right of the letter immediately preceding, this operation continuing right across the page until, when the limit is reached on the right-hand side, the first anvil on the opposite side of the paper comes into position ready for commencing the following line. Between each word a space is made as in typewriting. The paper is carried on a continuous roll, and moves automatically forward upon the conclusion of a line. The result is that when operating the stenotypist has nothing to do but watch the speaker, the scientific disposition of the keys being such that the fingers instinctively depress the correct keys. The usual system of abbreviation so often followed in longhand is adopted, the unimportant parts of a word being omitted; while, as in advanced phonography, a system of phrasing can be practised. To the busy office the machine is an indispensable acquisition, as one stenotypist can be retained, if desired, solely for dictation purposes, tearing off from time to time the letters or notes, and distributing them among the typewriting staff for transcription. The result is that in an extensive business all correspondence can be handled and completed within a very short space of time with the minimum of trouble and without interrupting any other typewriting work that may be in progress.

ELECTRICITY IN THE HOME.

One of the latest developments in regard to the application of electricity has been its adaptation to the fulfilment of several little domestic duties of an irksome nature. Generally speaking, electric current is now so readily obtainable that its extension in this direction is of distinct advantage. The housewife, instead of wasting physical effort in the manipulation of her sewing-machine, can have a small quarter or half horse-power, occupying only a few inches of space, mounted under the table and connected to the electric wiring system of the building by a plug and short length of flexible wire. A switch mounted on the face of the machine enables her to start and stop it when desired with the minimum of effort. The revolving knife-cleaner can be driven in the same manner. Toast and other cooked dishes can be maintained in the requisite heated condition on the table by small and suitable electric vessels connected by flexible cord to the holder of a lamp. Even in the kitchen cooking can be carried out with the maximum of comfort by the aid of electric ovens, boilers, broilers, grillers, and so forth, since no heated fumes are dissipated in the room, and the degree of heat can be more delicately controlled than by either gas or coal-fires. For the preparation of dishes which must be cooked only for a certain period, automatic arrangements can be incorporated which either remove the edible from the vessel upon the expiration of the prescribed time, or the current is switched off, thereby obviating any possibility of the article being spoiled through inadvertence or forgetfulness on the part of the cook. In the boudoir my lady's curling-tongs can be quickly and safely heated to the fine degree desired, while my lord need not search for elusive matches, the mere picking up of the electric lighter automatically causing the apparatus to assume an instantaneous glow to light his weed. Though this application of electricity is of comparatively recent date, the advantages are so distinctly apparent in the lessening of life's little worries that the use of electric appliances in the home is being rapidly extended. The most commendatory feature is that the saving in trouble effected is secured at so little cost.

GALVANISING BY VAPOUR.

Recently a new means of galvanising has been perfected. It is the invention of Mr Sherard Cowper-Coles, M.I.E.E., the well-known electro-metallurgist, whose 'sherardising' process of galvanising is well known. It is quite distinctive from all other methods of galvanising, since the articles to be treated with zinc are not brought into contact with the molten zinc or any of its compounds. Instead it is placed in a separate chamber, where it is submitted to treatment with zinc vapour. The apparatus comprises a small inner drum made of wire-netting of small mesh, in which the objects to be coated are inserted. This cage is slowly revolved within an outer drum made of wrought-iron containing the metallic zinc, and is heated by gas, the electric furnace, or some other means, to a sufficiently high temperature to volatilise the zinc. Hydrogen gas is then forced into the apparatus through a suitable tube. The rotation of the inner cage containing the articles to be treated is essential in order to ensure their receiving an even deposit of the vapour. This 'cowperising' system, as it is called, is especially applicable to the decoration of porcelain and metallic surfaces, the zinc coating being of exquisite brilliancy and delicacy.

PRESERVATION OF CHERRIES IN BRINE.

The problem of satisfactorily and economically packing cherries for transport to the various foreign markets where they are subsequently devoted to a wide variety of purposes, especially for general confectionery, has long been somewhat difficult in the fruit-growing districts of Italy. Some two or three years ago, however, a brine-system was devised which was claimed to be far preferable to the methods then in vogue. The *modus operandi* is to submit the picked fruit for a certain period to sulphur fumes, and then pack them in casks filled with very strong brine. It was found that under these conditions the fruit withstood the rigours of transport exceedingly well, even to the most distant markets, and the sulphur and salt were found to exercise no deleterious effects upon the cherries

for any subsequent manufacturing process. Owing to the success of this method it is now rapidly supplanting those previously practised, the exports last year increasing by more than 100 per cent. in value as compared with the previous twelve months. The bulk of this fruit finds its way to the United States, where the absence of duty enables it to compete very fiercely with the home-grown product. On arriving the cherries are unpacked and sorted into grades. The finest are sold for the flavouring of the many stimulating and appetising drinks for which the States are so famous, the second quality is preserved in brandy, while the other grades are devoted to the numerous classes of confectionery. The success of the process in the preservation of the cherry should render it equally applicable to other fruits, such as the plum, and it might very profitably repay exploitation in this country.

THE IDEAL MUSEUM.

At the recent conference of the Museums Associations some interesting opinions as to the ideal arrangement of a museum collection were expressed in the course of the presidential address of Dr Jonathan Hutchinson, F.R.S. Certainly the views he gave utterance to might very profitably be digested by many of our municipal authorities, who appear to dispose their collections without the slightest sign of rhyme or reason, simply compressing them within the allotted space in accordance with what may be best described as a 'fill-up' policy, utterly oblivious of the fact that such exhibits are primarily intended to impart an objective education. Dr Hutchinson's ideal is that the material displayed should be capable of being handled by the visitor or student in order that observations might be directly made, thereby making book subservient to objective education. Within certain limits such a method might be advantageously practicable; but the fact must always be remembered that a certain section of the public, especially of the visiting class, are animated to some extent by motives of vandalism or souvenir acquisition. At Haslemere and Selby Dr Hutchinson has established museums upon the lines of the principles he advocates, where he has endeavoured to induce the visitor to handle the exhibits. These are, however, essentially 'local-interest' establishments. It does not require much imagination to conceive what would happen in our national museums or similar institutions in our great centres were the public permitted to handle the contents. One, however, will quite coincide with the views of this eminent scientist in regard to the design of such buildings. Elaborate edifices with imposing and costly frontages and elevations might very advantageously be abandoned, and the cost thereof expended in acquiring additional ground-area, so that abundance of space for the arrangement of the collection, with plenty of top-light, might be available. Excellent also is his proposal for the provision of temporary museums in all towns and villages, housing specimens comprising the most common objects obtainable.

A WHITE ANT RESISTANT PAINT.

The task of thwarting the ravages of the white ant in tropical countries is only too well known. It is for this purpose that iron is so extensively used in such climes; since, although more expensive both in first cost and maintenance, it is the only available material capable of resisting the voracious attacks of the termites. The great difficulty is that one cannot conceive that a structure is being destroyed by this insatiable pest until the whole fabric suddenly collapses, for the simple fact that the ants only work upon the interior of the wood, leaving the outer skin, which is about as thick as paper, absolutely untouched, so that to all intents and purposes the woodwork seems perfectly sound. This new composition is a paint, and is applied with a brush. It has been subjected to several trying tests, and certainly appears to justify the claims of its inventor. It has, moreover, anti-fouling and anti-corrosive qualities, being fatal to all molluscs and vegetable organisms, while it also successfully resists the corrosive action of salt-water and atmospheric influences. Should it be equally proof against the onslaughts of the teredo, which in tropical and semi-tropical climes occasions so much anxiety, contractors and harbour engineers will indubitably welcome its introduction.

A NEW DISINFECTANT.

In a recent issue we described a process of manufacturing an electrolytic disinfectant from artificial sea-water that has been successfully practised by a London metropolitan authority. This enterprise is purely municipal, and the product is solely disposed of in the interests of the borough concerned. Recently, however, a private company has undertaken the manufacture of a similar disinfectant upon an extensive scale, under the name of 'thalassol.' As was pointed out in our article, chlorine constitutes one of the most powerful and efficacious germicides at our command, excelling in value the well-known coal-tar derivatives, of which carbolic acid is the best example. This new product is prepared in precisely the same way—namely, the passage of the electric current through a solution of an artificial sea-water composed of solutions of the chlorides of sodium and magnesium; but a new means has been discovered of fixing the liquid and thereby rendering it absolutely stable. Upon its emission from the last trough of the electrolytic plant, a preservative substance, the character of which is a secret, is added in small quantities. This has the effect of fixing the chlorine, so that the disinfectant is a perfectly stable, and will retain its qualities for a prolonged period. It is impossible to add too excessive a quantity of this preservative, since any beyond what is required to produce stability is discarded and deposited in the receiving vessel,

whence it can ultimately be secured and used for treating further quantities of the solution. The liquid as manufactured has a strength of twenty grammes of available chlorine per gallon, and is liberally diluted for use. One great advantage it possesses as compared with carbolic acid and other similar germicides is that it is non-poisonous, rendering it applicable for internal administration with perfect safety.

THE GROUSE-DISEASE INQUIRY.

This inquiry, which is still in progress, has thrown much light on the habits as well as the diseases of grouse. The interim report issued by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries mentions that our grouse-moors permanently employ three thousand nine hundred men, and have a rateable value of six hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Since 1900 some eight hundred grouse have been examined and the results recorded, and the intimate connection of food-supply or the want of it is shown in the health and vitality of grouse. Parasites have less chance when food and vitality are at their best. That grouse are destroyed by eating frosted heather is denied; they do not eat it. Grouse feed from dawn to dark on heather mainly, and twenty or thirty other plants, including various seeds; heads, stalks, and buds of blaeberry, and berries of crowberry and bog-cranberry. Young grouse eat insects and swallow quartz grit when scarcely forty-eight hours old. Quartz grit is best for the crop of grouse, and moors on a sandstone foundation owe their health-record as much to the quartz grit as to anything else, while draining is also helpful.

NEW METHOD OF CLEANING THE EXTERIOR OF STONE BUILDINGS.

As is well known, exposure to the atmospheric influences prevailing in our large towns and cities, especially where large quantities of sulphurous smoke abound, exercises decided deleterious effects upon stone used for building purposes. In a short time the surface becomes badly discoloured, then pits badly, and afterwards shows evidences of serious decay. Such buildings are from time to time renovated by the application of a sand-and-steam blast which removes all the external decayed particles, restoring the surface to its bright pristine appearance. Such a process is only temporarily effectual, as in a few years the surface is as discoloured and decayed as before. It is obvious that what is required is some means of preserving the new surface after it has been cleaned. In a recent experiment in Glasgow, where the front of a large stone building rapidly decaying was taken in hand, a new method was resorted to which has been attended with conspicuous success. The stonework was first cleaned with a powerful abrasive, in this case carborundum, which completely removed all the decaying and corroded surface. The cleansing medium was in the form of small briquettes convenient to handle, with which the men thoroughly scoured the stone surface under treatment. Upon this being accomplished, the cleaned masonry received a coating of 'lithoderm,' the successful new stone-preserving composition. By penetrating the surface of the stone to a depth of a quarter to one and a quarter inches, according to its texture, the material is considerably hardened and rendered impermeable, thus effectually protecting the inner mass from corrosion, while at the same time it has been found that cleaned stone so treated retains its natural appearance and colour for a considerably longer period. The success of the treatment in this instance has aroused considerable interest, and promises to go a long way towards realising an economical and efficacious method of cleaning stonework.

COLLECTING SNAKE-POISON FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

The poison of one of the most venomous snakes is of extreme value from the medical point of view for the treatment of certain phases of insanity and infectious diseases. As, however, it is essential that the venom should be extracted from a living reptile, the operation is decidedly exciting and dangerous. The curative, however, is used in such small quantities that the infinitesimal amount secured from a single serpent is sufficient to last the world for about half a century. Most of that hitherto used in this treatment was obtained as far back as 1828 by Dr Hering, who effected his collection from a snake on the upper waters of the river Amazon. Recently two fresh supplies were obtained, in London and New York respectively, from snakes kept in captivity, and in each case the method of extracting the venom was practically the same. The reptile was first secured by means of forked sticks suddenly placed over its neck and tail, which frustrated all efforts to escape. It was then grasped dexterously and tightly round the head in such a way as to prevent it from striking its captor. In front of its jaws a small glass beaker covered with a piece of fine gauze was placed, and the reptile was urged to strike at the gauze, which it pierced and projected a small quantity of venom into the beaker. Three successive strokes were made, and the quantity of poison thus secured (which is of a yellowish colour) approximated seventeen and three-quarter grains. To this was then added ninety-nine parts of sugar and water to every one part of poison, and the whole pounded in a mortar and reduced to a white powder. As for medical purposes less than one-millionth part of a grain constitutes a dose, it will be seen that the supplies thus extracted will be sufficient to last the world for a considerable time to come.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor.

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SIXTH SERIES.

DRIFTWOOD.

By B. M. DANBY.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

OVER Thorpe Somerville dawn was breaking. July was barely half-spent, and the giant trees round and about the old house were still in the full richness of their midsummer beauty. Acres of magnificent park-land stretched away into the far distance, to the shimmering silver thread that marked where the river Arne formed one of the boundaries of the Somerville estate. Not a sound broke the stillness of very early morning; the house and its surroundings slept as sound as the seven sleepers until the great clock at the stables chimed the hour in five slow, resounding strokes.

As at the touch of an enchanter's wand, the sleeping world awoke. At the home farm a boy swung open the yard gate, and putting both hands to his mouth, gave a loud, shrill call, which brought the soft-footed cows from their pasture, lowing as they wandered slowly to the milking-sheds; trappings rattled in the stable; horses neighed; while the poultry streamed, cackling and crowing, from their roosts to the corn a white-aproned girl threw broadcast with liberal hand.

In the grounds gardeners were already at work, raking the broad walks, examining the blooms in the rose-garden, mowing the terraced lawns, whence the scent of the fresh-cut grass floated up to the line of windows along the south front of the house.

This beautiful home belonged, by right of a long and direct line of ancestry, and the favour in the first instance of a generous sovereign, to Sir Hugh Somerville, tenth baronet of his name. The Somervilles, descendants of one Hugo Somerville, knighted when Elizabeth was queen for piratical exploits on the Spanish Main and, it was whispered, for other forms of gallantry on land, held no indifferent record. As soldiers, sailors, or statesmen, each had in turn contributed something to the wealth and honour of his race; the wonder was that the buccaneering ancestry had produced so few rakes. The sole exception, and therefore the more noteworthy, was the only son and heir of the present inheritor of Thorpe Somerville. Hugo Somerville, spoilt child and favourite of fortune, had been, at twenty-one, sent down from Oxford, where he had dissipated his dead mother's fortune and spent all and more than the generous allowance given him by a too indulgent father. He returned home to bring ruin and disgrace upon an honest village-home not far from his own; and finally, after three years of the worst possible behaviour, disappeared, leaving behind him a trail of grief, debt, and disappointed hopes.

Sir Hugh, as soon as he in some measure recovered from the blow Providence had thus dealt him, cast the past behind him, and centred his thoughts on his daughter Muriel, now nearly eighteen years old, and a remarkably striking and beautiful girl. In character she was, perhaps, younger than her years. Her mother died within a few months of her birth, and she had therefore grown up in the care of a trustworthy and good woman, who in matters educational had been willing to conform absolutely to Sir Hugh's theories. The result, strange though it may appear, satisfied both. The one real grief Muriel Somerville had ever known was associated with her brother's escapades and final disappearance; yet even this was more through comprehension of what it meant to her father than any acute pain or loss on her own account. Hugo was her senior by some six years, and at the time when he was making himself notorious at home she was completing her education at Dresden under the kindly chaperonage of good Miss Fancourt. That lady, when in due course she presented Muriel 'finished' to her father, had announced her desire to spend her remaining years in the parish of a clerical brother, thus leaving father and daughter to themselves. The arrangement

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answered even better than the clever old woman hoped. Muriel was intensely happy as her father's right-hand and constant companion; while Sir Hugh renewed his youth and forgot his troubles, at any rate for a time, in the daily association with the young girl's exuberant health and spirits. Little occurred to disturb Muriel's happy thoughts, and that little was far away, as she lay asleep in her rose-hung room, a smile upon her parted lips, lulled only to deeper slumber by the click of the mowing-machine beneath her window.

Upon a little knoll some quarter of a mile from the house stood a rustic summer-house, almost wholly screened from observation by the wealth of foliage round it. Over the doorway Muriel had herself trained the crimson rambler, and the vivid red of its countless blossoms threw a brilliant patch of colour on the deep-green background of leaves.

Even at this early hour the summer-house concealed two occupants, whose bearing and appearance clearly indicated that their right to be there was doubtful. The younger, and the more disreputable-looking, of the two might almost have been handsome save for the fact that a drooping, fair moustache failed to hide the tell-tale weakness of his mouth and chin. The face was that of a man who had never possessed sufficient force of character to be either bad or good, a type whom Fate mocks at every turn. His clothes, like those of his companion, were shabby; while the linen of both, though clean, was frayed at the edges. 'Down on their luck' was written all over them, and the knowledge of it appeared to depress the younger man. The elder, however, wore his threadbare clothes with an air impervious to any consciousness of their defects; his carefully trimmed moustache and polished nails showed him by no means lost to the small amenities of life—also that, as yet, he had not banished hope. 'A gentleman—once' was written beyond disguise upon an exterior no one who saw him could help associating with a shady past. What that past contained was as inscrutable as the man himself. Even his age was a problem; he might have been forty, or he might have been a good many years less or more. Dissipation and indulgence had left their subtle signs upon his features, but the deep-set eyes flashed with a fire and vitality no excesses had been able to impair. His hand was as steady as the proverbial rock as he took a pipe from his pocket and, with the utmost deliberation, began to fill it. The younger man watched him uneasily.

'I wouldn't smoke, Cathcart,' he said at length; 'it might be awkward.'

'Why not, my dear chap?' returned the other. 'You're at home, ain't you? and my tobacco's good.'

His companion gave a stealthy glance round him, his face clouding as he spoke. 'Shut up, can't you?' said he. 'You never know who may be listening about these confounded holes and corners.'

His irritability drew no immediate response from the other man, who sat quiet, without looking up or showing himself conscious of anything unusual in the other's tone. 'Well,' he said at last, 'what does it matter? Some day you're bound to come into all this, and then we shall see how soon Sir Hugo Somerville will wash his hands of Dick Cathcart. You never told me,' he went on with a fine appearance of carelessness, 'if the property is entailed.'

'Oh, that's right enough,' the young man replied gloomily, 'and I'll be bound you know it as well as I do. A lot of good the 'tail will do me. My sister will have the money, while I shall be left with this big barracks of a place and nothing to keep it up on.'

'Your sister will be an uncommonly rich woman,' Cathcart observed.

'Muriel will have fifty thou. if she has a penny. The governor's been spending nothing all these years.'

'Since he squared accounts with you,' Cathcart murmured. 'Man—Somerville, Jones, whatever you call yourself—what have you to complain of? With a place like this at your back you could do anything.'

Hugo Somerville rose from his seat, and leaning against the trellis of the little arbour, stood looking down at his companion, an odd expression on his weak, handsome face. 'What's your game, Cathcart? I know you have one, and I know that you know I can't afford to make terms; I simply haven't a sou.'

Cathcart laughed. 'On this'—with a comprehensive wave—'Isaacs would give you almost any sum you cared to name.'

'You know he won't,' the other returned; 'neither he nor any one else will let me have another sixpence. I know it is a d—d plot, and that you're at the bottom of it; but I can't see through it, and you were always too cute for me. The best thing I could do would be to put a bullet through my head and make an end of it all. You could fight as you liked over my worthless carcass.'

Cathcart knew his man, and the threat failed to alarm him. 'Sit down,' he said at length; and something in the tone, more than in the words themselves, made the younger man flush angrily. He obeyed, nevertheless, and Cathcart proceeded with what he had to say. 'Now,' he began, 'you've been pretty open with me, and I'm going to be the same with you. I'll not deny that I'm down here, at Isaacs's request, to have a look at what you're likely to come in for, and make a report to him. If he is satisfied, he is prepared to advance you a certain sum, and to keep on advancing on your note of hand. Under certain conditions'—here Cathcart lowered his voice—'Isaacs offers to give you the chance of redeeming

the cheque bearing your father's signature, which he never signed.'

'You seem to know everything, Cathcart,' the young man muttered angrily under his breath.

'Very nearly,' Cathcart assented easily; 'though that isn't the point. This is: for some reason or other, the Jews are fighting shy of you; the only one who will do anything for you is Isaacs, and what he does depends on what I represent to him about you. What I am compelled to remind you of is that I'm a poor man, and can't afford to do anybody a good turn for nothing. But I don't want to press you too far.'

'Because it will pay you better to bleed me,' the other replied bitterly.

'My good chap, I can't bleed a stone,' objected Cathcart. 'Do be reasonable.'

The young man smiled—a twisted, unpleasant smile. 'Well, what are your terms?' he asked. 'Beggars can't be choosers.'

Cathcart hesitated. 'I want your consent first,' he said at length.

'Without knowing what I'm letting myself in for? You're mad, Cathcart!'

'Not one-quarter so mad as you will be if you refuse.' The tone, again far more than the words, was in itself a threat. Cathcart was a past-master in the art. He had never known its terrifying effect to fail.

'You drive hard bargains, Cathcart,' Hugo Somerville said with a bitterness he did not attempt to hide.

All the same, Cathcart knew that he had won his point. 'Not at all,' he said cheerfully—he could well afford to be cheerful; 'you'll live to bless the day. I must have your name to this bit of a screed, and then we'll be off. It's getting rather too dangerously lively here.'

CHAPTER II.

'I HAVE some news for you, Muriel,' Sir Hugh Somerville told his young daughter one morning, a few weeks later, as the two sat at breakfast in the pretty breakfast-room overlooking the terrace. 'The Lodge is taken at last.'

'Really, dad? By some one nice, I hope. Oh, and I do hope they are fond of games, and that there are young people! Do say there are!'

'My dear, you go too fast for me,' Sir Hugh replied, smiling at Muriel's enthusiastic reception of his news. 'I fear, however, that you are doomed to disappointment as far as the new tenant of The Lodge is concerned. Stevens, Colonel Markham's agent, says he is a man of about forty, name of Cathcart, with neither chick nor child belonging to him. He wants fishing and shooting and a quiet life, I gather. He has taken the house furnished, just as it stands, with no stipulations except a fresh coat of paint for the dog-kennel.'

'Oh daddy!' Muriel said in a tone of such blank disappointment that her father laughed again.

'Does forty seem too dreadfully old?' he demanded. 'I dare say the poor man may be equal to a game of tennis occasionally.'

'Oh yes, I dare say,' Muriel assented; 'but you know, father dear, I did hope we were going to have some young neighbours at The Lodge. Did Mr Stevens say if Colonel Markham was better?'

'No, indeed, poor chap; the gout has him fast enough. Do you feel inclined for a ride over there this morning? Your friend Madge would be glad to see you.'

For some unknown reason, the quick colour mounted to Muriel's cheek; but, with a well-assumed air of indifference, she replied, 'Not to-day, dad, thank you. I have half-a-hundred things to do that positively won't wait any longer. What time shall you be back if I come and meet you with the dogs?'

'Oh, about half-past twelve. Sure you won't change your mind and come with me after all?'

'Sure!' the girl laughed, shaking her head gaily; but there was a cloud on her pretty brow half-an-hour later as she watched her father riding down the avenue alone. Seldom it happened that he was allowed to ride unaccompanied to Western, as the Markhams' place was called.

Colonel Markham and Sir Hugh Somerville were lifelong friends. Neighbours at home, both had gone to the same preparatory school, whence they duly passed on to the same house at Eton. Somerville, however, went on to Oxford; while Markham, who came of a long line of soldiers, entered Sandhurst. After that their ways divided for a term of years. Sir Hugh came early into his inheritance, and settled down to the life of a country gentleman; but it was not until he was verging on middle age, and beginning to be troubled by attacks of gout, that Colonel Markham gave up the service and came to Western for good.

Sir Hugh Somerville spent the first few years after leaving Oxford in foreign travel. On a voyage round the world he met, in Melbourne, the beautiful Australian girl who in a short time became his wife. He brought her home; but after the freedom of colonial life, the sober grandeur of Thorpe Somerville depressed her and cramped her nature, till, at the birth of her second child, she sank quietly out of the life to which she was never able to adapt herself.

Hugo, named after a Cavalier ancestor, inherited his mother's dislike of restraint, without the force

of character which rendered it in her but a fierce hatred of convention. Where she had been strong to suffer and endure, he rebelled, and his want of control led him at every stage of his life into difficulties from which he proved incapable of extricating himself.

Muriel was more fortunate. So far as could be judged from a character as yet apparently unformed, the natural sunniness of her disposition was allied to a fund of steady good sense and sound principles. Development had come through long intercourse with the numerous family of Markhams, most of them older than herself, and now married and gone away to homes of their own. Madge, the youngest and only unmarried daughter, Muriel's greatest friend, was the sole remnant of a large clan, except for the brothers who now and then came back from their various regiments to spend their long leave under the old roof-tree. The Markhams were a good-natured, happy-go-lucky, hot-tempered race, loyal to each other and to their friends, open-handed to a fault. No cloud had ever arisen to disturb the happy harmony between them and the Somerville neighbours until, at the end of Muriel's eighteenth year, Harry Markham came home on leave and set agoing an element which bade fair to change the current of affairs. The young soldier, after an absence of five years, found the little girl in short frocks whom he had teased and played with grown into a stately young lady, and had promptly fallen in love with her.

Into Muriel's mind no thought of love had as yet entered. She was still a child at heart, though the short skirts had been replaced by long ones, and the strange, new thrill was an uncomfortable mystery to her. It frightened her, and took away her content in the little, ordinary things of life that, until then, had been happiness enough. She kept her own counsel, and even to Madge said nothing of what she felt. What, indeed, was there to say?

Harry, less unsophisticated, took little Madge into his confidence, and in a hundred ways found he had built even better than he knew. But now Madge was away on a long visit to a distant relation, and Harry was obliged to rely on his own diplomacy for his opportunities. It must be confessed that the young soldier soon developed a remarkable talent for discovering these, aided sometimes, perhaps, by Sir Hugh himself, who liked the young man's downrightness and obvious sincerity. So that no great gift of foresight was required, when, on the conclusion of his visit to Western, Sir Hugh brought Harry back with him to Thorpe Somerville to luncheon, to suggest to Muriel the probability of this result.

With a pleasant sense of expectation, mixed with a little excitement, she let loose her dogs and set out gaily on the road to Western to meet her father. The road was a quiet one; but Muriel was not a nervous girl, and it was with no feeling of alarm that she noticed a man lying under the hedge by the roadside, to all appearances asleep. The dogs growled suspiciously at the sight, or scent, of the stranger; but throwing no more than a careless glance at the recumbent figure, Muriel whistled them to heel and passed on her way.

No sooner was her back turned towards him than the man sprang up and followed her, walking noiselessly on the grass siding, and taking care to keep a distance of ten yards or more between them. At last, having apparently made up his mind as to what he intended to do, he rapidly overtook her, and approached so closely that the hindmost terriers turned on him, barking and showing their teeth. When Muriel turned round to see what was exciting them, the face that met her own, weak and dissolute though it was, filled her with a vague alarm. She was a plucky girl, and although her first instinct was to take ignominiously to her heels, she stood her ground and faced her shabby pursuer with the best appearance of courage that she could command.

'Can you tell me the time, please, miss?' he asked, civilly enough, in a voice which was refined in tone in spite of the roughness he was evidently trying to put into it.

'I am sorry I cannot,' Muriel replied, preparing to pass him on her way back to the lodge gates. She had changed her mind about going farther that day.

'Has your ticker stopped?' the tramp inquired with a grin, pointing as he spoke to the little, enamelled watch that she wore pinned to her breast. So obviously caught, Muriel coloured furiously.

'I forgot that I was wearing my watch,' she explained with dignity, although her heart was beating fast, more with alarm at the strangeness of his manner than at anything he had said. 'It is just one o'clock;' and returning the little, jewelled toy to its place again, she made as if to pursue her homeward way. The tramp, however, still stood in front of her, and evinced not the slightest disposition to move.

'That's a pretty thing,' he observed, indicating the watch with a nod; 'it must have cost a lot of money. I suppose, now, you wouldn't like to hand it over to me?'

'I should not,' replied Muriel, mustering all her courage; 'my father gave it to me, and I value it very much. This is all the money I have,' she continued, taking a small purse from her pocket and offering it to the man; 'you are welcome to it, if you will let me keep my watch.'

'Much obliged,' he returned, coolly pocketing the purse; 'but I'll trouble you to hand over the watch too. Without a fuss, now!' he added, more threateningly than he had as yet spoken.

At the aggressive insolence of his manner Muriel's

fear vanished, and her anger rose instead. 'I shall do no such thing!' she declared with spirit; 'and if you do not instantly allow me to pass, I shall set my dogs upon you!'

These worthies apparently were ready enough, and were already growling and snarling at the stranger's heels—all save Rory, the old collie, who crouched down before him, whining piteously. All demonstrations the tramp treated with equal indifference as he watched Muriel curiously through his half-shut eyes.

'It's a pity you can't give some of your pluck away,' he remarked; 'another member of your family could have done with a little.' Then, seeming to notice the growling crowd of dogs for the first time, he said, 'Old Rory's living yet, I see. He must be a very old dog.—Here, old man!'

And, to Muriel's unbounded astonishment and dismay, the old collie crawled up to the tramp and licked his hand.

'Why, Rory knows you!' she cried.

'Of course he does! It's only humans who have short memories. Don't *you* know me?'

Muriel looked at him with troubled eyes. 'No, I don't,' she said; 'though you remind me of some one, I can't think whom.'

He gave a short laugh, not pleasant to hear. 'Perhaps it's as well,' he said roughly. Then, as if remembering the part he had set out to play, 'And now, for the sake of that reminder, will you be kind enough to make me a present of that pretty little watch? Even then you won't have any idea what it feels like to be hard up. No, you don't!' and he started forward and seized the girl by the wrist. He was just a second too late; for Muriel, with a quick movement, put the handle of the whip she carried to her lips, and a loud, shrill whistle rang through the still air. With a muttered imprecation her assailant released her, and vaulting lightly over a gate, was soon across the field and in the safe shelter of the wood beyond.

Trembling with terror and relief, Muriel did not at first see to what opportune arrival she owed her freedom, when a voice near at hand recalled her to herself.

'I fear that ruffian has alarmed you very much. I wish I'd had the luck to be a minute sooner.'

Muriel looked up with a quavering smile. 'He frightened me dreadfully, he was so strange—not a bit like an ordinary tramp, although he said he wanted my watch.'

'I hope you gave him nothing. I'm afraid it would be no use following him; he's got too long a start.'

'Please don't think of doing that. I gave him my purse; but there were only a few shillings in it, and he is welcome to the money if only I never see him again!'

'The scoundrel!'

Muriel was quickly recovering from her fright. A glance at her rescuer showed him to be a good-looking, well-set-up man of apparently about forty years of age, the sprinkling of gray in the thick, dark hair above his temples, and the few lines about his mouth and eyes, alone betraying the passage of time. He was carrying a fishing rod and basket, and the still active and youthful-looking lines of his figure were accentuated by his well-made and perfectly fitting clothes. A critic might have objected to them on the score of newness; Muriel, however, found no fault.

'Perhaps I had better introduce myself,' the stranger said. 'I am the new tenant of The Lodge.'

'Then you are Mr Cathcart!' Muriel cried joyfully. 'My father told me you had taken The Lodge. I am Muriel Somerville,' she added, blushing as Cathcart bowed with a courteous deference that in itself was a flattery.

'Here he comes!' she cried as the noise of horses' hoofs was heard on the clear air, and soon two riders came in sight round the curve in the road. 'Oh, Harry Markham is with him!' she added. The change in her tone did not escape Cathcart's quick ears. He turned round as the horsemen approached, and followed Muriel slowly as she ran to her father and poured out the story of the morning's adventure.

Sir Hugh listened with evident concern. 'And this is the gentleman who so opportunely came to your rescue?' he said, turning to Cathcart.—'My dear sir, I cannot thank you enough.'

'A fortunate chance made me come up in the nick of time,' Cathcart said modestly, 'though I'm afraid I was not soon enough to prevent Miss Somerville being badly frightened.'

'Ah, well, I have often told her I do not consider it safe for her to wander alone beyond the gates; but wilful young people must take their own way,' Sir Hugh said, smiling at his daughter without any show of serious displeasure.

'I'm sure you are right, sir,' Harry Markham struck in, avoiding the disdainful glance Miss Muriel flashed at him.

Nothing escaped Cathcart's watchful eyes. A vestige of a smile flickered round his mouth as he tactfully turned the conversation into another channel. 'I was hoping to meet you, Sir Hugh,' said he. 'I was anxious to ask about the shooting and fishing rights of the water the people about here call the Fairy Pool. It seems to be a sort of No Man's Land—or water; but I understand, from the terms of my agreement, that the sporting rights lie between yourself, as lord of the manor, and me, as tenant of The Lodge.'

'That is so, Mr Cathcart. You and I must talk the matter over with Captain Markham, as his father's deputy.—Harry, my boy'—turning to the young man—'let me make you known to your new tenant.'

The two men looked each other in the eyes, each unwilling, yet expecting, to recognise a rival. Sir

Hugh, for his part, saw nothing of the contempt Cathcart took care to instil into his manner to the young man, nor the latter's obvious distrust and dislike of his new acquaintance.

'Well, come along, both of you, and have some luncheon,' the baronet said genially; 'that is, if you will excuse an informal invitation, Mr Cathcart.'

'I shall be most happy,' Cathcart replied, ranging himself at Muriel's side, secure in the smile of welcome which made Markham, under his breath, curse the unkind fate that had brought this meddling elderly coxcomb within a hundred miles of Thorpe Somerville.

(To be continued.)

STRANGE GIFTS TO ROYALTY.

WERE a royal personage to accept all the offerings made by subjects and admirers, known and unknown, standing-room in royal residences would soon be at a discount. All royalties, but reigning monarchs especially, are constantly bombarded with gifts of every kind and with letters offering presents. Some years ago, when the King, then Prince of Wales, was spending his usual summer holiday at Marienbad, a census was kept of the contents of his post-bag. Within twenty days he received thirteen hundred begging-letters, three hundred and twenty requests for his autograph, two hundred and sixty requests for a lock of his hair or other similar memento, and three hundred presents of various kinds. The latter were a most miscellaneous assortment, and included all kinds of jewellery, from silver studs to gold watches, many different kinds of cigars and cigarettes, also gloves, ties, walking-sticks, scented soap, and sweets. It need hardly be said that gifts of this kind are never accepted by those to whom they are sent. Where possible they are returned; when the donors are anonymous the presents are devoted to charity.

The senders of these presents are no doubt inspired by many different motives. Some desire to popularise a new tie or trinket, and merely to be able to say that His Majesty has accepted such an article is sufficient to start a boom; with others the desire is to say, 'The King possesses something which I sent him;' others again—simple souls—are actuated by feelings of pure loyalty or devotion. In the latter category may be classed the Dutch schoolgirl of Deventer who, on her twelfth birthday, sent to Queen Wilhelmina a large cake which she had herself made and baked and ornamented in letters of chocolate with the Queen's name, which was also her own. The young Queen accepted the gift in the spirit in which it was made. She wrote to the child an autograph letter, and sent also her photograph, on which was this inscription: 'From Wilhelmina to Wilhelmina, on her twelfth birthday.'

There lives no monarch more beloved by his own subjects than is the venerable Franz Josef, Kaiser of Austria. Incidentally, it is worth mentioning that Franz Josef, as lineal descendant of a Roman empress, has a better right to the title 'The Kaiser' than is possessed by his enterprising neighbour the head of the Hohenzollerns. The Emperor of Austria receives all kinds of small gifts from farmers and peasants, such as cakes, preserves, fruit, and flowers. What is perhaps the most curious offering which was ever made to him was the work of a Hungarian blacksmith named Szigoric. In some mysterious manner the man had succeeded in nailing to a goose's egg without breaking it a horse-shoe, a pair of pincers, a file, and a knife. The Emperor accepted this weird curiosity, and sent in return his photograph and a sum of money.

The German Emperor, although perhaps not so widely beloved as His Majesty of Austria, has his genuine admirers. One of them visited the palace at Berlin on a chilly autumn day three years ago, and left with the sentry an envelope addressed to the Emperor. It was found to contain a bank-note for a hundred marks. An anonymous note begged the Emperor to purchase with the money some suits of warm underclothing; 'for,' wrote the donor, 'I saw your Majesty at the review yesterday, and it seemed to me that you were not as warmly clad as you should be.'

Presents arrive at the British Court from all parts of the world. A registered package from Vermont was found to enclose a gigantic prize potato weighing nearly five pounds. It was sent by a farmer named Howlett, and addressed 'To His Majesty the King of England, House of Parliament, England.' Another present from the far side of the Atlantic was a nugget of pure gold found in the Klondike, and valued at two hundred and sixty pounds. It was subscribed for and sent by the inhabitants of Dawson City.

Another strange present lies upon the writing-table of the King at Sandringham. It is the mummified hand of an Egyptian princess who died some three thousand years ago. It was given to His Majesty by a celebrated Egyptologist, and is used as a paper-weight. Speaking of paper-weights, the German Emperor possesses one which is absolutely unique. It is a lump of volcanic rock which was broken from the extreme summit of Mount Kilima-Njaro by Dr Buchner, and by him presented to his sovereign. This morsel of stone was the highest point of German-African territory.

Whenever a royal personage is ill cures and prescriptions of every kind come in by the hundred. The hop-pillow sent to King Edward, then Prince

of Wales, when, many years ago, he lay very near to death from typhoid fever, is an instance in point. More recently, when the Czar was down with the same disease, a bottle of Jordan water was brought to the palace by a subject who had made a special pilgrimage to Palestine in order to procure it. And an old lady who lived near Odessa is said to have actually tramped all the long, dreary way to St Petersburg with a bottle of some specific which she was convinced would cure the 'Little Father' of his malady. When the Prince and Princess of Wales started on their tour round the world many antidotes against sea-sickness came to hand. One enterprising chemist sent an enormous package containing hundreds of special anti-seasick powders, one of which was to be taken every day while at sea. The Prince was much amused. To Sir Francis Laking he remarked, 'I say, Sir Francis, if this fellow expects me to take all these special powders he ought to have sent me a special stomach as well.'

Not all gifts are returned. Where special permission is asked and obtained beforehand a present is accepted in the same spirit in which it is offered, and our own monarch possesses a perfect museum of curiosities which have come to him in this manner. Some of these he prizes very highly. For instance, when the King was in Galway four years ago he was presented with a genuine old Cladagh ring. Cladagh rings, which are now very rare and greatly prized by antiquaries, were originally the wedding-rings of the Cladagh women, and were handed down from generation to generation through the centuries. They are of massive gold, the design usually being a heart and clasped hands, surmounted by a crown, thus symbolising 'Love, Friendship, and Loyalty.'

Again, last winter, when His Majesty opened the African Products Exhibition, an offering was made to him which greatly pleased him. It is a walking-stick composed of a single horn of the now practically extinct white rhinoceros. This stick has a history. More than forty years ago it was given to the famous Louis Solomon by a great Kaffir chief, as a present 'from one great chief to another.' Louis Solomon has been dead many years, and the stick has now passed to a still greater chief. The King delights in walking-sticks, of which he has an enormous collection, said to number in all nearly two thousand.

Corporations and city companies are sometimes privileged to make special offerings to the King. Some years ago the Horners' Company received a letter from Sir Francis Knollys conveying the King's thanks and admiration of a singular and very beautiful gift. This was a casket made of selected specimens of the finest British bullock-horns, mounted with massive silver and gilt straps and ornaments chased in the finest style of early English art.

At the coronation of George I. a magnificent suit of ancient armour was claimed from the Royal Armoury as his perquisite by the Champion Dymoke. Forty years ago this suit was sold by the Dymoke family for about fourteen hundred pounds, and after passing through several hands was purchased on behalf of Lord Lonsdale, Lord Howe, and other noblemen and gentlemen for presentation to the King. The armour is a cap-à-pie suit richly decorated. It was originally made for Sir Christopher Hatton, and bears the date 1585. It now stands in Windsor Castle.

The most valuable gifts which the King has received since his coronation were those sent in 1905 by the Mikado. It will be remembered that Prince Arthur of Connaught was sent by His Majesty to Japan to confer upon the ruler of our allies the Order of the Garter. When the mission returned there arrived with them no fewer than two hundred and fifty packages and boxes of various sizes, which, strongly guarded, were sent at once from Liverpool to London. These contained a unique collection of Japanese works of art and antiquities, such as armour, jewelled swords, Satsuma vases, and the like. From their historical associations these articles are practically priceless. An expert asserts that if thrown upon the market they would realise at least a quarter of a million.

The largest legacy ever bequeathed to a reigning sovereign was the five hundred thousand pounds which the miser John Neale left to Queen Victoria. But it is no uncommon occurrence for subjects to make bequests by will to their sovereign. An eccentric old Scotch lady, by name M'William, who lived near Balmoral, and upon whom our late Queen had bestowed many favours, left to her benefactress a handsomely fitted vault in a neighbouring churchyard. The late Lord Alington left legacies of one hundred pounds apiece to the Queen and to the Duchess of Connaught, and requested that the King would accept a set of very quaint and beautiful waistcoat-buttons.

As for the German Emperor, he has been very fortunate in the value and variety of property left to him by loyal Germans. Six years ago Herr Wilhelm Hildebrand of Goerlitz presented his monarch with a handsome villa at Arco in the Tyrol, which the Emperor converted into a convalescent home for army officers. In the following year Herr Hildebrand died, and by his will left his whole fortune to the Emperor. The total amount is believed largely to exceed two hundred thousand pounds, for besides one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in stocks and shares, there was a large quantity of valuable building-land. William II. also draws a handsome income from a line of steamships which were left to his grandfather by the founder and owner of the line.

What is perhaps the most peculiar of the many bequests to His German Majesty was made by an Englishman. The will of that picturesque personality the late Mr Harry Panmure Gordon contained the following clause: 'I direct my executors

to offer for acceptance to His Majesty the present Emperor of Germany the boat-carriage launched by His Majesty the late Emperor Frederick, and my shooting-carriage on wheels.' Mr Panmure Gordon had a large collection of carriages, and this boat-carriage was, we believe, built from a design of his own.

Animals of one kind or another are very frequently bequeathed to royalty. By the will of a menagerie proprietor three very fine elephants came into the possession of the German Emperor; but as the latter had no personal use for such mountainous steeds, he sent the lot to the Berlin Zoological Gardens. Some years ago the Czar received an equally embarrassing legacy in the shape of a gigantic polar bear. No doubt he would gladly have done the same with the animal as the German monarch did with his elephants; but the Czarina took such a fancy to the splendid beast, with its shaggy white coat, that His Majesty was obliged to order a cage to be fitted up on the premises, and we believe the great creature still resides in state in an outbuilding of the Winter Palace.

President Loubet became very much attached to the little Russian Princesses during his famous State visit to the Russian Court, and all the children have reason to remember 'Uncle Loubet,' as they called him, by the beautiful presents which he gave them. The Grand Duchess Tatyana received a most wonderful toilette service in Louis XV. style. Over the dressing-table is a crown of solid gold, above which is a sort of fan of feathers from the rare Australian lyre-bird. There are over a hundred of these feathers, and as each bird supplies two only, the great value of the present may be easily imagined. The second sister, Anastasia, was delighted with a doll's house of a sumptuousness quite unprecedented; while the youngest, Maria, who was then a mere baby, had an automatic female clown, with, perched on its shoulder, a monkey which imitated with absolute perfection all the clown's movements.

Speaking of presents to royal children, we find that Prince Edward of Wales was given one in Coronation year which exceedingly rejoiced his small heart. It was a perfect miniature model of one of the famous *Powerful* 7·5 guns which helped to save Ladysmith from the Boers. The gift was made at the Botanic Gardens, where the gun, manned by eight little boys of ages varying between six and eight, was drawn up the centre avenue in great style. Another Coronation gift made to the boy who will in all probability one day become King Edward VIII. was a golden replica of the Coronation cup which was presented to the King's poor guests. It bears the inscription: 'Presented to Prince Edward by the children of Paddington, July 1902.'

Perhaps the most charming gift which a small royalty ever received is the beautiful little Sunbeam Island presented only last year to the young Crown Prince Olaf of Norway. The island is very small, but has an excellent natural harbour, and is celebrated for its fine fishing and shooting. It lies in Godo Sound, on the west coast of Norway, near Hardangerfjord, and was formerly the property of an English lady, Miss Musgrave. It was she who presented it to the youngest but one of European Crown Princes.

When the first child of the King of Italy, the little Princess Yolande, was born, the King strictly forbade the offering of gifts to the baby. But certain citizens of Rome pleaded to be allowed to present a golden cradle to the tiny Princess, and the offering seemed so appropriate that His Majesty made an exception in their favour. The cradle accordingly was ordered, made, and presented in state. But some time later the goldsmith who made it wrote to the newspapers complaining that he had only received a portion of the price agreed upon, and that he saw no prospect of his bill being settled. It is said that the King himself was eventually obliged to foot the greater part of the account for Rome's 'spontaneous and enthusiastic' gift to his little girl.

There may be seen at Windsor two objects intrinsically of trifling worth, yet which were far more highly valued by our late Queen than most of the priceless jewels and works of art which she received in the course of her long reign. One is an old and much-worn Bible. It is the same which General Gordon carried with him all through that marvellous campaign in China, when, with a small force of native troops, he crushed the hordes of Tâiping rebels. This was given to the Queen by Gordon's sister, and has been enshrined in a beautiful casket of crystal and enamel. The second is an appropriate companion to the first. It is the copy of the Koran formerly possessed by Gordon's enemy and slayer, the Mahdi. Lord Kitchener presented it to his sovereign.

The present which is most coveted by all the Roman Catholic royal ladies of Europe is the papal Golden Rose. The Golden Rose of Virtue was last given in 1893 to Queen Henriette of Belgium, and it is stated that its next recipient will be the young Queen of Spain. The jewel, the first of which was presented by Pope Urban VI. to Joanna of Sicily, is a mimic plant of pure gold standing in a golden pot. The leaves are set with diamonds in imitation of dewdrops, and a palm-leaf blessed by the Pope accompanies the gift.

THE KEY OF DEATH.

AMONG the many relics of antiquity preserved in the Arsenal at Venice there is one to which a peculiar and gruesome interest is attached. It is a heavy key, which to all outward appearances might have been fashioned for one of the ponderous locks of olden times. Yet, if tradition is to be believed, it was designed for a deadly purpose, and people were slain by it in a swift, subtle, and mysterious manner. It is known, in fact, as the Key of Death.

The chronicles of the city tell that in the earlier part of the seventeenth century a certain stranger arrived at Venice, a man of dark and sinister aspect. His name was Tebaldo. He appears to have been a man of unruly passions, of great intellectual power, but one whose talents found their chief outlet in crime.

In Venice he established himself as a merchant or trader. For a time his passions lay dormant. They were aroused, however, in a stormy manner, which caused him to sweep from his path all who sought to oppose him.

One day he observed a beautiful girl leaving church, attended in a manner which showed she belonged to a family of high degree. She was, in fact, the daughter of an ancient and noble house, one which had long held foremost rank in Venice. He fell violently in love with her. Though far removed from him in station, his blind passion took no count of this fact, and he determined to sue for her hand.

There proved to be, however, a more insuperable obstacle to his suit. The girl was already betrothed to another, a young nobleman of almost equal rank and fortune. The knowledge did not deter Tebaldo, who boldly presented himself before the girl's parents in the capacity of a suitor for her hand. As might have been expected, he met with a curt and unceremonious rebuff.

The repulse rankled in his mind. Enraged beyond measure, he shut himself up in his own house, and there secretly studied a means of revenge. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented a most formidable and death-dealing weapon. This was a large key, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned at will. When it was thus turned a secret spring was disclosed, which, on being pressed, launched from the key-head a fine needle or lancet. The latter was of such delicate construction that it penetrated the body of the victim and buried itself deep in the flesh without leaving any external trace.

The marriage of the betrothed couple was fixed to take place in the principal church at Venice on a certain day. Before the ceremony Tebaldo, cunningly disguised, stationed himself at the church door, armed with his diabolical weapon. As the bridegroom was about to enter the building, the concealed watcher pressed the spring and sent the deadly steel lancet into the breast of his victim. The young nobleman had no suspicion of injury at the moment. In the midst of the ceremony, however, he was seized with a sharp spasm of pain, and sank fainting on the steps of the altar. His illness appeared so alarming that he was hurriedly conveyed to his home, where the leading Venice physicians were summoned to attend him. In spite of their unremitting efforts he sank and died, nor were they able to discover the nature of the mysterious and fatal seizure.

With the removal of his rival Tebaldo once more appeared openly on the scene. Again he presented himself before the girl's parents and renewed his request for her hand. Their refusal to listen to him sealed their doom. In what manner he accomplished it is not known, but within a few days both had been done to death in the same sudden and mysterious fashion.

The exalted rank of the victims created a profound sensation; and when, on examination of the bodies, a fine steel instrument was found in the flesh, terror became universal. The citizens feared for their lives. An assassin was at large amongst them, and no one knew upon whom the next blow might fall. The utmost vigilance was exercised on the part of the authorities, but as yet no suspicion fell upon Tebaldo.

The bereaved girl was prostrated by the triple tragedy. Robbed of those who were most dear to her, she retired to a convent, where she passed the first months of mourning in sorrowful seclusion. Tebaldo, however, did not abandon the pursuit. Still hoping to bend her to his will, he sought her out in her retreat, and begged to speak to her through the grating.

His dark, evil face had always been displeasing to her, but since the death of her betrothed and parents it had become repulsive. When, therefore, in the course of the interview, he pressed her to fly with him, he met with an instant and indignant refusal. Her scorn stung him to the quick. Beside himself with rage, he brought his deadly weapon once more into play and succeeded in wounding the girl through the grating, the obscurity of the place preventing his action from being observed.

On her return to her room the girl felt a sharp pain in her breast. Examination of the spot showed that it was dotted with a single drop of blood. Physicians were hastily summoned. Taught by past experience, they wasted no time in vain conjecture, but cut into the flesh and extracted the slender steel, thus saving the girl's life.

The dastardly attempt occasioned a public outcry,

and the State Inquisition used every means to discover the assassin. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent became known and caused suspicion to turn upon him. The emissaries of the law descended suddenly upon him, his house was searched, and there the abominable invention was discovered. Swift justice followed, and he ended his days upon the scaffold.

The key, as already stated, is still preserved in the Arsenal at Venice.

IS THE EARTH OLD OR YOUNG?

By ALEXANDER W. ROBERTS, D.Sc., Lovedale, South Africa.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

WITH what span are we to measure the life of a world? How may we reckon the passing of its apparently endless years? What pulse of time beats out the heart-throbs of a star?

Through the long period of human story our own earth has remained practically unchanged in position and unaltered in structure. History records no rise and fall, no change and decay, of nature's great manifestations. As far back as written statement or oral tradition can carry us, the same sun, undimmed in splendour, shone in the same cloud-bedecked sky; in the night-watches the same sentinel stars kept their ceaseless, unwearied vigil over the same enshadowed, sleeping earth; the same sweet flowers grew by lake and river and stream just as they do to-day. There seems to have been no day in history when cedars were not in Lebanon, pine-forests in northern Europe, and palms in the African desert. Monuments six thousand years old depict the lion and the tiger, the dog and the deer, as faithfully as if they were drawn to-day. The Nile and the Euphrates have run unchanged as to direction and unlessened as to volume for at least a hundred centuries. The great mountains are of old, and even the smaller hills man deems everlasting, while the inviolate sea he regards as an emblem of eternity.

How, then, is it possible to trace the earth's slow, lagging growth from the very beginning of days until our own time; and what vision can discern its long, lingering passage through interminable stages of decay down to its ultimate day of doom as a habitable world? All that appears certain seems to speak of abidingness; that which men regard as reliable records tells the tale of an almost unvarying permanence. Indeed, so apparently unchanging are the moods of our great globe that not a few, and these not confined to any age or race or school, have averred that to things as they are there has been no beginning and will be no end, that circumstance has followed circumstance, an endless sequence of cause and effect, not during untold ages, but during all time. One in ancient days, wiser than any of his fellows—who 'spake of trees from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes'—thus sets forth the theory of the cyclical order of nature: 'The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun.' In later times one of the great pioneers of modern geology, Hutton, insisted that the earth shows no trace of a beginning or sign of an end.

Such a condition of things, however, is to some minds unthinkable, and to most at variance with our whole experience of the mutability and perishableness of created matter. We know intuitively that the present noontide of our beautiful earth had a morning, a dawn, and a drear hour before that dawn. We know, also, that this same earth of ours will have an evening-time, a long-drawn-out twilight of ever-deepening shadows; then the night. The whole teachings of science, the unfolding of geological truth, the testimony of astronomy, the indications of biological research, the unyielding demands of dynamical laws, suggest the impossibility of things remaining unchanged throughout the ages. They all, with more or less directness, give evidence of a natural development, an ordered evolution, a progressive advance from some primeval homogeneous condition of things up to the present complex arrangement of phenomena. They likewise, with no doubt a somewhat uncertain agreement, conspire in predicting a day—dimly distant, it is true—when the very laws which should have made for stately permanence will work disaster and doom to this varied, many-sided earth of ours.

Accepting, therefore, this more reasonable view of the history and fate of our planet, we find the pertinent questions at once arising: Of what day in some remotely distant age can we say, 'On this morning in time was our earth born'? When and how will this same good green earth roll through the night of space a cold, dead, tideless, sunless world? Between the opening gates of day and the final crack of doom, how many æons will come and go in almost endless procession, and in that vast flux of time and circumstance where has the present group of events its place? Are we near the beginning of the long, long march through the corridors of time, or are we well on towards the end

of our journey? Is the earth old or young; in the prime of its youth, the full plenitude of its manhood, or in the evening-time of feeble and decrepit old age?

These are imperial questions, and it is fortunate that in these later days there is an imperial domain of science in which such questions have no alien place. Geological research, astronomical discovery, and biological study have all pushed their boundaries out and out and out till at length they march in a common region of inquiry, an imperial zone, where the deepest and highest questions of our human philosophy find a home.

It is in this imperial region of knowledge that we must look for an answer to the question which stands at the head of this article.

Now, the question, Is the earth old or young? is inseparably bound up with the problem of the age of the earth, just as the answer to the question, Is a man at forty old or young? will depend upon the number of years which we consider to be the span of active human life. We cannot deal with the inquiry which we have set before us more suitably, therefore, than by considering what answer the great cosmical sciences—biology, geology, astronomy—have to give to the problem of the earth's age.

What has biology—giving to this name a far wider meaning than is usually attached to it—to say to us regarding the past history of our globe? Through untold ages organic life has existed on our planet. Does this procession of life indicate a beginning somewhere away back in the dawning morning of creation?

No doubt the tale biology has to tell regarding the past is vague, dateless, uncertain; yet one truth stands out clear and unchallenged. The farther we travel back along the ages the more does the evidence gather that we are groping our way towards a beginning of some kind. Starting from the highly organised creatures of the present day, we may trace the ever-decreasing outlay of vital force through types less and less finely developed, till at length we reach the simple, rudimentary, and embryonic forms of Palæozoic times. The cardinal truth is ever before us, as we view the way along which creation has marched, that the more distant the age the simpler the life-forms.

But is there no evidence of a cyclical return? May not life have ever moved forwards in a sinuous progression, now declining to the lowest point consonant with existence, and then rising again to forms pulsating with vital energy in its most exalted conditions? Not a vestige of proof can be found in support of such a theory. The testimony of the rocks yields but one story: that life has moved onwards and upwards from the simple throb of a piece of jelly or the mechanical movement of a single tendril to the rich and varied flora and fauna which make this royally endowed earth of ours so beautiful and interesting.

The stately and orderly procession of life upon the globe which biology and geology reveal to us is indeed a tale of no common interest. In the rocky folds of earth the story lies hidden; but to the faithfully diligent and honestly curious the book is opened, and the volume may be read even to its earliest pages. And this is, in brief outline, the story of the rocks.

There was a time in the world's history when through its widest reaches a vast silence reigned, a silence unbroken by the song of bird or cry of animal or voice of man. Over its gloomy wastes of land great tidal waves swept and crept. From many a crack and crevice clouds of steam rose to the already mist-laden sky. Now and again over the solitary and dismal shores there reverberated the thunders of some gigantic upheaval, as the contracting shell forced the rigid rocks up into mountainous masses. Life is not yet. All is gray, drear, awful; a pall of desolation hangs over sea and shore. Dripping skies, tide-tossed seas, heaving rocks, a world in travail! Then life, from whence God only knows, for regarding this epoch-forming, world-begetting event science and philosophy are equally silent. But life it is, a moving, wobbling piece of jelly, the protoplasm, the raw material, out of which a living garment of flowers and fruit, of trees and shrubs, of fish and fowl and four-footed things, may one day grow. And how surpassingly beautiful and supremely wonderful the weaving of that glorious garment of luxuriant beauty that now clothes the earth in pleasing grace has been! First there is the uncouth jelly. Then after the lapse of ages a protective shell forms a home for the living organism. Thus early in its long, long journey towards a higher and yet higher perfection of type does life exhibit one of its fundamental characteristics—self-protection. Another fundamental characteristic is progress.

By the shores of ocean, now less storm-tossed by tide and current than in earlier days, seaweed has begun to grow, and in the quieter valleys mosses and lichens cover the rocks. Very early in the onward march of things fish make their appearance in the shallow seas—fish with armoured scales—and in sheltered pools great crabs disport themselves. The mosses and lichens also give place to tree-like plants, giant ferns, and mammoth grasses. In the moist, warm undergrowth of these embryo trees insects two feet long creep and crawl. In this opening period of the earth's history as a life-bearing planet, a period which geologists have called Palæozoic, which means dawn of life, the organism of plants and animals is exceedingly low. But consider their size, one may urge. Yes, there were giants in those early days; but size and sense do not always go together; and thus it is that the little mouse that to-day nibbles the crumbs in an Oxford kitchen is vastly higher in the scale of life than the Pleiosaurus who waddled clumsily

through the shallow lake that existed ages ago where now the great university rises many-towered and stately.

Succeeding this earlier age, the Palæozoic, we have a Secondary epoch when great reptiles and gigantic lizards swarmed over the shallow lagoons or crashed through the thick tropical forests that then covered the greater part of our globe. It was an age teeming with a huge and primitive life. Creatures half-bird, half-reptile made the forest trees their home; huge monsters forced their way through the tall rank grass; fierce lizards, the sea-serpents of this earlier age, filled the seas with terror. Sea-shells three feet in diameter lay along the shores like upturned rocks. Life was everywhere, abundant, vast, majestic, yet withal simple, dull, and stupid.

As the Secondary epoch grows towards a close we meet with forms of life more akin to those of our own day. The half-bird, half-reptile creature has given place to a less hybrid form; for when the Tertiary chapter of geological and biological story opens true birds are to be found in great abundance.

In the Tertiary epoch mammals arrive on the stage of time. The great lizards, the giant reptiles, with their huge frames and small brains, are practically a thing of the past. Life has swept one stage higher in the ever-ascending scale. No doubt many of the old types, shells and weeds, insects and grasses, have remained from age to age practically unchanged; but their very survival accentuates the gulf that separates them from the higher forms of plants and animals.

With the close of the Tertiary period of life we forthwith enter upon the last stage of our earth's earlier history. As if to prepare one portion of the globe for its future tenantry, there sweeps down over sea and shore, upon hill and valley, a great deluge of ice. How impressive must have been the irresistible march of that oncoming northern flood! Through untold ages it slowly moved downwards and outwards across the hitherto fertile lands and tropical regions of central and western Europe. Over America and Asia also the great desolation passes, a vast field of ice fully three thousand feet thick. It scooped out whole valleys in its remorseless gouging career; it carved the hills to a rougher, grander beauty; it piled along the cliffs of northern Scotland a fringe of great boulders, miniature castles to delight the hearts of little children in the coming ages; it overwhelmed many a fruitful valley and fertile plain under a sheet of glacier clay. What a scene must have been presented in northern lands, when even as far south as the equator,

> Ice, mast-high, came floating by
> As green as emerald;

and over what is now the British Isles there stretched a tumbling, crumpled continent of ice, a vast white desert, above which only the higher heights appeared as snow-clad islands!

Then the ice age slowly passed away. At length, after thousands of years had come and gone, the glacier-fields withdrew to their northern lair, leaving Scotland rough and gnarled and ice-hewn, but with a characteristic, strong, rich beauty of valley and hill, of mountain and flood, of loch and fiord, of promontory and island, that has given to our homeland a singularly sweet attractiveness, and a grave, stately charm above all other lands.

The end of this period, the age of the ice-king, saw the disappearance of much of the old flora and fauna and the incoming of the present forms of life, both animal and vegetable. Great forests of pine rapidly spread over Europe and America, covering the hills with a garment of sombre hue, and filling the deep valleys with yet a deeper gloom. Where now the green fields of England smile up to the summer sky, the mammoth, the woolly-haired elephant, the rhinoceros roamed through sedge and mere; while the North Sea restlessly rolls over the plains where herds of wild deer and oxen browsed in ample security.

It was at this period of the world's history that man entered upon his heritage, took possession of his wide dominions. Up to his coming all creation had been, as it were, working; for his advent it had been waiting.

What a change his coming wrought! True, at first he was a puny creature, one who stooped to earth and from it tore a sharp flint which he fashioned into a weapon of offence and defence; yet it is that same quick, deft hand, that same inventive brain, that has transformed our earth from pole to pole, from rising of the sun to the setting of the same. Man is mightier than all the glacier ages the world has seen, more destructive than fire or tide, more terrible than earthquake or tempest. He has set a girdle round the globe; he laughs at the sea; the mountains are no barriers to him; he casts a measuring-rod across the universe, and has dropped plummets into the deepest reaches of space; he places the sun and moon in scales and the stars into a crucible. His coming truly marked a new age in the world's story, and this age still stretches on, apparently without shadow of turning or sign of ending.

So far we have been reading aloud the story biology and her handmaid geology has to tell, and we have allowed the tale itself, as it ran on to its close, to be its own interpreter of the question, Is the earth old or young? We have heard that through long ages of development from mosses and lichens, through giant grasses and tree-ferns, we at length reach the palm, and finally such forest trees as the pine and birch and oak, and yet later on in time the fruit-bearing trees, each after its kind. Through untold periods, also, we may trace the evolution of animal life up and up, and yet ever upwards to higher forms. First a mass of almost formless jelly, a sponge, a shellfish, an armour-plated fish, a reptile. Then in process of time these stages yield an animal half-reptile, half-bird, from

which to the true bird-form is an easy gradation. Still later in time come the mammals, first low in the scale of life, then higher and yet higher, till at length man enters upon the scene, the crown and sceptre of this chain of 'beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes.' The very fact of his supreme lordship over them proves his want of kinship with them other than nearness in time and space.

Thus far the story runs which biology has to tell. Is the chapter closed? To this biology can only give a halting answer. And to the question, What is the duration in years of each biological age? she returns no reply other than this, that the span which separates our present day from the hour in time when man appeared upon the scene of his future wonderful history is all too short to measure the immense abyss of time which stretches between the present and the dawning morning of life upon the globe. The biologist will grant us any number of years with which to reckon the earth's past. To him a million years is but a drop, and a million million years a mere fragment, of time.

Yet biology in connection with geology makes certain definite (if not numerical) revelations regarding the earth's age as a habitable world. It had a certain definite beginning, and it had this beginning in time. There was a date in the actual passage of the years, a physical instant, when life did not exist upon the earth for the simple reason that it could not. The earth was too hot, the rocks too molten, to support life. As soon as the earth became habitable, when the waters above the firmament were separated from the waters under the firmament, and dry land appeared, then, and not till then, did the gift of rudimentary life enrich earth's wide domains. This fact is writ large in the rocks that girdle our earth, and there is no controverting it. Life as we know it had a beginning, and it had that beginning soon after the earth passed from the plastic to the solid state. What the precise nature of that beginning was need not concern us here; indeed, speculation as to its character is idle. We know that at a certain date in time life was not on this globe, and that at a later day we find evidence of organic life—humble, simple, structureless life, it is true, but yet life. Between these two ages the stupendous change in the world's history took place.

As regards the date of this epoch-making event, the dawn of life on the globe, biology, as we have said, is silent. All she can assure us is that the age-long periods during which life on the earth passed through phase after phase of its evolutionary progress are to be measured by untold millions of years. Even as to the vaguest estimate concerning the duration of a single epoch—as, for example, the saurian age of great reptiles—we can obtain not the slightest hint from biology. She accordingly permits us to make any draft we like on the bank of time in which to account for the various progressive changes that have taken place in the vegetable and animal forms of past ages.

But besides this foundational fact of cosmic biology, that life has been evolved from the simplest forms, there is a second of equal importance. Progress from the lowest primitive stages of life to the highest complex types of the present day has been gradual and regular. There is not in creation a single reversion of development—that is, a distinct descent from a highly organised form to a simpler and more rudimentary type. Retrogression is apparently a manifestation of nature in its sick and feeble moods. Life unrestricted moves forward in a stately fashion, ever facing the line of march.

Is the earth old or young? In presence of this great law of development, we answer young and strong and full of rich and glorious promise. It is neither old nor decrepit nor exhausted, if we have interpreted rightly the tale imperial biology has to tell. On the contrary, it is at the entering in of a new age, the age of man's dominion.

His dominion! How much of earth still lies outside his control! How many great wastes are to be reclaimed, great marshes to be dried up, great forests to be levelled! How many problems, social and political and religious, has he yet to solve! How much of wrong has to be righted, and of things that have gone askew to be adjusted! And reclaimed and restored and settled the inhospitable places of the earth must one day be, unless we are willing to accept the position that for countless ages creation has been drifting arduously and painfully towards a half-completed and wholly unsatisfactory world. And solved the problems also will one day be unless we agree that they are there, tantalus-like, to annoy us by their existence. And the wrongs will be righted and the crooked things straightened 'in the good time coming,' unless through all time life will be hideous and the future hopeless to the great bulk of humanity. From such a sad belief may we be delivered! The golden age is in front of us, not behind us; and slowly, but withal surely, mankind gropes its way towards it. Yet there are those, some of them writers of eminence, who hold that progress is not an instinct of our humanity. Says one such: 'The entire Mohammedan world detests it. The multitude of coloured men who swarm in the continent of Africa detest it. The millions on millions of men who fill the Chinese Empire loathe it, and, what is more, despise it.' There is here a confusion of ideas. What many races dislike is the unnatural rush and push which is simply a passing phase of Western civilisation. All races desire progress—true progress. This yearning is a part of their manhood, an attribute of their nature, a compelling law of their being. Just as he walks erect, so man ever stretches his groping hands upwards, ever casts his look forward. Had this force no place in the economy of nature, men, all men, would through all time

be grovellers by sea-beaches, dwellers in caves, root-grubbers and carrion-eaters, fierce, lawless, debased, their lives a gray, grim, hopeless monotony. Instead of this, we have all through the new age which dawned upon the earth when man was created the same steady, upward, progressive movement which characterised the earlier periods of what is called geological time.

And now we come to the only vague indication that biology has to give regarding the possible destiny of our planet, a destiny worked out by this very trend towards an ever-increasing perfection of type, to the proof of which we have given so much —some may deem too much—room.

As mankind grows wiser and stronger, more able to subdue nature, and to chain or charm its destructive forces, it is evident that most of the factors which make for death and decay will be weakened. This is borne out by the census statistics of civilised countries, nearly all of which show a steadily increasing population. But this very tendency to preserve and enrich will ultimately bring the race to a strange pass; for, although population may increase, the area of habitable land is a fixed quantity; and, seeing that there are no colonial planets to whose shores the overflow population may be sent, sooner or later, unless destruction otherwise come, the question of elbow-room will arise.

Many years ago a famous statesman considered three acres and a cow to be the ultimate stage consonant with decent human existence. We may, in our desperate need, pare the limit a little finer, and make it one acre and no cow. That is, we take one acre of ground per head to be the limit of impoverishment to which we may submit the race without fear of certain starvation. Now, accepting the present increase in the population of Europe and America as a constant additive quantity, we find that in half-a-million years hence there will be moving upon our planet a living army of fifty thousand million souls. If we were to parcel the earth out amongst this vast multitude each man would receive a good deal less than one acre of ground, even admitting that we press into our calculations the inhospitable polar regions. Two million years hence each man will have a square yard of property to do with it as he pleases. The thought that naturally arises is, that he can only make it into a grave! We dare not speculate as to how the race will deal with this grave emergency. Indeed, our speculations, our visions, have already probably carried us too far. We may assure ourselves of this, that long before the press of over-population becomes a serious danger man will devise means of coping with it that lie wholly outside our present experience or knowledge. We are on absolutely safe ground when we aver that for at least a thousand centuries to come, no world-wide disaster happening, there will be room enough and to spare for all the sons of men. We are likewise taking grip of no unanchored hope when we see in these years a period of ever-increasing happiness for earth and the dwellers thereon, an age of peace and security and sufficiency for all.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

By VIOLET TWEEDALE.

IN these days of keen inquiry—when nothing is too sacred, nothing too grim, to be investigated by the elucidator of mystery—it is well for the author who selects as his subject the supernatural to walk warily. To be really successful, he must steer between the Scylla of the scoffing materialist and the Charybdis of the convinced believer, both of whom are lying in wait to rend him should he tread upon their susceptibilities. The same lofty disdain is maintained by each—the one towards belief, the other towards unbelief; both are inclined to toss a book aside directly it fails to fall in with one or other view of the situation. Perhaps the most remarkable sign of the times is the attitude of the modern editor towards psychic phenomena. Half-a-century ago, when scepticism was far more rampant than it is now, Lord Lytton wrote *A Strange Story*. To-day one hardly ever opens a newspaper without coming upon a paragraph dealing with the subject. Experts are respectfully invited to supply articles upon spooks and apparitions, and it is no longer the fashion to raise the silly cry of 'Superstition.' Not intellectual vigour but ignorant assumption is now ascribed to those who sneer at the laborious and careful investigations of men like Mr A. J. Balfour, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Sir William Crookes. If such intellectual giants consider these phenomena worthy of their earnest attention, if the Society for Psychical Research can number amongst its members numerous scientists of the highest order, it ill becomes the ordinary individual to arrogate to himself the right to cry, 'All nonsense.'

We, therefore, gladly welcome with an open mind the handsome volume Mr Charles Harper has produced and given to the world under the attractive title of *Haunted Houses* (Chapman & Hall). The blemish in the book lies in its author having failed to steer the requisite middle course; and one closes the pages with the conviction that he is a sceptic, though by no means an obdurate one. Curiously enough, he seems to have been wholly unobservant of

the strong modern tendency towards psychic research, and the vivid interest in the subject displayed by all sorts and conditions of men and women; for he remarks that the twentieth century is inimical to ghosts, and few now believe in the supernatural—the exact opposite being the truth. Again he says: 'The era of haunted houses has long been on the wane.' In order to emphasise this misstatement, let me relate a fact which will certainly be of interest to the investigator. No farther back than last December, a house mentioned by Mr Harper in his second chapter was the scene of the most terrifying experiences. The account was submitted to me, as to one interested in the so-called supernatural. The occurrences were narrated in the writing of one of the beholders, who penned them to an old friend. The events described took place on three successive nights, and were witnessed by a certain middle-aged lady, neither a sceptic nor a believer, but one of the many who are not interested in psychic phenomena. The second witness is a man of middle age, the head of one of the oldest and proudest families in England. It is impossible here to give the details of what happened or the names of the witnesses. Firstly, such an injudicious course would ensure the absolute boycott of the house and its unfortunate owner; secondly, it would bring down the most unenviable notoriety upon the unhappy spectators, who undoubtedly will take long to recover from the shock they experienced. The very fact that publicity in such cases arouses a tornado of journalistic fervour throughout the land, and sends an avalanche of curiosity-mongers to the scene, is sufficient explanation why really authenticated cases so rarely become public property or receive the scientific inquiry they merit. The late Professor Sidgwick remarked at the opening of the Society for Psychical Research that it was 'indeed a scandal that facts of such importance and such frequency should have gone so long without careful investigation;' but he hardly realised then the objectionable publicity incurred by those who rashly narrated their experiences, and people are naturally reticent regarding phenomena of a nature often most sacred.

In the case above mentioned sleep was out of the question. The noise made by what appeared to be an army of invaders continued throughout the night. At intervals there were clearly visible materialisations of men and women, who went through scenes of the most terrifying nature. It should be mentioned that the two witnesses, both guests, were no relation to one another, and occupied rooms in different parts of the house. The manifestations seemed to invade the entire premises. Both witnesses saw the same things, though exclusive scenes were accorded to each. The owner neither saw nor heard anything during those three nights, and was told nothing of what had passed till the forced departure of his guests made an explanation advisable. Directly he was alone he proceeded to investigate for himself, and was at once fully convinced by ocular and oral demonstration that what he had been told was only too true. The written description as submitted to me was bad enough; one shudders to think of what the actual beholding must have been. With three witnesses of such undoubted honour and integrity, and with three successive nights in which to pile evidence upon evidence, what is to be said? Were it only permissible to give names, the hardiest cynic would pause before committing himself to rank scepticism. For what it is worth, the explanation of the occultist may here be permissible. We are told that wherever any violent mental disturbance has taken place, accompanied by physical acts, wherever there has been felt emotions of intense passion—either of hatred, love, fear, agony, or sorrow—the violence of those vibrations has been intense enough to impress a faithful portrait of the scene upon the astral light (the invisible region that immediately surrounds us). A slight temporary increase of sensibility would enable any one to visualise the scene, and actually in detail see the event taking place before his eyes. The phenomena may also be produced, we are told, by the actual perpetrators returning in spirit-form to re-enact the same scenes they had created many years previously. As a criminal during life is known to recur mentally and continuously to the scene of his evil practices, and even to haunt the spot in person, so it is conjectured the man finding himself released from the body often produces a replica of a former action which has made a deep impression on his mind.

It is difficult to say exactly what constitutes the peculiar atmosphere that renders a house 'haunted-looking.' I remember very well visiting Dalham Hall, near Newmarket, with my husband, who wanted to buy a place in that neighbourhood. Mr Harper gives an account of the ill-luck that followed the Rhodes family after acquiring it—the three brothers dying within a very short time of one another. He mentions that the property went by the name of 'Unlucky Dalham.' I never heard this epithet applied to the place; but, though we visited it on a fine summer day, the sensation it conveyed of being uncanny decided us to leave it discreetly alone. It is thirteen years since I stood in the house, but I can distinctly remember being very much annoyed by the impression its atmosphere conveyed, as in other ways it would have suited us admirably. Without rhyme or reason, we at once decided it was uninhabitable. A brooding gloom hung over it, the reason for which one looked in vain, as the material conditions and surroundings suggested quite the reverse. Shortly before he died I asked Frank Rhodes how he liked Dalham. He replied quite seriously, 'Oh, it's a horrid, haunted old place;' but refused any further information, though his hostess, seeing he spoke in earnest, urged him to be more explicit.

Mr Harper deals fairly exhaustively with the celebrated Glamis Castle secret. What it was will never be publicly revealed, and it is generally understood that the tragedy or horror has terminated

finally within the last few years. There will never again be the necessity for the secret being imparted to the factor and held by three persons only. It must not be supposed, however, that the supernatural has finally abandoned the grand old pile. In 1904 certain events occurred in the presence of numerous persons who had assembled to go in to dinner, and a garbled version found its way into the daily papers. The manifestations were directly concerned with the gambling propensities of the first Lord Glamis. Mr Harper rightly terms the castle an 'abode of mystery.' A cousin (now deceased) of the family often described it to me as such, owing to the infinite variety of uncanny happenings he had known to take place within its walls.

Perhaps the most interesting part of *Haunted Houses* lies in the pages devoted to curses. Here we are on more solid ground, as we have history to demonstrate the reliability or otherwise of such maledictions. It is curious to trace how almost invariably they have borne fruit. The curse on Cowdray and Acton Reynald are excellent examples. Students of occultism have furnished us with an explanation which may prove reasonable to some, though utterly unconvincing to others. The instance of the monk who cursed Cowdray gives us a case in point. It is stated that hate, equally with love, can create a strong mental image or 'thought-form.' This force is powerful enough to reach and act for a considerable period of time upon the enemy who is hated. Occultists contend—in accordance with the belief propounded by the present Bishop of London—that when a man passes from life to so-called death nothing in him is changed save the casting off of the physical shell. It is, therefore, possible for him to sustain and even strengthen a strong thought of hate or love which will act upon the lives of the survivors. In the case of Newstead, though the specific curse is not handed down, one may be tolerably certain that many were mentally uttered by those who looked with religious fanaticism upon the sacrilegious actions of those who entered into possession.

Mr Harper devotes many pages to what are termed in Germany 'tales of the Poltergeists,' and it is just this sort of phenomena we read of so constantly in the daily papers. They consist of inexplicable noises and mischievous pranks. Mr Harper truly remarks that though human agency has often been found to be at the root of the mischief, 'there have been equally numerous instances that not the most searching investigations could convict of being produced by trickery.' In life we know that there are human beings at a stage of evolution where they consider such humbug amusing. Incomprehensible to the reasonable man as this attitude must appear, he may not be averse to acknowledge that the idiot who amuses himself thus in life may be little less idiotic after death. If he can only hit upon the psychic means to make himself thus objectionable, he will doubtless continue to exert this peculiar form of humour to the annoyance of the survivors. Occultists consider that the presence of one who is possessed of mediumistic faculties is sufficient explanation of such phenomena; and it is a matter of knowledge that once such suspected persons are removed all disturbances cease.

Mr Harper gives us many instances of what may be termed 'the family ghost,' the apparition of man or woman supposed to haunt a particular room or corridor. Mr Stead has furnished us with some apposite remarks upon this branch of the subject. He takes the phonograph by way of analogy. 'You speak into the phonograph, and for ever after, as long as the phonograph is set in action, it will reproduce the tone of your voice. You may be dead and gone, but still the phonograph will reproduce your voice, while with it every tone will be audible to posterity. So it may be in relation to ghosts. A strong emotion may be able to impress itself upon surrounding objects in such a fashion that at certain times or under certain favourable conditions they reproduce the actual image and actions of persons whose ghosts are said to "haunt."'

Undoubtedly *Haunted Houses* is a book of strong interest, for though the scoffers and sceptics are still rampant in the land, they now no longer have things all their own way. They are confronted with the materialisations of several weekly and monthly periodicals, which by their continued existence prove the undoubted fact that man is becoming more alive to the truth that his conceptions of the unseen require to be deepened and broadened. Intellectual men are beginning to see that the whole aspect of the subject changes when they once determinedly set forth to apply the principles of continuity and evolution from the known part of the universe to the unknown.

THE PAINTER.

He was a landscape-painter
  Of a genius all his own;
From far-off lands he came to me,
  And a country quite unknown.
He stirred my soul as no one else
  Can ever hope to do;
I watched him paint, and humbly tried
  To learn some lessons too.

His colours I have never found
  In any box I buy;
The imitations only make
  A poor and hideous dye.
He makes all lovely ugly things
  With his most magic brush,
The whitest rose he smiles upon
  Is almost made to blush.

I gaze upon his works of art,
  Enraptured by each one;
But conscious that I'm only I,
  And he's my lord—the Sun!

CHARLOTTE M. NELSON.

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IN PRAISE OF GOOD FOOD.

By F. G. Aflalo.

WHEN Douglas Jerrold spoke of the 'greatest animal in creation, the animal who cooks,' he put his finger on the abrupt dividing-line between man, or at any rate civilised man, and the hairy apes of the jungle who are regarded by scientific folk as first-cousins of Napoleon and Rudyard Kipling. Those modern faddists who make three sumptuous meals a day on pine-kernels and patent foods have a nasty habit of sneering at us of weaker flesh who gratefully recall memories of wonderful dishes under many skies. If I ruminate once more over a prawn-curry at Mount Lavinia, an iced peach at Delmonico's, a meat pastel at Port of Spain, or a dish of flying-fish at Bridgetown, I incur their contempt. Yet there is certainly the instinct of the fox looking up at sour grapes in those who declare a half-cooked steak or a mess of boiled mutton and caper sauce the peer of any masterpiece of Carême. It passes the understanding why a proper artistic interest in food should be less decent than intelligent appreciation of a beautiful landscape or masterly painting or tremendous oratorio; or why, of all the gifts of the gods, the sense of taste should be so deprecated that he who openly delights in colour or harmony or sweet perfumes should profess indifference to the flavour of a ragoût or the bouquet of a vintage.

Not all one's memories of meals are grateful, for some are curious and others sorrowful. At the opposite poles are a well-ordered meal at, say, Sherry's in New York, and a banquet once given in my honour by a Moorish chieftain who has lately joined the claimant to the throne of Abdul Aziz. In the American capital fifteen or twenty dollars soon go when taken out in soft-shelled crab, Baltimore terrapin, canvas-back duck, and a cunning sweet; and this even though only water, either still or aerated, is drunk at the majority of tables, the American drinking less spirituous liquor at his meals (and more between them) than the men of any other civilised race.

At the Moorish table—which is no table, but merely a part of the floor—quantity takes the place of quality. We squat tailor-fashion on the ground, and negro slaves of both sexes file in with dish after dish, each covered with the familiar dome of plaited straw. Each slave uncovers a dish and tastes the contents (dipping the hand in the viands for the purpose) to show that there is no poison; and it occurred to me at the time that if such a plan were adopted in English seaside lodging-houses either less poison would be placed on the table or parlour-maids would be at a premium. After the fashion of the ancient Hebrews, the mainstay was a square of Moorish bread (which contains more grit than flour) dipped in the gravy of kid or fowl, which formed part of the contents of all the dishes. Once or twice mine host, to do me special honour, thrust a reeking crust with his lean fingers between my not too yielding lips. Then came the more serious tearing of the flesh, each one for himself, and all ten fingers to the rescue; the meal concluding with little cups of green tea, syrupy with sugar and strongly flavoured with mint, or, as an alternative, a decoction of chicory flavoured with coffee and spices.

Such Eastern orgies, in which fowls are served in flocks, and kids all but whole, recall the gastronomic perspective of a vanished generation, such as the Highland feast described in *Waverley*, in which a yearling lamb was roasted whole and dished up on all-fours, or the tremendous holocaust we read of in Lever's *Charles O'Malley*, with its gigantic turbot, its sirloin that might have supported a rhinoceros, its half-gallon flask of whisky, and huge decanters of sherry and port. At the other extreme was the frugal garbage served up by the faithful retainer to the Laird of Ravenswood and his unfortunate guest and fellow-sufferer.

To-day we prefer quality to quantity, and a well-cooked dinner is the triumph of mind over matter. Above all, we realise that heavy meals are for the dining-hall, and are unsuited to the picnic or shooting luncheon. In our picnics compression is the rule, and sandwiches are preferred to the dusky loaf smelling of home, the half-pasty of

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lark and leveret, and the flask of prime cider, of which Tennyson sings the praises in *Audley Court*. The sportsman, constrained to take his midday meal in the open, is all for despatch, and men who go out to shoot and not to feed would far rather make short work of a packet of sandwiches and the contents of a pocket-flask, cowering in the lee of a hedge, than sit down in a farmhouse to an elaborate repast of hot and cold dishes, followed by port, coffee, and cigars, wasting the best of the afternoon over a meal more appropriate to the evening.

Food eaten *al fresco* always tastes better than indoors; hence, no doubt, the popularity of the picnic as an institution and the glamour of the camping-life. The common blackberry, eaten raw, is an unpretentious fruit that could, on the civilised dinner-table, attract only the most unsophisticated palate; yet how delicious may it not taste fresh gathered from the wayside hedge! A rosy apple eaten in its native orchard may taste more delicate than any hothouse peach or nectarine at a City banquet. Camping in the foothills of the Atlas, with a young moon sailing over corries overgrown with prickly pear and oleander, we used to think the soups compounded by our Moorish cook from the lean fowls brought in by tribesmen more delicate than any purée at the Carlton; yet doubtless they would have tasted but sorry stuff in a setting of white napery and shaded incandescent lights. Another tent of mine was once pitched four days and nights on a tiny island in mid-Atlantic, with the surf booming almost to the tent-pegs, and our Portuguese cook, a native of Madeira, used to make so savoury a hotch-potch of the half-dozen kinds of fish which we caught daily in the trammels that I have never ceased to regret the lost secret of his magic. In the sauce, by the way, there was always half a bottle of Madeira wine, and a better stock for fish-sauce is not brewed.

Fish I have eaten all the world over—salmon of Tweed and trout of Corrib, tunny in the Mediterranean, red mullet wherever they could be caught or bought, spada at Madeira, snapper in Australia, and the quaint medley of *frutto di mare* (largely crayfish and red mullets) which is the backbone of a Marseilles *bouillabaisse*, to be had at an eating-house at the very bottom of the Cannebière—and all are in their way above praise. Yet I doubt whether any could rival the delicious flying-fish as served to me two years ago in the club at Bridge-town. In a wind-swept island not remarkable for such inducements as some other ports of call hold out to birds-of-passage to stay their flight, this supreme dish was unique, and not to be missed even by those whose steamer makes a stay of only a few hours in the roads. It was better requisitioned by cable than untasted. The cooking was a triumph of simplicity. The fish, caught fresh each night, were just fried crisply and served hot; and, with a mere squeeze of lemon and a dusting of Nepal pepper over the 'wings,' the happy man who secured a large dishful for himself might have been devouring birds-of-paradise. Alas! my praise is reminiscent, for I had another flying-fish, a single one this time, last summer, and it might have been a stale herring! And there are folks who make light of the sacred magic of good cooking!

Every land has its kitchen ideals, and it is the happy temperament of the curious and contented traveller to think the present always best. The cooking of Germany, which is as solid as the cooks, did not, during a year's residence, leave much to be thankful for; but there was, at Christmas-time, a roast of turkey, stuffed with snipe and woodcock—the game-birds being afterwards removed, though their flavour remained in the more insipid flesh of the farmyard fowl—which would have been no bad subject for a poem. At any rate, it was better than the boiled mutton and capers which are the unintentional insult of the hospitable on Sundays in provincial England. Other dishes I could enumerate, the wraiths of which lie venerated on the 'table of my memory.' A roasted 'lappe' or a mess of 'pepperpot' from Trinidad and a dish of river-shrimps from New Orleans would make glad music in my heart even in jail.

Liquid food, appreciated, like the rest, in strict moderation, should not lack its niches in memory's temple. The soundest rule is to enjoy the produce of the country in preference to imported vintages; though that does not apply to England, where, with no native wine above the awe-inspiring brew of the elderberry, the best draughts of other markets can be had with some money and more judgment. It is surprising how well a wine or cordial attunes to its proper surroundings. A glass of old madeira at eleven in the morning (and perhaps a second at a quarter past) would wholly demoralise the stomach in foggy London, but is delightful in your hillside *quinta*, when the sledge waits at the gate to run you down in less than no time to Funchal. So, too, you will not decline the small glass of mellow rum, or even the thimbleful of 'pimento dram,' pressed on you during your morning ride by some hospitable pen-keeper in the flowery heart of Jamaica, though you might scout such temptation at home. Ride an hour or two among the hills of Tuscany, and you can drink a whole flask of the weak, harsh chianti, one glass of which would chill the stomach in a London restaurant. The rawest of cider goes down well after a hard day's shooting in Devonshire; and overproof whisky (from never mind where), mixed with a little crystal water from a hurrying burn, is better than vintage champagne when you are breathless on the hill.

The fitness of any food in its proper setting must be admitted only with due allowance for the mood of the consumer. The simple whiting, boiled in all its unattractive homeliness, is disgusting to the epicure in robust health; yet the convalescent gladly gives it hospitality after a spell of still more insipid nourishment. Even a well-compounded 'Irish stew' is a toothsome lunch-dish on a winter day; yet it would bring thoughts of murder if tendered

to a sufferer on a breezy morning half-way between Dover and Calais.

Between a scientific and æsthetic appreciation of good cooking and the quantitative greed of the hog there is immeasurable difference; but it is certain that contempt for food properly served is not so much proof of intelligence as of reversion to the gastronomic standards of the brute. Not the tensest moments of life free us from the pangs of hunger. Lovers cannot live on air, and even old Priam, in the throes of mourning his beloved son, was urged by Achilles to have a bite of the tender wether killed and roasted for the refreshment of the bereft and aged king.

DRIFTWOOD.

CHAPTER III.

THE acquaintance thus auspiciously begun ripened rapidly. Sir Hugh, who was an enthusiastic fisherman, found in Cathcart a congenial spirit, and the two grew intimate over those mysteries of flies and worms so dear to every faithful disciple of Izaak Walton. Long days were spent in excursions to some distant reach of the river, on which Muriel often accompanied the enthusiasts, for she threw a line well, and her share in the day's sport was no unworthy one. Sometimes, too, rod and line were laid aside, and the three sat 'yarning,' as Sir Hugh phrased it, or Muriel would delight the two men with the fund of gay chatter which flowed so spontaneously from her lips. Although, as he almost contemptuously reminded himself, schoolgirl manners and a milk-and-roses type of beauty were 'not his style,' Cathcart was attracted in spite of himself. Had he known it, Muriel looked upon him as her father's chum and contemporary, and the friendliness she extended to him on that account was so perfectly natural and without *arrière pensée* that the man who had deliberately set himself to win her found himself foiled and baffled by her innocent unconsciousness of anything of the kind. His scant success was, of course, unknown to Harry Markham, who in the meantime was torturing himself with a thousand groundless fears. From the moment of their first meeting the young man felt an instinctive distrust of Cathcart, and the feeling lost nothing by being kindly harboured. Truth to tell, Cathcart had not been anxious that Markham should like him. A very short observation of affairs was enough to show him that the young man was a possible, if not exactly a dangerous, rival, and that if he could contrive to keep him out of the way his own course would be the clearer. He was, when he chose, a brilliant talker, who had apparently been everywhere and seen everything, and on the few occasions on which they had met in company he had taken the advantage of his opportunity to throw the young soldier into the shade as much as possible.

Madge Markham was still away, and Harry's own powers of resource having failed him in the face of such unforeseen opposition, Cathcart to all appearances held the game in his own hands.

The summer waned, and matters still remained in this state, save that, in place of the fishing expeditions, Cathcart accompanied Sir Hugh and his daughter when they met the hounds in the early morning at the covert-side. Added to his other accomplishments, Cathcart was a fine horseman; and the baronet, who had a sportsman's love of seeing a good rider and a good horse in conjunction, felt genuine pleasure in offering mounts from his own stables, which were gracefully accepted. Muriel herself was a bold and fearless rider to hounds; and Cathcart, whose nerve was as perfect as his horsemanship, lost nothing in her eyes when in the saddle.

About the end of October Madge Markham returned to Western, and the event was at once the signal for the passage of notes between Western and Thorpe Somerville, for Madge was anxious that her friend should spend a long day with her at the earliest possible date. Colonel and Mrs Markham were still on the Continent in search of a permanent cure for gout, and it was three months or more since Muriel had been at Western. The old links were so completely broken that when the morning of the day came on which she was to leave her father, she felt almost as if she were deserting him, and strangely loath to go.

'What will you do without me all day?' she asked, dropping a light kiss on the top of his head as he sat in the little room he called his 'study,' surrounded by a heterogeneous litter of fishing-tackle, spurs, and hunting-crops, pipe in mouth, cleaning his favourite gun.

'My dear, I don't know! Cathcart was to have gone with me up to the Fairy Pool to have a shot at the duck; but he has just sent a note to say that important business has taken him up to town. I suppose I must go alone and see if I can manage to shoot something. I might take Western on my way back, and we could come home together.'

'Oh, I wish you would!' the girl cried, so eagerly that Sir Hugh looked up.

'Don't you care for Harry as an escort, then, little girl?' he asked, smiling.

The quick colour rushed to Muriel's cheek as she replied impetuously, 'I can't bear him, father, and I don't want him to bring me home! If you don't come to Western, do send the carriage for me!'

'Drive your own cart if you care to go round by the road. But what is the matter with Harry? He used to please you, didn't he?'

'He doesn't please me now,' Muriel said. 'Lately he's been so dull, almost grumpy, not a bit as he used to be.'

'Dull—grumpy—eh?' Sir Hugh gave a little laugh. 'Poor chap!' he added under his breath.

Muriel turned round quickly. 'Why do you say that, father?' she asked. 'He seems to do without us very well. You know we never see anything of him now.'

'I'd noticed that. Well, why is it?' He had to wait some time for his answer, but it came at last.

'I think it is partly because he does not like Mr Cathcart,' she explained.

'If *you* liked him,' Sir Hugh said quietly, 'I don't imagine he would care much about Cathcart's opinion.'

'Ah, well,' returned the girl, 'it doesn't matter anyhow, does it? You'll come and bring me home, daddy, won't you?' she added coaxingly.

Sir Hugh nodded a laughing assent. 'Stay a moment, little girl!' he called as the door almost closed on Muriel's retreating form. She came back half-reluctantly, and stood waiting, her father watching her the while, a quiet smile on his face, yet with a deeper meaning underlying his joking words. 'Your old dad's a bore, isn't he?' said he, 'especially when he's got something to tell you that you don't particularly wish to hear. I want to remind my little girl that Harry's a very good fellow, and she may be sorry some day if she hurts him too much now. Off you go! My love to your friend Madge.'

Without another word Muriel turned and went. If Sir Hugh's words had made any impression upon her, it was not destined to be proved immediately; for Harry did not appear at the luncheon-table, and Madge explained his absence by saying that he was shooting with a neighbour, and would not be home until late in the afternoon. The short autumn day closed in rapidly, and drawing their chairs closer to the fire, the two girls bridged over the weeks of absence by a long confidential chat. So absorbed were they that they did not hear a step in the hall, and both started when the door opened and Harry's figure showed in strong relief against the firelight. An involuntary expression of disappointment escaped Muriel.

'I thought you were father,' she explained half-apologetically. 'He went to the Fairy Pool, and said he might call here on his way back. Haven't you met him?'

'No,' replied the young man; 'I've been shooting with Lumsden, and that's the other way, you know. The light has been gone this last hour, and at the Pool it would be dark at half-past three. Sir Hugh would know that Madge would not let you go so early. I shall be happy to take you home when you wish to go, if you'll let me.'

Muriel coloured, but accepted the offer with alacrity. Sir Hugh so seldom failed to keep even a trivial appointment that, for once, she was assailed by nervous fears. Madge made no further attempt to detain her, and in a very few minutes the good-byes were said. Afterwards she remembered that Harry had gone without his tea.

Less than a quarter of an hour's brisk walking brought the lights of Thorpe Somerville into view, and Muriel hastened on with fresh vigour. During the walk Harry's well-meant attempts at conversation had met with small encouragement; his companion was obviously preoccupied, and paid perfunctory attention to his efforts. At the hall door the old butler met them, the mute inquiry in his face changing to alarm as he saw who stood there.

'Is Sir Hugh in the study, Burton?' Muriel asked quickly.

'Sir Hugh 'ave not yet returned from shooting, ma'am,' the old man replied. 'We expected he was at Western Hall with you.—Perhaps'—looking at Harry—'you may have seen him, sir? He was going to the Fairy Pool.'

The young man shook his head. 'I've been shooting all day with Mr Lumsden, Burton,' he said, 'and only got home at five o'clock.—Do you suppose,' he went on, turning to Muriel, 'that your father would stop at The Lodge? He may have wanted to see Cathcart about something.'

'Mr Cathcart was going to town to-day. The last train does not reach Thorpe until ten minutes to ten. Of course he could come by the express, and drive from Raventree.'

'Well, I'll call at The Lodge as I pass, on the chance,' Markham said cheerfully; 'but I expect you'll see Sir Hugh long before I do. I dare say he's down at the home farm.'

The old butler made a gesture of dissent. 'We have already inquired, sir,' he said with dignity. 'Sir Hugh has not been at the home farm since ten o'clock this morning.'

'Well, I'll go down to Mr Cathcart's and tell Sir Hugh you're expecting him.—Good-night, Muriel.'

'Good-night!' the girl called after him clearly—'good-night, and thank you!' She went into the house; but Burton ran down the steps after the young man, and touched him on the shoulder.

'Captain Markham, sir,' he whispered, 'if the master shouldn't be there you'll come back and let us know? There's no My Lady; and Mrs Perkins, the housekeeper, she have nerves, sir; and Miss Muriel be but a bit of a girl.'

'And I believe you're only an old woman yourself, Burton,' the young man said, laughing. 'Of course I'll come back. But don't meet troubles, man! Go and tell Mrs Perkins to look after Miss Muriel, get her some tea or wine or something, and see that the cook has dinner ready for Sir Hugh when he does turn up. And good-night to you.'

He disappeared into the darkness; but the old man remained standing on the steps until the last sound of his feet had died away, straining his ears in vain for that other well-known footfall that never came.

Markham, with his long, easy stride, covered the mile between Thorpe Somerville and The Lodge,

which was really the Dower House of Western, in something a little over ten minutes. Cathcart had obtained a coat of paint from the agent for the outside of his new residence, and the entrance-gate shone white against the dark background of trees and overgrown shrubs that bordered the approach to the house. Stumbling up the moss-grown carriage-drive, Markham reached the front door, and after groping fruitlessly for the bell among the ivy that hung untrimmed over porch and walls, at last beat a sounding tattoo on the heavy, old-fashioned knocker. No lights shone from the windows, either too closely shuttered, or else, as the young man at once concluded, because the master of the house was still absent. The whole place, as far as the darkness admitted of judging, had an eerie, unkempt, and uncared-for appearance that struck a depressing chill. In spite of five and a half years' service by night and day among the mountain passes of northern India, the young soldier experienced a distinct feeling of relief when, in response to his third vigorous assault on the knocker, steps were heard crossing the stone hall, and a faint gleam of light stole from under the door. A bolt creaked in its socket, a chain clanked against the iron-bound door with a crash; at last the key grated in the lock, and the door swung open a few niggardly inches, through which Markham could barely discern a figure which he took to be that of Cathcart's man-servant.

'Is Mr Cathcart back yet?' he asked. 'If he is, will you tell him Captain Markham would like to see him for a minute?'

'He—he's—not in.' Cathcart's man evidently had an impediment in his speech. The voice had a strangely familiar ring. Where could he have heard it before? Meanwhile he noticed that the chink grew perceptibly narrower. It was quite certain that in Cathcart's absence Sir Hugh would not be there, and Markham turned away with a cheery good-night. The courtesy evoked a grunt by way of response, followed by the instantaneous slamming of the heavy door and the shooting home of the bolt.

'Surly chap, that man of Cathcart's!' Harry thought, more amused than annoyed. 'I wonder where I've heard that voice before.' No recollection came to him; and he was still puzzling over it as he retraced his steps to the Hall, according to his promise to old Burton.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Fairy Pool was indeed, as Cathcart had jestingly termed it, 'a sort of No Man's Land.' It lay on the edge of a wood, fringed by willow-trees and sedges, quite out of the beaten track, and only approached by a slender path which any one not acquainted with the neighbourhood might easily overlook.

Although knowing it well, Markham slipped and stumbled on the damp earth in the darkness, his face whipped by stray bramble-sprays, which considerably impeded his progress.

'Fairy Pool, indeed!' he muttered. 'Imps' Pool would be a far more appropriate name! Confound it!' as a more than usually prickly branch caught him across the chin.—'How are you getting on, Burton?'

The old butler, trembling with apprehension and the unwonted exertion, paused to regain his breath. 'Eh, captain,' he quavered, ''tis a God-forsaken place! You don't think, sir, that Sir Hugh's still here, do you?'

'I don't know what to think, Burton, and that's the honest truth,' returned the young soldier as he emerged at last into the clearing.

The pool belied its name even in broad daylight. But now, under the fitful moonbeams, it lay like a great, mocking eye, fringed with the black of the tree-shadows; and there hung round and about it, as the two men instinctively paused to look at it, something weird and strange and sinister which struck a nameless chill to the blood.

With an effort Markham shook himself free from the spell, and calling to Burton to follow him, groped his way down to the water's edge. A rat or some night-bird plunged into the pool at his feet; and at the sound, eerie in the blackness, his heart leaped in his throat, while at his side the old man gave a terrified whine.

'It's all right, Burton,' Markham said with a half-laugh, which sounded strangely out of place in the grim silence, and turned to follow the path which the moon, newly escaped from behind a cloud, showed like a gray ribbon running into the dark. The water lapped drearily on one side of them, sucking in and out among the reeds; on the other, the dead leaves floating through the little wood rustled and moaned like disembodied spirits. Markham's thoughts went back swiftly to the girl he loved, waiting alone in the great, silent house, and his heart ached for her.

Panic, born of the night and of the silence that was no silence, but full of mysterious sounds, again seized the old servant, and he caught at Markham's arm. 'What can have happened to my master? What can have happened?' he wailed.

Harry tried to laugh, but the attempt was a ghastly failure. 'Oh, come, come, Burton, this won't do! Nothing, I should think. Most likely he's given us the slip, and is safe at home by now. Of course he may have fallen and hurt himself, sprained his ankle, or something. By Jove! we'd better shout. Why didn't I think of that before?'

Their voices rang out into the night; but only the echoes from the nearer hills answered, and soon the silence settled down again.

Markham went on, moving his lantern from side to side, when suddenly, at an exclamation from his companion, he turned, to see Sir Hugh's game-bag in Burton's trembling hand. The last hope died away in the young man's mind, but he feigned a

cheerfulness he was far from feeling. 'Come along, Burton; he can't be far off now.'

'As far as the next world,' muttered the old servant, his terrified face gray in the moonlight.

Harry turned quickly round and went on, flashing the light before him; and in a moment, under the shadow of some willow-bushes, he came upon the end of his search. Sir Hugh lay apparently just as he had fallen, close to the water's edge, his gun half-under him, his quiet face turned to the watching stars.

Instantly Harry was on his knees by the dead man's side, his hand over the still heart, where the little, singed round of cloth showed only too clearly how the life had gone.

'Eh, deary me, deary me!' broke in the moaning voice of the old man; 'who'd have thought that it should come to this, and he the best master ever a man had?' He stopped, as if waiting for a reply to the question that indeed needed none; but Markham, looking up from his ghastly task, noted silently that into the old man's scared face crept a look of sudden comprehension. A weird figure he was indeed, as he stood there in the moonlight, bare-headed, the tears streaming down his wrinkled cheeks. 'Eh, captain, that I should live to see the day that I could think it! But a dreadful thought's just come to me—in the presence of him that's gone.' He jerked his trembling hand with an expressive gesture in the direction of the silent form, and drew nearer to Markham as he whispered, 'Pray the Lord, sir, that Mr Hugo have nought to do wi' this!'

'Mr Hugo!' repeated Markham in blank bewilderment. 'Why, Burton, he's been lost sight of for years. No one knows where he is.'

'Asking your pardon, sir'—and the old servant came closer, as if the woods might hear, and, hearing, echo his words—'he's not a hundred miles off, and that I can swear, to my sorrow.'

'Here, in Thorpe Somerville? Why, when have you seen him, Burton?'

'I know as how we should be doing and not talking, sir; but I've seen Mr Hugo, and I must tell you about it. Maybe you'll know what's best to do for poor Miss Muriel and us all.'

'Be quick, then, man; tell me what you know! You've seen him here, and lately, you say?'

'Not once only, nor twice, sir, skulking—that I should come to say it of his father's son!—about the grounds, and once in Raventree market-place, altered, as some might say, out of knowing, but not to me that knew him as well as I know my own right hand, and have been servant in the family for forty years come next Michaelmas.'

Patiently Harry waited until the old man had mastered his emotion sufficiently to proceed with his tale.

'The man Miss Muriel met in the lane—that was him, sir. The old dog knew him, and I was as certain as if I'd seen him with my own eyes when I heard as how his voice reminded her of one she'd heard. What wonder, when 'twas her own brother?'

'You've told no one?' Even to himself Harry's voice sounded harsh and strained.

'Nay, sir, I've been as still as him that's lying there, and wouldn't have spoke of it now, only the police will be coming about, and things might get to their ears. You'll know what to do, sir, better than I can. You don't think he'd ever have done it, do you, sir, no matter what there was between 'em? His own father!'

But Markham had no consolation to give, no answer to make.

(To be continued.)

THE PIONEER OF MODERN TRAVEL.

THOMAS COOK, BORN NOVEMBER 22, 1808.

By R. Seymour Ramsdale.

IN one of his letters, written from Paris during the Exhibition year of 1878, the late George Augustus Sala, after referring in terms of high praise to the management of 'Cook's Tours' to the French capital, went on to say: 'I think I first met him [Thomas Cook] at Venice in 1866. It used to be the fashion to sneer at and disparage "Cook's Tourists;" and the late Charles Lever, as "Cornelius O'Dowd" in *Blackwood's*, once went out of his way to libel in a very cruel and uncalled-for manner the travellers who were trotted round Europe under the auspices of the "personal conductor." Mr Cook has got over all that long ago, and can afford to smile at his detractors and forgive the shade of Charles Lever.' Of a truth, the great pioneer of modern travel came to have the laugh on his side, and to leave a name behind second only to that of George Stephenson, of whom, almost the contemporary, he was a truly worthy follower. From beginnings the most humble, he built up a mighty organisation which to day marshals more than four million travellers annually to every part of the globe, and furnishes employment to upwards of three thousand persons.

On the 22nd of November, just one hundred years ago, at Melbourne in Derbyshire, was born this Thomas Cook, whose name was destined to become even more famous than that Cook who was the first to circumnavigate the globe. Nothing was there in his surroundings, however, to presage future greatness. His father, employed in humble capacity on the estate of the first Lord Melbourne,

dying when the boy was but in his fourth year, his prospects were indeed of the slightest. At the age of ten he was already a wage-earner at the munificent pay of one penny per day, after receiving only the merest fragment of schooling. One chance, however, came in his way which seldom then fell to boys in his condition of life. For means of livelihood, his mother kept a shop, a very small one, and amongst the goods she sold were a few books, mostly such as were used in schools. To these the child applied himself with avidity, and thus managed to enlarge and extend the meagre share of education which had been his portion. From the first his soul was possessed by a 'noble discontent' and the notion that he must go forward and never stand still. The first step on the ladder was to persuade an uncle who worked as a wood-turner to take him from the fields to his work-bench, and at this craft he soon became an expert. Still, this was but one step, and not quite in the desired direction, for he had less time than ever for his books. Having often to make the journey to Loughborough for his master, he had many a time gazed with longing eyes at the shop of Joseph Winks, a printer, from whose press issued many of the books published in connection with the General Baptist Association. After much assiduity, he persuaded his uncle to release him, and, more than that, induce Winks to take him as apprentice. That he must have thrown himself heart and soul into his new vocation, and had within him some wonderful latent capacity, is evident from the fact that before he was twenty he had received the appointment of Bible-reader and village missionary for the county of Rutland. What a worker must this youth have been! Already, if but as a pedestrian, what a traveller! In his diary—a work he began when but eighteen—for 1829 he records that during that year he had covered two thousand six hundred and ninety-two miles, of which two thousand one hundred and six were done on foot. In his twenty-fourth year, having married, he set up in business for himself at Market Harborough, at his first trade of wood-turning.

Soon after he entered with his usual ardour into a movement of whose principles he had all along been an exponent: that of temperance. Having become secretary to the South Midland Temperance Association, he printed and published a number of pamphlets on the question, and in 1840 founded the *Children's Temperance Magazine*, the first publication devoted to the advocacy of that cause.

One hot summer day in the June of 1841, young Cook set out on a walk which was to mark the turning-point in his career. It was to Leicester, where he was to be one of the speakers at a great temperance demonstration. The distance was but fifteen miles—a mere nothing to such a pedestrian as he was; but as he strode along he read something which set him thinking deeply. It was the newspaper report of the opening of that portion of what was then known as the Midland Counties Railway, which connected Leicester with Loughborough. Now, it had been arranged to hold another demonstration shortly at Loughborough, and all at once it flashed into his mind what a wonderful success it might be made if the people could go by rail instead of having to walk; hundreds might then go where dozens would not otherwise. Full of the idea, he explained it to his audience that night. All were struck; but said some, 'What about the cost? How many working-men could afford it?' 'Leave that to me,' exclaimed Cook. 'All of you who would like to go hold up your hands.' So full was the response that early the next morning he betook himself to the office of John Fox Bell, the then secretary of the railway company, and unfolded his plan. It was that he would guarantee to fill a train if the company would take the people from Leicester to Loughborough and back for a shilling. Mr Bell at once fell in with the idea, and himself gave a contribution towards the preliminary expenses. Within a few hours the arrangements were set forth in print, thus making it the very earliest publicly advertised excursion train. This done, Cook went on to Loughborough to arrange for the feeding of his party. On the 5th of July the excursion duly started, numbering five hundred and seventy passengers, amidst great popular enthusiasm, a band of music accompanying them to the station, whilst all Loughborough turned out to welcome them. Thus was inaugurated a new era in the world of travel, and an object-lesson set before the railway companies as to the power of small profits and quick returns. In no long time the new organiser was inundated with applications for advice and assistance by those who desired to arrange for special trains.

During the summer of 1842, and two years following, he followed up his system with characteristic energy and remarkable success, arranging a great number of excursions of temperance associations and Sunday-schools between various points. The fares were such as but a short time before would have been deemed perfectly ridiculous, and so they would have been had not the number of passengers been so large. As an example, he took four thousand four hundred people from Leicester to Derby and back in the September of 1843 at a charge of one shilling for adults and sixpence for children. All this time gratitude and growing fame had been his sole reward, for he made not a penny for himself; but in 1844 he took thought that he might strike out for himself as a carrier of travellers. The theory he quickly reduced to practice, and interviews with the directorates of the railways of the Midlands brought about agreements to place trains at his disposal whenever he desired. Then he set to work to organise an excursion on a more ambitious scale than any hitherto attempted. When, in the early summer of 1845, folks read the advertisement of Mr Cook's pleasure trip from Leicester to Liverpool by rail, thence to Dublin and the Isle of Man by steamer, and back, for fourteen shillings

first class and ten shillings second, they fairly rubbed their eyes in astonishment; but the excursion proved a splendid success. So thorough was Cook's grasp of the conditions needful to ensure success that he became the compiler, printer, and publisher of what stands as the very earliest illustrated travellers' guide-book, a little volume describing all the places to be visited and many of those *en route*.

Although the thing was as complete a novelty as was the journey of the 'Rocket' from Liverpool to Manchester sixteen years before, it was fully successful. All the tickets were sold a week beforehand, and so great was the desire to obtain them that many were resold for double the money. Moreover, all were satisfied, so thoroughly had their comfort been ministered to. Still more ambitious was the next attempt, for the difficulties appeared at first quite insuperable. 'From the heights of Snowdon,' Cook records in his diary, 'my thoughts took flight to Ben Lomond, and I determined to get to Scotland.' But *how* to get there was the question, for the English railways then terminated at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and he had to make two preliminary journeys before the plan of campaign was decided upon. In the end it was determined that the journey should be made by rail to Fleetwood, thence to Ardrossan by steamer, and from that point on again by rail to Glasgow or Edinburgh. Although the entire distance to be covered was not less than six hundred miles, the charge was only a guinea per head, and the trip turned out as great a success as any of its predecessors. At both the great Scottish cities the 'personally conducted' and their mentor were received with the firing of cannon, musical honours, and great popular enthusiasm. At Edinburgh they were entertained at a public banquet presided over by William Chambers, who warmly welcomed Cook and his party to the capital of Scotland. Before the end of 1850 Cook had perfected arrangements with all the leading railways of the United Kingdom, and become the indubitable founder of the modern holiday system.

Now came the time to carry these conquests beyond the seas, and the great Exhibition of 1851 (which as much as any man he helped to make a success) being closed, Cook commenced to organise the invasion of Europe. Having first, in accordance with his invariable practice, gone thoroughly over the ground to be visited, he issued his advertisement of a 'Grand Circular Tour on the Continent.' Eagerly was such opportunity embraced by numbers who once would almost as soon have dreamed of a journey to the moon. Starting from Harwich, the expedition in succession visited Antwerp and Brussels, went over the battlefield of Waterloo, steamed on the Rhine, and returned home by way of Paris, Havre, and Southampton. This new enterprise once set agoing, Mr Cook never looked back, and within a few years there was scarce any region of the civilised world which had not been visited by 'Cook's Excursionists.' Lever and others might carp and sneer; but, all the same, folks continued to go in ever-increasing numbers, and soon there was not a railway or city in Europe where Cook's tickets and coupons were not available.

It was in connection with great Exhibitions that some of his most notable triumphs were scored. He was the making of the Exhibition of 1851 in a pecuniary sense, and in 1862 he not only conveyed to London from every part of the kingdom over twenty thousand persons, but housed and fed them during the term of their visit. To Paris in 1878 he piloted seventy thousand persons from our shores, and actually paid over to the French Government a sum amounting to one-thirtieth of their total receipts from the Exhibition. When first dealing with his European tours, one of the greatest difficulties he had to encounter was the apparent almost universal impression which obtained in Continental towns that Englishmen were made of money and could be bled with ease and impunity. This, like almost all other difficulties to be encountered, he soon contrived to surmount by unfailing courtesy, fair dealing, and resolution. A striking instance of determination and resourcefulness was afforded on one occasion, when the proprietor of a leading hotel in Rome at the last moment broke his contract. Failure was a thing not to be contemplated, so Cook grappled with the emergency by hiring for the use of his party the palace of Prince Torlonia for the immense sum of five hundred pounds for a week. During all the early years his work was a labour of love; or, if a profit was made, it was devoted to charitable or philanthropic objects, the great organiser relying for his livelihood upon the printing business which for many years he continued to carry on at Leicester.

If we wish to obtain something like an adequate notion of the wonderful scope of the gigantic concern which has been evolved from the tiny germ first planted by the 'pioneer of modern travel,' it will be well to glance over the programme of some of Cook's globe-trotting expeditions of to-day. Of quite a number which have started from our shores during the past autumn, half-a-dozen there are which at once arrest attention. Each and all are what are designated as 'Round the World Tours,' four of them east-bound—that is, wending outwards by the eastern and returning by the western hemisphere—and the remaining two in the opposite direction. All the chief points of interest in the four continents are to be visited, the lands of classical antiquity, those of the 'burning Orient,' China, and the 'awakening East,' with 'young Australia' and America. To meet the taste of those whose ideal is ocean-travel, one of the east-bound tours was announced as 'all sea,' there being not one yard of land-travel throughout a journey of more than twenty thousand miles; no need, if you wish not, ever to step ashore from the time that the port of London is left until it is again sighted some seven months later. Then, indeed, one must surely feel that one is in the hands

of 'Captain' Cook and emulating the first great circumnavigator.

At a first glance the cost of holidays such as these reads not a little startling. The cheapest of the six means four hundred and forty-six pounds five shillings per head; whilst for 'Party No. 2,' one of the east-bound trips, the membership of which is restricted to twelve persons, it reaches to six hundred and three pounds fifteen shillings each! Surely the most costly excursion ever heard of! is the conclusion which will, not unnaturally, be come to; and, indeed, it is for the moment calculated to stagger the imagination. Yet let it be subjected to but a little examination, and it turns out, after all, to be one of the cheapest ever known or even dreamed of. To start with, the total distance by sea and by land is no less than thirty thousand miles, so that the cost actually works out to no more than *fivepence* per mile! Then, as the party, which started on the 13th November, is not due back until the 23rd of July next year, the holiday will extend over a period of two hundred and fifty-one days, so that the cost per day for each member will consequently amount to no more than two pounds eight shillings, which includes practically almost everything which is necessary or can be wished for. But few of the party, it is probable, could live at home for very much less. Let this be placed in comparison with the cost of a trip from Liverpool to New York in one of the luxurious steamers of the Cunard Line. For such a journey, occupying only some five days, with not very much to be seen *en route*, the fares *en suite* for a single passenger range as high as four hundred pounds, or eighty pounds a day. Contrasted with this, it is impossible to deny that even the costliest of Cook's tours stands out most distinctly a marvel of cheapness.

Little doubt can there be that the secret of Cook's marvellous success lay in his extraordinary energy, an enthusiasm almost as of a Crusader, and accuracy of observation; above all, the sterling probity and conscientiousness which marked all his dealings, small as well as great. From his mind the desire of making or amassing money for money's sake was entirely absent, this, one may well believe, being a prime factor in the astonishing results he attained. When organising his trips to the 1851 Exhibition he lent a helping hand to poor people by the establishment of money-clubs in which the necessary funds could be accumulated. Again, if any member of his parties fell short of money he was always ready to become their banker without any charge. Ever, too, he had in mind the educative and humanising influence that travel must always possess, and was anxious to afford facilities for it to all. What a born leader he was stood fully revealed when as time went on tasks were entrusted to 'Cook's' which would have taxed the powers of great Government departments. When, in 1877, the Cabinet of Lord Beaconsfield was contemplating the acquisition of Cyprus, appeal was made to the famous firm for information regarding its resources, as being the most likely people to know. Again, when the Gordon relief-expedition was to be sent out, to 'Cook's' was confided the formidable task of the transport of an army of eighteen thousand men and all their impedimenta, with one hundred and thirty thousand tons of stores, to Korosko, on the Nile. Last, but not least, King Edward, when Prince of Wales, confided to Mr Cook all the arrangements for the Eastern tour of the young Princes. Whatever was to be done, none, it was recognised, could do better than he. Not until he had reached a ripe old age did he seek even a small modicum of rest, and then not until he had become almost entirely blind. Even when so afflicted, the veteran lost not a whit of his pluck and Christian cheerfulness, actually accomplishing a journey of eight thousand miles through Europe and Asia, in addition to one tour through the Highlands. When he passed away in the autumn of 1892 he left behind a name untarnished by a single stain, and one which is indissolubly bound up with the history of railway enterprise.

IS THE EARTH OLD OR YOUNG?

PART II.

WE may now inquire as to the answers pure geology has to give to our question, Is the earth old or young?

Once upon a time, as the children say, the materials that form our earth were all at a white heat. At a still more remote day—twenty thousand million years ago one great scientist asserts, although from more recent research it would appear that this value is somewhat too large—the world was a globe of molten matter; while at an even yet more distant day—say a million million years since—the earth and all that it inhabits was a swirling, seething mass of misty vapour.

We need, however, at this point only concern ourselves with the astronomical yesterday, a yesterday about one thousand million years distant, when over the dull red of the slowly cooling earth a mottled look was creeping, the tell-tale signal that round its outer rim a hard crust was in process of formation. During millions of years this rocky rind went on cooling and deepening. Now it cracked as a pane of glass does in a hard frost; now it bulged out here and deepened there; now its brittle rocks thrust up into a thousand fantastic shapes. During millions of years, we say, this foundational work went on.

As soon, however, as the earth sufficiently cooled

down to allow the vapour, hitherto floating high as great cloud-banks, to condense in the scraggy hollows, the denuding, dissolving power of the storm-tossed waters began. Gradually the fretting seas filled the ocean depths and lined the ocean shores with sand and the shallow pools with mud. In process of years the sand and mud hardened into rocks. Now and again the subterranean fires broke through the confining shell, overwhelming the newly formed rocks beneath a fierce lava flood, and at all times seas and land played a game of see-saw, now up, now down. Where tossing waters had been, dry land appears, only to be again submerged beneath the devouring sea. But the victory is only for a period, a geological age. Slowly the land again asserts itself and the sea recedes, only to gather renewed strength for the endless conflict. Once more it is sea, this time less deep perhaps; and then again it is land; and so the struggle goes on.

Thus age after age passed away, each period as it came and went setting its seal to its existence in the fossil plants and animals that found a lodgment in the water-formed rocks overlying the igneous core.

Still the same forces are at work around us, the sea encroaching here, the land rising there. Along many a seashore the waves break the rocks into pebbles, the pebbles into sand. By many a winding estuary and in many a shallow lake the laden rivers drop their burden of mud and sand. As it was in olden days, so is it now, and this rhythmic motion of sea and shore, the ebb and flow of ocean and continent, the alternating victory of sea and land, are the hours that mark the passing of geological time.

How shall we translate the moments of geological time into the years and centuries that chronicle the flight of historical epochs? Few facts impress the mind more regarding the immense abyss of time that measures any single geological age than the apparent impossibility of establishing such a comparison as is here sought. We know that the same forces which have operated since the first day of our earth as a habitable globe are operating still, still moulding the present circumstances of sea-coast, river-valley, and lake-bottom into the rough material of a new and future geological age; and yet, during the whole story of human history, it would seem that the physical features of the earth, even to its minutest details, have remained unchanged. We know that in some remote to-morrow the sand by our seashore, the ooze in our ocean depths, the mud of our continental lakes, will be transformed into terrestrial rocks, in whose stony matrix will lie hid the fossil records of our present civilisation; yet if one watched the forming hand of time for over a thousand years one would be constrained to say, 'The potter's hand is still.'

But we must have some foothold of comparison, however uncertain, between the present and the past, otherwise the figures which we have made use of at the beginning of this second article are impertinent guesses.

Let us take the present. Is it possible to arrive at any estimate regarding the rate at which mud or sand or ooze is being deposited in our seas or our lakes? It is evident that if we knew exactly the rate at which rocks, sand, clay, or shells were formed under water we should have a measuring-gauge to apply to the rocks that have been built up during the past ages of the earth's history.

Many judgments have been offered on this important factor in geological chronology. Of course the rate of deposit will depend upon a variety of circumstances; the soil of the country being denuded, the restlessness of the sea area, being some of the modifying conditions which have to be taken into account. If we, however, take an outside margin of one inch per century as the rate of rock-formation we have something to work upon, for now all we have to discover is the actual depth of stratified rock, and then we have in our possession the necessary data for a determination of the lowest possible duration of geological time.

Estimates as to the depth of stratified rocks vary from one hundred thousand feet to three hundred thousand feet. Let us take the smaller value as a minor limit, just as we have taken the multiplying factor of one inch per century as a minor limit, and we arrive at this definite result, that it would take twelve hundred thousand centuries, one hundred and twenty million years, at the very least, to build the present outer shell of stratified rock that surrounds our globe. At the very least! How much more distant than this the actual beginning of geological time is we cannot say, although we know from other evidence which will presently be brought forward that it could not exceed four times the value we have just given. Between these two dates, therefore, 120,000,000 B.C. and 500,000,000 B.C., the dawn of life on our earth lies.

Two lines of argument corroborative of the figures we have just given may fittingly be considered here. In the first portion of this article reference has been made to that important event in geological story, the glacial period. Now, it is possible to arrive at a rough estimate of the remoteness of that great ice age. In many parts of Caithness the boulder-clay lies a hundred feet deep; while here and there over this great deposit a layer of sand and pebbles may be found, this capped once more by a thin layer of clay. Over all is the surface black soil. No part of the boulder-clay has yet been transformed into rock, proof of its recent occurrence; but at its lowest depths it is hard and tenacious, evidence that the borderland between stiff clay and soft rock is rapidly being reached.

It would take at least one hundred and twenty thousand years for the ice-fields to fill the valleys to a depth of one hundred feet; and allowing another two hundred thousand years for the uplifting and lowering of the promontory of Caithness through an amplitude of three hundred feet, we

obtain 300,000 B.C. as the date of the ice age. Dr Croll, from astronomical considerations, places it somewhere about 200,000 B.C.

Now, if an occurrence so geologically recent as the ice age took place two hundred thousand years ago, we may reasonably assume that the preceding epochs—Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary—stretch over a period of time a thousandfold greater than this. Yet another subsidiary proof of the vastness of geological periods, if any such were needed, is found in the time many rivers must have taken to cut their way through the rocks or banks that hem them in. It is computed that Niagara has taken over thirty thousand years to carve its present course. Yet every inch of the wearing away has been done after the glacial age had withdrawn from North America. Then, again, in South Africa, the writer has examined waterways that are certainly fifty thousand years old, yet they are found in sand or clay of the most recent origin. All this goes to prove the immense age of our sedimentary rocks —that is, of our earth as a habitable world, for life is contemporaneous with the earliest sedimentary strata.

But the question is: Is the earth old or young? Well, it is at least a hundred million years of age, if that may be deemed old. Yet, as we have said, youth and age are relative terms, and perhaps in the lifetime of a world a hundred million years is simply a summer vacation, a mere fragment of its whole life-span. So the point to be answered is this: unless calamity, swift and unseen, descend upon our globe, how many years of life, of bountiful life, does geology say it may still enjoy? What, in the language of actuaries, is its present expectation of life?

Towards any revelation it may presume to give regarding the earth's future history, geology has to call to its aid its sister science of astronomy; and the portion of astronomical research which it seeks to avail itself of is that which deals with the decreasing internal heat of the earth and the consequent cooling and contracting of the earth's bulk.

Now, it is evident that, after all, the primal cause of the succession of geological ages lies in the movements of the earth's outer crust. It is true, winds and waves and waters are the formative agents in the upbuilding of stratified rocks; but they would be destroying agents unless the seas they floored, the estuaries they filled, rose in height and became dry land. It is the encroachment of sea upon shore, and the consequent uprising of dry land in some other quarter of the globe, which make rain and wind, rivers and floods, seas and currents, the beneficent forces they are.

Suppose, however, all movement of land and sea to cease, what is dry land remains dry land, what is sea remains sea. This is surely a much more abiding state of things, some one may urge. It is indeed an abiding state of things, the permanency, the quiescence of death; for consider what would take place in such a case. Slowly the sea would be filled up at the expense of the land, because slowly but surely the denuding forces of nature would wear down to a common level the inequalities of earth's outer shell; the waves would unceasingly fret away the sturdiest shore; the rivers would ever deepen their channels; wind and weather, storm and tempest, frost and fire, would level the highest hill, and bring down the pride of the loftiest mountain. Thus one day every vestige of land would disappear beneath the conquering sea.

Is such a doom possible? Not only possible but probable.

We will, I think, readily admit this if we recognise what it is that causes the great secular movements of sea and land. We have referred to the time, about one thousand million years ago—how this date is arrived at will be dealt with later—when the earth was at a red heat, and when over its outer surface a hard crust was forming. The earth must have been much bulkier then than it is now—how much bulkier need not concern us here.

Now, as the earth cooled it contracted, the outer shell crumpling up into those folds that now are represented in the great mountain ridges. We have also spoken of the bulging and the deepening and the see-saw rising and falling of land and sea as the cooling went slowly but steadily on. These pulsating movements are the outer indication of the life that lies hidden, the forces that are latent, in the earth's central fires. But in process of years the fires die down, the life grows less vigorous, the energy less potent, the contractions less pronounced. And the day must come when the fires will be quite cold, the energy all gone, and there will be only the repose and quiescence of death. Even if we admit that a part of the earth's heat be due to pressure and to the slipping and sliding of rocks, yet even then a day must come in time when the materials that go to make up the earth will settle into a position of stable equilibrium, and motion and heat as active forces will cease.

This, then, is the tale geology has to tell regarding the earth as a habitable world. Its morning, or rather the hour before the dawn, began a thousand million years ago in fierce, fervent heat, amid tossing seas and swaying continents, every hill a volcano, every valley a cauldron of fire. In two hundred million years hence the earth's heat will be all gone. The volcanoes will be extinct and earthquakes a memory only of more fortunate days. In a thousand million years death's defacing fingers will have brought every hill and valley, every mountain and plain, beneath a world-wide shoreless sea.

Looked at in this light, the earth is neither young nor old; but in the full vigour of a quiet, strong manhood, it stands midway between two extremes —the absence of all life through fervent heat and the death of all life through the dying down of the central fires.

We now approach the science that has the most definite information to give regarding the age of the earth. Astronomy has less hesitation than

either biology or geology in giving days and years, times and seasons, for the past and future calendar of our globe. 'Bring to me,' astronomy says, 'the necessary data for my calculations, and I will tell you when and how the earth sprang into being, and I will also open up to you the day and manner of its going.' The difficulty is, of course, to furnish the necessary data. Let us explain our parable by a definite example.

Round our shores twice every day the tides ebb and flow. Silently they rise, and as silently they fall. They are as relentless in their movements as time itself. At first sight it would seem that the tides have nothing whatever to do with the age of the earth; but no phenomena in sea or sky or shore have a more direct bearing on the past and future of our globe than just these silent-footed tides. The tides, as we know, move from east to west, while the earth rotates on its axis from west to east; that is, the tides may be regarded as a moving mass of water constantly pressing against the earth's rotation. But this unceasing opposition has the same effect on the earth's rotation that a brake has on a revolving wheel: it reduces the earth's velocity.

Now, this slowing down of the earth on its axis simply means that the day is gradually getting longer. The farther back we go in time, therefore, the more rapidly did the earth spin on its axis, and the shorter were the days, while if we look forward in time each day is slightly longer than its predecessor; through all the ages this constant diminution of rotational velocity, due to the friction of the tides, has been going on. We can, therefore, in imagination see a day in some infinitely remote past when the earth spun on its axis with incredible speed. And we may have in our minds also a time, infinitely distant, when the earth will so tardily revolve that it will be said scarcely to move at all.

Now, the amount of this tidal retardation is such an important factor in any research dealing with stellar evolution that many attempts have been made to determine its value. Mr Cowell of the Greenwich Observatory, from a very careful consideration of the records of ancient eclipses, has found that the lagging amounts to five-thousandths of a second in a century, or one hour in seventy-two million years. In 72,000,000 B.C., therefore, the day was one hour shorter, and in 72,000,000 A.D. it will be one hour longer than it is at present.

An important law of increase or decrease, however, has to be noticed here. If we go back in time seventy-two million years, the shrinkage in the duration of the day is one hour; if we went back twice as far, or one hundred and forty-four million years, the shrinkage would be a little more than two hours; while two hundred and sixteen million years ago it was a good deal over three hours, indeed almost four hours; that is, the rate of diminution increases more rapidly as we go back along the ages.

But the tides not only tend to reduce the earth's rotation, they also act as a drag on the moon's revolution round the earth. Now, for the moon to slow down in its orbit simply means that each month it is a little farther, and yet a little farther, from the earth. The difference is, astronomically speaking, very minute, only a few yards every sweep in its orbit; but a few yards, and a few yards, and a few yards grow to a good many miles in the course of millenniums. Thus in ages to come the moon will be an insignificant object in the midnight sky, while many millions of years ago it moved so near the earth as to graze its surface as it circled round our planet.

It must be insisted on that none of these statements are in the nature of guesses after truth. Years ago Sir George Darwin, from an exhaustive investigation of the action of certain dynamical laws, discovered that the moon moves round the earth in a spiral orbit. It has been left to our own time, as we have indicated, to place this theoretical deduction on the sure foothold of observed fact.

So, with theory and observation to help us, we are able to make this statement regarding the earth's past, that somewhat less than a thousand million years ago it revolved on its axis in about four hours, and that nearly in contact with it the moon circled with an almost equally incredible velocity.

It will be at once conceded that life would not be possible on a planet so situated as the earth was at that distant age; for, not to speak of the swift rotation, the fearsome tides, and the great overhanging moon, there was the heated surface to hinder existence. Indeed, we know that the earth did not cool down sufficiently to allow a hard crust to be formed upon its surface until its rate of speed upon its axis was not very different from what it is at present. For, if it were otherwise, the flattening at the poles and the bulging at the equator, which set in *after* the earth cooled, would have been much greater than it is at present.

Thoughts like these would fix a time about four hundred million years ago as the date when the outer shell of the earth was cool enough to allow life, such as we know it, to exist. This is the limit which the astronomical theory of the tides places to the date of the dawn of life upon our globe. It might be later than four hundred million years; it could not be earlier.

And as regards the future, in what direction do the tides carry us? Through untold ages the earth's rotation will slow down, and slow down, till at last its energy is all wasted in fighting the finally mastering tides. How far off that day is we cannot tell; neither may we offer judgment on the possibility of man living on a planet one hemisphere of which is always in the full blaze of day and the other with the chill of an eternal night upon it. There remains now but to consider the question of the sun's heat in relation to the earth's age, and here we are at once met with conclusions at variance with the deductions from geological research.

It was one of the mysteries of former centuries —that is, centuries earlier than the nineteenth— how the sun was able to retain its heat. It

apparently belonged to that class of moral benefactors who by giving are not impoverished. Yet the scientists of former days knew of no law in the physical world which would explain how a body could continue giving out heat and yet not grow cold. It was left to the great Helmholtz to show that if the sun contracted in bulk it would retain its heat for ages. But it is evident to any man that the sun could not have been contracting for all time; neither can it go on growing smaller and smaller till at last it performs the extraordinary feat of disappearing altogether. There must be a limit in both directions, and the limits given by those who have studied the problem are that the sun cannot be older than twenty million years, and that in ten million years hence contraction will cease and our bright, bountiful luminary will rapidly become a cold, dark star, like many of those that now circle, unseen yet not unchronicled, in the midnight sky.

But twenty million years are too short, the geologist says, for the slow evolution of sea and shore, of 'fishes, birds, reptiles, and four-footed things.' He demands ten times this area of time for the evolution of rocks and plants, of limestone caves and glacial ages.

It was when things were in this pass that radium was discovered, and at once scientists saw in the remarkable properties of this substance means of reconciling the conflicting conclusions of geology and astronomy. A thin layer of radium spread over the inner surface of the sun would account for any amount of heat for as many millions of years as we like to make use of. Thus our twenty million years' limit is extended indefinitely; and, of course, our years of grace in the other direction are equally prolonged. So that, as far as the heat of the sun is concerned, if we allow that any part of it is produced by radium, the earth may be as old and may live as long as our imaginations may warrant or our desires demand.

There are several other considerations besides those dealt with in the foregoing article which might be of service in helping us to arrive at a decision regarding the earth's age; but the three major lines of argument which we have followed—the biological, the geological, and the astronomical—are sufficient, I think, to warrant the conclusion that the years of our planet as a habitable world cannot be less than four million centuries.

This is the earth's life-span, its threescore years and ten. By reason of more strength this stretch of time might be increased a bundle of million years more. But, on the other hand, the earth might meet its doom sooner; nay, it might find it to-morrow!

For, as is the case with human beings, there is no end of catastrophes, accidents, plagues, sorrows, and even sins that may shorten or end the earth's existence. The wheat-crops may fail through lack of nitrates, the atmosphere may become used up, the water-supply may cease, the earth's vast bulk may be knocked into pieces by a dark star, its shores may be deluged by a celestial shower of poisonous vapour, or an internal convulsion may bring its days to an abrupt close. These and a hundred other vicissitudes lie along earth's path, and against them there is no assurance.

But if calamity swift and sure descend upon our earth to-morrow, then there might be said of it what is said of many of earth's sons: Died in the fullness of vigour and strength. For our earth is neither old nor feeble nor even weakening towards old age, but instead throbs with the vigour of an almost eternal youth.

To the question, therefore, Is the earth old or young? we answer: It is young, strong, beautiful, full of abounding opulent possibilities, and rich in its inexhaustible treasures of charm and variety and in its God-given bountiful beauty.

A TALE OF THE SEALS.

By Lady NAPIER of Magdala.

AWAY out in the Hebridean seas lies an island, long and low, with a sudden rounded promontory rising from the northern extremity—a bold, buttress-like promontory, with high cliffs riddled with caves, into which the seas rush with a hollow roar, ebbing again with moaning sighs. Many seals made their homes in these caves, and the rock-pigeons nested in thousands in the vaulted roofs and deep rifts in the rock, happy and undisturbed by man. The Isle of the Seals was the literal translation of the Gaelic name of the island, and the shape of the island itself, when seen from the sea, was rather like a huge seal lying on the waters, his round head raised.

Many tales of the seals were rife on the island, and the people spoke of them and of their doings in hushed tones over their peat-fires on winter nights—strange legends, wild superstitions. The rocks about the promontory, with their great, still pools, were shunned at nightfall; and wild cries were heard on moonlit nights issuing from the caves, said the people.

The minister—who, when he was able to cross from the mainland, officiated occasionally in the little tumble-down church on the island—fought resolutely against the superstition of the inhabitants. He was full of zeal, full of impatience with all that he could not understand, with all bygone times, doings, and ideas especially, and secretly rebelled against the enforced use of the

Gaelic tongue. His efforts were attended with small success. The *cailleachs* heard him in stony silence; the *bodachs* shook their heads and said, 'Well, well!' and thought to themselves that the minister was young and foolish, and what could the like of him know about things? The young men slouched away, their hands in their pockets; what did they care, one way or the other?

Wild and eerie was the island when the gales swept across it, sometimes sweeping the poor little stooks of half-ripe corn out to sea, tearing at the close thatch of the little black houses, shrieking wildly at their non-success in stripping them; for the people could thatch in those days, and the wildest gale that ever howled across the sea had no effect on the little beehive-houses, as the strangers who sometimes visited the island called them.

But few strangers came there. There was no 'sport' of any kind to attract, and the people were sullen and suspicious of the stranger. There would have been fine work for a painter; but the painter seems to follow the well-worn track, with the well-worn subjects which he paints to death, judging by the yearly picture-shows.

But fair to see in summer was the island. The golden seas washed its shores; the rich-red tangle waved in the tide. The crops were of an emerald green, the peat-bogs a purple-brown, with little pools like bits of turquoise here and there reflecting the sky. Myriad flowers bloomed on the hill, and the *cannach* was like a sheet of shimmering silver in the breeze. The scents of hill and sea were intoxicating as wine; and, in spite of the minister, the tender cadence of the Gaelic song rose and fell, as lads and lassies worked in the small fields, spread nets to dry along the shore, or baited lines. Music, except when linked to psalm or paraphrase, was anathema to the minister, and he taught that all other music and—needless to say—dancing were snares of the Evil One, never to be indulged in by his flock. He has much to answer for, in the humble opinion of the writer.

The seals were not of his opinion. They barked and plunged and lay out on the rocks, and none molested them as they gazed around with shining eyes. There were more than one piper on the island, and sometimes the pipes would be played in the boats, and the seals would follow the boats in ecstatic enjoyment of the strains.

It was a glorious day, such as we of the west know well. The sea was as glass; the sun poured his rays unbroken; the breath of the sea was strong and sweet and fresh. 'And it's good weather we will be having, Maggie Ruadh,' said an old fisherman to a fine young woman, her babe on her arm, a tin can in her hand, as she strode with swinging steps along the shore. 'It is that,' she replied. 'I will be getting bait for Angus from the Cambus Ban.' 'There will be many seals the day at the Cambus Ban,' said the old man. 'Ay,' said the woman, a broad smile disclosing her white teeth; 'but 'tis the best place for bait, and what would the seals do to the like of me?' and she flourished a broken shearing-hook in her strong brown hand. Old Rory muttered and walked away, humping his round back.

The woman walked on. She clasped her babe closer and looked into the small face with rapturous love. A soft, old tartan shawl enwrapped her treasure, a tiny ragged shirt its only other garment. '*Ghaol*,' she murmured, and the child opened her dark-blue eyes and smiled.

Down the steep track the mother walked with firm step. Cambus Ban lay smiling in the sunshine. The tide was far out—as far as it could go, thought Maggie Ruadh. The big hole must be uncovered, and likely there would be crabs, perhaps a lobster, in it. She looked about, and there was a beautiful safe corner among the bent-grass and sand under the shadow of a great rock, where she might lay her babe and keep her well in view from the shore.

The babe cooed; the strong air was making her drowsy. The mother laid her tenderly down, and soon she slept. Maggie drew the old shawl softly round the tiny face.

Now for the 'Mad Hole,' as it was called in Gaelic, the sea making strange noises in it when the tide was rising; and Maggie, with agile steps and skirts kilted high, strode across the slippery weed. She was just in time, she thought, for there was the long-drawn-out sigh of the tide on the turn, and the little, dull breeze ruffling the surface of the water.

She plunged her hook into the hole, tearing away the weed that hung over its mouth. A scrambling, scratching noise! Yes, there was a crab—perhaps two; but they were very far in—the tiresome creatures!—and the tide was rising fast. She peered and groped, and peered again. She could just touch the crab.

A sudden barking noise made her withdraw her head from the hole. A huge seal lay within a few feet of her. His glassy eyes were fixed on her. A shudder ran through her. All the tales she had heard as to the malignity of the seals rushed into her mind. 'Mairi!' she exclaimed aloud. The seal plunged into the sea. The woman slipped and fell on the weed, but soon regained her feet. 'Oh, what was that?' She thought she saw something moving near the place where she had left her child; but the sun was in her eyes, and she could not be sure. Fearing she knew not what, she left her crabs and hurried to her babe. There was the little tartan bundle safe and sound, and from out it came strange wails. Clasping it to her breast and hushing it to sleep again, the woman breathed freely, and began to think regretfully of her crabs. She decided that she would say nothing about them to Angus; but, filling her can with bait, she walked slowly home, little Mairi sleeping soundly.

As sometimes happens in those parts, the beautiful day was followed by many days of storm and rain, and few ventured far beyond their houses. At length it cleared again. The sun shone; the

air was warm and balmy, with a clearness like crystal. Maggie Ruadh and her babe emerged from the darkness and peat-smoke of their little home, once more bound for the shore and in search of bait and shellfish. The woman sat down for a few minutes before descending the track. The strong light was almost blinding. She withdrew the shawl from the baby's head and smoothed the soft, downy hair. The child opened her eyes and stared at the mother. A shiver ran through the woman. 'Am I mad, or am I blind?' she thought. 'Mairi's eyes were blue, blue as the shadows on the hills on the mainland, and now they are black! Did any one ever see the like? What could it mean?' She wondered and thought; and then, like a wise woman, she decided that she would say nothing. It must be some freak of nature. She would try to find out if such a thing had ever happened to another woman's babe. No one would be likely to notice, Angus least of all, and the other women had enough to do with their own children, and would not have noticed if Mairi's eyes had been blue or green!

The little one grew and thrived, and the matter slipped from Maggie's mind in the fulfilment of the heavy tasks, the daily round of toil, indoors and out. Years rolled by. Brothers came to join Mairi. Maggie Ruadh was growing gaunt and weather-beaten. She was a good, hard-working woman. She spun, she wove, she knitted; she did her best to keep her man and her bairns in rude comfort, and to correct faults and shortcomings in the latter. But Mairi was too much for her, and at times a creeping sensation as of awe and terror would come over the woman when in answer to a slap and sharp word the child's eyes would blaze with fury, and she would gnash with her snow-white teeth. No tears ever fell from the bright black eyes. At other times Mairi would be soft and gentle enough; and when her father played the pipes, as he did now and again, regardless of the diatribes of the minister, a perfect ecstasy seemed to come over the child, and strange cries of delight would burst from her.

The shore, however, seemed to be her home. Nothing would keep her from the shore. In the stormiest weather she would spend hours roaming there. More than once she was cut off from the land, having wandered out to rocks that became islands at high-water, and there she would sit awaiting the ebb, her arms clasped round her knees, her black hair streaming in the wind, her little face white and set, gazing out to sea.

She developed into a handsome maiden as time went on, and would-be lovers were not lacking. She would have none of them, and rejected their advances with such bitter scorn that savage anger burned in the breast of more than one youth whom she had dismissed with stinging, cruel words. The sea seemed to be her lover.

Angus was growing old. He would fain have seen her married. Was not young Donald Gallach a fine lad, and was he not part-owner of the *Mary Jane* herring-smack, forby his own croft and good house? What could the girl want? And stormy scenes took place, and Maggie Ruadh wrung her hands as she saw the white teeth flash, the dull fire kindle in the wicked black eyes.

Mairi spent more and more time on the shore. The *cailleachs* shook their heads; the young men began to sneer when they saw her flitting about by the light of the moon.

Despair filled her mother's heart at length. 'What can it be that takes her to the shore at night?' she thought, and she determined to watch her opportunity and to follow Mairi. It would not be easy, but Maggie Ruadh's foot was as firm as ever. She bided her time.

The moon shone fitfully one night. A great halo was round it; clouds were hurrying across its face. Maggie Ruadh waked and watched. Husband and sons slept the sleep of the toiler.

The door was stealthily opened from within. Mairi slipped through, out into the moonlight. Maggie caught her breath. The time had come. She followed her. There was plenty of cover—peat-stacks and rocks; she could keep the girl well in view. Mairi skimmed across the white sand of the Cambus Ban. Her mother followed at a distance. Here was the critical time; but the girl never turned her head, intent on her goal. She glided out to the rocks across the slippery weed, and there she sat, with her hands clasped round her knees, the moonlight pouring on her rapt face, her head thrown back, her black hair streaming. Maggie hid noiselessly behind a rock hard by, the noise of the sea covering any disturbance she may have made.

Mairi sat on, gazing out to sea. Then she flung her head back and opened her mouth. A wild cry full of passion, of longing unutterable, burst from her lips; it was like the voice of a lost song. It died away. Then she raised her head again and repeated the cry. Maggie could see the throb of her white throat in the moonlight.

An echoing cry floated in from across the sea—a cry of triumph, virile, passionate, yet unearthly. Something was crashing through the waves, tossing them aside with resistless power. It approached. A white face with wide black eyes, and with black hair, and strong white arms beating masterfully among the waves.

It was too much. The agonised mother darted from her hiding-place and seized her daughter's arm. 'Mairi! Mairi! Mairi *ghaol!* what are you doing, girl? What is that?'

Mairi gazed at her. The dull fire blazed in the black eyes; the white teeth gleamed. She shook herself clear of her mother's grasp without effort, threw her hands above her head, and, with a wild cry, leapt into the sea, straight into the strong white arms held out, which quickly enfolded her.

A ringing bark was all the sound thrown back on the night.

THE DEATH-BLOW TO A WORLD-EMPIRE.

THE present year is the centenary of an event which was once upon the lips of every Englishman. The 'capitulation of Baylen' was the birth-throe of Spanish independence and the death-blow to the wide-extended empire of Napoleon. It was the Marathon of western Europe, one of those occurrences more far-reaching in their consequences than the most decisive battles. It was more important than either Leipzig or Waterloo. They were natural, perhaps inevitable, results of Baylen; and but for Baylen neither could have been possible.

A well-equipped Napoleonic army of twenty-five thousand men, led by one of the Emperor's most trusted generals, had entered Andalusia, commissioned to impose the rule of Joseph Bonaparte upon the hostile population of southern Spain. It was one of those nondescript armies which at that time followed the imperial eagles—not composed of French only, but of conscripts from almost every region of continental Europe.

The famous city of Cordova and its great cathedral (formerly the most celebrated of Moslem mosques, and stored with the accumulated treasures of centuries) were sacked by the invaders. The booty was enormous, and in view of the determined hostility of the province it was thought prudent to place it in safety.

Encumbered with five hundred wagons laden with the plunder of Cordova, the army, in long-drawn-out column, reaching several miles from front to rear, wound its slow way along wretched mountain tracks, when the advanced guard unexpectedly found the way barred by a Spanish force strongly posted, and protected by precipitous cliffs and deep ravines. Repeated charges failed to clear the path; and in the hottest part of the engagement two Swiss regiments in the Napoleonic army fraternised with some compatriots in the Spanish service, and went over bodily to the enemy. Simultaneously the rear was attacked by a second Spanish force; and the invaders found themselves hopelessly trapped. The Spaniards, exasperated by the fate of Cordova, declared that they would give no quarter; and the Napoleonic general, fearing that further efforts would result in a general massacre of his troops, agreed to a capitulation. His apprehensions were not without foundation; for it was with great difficulty that the Spanish general restrained his soldiers from putting their prisoners to death.

An entire Napoleonic army was in this way, on 19th July 1808, wiped out. Joseph Bonaparte, terrified, fled from Madrid; and southern Spain was freed from the invaders.

These, however, were the smallest of the results of Baylen. The news of the capitulation raised all Spain as one man to resist the domination of Napoleon. It changed a provincial into a national effort, and made possible the successes of Wellington in that long Peninsular war which drained the resources of the Emperor, and left him as a man with one arm tied behind him to face the concourse of his Continental foes.

This is how Alison speaks of the 'capitulation of Baylen:' 'Language can convey to future ages no adequate idea of the impression which this extraordinary event produced in Europe. . . . A disaster such as France had rarely experienced since the battle of Pavia had overtaken their standards; twenty thousand men had surrendered; the imperial eagles had found in Andalusia the Caudine Forks. . . . Europe was electrified, the empire of Napoleon shaken to its foundations. . . . The account of this defeat reached Napoleon at Bordeaux, and he was so excited by the news that his attendant Ministers were greatly alarmed. "Is your Majesty ill?" said Maret. "No." "Has Austria declared war?" "Would to God that were all!"'

The Emperor's depression was justified by events. From that day forward his doom was sealed. Previous to Baylen he had fought with kings. Henceforth he had to contend with peoples; and the end was inevitable.

To the English people of to-day Baylen has one special interest. But for it the present King of Spain would, like his cousins of Orleans, be a private gentleman and an exile, and our English Princess Ena would not be Queen of Spain and 'mother of her kings to be.'

FOR A BIRTHDAY.

A HEALTH to you, my son!
Too young to understand
My love, who take your hand.
Your little life has won,
By its sweet, sunny years,
Sanctuary for my fears.
A health to you, my son!

God keep you brave and true!
May Time and masked Fate
Keep your young heart elate;
Bring good in all you do,
Stand firm at manhood's goal—
Body erect, and soul.
God keep you brave and true!

A health to you, my son!
Whose childish life holds mine,
Even as the bright red wine
From ripened grapes has run.
God grant me many a day
To live for you, and pray.
A health to you, my son!

CONSTANCE FARMAR.

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THE PHANTOM DEERSTALKER.

A LEGEND OF GLENGARRY.

By Alex. Inkson M'Connochie.

SPECTRAL deerstalkers are extinct in these modern days. It is even rare to meet a Highlander who will admit that such ever existed, though it is well known from Gaelic literature, both prose and verse, that the belief in spectral hunts was at one time widely spread in the Highlands of Scotland. The sound of hunting was frequently *heard*, both at noon and at midnight, and 'the broken cry of deer mangled by throttling hounds' was familiar; but nothing was *seen*.

Some half-score of years ago I met in Glengarry an old stalker of eighty who was over-generous in his appreciation of my forest lore as well as of my practical knowledge of the red stag and his ways. So he came to unbosom himself to me, and to him I owe the story of the phantom deerstalker —a story originally told by his father, Alastair Mor; for it was he who had the peculiar experience which makes the tale so unusually interesting.

Alastair, then a mere lad, but already a stalker of promise, had been sent to the hill for venison for the castle, for in those days the laird often left the shooting of the stags to his men. On this particular occasion he returned both empty-handed and early; and so his old father, Rory, now too stiff for stalking, made no attempt to conceal his displeasure. Alastair was, however, not inclined to tell his father the real reason of his unexpected return, endeavouring to put him off with such excuses as that the deer were unapproachable, the wind was bad, the wind changed, and so forth; but the old man was not to be deceived, and the truth had to be told.

'Very well, father,' at last said Alastair, 'I will tell you all. I saw *him* and the hound to-day.'

Rory's face took on an ashen appearance as he gripped his stick more firmly, while in his eyes was that far-away look which hillmen often wear when they recall memories which they would fain leave undisturbed.

Muttering a Gaelic incantation, he addressed his son, 'Oh yes, Alastair, I know you are too keen to come home and the sun not yet behind Ben Aigan without good reason. Tell me all about what you did and what you saw.'

'As you know, father, I started early for the ground below the Spidean, and I was at Tom-na-brock, where we spy the lower corries, before the sun was above Ben Tigh, so I had to wait till the light was good enough for the glass. I made out five middling beasts slowly coming up from the river-side, and I waited till they joined a good stag lying on the east side of the big wood. They soon settled down, and then I commenced to crawl across the flats towards them.

'The wind was steady, and Ossian crawled alongside me; but when we got into dead ground and walked to the hillock where I intended to leave the dog, I found the deer gone. There they were careering through the rocks. Evidently they were chased by a dog, and soon appeared to be hard pressed, for they alternately bunched and scattered. As they neared the Raven's Rock I distinctly heard the long, wild howls of a staghound, and some shouting as of a hunter. Ossian sat on his haunches and shivered as my little parcel made for the pass. Their speed increased as the sounds of dog and man rose higher and higher, and one of the stags jumped clear over the Raven's Rock, falling to the bottom several hundred feet below.

'The whining of Ossian was terrible. As I lay I cursed the impudence of the poacher who had doubtless temporarily cleared our forest, for I had now little hope of seeing another beast the whole day. All of a sudden, however, I caught sight of a small herd far up Corrie Mealach, just below the sheep-pass at the top. I put on the glass, and sure enough there were at least thirty good stags, all quietly feeding as though perfectly unconscious of

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what had just happened lower down. I could not understand it.

'The day, as you know, was hot, and to reach them meant much climbing; but as it was little more than noon, they had to be stalked. Ossian was still shivering, and I am afraid I called him names which I learned later were quite undeserved. I spied the foot of the Raven's Rock for the dead body of the fallen stag, but nothing was to be seen. I thought that very strange, for we both know how unbroken is the ground there. Again and again I searched with the glass, but with no result.

'Then I set off for Corrie Mealach. I envied Ossian, who, now rather subdued yet keen for work, had a bath in every pool we passed. When at last we came in sight of the deer, some feeding, some lying, I decided to retrace my steps so far and come in on them sideways, just below Clach More, by Murdoch's Pool.

'The wind—what there was of it—was suitable. I lay full length at the pool, and quenched my thirst with the fine spring water. Just as I lowered my head for a second drink I saw reflected on the calm surface of the pool the hunter of the Craggan Gower, just as once I heard you describe him. He was walking slowly. In front was a brindled deerhound with a black snout. Man and dog seemed alike absorbed in something just ahead of them. I could not withdraw my gaze from the pool, though I shook with fear as Ossian had shivered earlier in the day. The man's outline was perfectly distinct. He wore a rather short, grayish-yellow kilt, with his hose far below his knees. His hair was black, and came to his shoulders in long tresses. He carried a musket with a long, thin barrel, and at his side a big hunting-knife like a short sword. I was much struck also with the size of his powder-horn.

'I could look no longer, so I rose from the pool. My eyes naturally sought the ridge not more than eighty yards above me; but there was nobody there. Ossian stood close beside me, pointing straight at the ridge, so I said, "At them, good dog!" Instead of obeying, he gave vent to a most dismal howl and shivered more than ever.

'I sat and watched for at least ten minutes, then moved to the other side of the ridge. But my deer were all startled, and ran helter-skelter over the near skyline for the southern slope of Spidean Mealach. My courage finally gave way, and Ossian and I ran down the hill in terror.'

Old Rory's face, as his son told him of the phantom deerstalker, showed a rare mixture of fear and excitement; and before he fully recounted to Alastair, for the first time, the origin of the forest spectre, he invoked the blessing of Heaven.

'It's now many years since Donald Breac went out for his wedding venison; he stalks for it yet. He had long courted Mary Ban of Glen Cosaidh; but it was not till after several fights with rivals that he was allowed to become engaged to the girl of his choice. The spinning-wheel had been busy and the loom had purled long in Glen Cosaidh; the cattle were marked and the sheep kept on the home hirsel all in readiness for removal as her dowry to Donald Breac's croft. For he was a man of no small local importance. He not only stalked for the chief, Alastair Ranaldson Macdonnell, but also played soft, sad music to soothe him to sleep after the day's hunt was over.

'Donald Breac's success in love was, however, the indirect cause of a tragedy which will never be forgotten in the glen. In a fair fight he had the misfortune to lay low one of his rivals, who never rose again. The Caillach Beag, the latter's mother, had an evil reputation in the district, and it was said that on hearing of her son's death she took the black crook from the chimney, and with it pointed to the north, and after passes and mutterings pronounced a great curse on Donald Breac: "May neither body nor soul ever rest in peace."

'Everything seemed to go well with the engaged couple, and all was in readiness for the ceremony and the feast of the morrow; only venison was wanted, and naturally the bridegroom would see to that himself.

'So he set out for the hill with his faithful Bran and Glengarry's favourite flintlock; nor were spare flints forgotten. He must be very sure that day. Yet he stalked in vain; not a stag was to be seen. Who had been over the ground before him? If only he could get at the low hound of a shepherd! He—Glengarry's stalker—not to be able to find venison for his own wedding! The idea was intolerable.

'Ah! surely, after all, he was not to be without blood that day of days, for a fine stag had just appeared. The stalk promised to be an easy one, and he had in his own mind already gralloched the beast. Soon he would be within range, the musket loaded, the flint a proper length, powder in the pan, just over the hillock, a slide down the green slope. The stag was a "royal," and a magnificent beast at that. How his smoking haunches would grace the tables at the wedding banquet! In his eagerness he spoke his thoughts aloud: "I will have that stag even though the devil and all the black spirits in the glen should say no; nothing can prevent me." The shot was fired, but the stag fell not; on the contrary, he trotted quietly over the brow and disappeared. That Donald Breac should miss such a chance seemed impossible, and yet there was the mark of the bullet on a stone which is to be seen to this day. I myself, then a stripling, lay near to Donald Breac, and I trembled at what followed. The ravens frightened me not; but high on the wind rose a croaking laugh, and a human-like voice spoke, "Follow on, follow on, for ever and for ever." Donald Breac stood up, his face haggard, fumbling for powder-horn and bullets; slowly he loaded, and with a sigh and a weary look he followed the stag towards Craggan Gower. Far up the corrie the mist hung like a great curtain, which suddenly became a moving mass, loud

thunder seemingly issuing from its centre. As, driven by a great gust of wind, it moved rapidly towards us, I became afraid and fled downwards. Donald Breac ignored me, for he was walking as in a dream, his hound in front.

'Donald Breac was never seen in life again, and this is now the seventh time that his spectre has appeared. It is seldom visible without some dire calamity happening, though why an old witch should have any such power I cannot tell.

'Strange sounds were heard in Caillach Beag's sheil that night, and next morning no trace of her could be found. Lightning had probably struck her hut, for it was a ruin.'

DRIFTWOOD.

CHAPTER V.

SIR HUGO SOMERVILLE, eleventh baronet, *alias* Jones, man-servant and general factotum to Richard Cathcart, Esquire, stood at the window of the latter's sanctum at The Lodge, staring out moodily on the wilderness of tangled weeds in the walled garden beneath. His weak, handsome face wore its now habitual look of sullen despair and indecision, index of the restless thoughts within, eager to find a way of escape from the network of deceit in which he found himself involved, and yet afraid to look for it. He was on the horns of a dilemma, and either way Cathcart—he cursed under his breath—held the balance. Within a stone's-throw lay Thorpe Somerville, the inheritance he dared not claim, bound as he was by the paper Cathcart had forced him to sign, and by the fear that if he broke the conditions it imposed, the hungry horde of Jew money-lenders, no longer restrained by Cathcart's specious promises, would rush in and consign him to the terrors of that law which, so far, he had managed to elude. But what a freedom, and purchased with what a price! He had feared to risk the consequences of frank confession, and now found himself in a worse slavery than anything he had dreaded, with Cathcart as his jailer. What a fool he had been! What a fool!

He groaned aloud, and the sound roused him from his stupor of regret and stirred him to livelier self-pity. After all, what had he done? Spent more than he ought; but many men raised money on their prospects. There was little enough in that. If only he could have guessed all would be his so soon! If only he had not pledged his word to Cathcart! Was there no way out? A gleam of slow, painful comprehension spread over his not over-bright features, sodden by self-indulgence and the habit of surrender to a stronger will. Even to him remained two chances—two ways of life or death.

'It's the papers or myself!' he muttered as he turned with almost maniacal energy to Cathcart's desk.

For a long while nothing rewarded his search. Cathcart was not the man to leave anything about that might tell tales, and Hugo ransacked the drawers, hunted through flies and fishing-tackle, peered into sporting diaries, investigated the few papers he found—these chiefly of the unpaid-bill persuasion, but all equally valueless in the light of what he sought. He was ramming the last drawer home with something of an ill-tempered bang, when it thwarted him by refusing to shut. Obviously some rubbish had slipped down behind, and in thrusting in his hand to remove the obstruction, it fell upon, not the missing papers, but an old, worn pocket-book. He was about to throw it back into the drawer, wholly out of humour, when the lettering upon it, in gold, caught his eye. The crest, a greyhound *courant*, was that of the house he had dishonoured; the motto below, *Aut mors, aut vita decora*, was his own; while the letters of the intertwined monogram were the initials of his own and of his dead father's name.

Suddenly, in all its hideousness, a thought burst upon his bewildered brain. White and shivering, Hugo stood gazing at the book in his hand, heedless of the banging of a distant door, the sound of a footfall on the uncarpeted stairs. He was still standing motionless when the door opened and Cathcart entered the room.

With the snarl of a wild beast Hugo turned upon him, holding up the pocket-book. 'You scoundrel!' he cried, 'how did you come by this?'

A shade, so slight as to be almost imperceptible, passed over Cathcart's features. After so much had been achieved, it was, to say the least of it, annoying that his plans ran the risk of being thwarted by the vapourings of a meddlesome fool. Had the discovery been made by any one else, things might have gone very awkwardly for him. As it was, he knew his man—or thought he did. 'I think I ought to ask, "How do *you* come by it?"' he rejoined coolly. 'That's a pretty sort of thing to do to a man's private papers, isn't it?' jerking his hand in the direction of the rifled secretaire.

'Curse you! what do I care?' shouted the other fiercely. 'You murdered my father, and as I'm a living man, you shall swing for it!'

Cathcart could not help giving a hasty glance at the door, though outwardly he was calm as ever. 'Lucky Mrs Brown's deaf,' he remarked. 'After hearing you, she might be tempted to go in for melodrama.'

His gibe did but serve further to exasperate the other. 'Cathcart,' he said in the low, tense tones of a man labouring under terrible stress of feeling, 'I

swear that if you don't, for once in your life, give me a straight answer, you shall never leave this room alive.'

'Rather an abrupt ending to a singularly promising career,' observed Cathcart with complete unconcern. 'But, my dear chap, when have I ever given you anything but a straight answer—straighter, sometimes, even than you care for?'

'Stop that palaver!' Somerville said roughly. 'I want to know if you murdered my father.'

There was an instant's silence before Cathcart spoke. 'No,' he said at last with the utmost deliberation. 'I did not murder him, although the world would call it that. I killed him by mistake.'

With a snarl, Somerville half-sprang towards him; but, meeting Cathcart's eye, he fell back, cowed and almost calm.

'Get back!' the older man said in the tone men use in speaking to refractory dogs. 'Steady yourself if you can, and I'll tell you what happened.'

With an effort Somerville restrained the passion of hatred that almost overcame him. Undutiful son as he knew himself to have been, the cold-blooded confession awakened his long-dormant filial feelings, and filled him with an insatiable thirst for revenge.

Cathcart, accustomed to subservience from the poor shadow of a man who had been his creature for so long, paid small heed to the fire shining in the usually lustreless eyes. 'Yes,' he continued coolly, 'I shot Sir Hugh; but, as I told you, I had no intention of doing so. He came along in the dusk, walking exactly like—some one else, and I fired. That was my first mistake. The second seems to have been when I took that miserable pocket-book.'

Somerville was white to the lips. 'You meant to kill me,' he hissed rather than spoke, 'you incarnate devil!'

Cathcart's eyes contracted to pin-points. 'What if I did?' he asked. Then, dropping his voice as he held Somerville with a mesmeric glance, 'What if I do?'

Like some sinuous beast, he launched himself upon the younger man, who, however, was in some degree prepared for his onslaught. Seizing a heavy chair, he flung it towards his enemy; then, as Cathcart stumbled over it in the vain attempt to reach him, he dashed through the door, clattered down the stairs, through the dim hall, and out at the door, to seek shelter in the woods, anywhere, so only that Cathcart should not follow him.

This, although Somerville did not know it, was the last thing that was likely to happen; for Cathcart caught the edge of the table in his fall, and lay stunned. The old woman who 'did' for them had long gone; no one had heard the noise of the scuffle; and when he came to himself the shadows were stealing into the corners of the room. His head ached and throbbed intolerably as he drew himself to a sitting posture and tried to take in the situation. Look at it which way he would, he was in a very tight place; but he had been in tight places before, and had come out all right. The point that stood out most strongly at the present moment was that Somerville was gone, and with him the cause of his mad attack upon the wretched fellow. If only he had tried to get the pocket-book from him by craft! As it was, the game was up; for one man's word was as good as another's, and in that neighbourhood his own would have little or no chance against a Somerville's. Hugo was in the mood to blurt out everything, and that old fool Burton was already on the *qui vive*. No; there was nothing for it but to run, and to run at once. He was fairly hoist with his own petard, since, in attempting to scare Hugo Somerville out of his path, he had made the place too hot to hold him. He could see no way out of it, however. So, dragging himself to his feet, he made a careful toilet; rode his bicycle to the station, where he left it in the charge of the stationmaster pending his return on the following day; talked glibly of employing the best detectives from Scotland Yard to investigate the Thorpe Somerville tragedy; and took the night express to London.

In the meantime the man whom he had so grievously wronged was not in a state to reason calmly or to act wisely. Besides the desire to bring vengeance on his father's murderer, the thought of his sister engaged or married to a villain, such as he knew Cathcart to be, almost drove him out of his senses. So engrossed was he in his own miserable thoughts that a horseman came up unheard behind him in the dusk, and would have passed without seeing him had not the horse shied at the figure that the shadows of the trees rendered invisible to his rider.

'Hallo! What the'—— cried Harry Markham—for it was he—then broke off suddenly, the words frozen on his lips. What was there so familiar in the walk of that slouching figure that arrested his attention in spite of himself? Old Burton's story flashed across his mind, for this man answered in every particular to the description given: the heavy, fair moustache; the handsome, sullen, blue eyes; the weak, dissipated chin. If this were Hugo Somerville, he was Muriel's brother, and must be saved at any cost. With this thought foremost in his mind, Harry reined up sharply.

'I say, who are you?' he began, a feeling of pity overcoming his repulsion.

'My name's Jones,' was the sullen reply.

'But it wasn't that always?' Harry persisted.

'And what if it wasn't?' the other retorted. He cast his thoughts back over his past life, and wondered which of his many mistakes had arisen to confront him. Markham's voice broke in roughly upon his meditations.

'I suppose you have some object in hanging about here,' he said; 'but if you'll take my advice, you'll clear out as soon as you can. You've been recognised'—he lowered his voice—'and it might go hard with you if you couldn't give a good account of yourself.'

In a flash Markham's meaning burst upon poor Somerville, and the thought turned him sick and cold; for what account of himself could he give that would convince a child, with the pocket-book in his possession, backed by that doddering old fool's evidence of his identity?

'My God!' he gasped; and before Markham could raise a finger to stop him, he had darted across the road and was lost in the blessed obscurity of the woods. By cutting across country he might manage to catch the up-train at Raventree, and be free of this accursed place for good and all.

Every thought of Muriel's welfare had vanished; he was fighting for his own hand now—for his life against Cathcart's, who was never more dangerous than when desperate, as Hugo believed him to be. Already he saw himself branded as a parricide, and felt the rope about his neck. He ran blindly on, stumbling and tripping in the bracken, torn by briers, flying for his life.

At last the railway barred his farther progress, and he paused for breath, to hear the deep rumble of an approaching train. Was there time to cross, or must he lose the chance of catching the up-train at Raventree—the chance of safety? Anyway, it was worth the risk. Panting and breathless, he flung himself over the fence and made a dash for the line, slipped, stumbled, endeavoured frantically to recover his footing, and fell again. Two great eyes glared out of the darkness, and his last despairing cry was lost in the roar of the remorseless wheels!

CHAPTER VI.

THE untimely death of Sir Hugh Somerville, so quickly followed by the tragic end of his only son, provided a newspaper sensation for a day or two longer than common, owing to the elements of mystery and romance which surrounded the two events. Nor could the cloud be lifted even by those most anxious to do so, to whom the open verdict of 'Death by misadventure,' which was returned by the coroner's jury in both cases, could be less of a satisfaction and a solace than an ever-present uncertainty and source of disquiet. Sir Hugh had no enemies. Medical evidence supported the theory of his wound being self-inflicted, to which indications of a slip in the soft clay near the place where he was found by Markham and Burton gave still further support. The explanation satisfied the neighbourhood, which, although it had not forgotten the scandal of Sir Hugh's quarrel with his heir and Hugo's subsequent disappearance, yet knew nothing of the young man's recent reappearance in the rôle of Cathcart's servant. So far as they knew, Markham and Burton shared that information between them.

The remains of the worn and empty pocket-book found upon Hugo assisted in establishing his identity, which the evidence of Burton and other servants on the estate, who had known the young man from babyhood, was only required to confirm. That he should have been cut to pieces—probably on his way to ask his father's forgiveness—struck a poignant note in the tragedy, and called rather for sympathy than for suspicion. Amid the general mourning the absence of Cathcart was not remarked, save by the few who found a sinister meaning behind the fact. A letter was received from him resigning his tenancy of The Lodge, and notifying the reason as 'urgent private affairs,' which demanded his constant and unremitting attention elsewhere—a reason which, he deeply regretted, would occasion his unavoidable absence from the funeral obsequies of his late valued friend and neighbour. Beyond London, no address was given. In accordance with the instructions of Colonel Markham, who took the tragedy of his old friend's death seriously to heart, detectives ransacked the deserted Lodge from cellars to attics, but wholly without result. Signs of a quarrel were indeed visible in the broken lock of the rifled secretaire, the overturned chair, and disarranged furniture. When interrogated, the charwoman, Mrs Brown, knew nothing of any rupture between Cathcart and his supposed servant; and the inference remained that the two had decided to sink their differences, and had gone off together. Even Harry Markham was compelled to own that his hasty disappearance was the most damaging circumstance that could be urged against Cathcart. It was known that he had returned from London on the day of Sir Hugh's death by a train some hours earlier than the one by which he usually travelled; but this, in itself, was not evidence.

Moreover, the inexplicable mystery of Sir Hugh's pocket-book being found in the possession of his dead son held Harry silent, for at all costs Muriel must be spared. None who had seen her in her time of trouble would ever forget her and the pathos of her loneliness. Tall, fair, and pale, in her black gown, she had stood before them at the inquest, answering the coroner's questions with a simple dignity surprising to her hearers, who, until now, had only known and thought of her as a child. Harry Markham's heart bled as he watched her, taught by the intuition of a lover that her calmness was not that of endurance, but of a numbed brain and pent-up emotions, which must inevitably suffer a terrible reaction, all the more strenuous for having been so long controlled.

At last they showed her the stained pocket-book. She shivered, shook from head to foot like an aspen leaf, and turning to where Harry Markham was standing, cried, 'It is horrible—horrible! Take me away! Oh, take me away!' With a long, sobbing sigh, she fell back into Harry's outstretched arms; and he, lifting his beloved burden, carried her gently to her room, and left her to her women and kindly little Madge. Before night she was in a raging fever; and when that was at length sub-

dued, she lay for many days in a merciful stupor, oblivious of all that went on around her.

In the end youth and strength reasserted themselves, and Muriel struggled back to life and the sad knowledge of her bereavement. Perhaps, as she was the more able to think, the realisation of her utter aloneness retarded her progress towards health; for her strength came very slowly back, and the once active limbs were content to lie still for hours, while the poor brain wearied itself with hideous thoughts. Sometimes she felt too tired even to think, too tired to give harbourage to the memories which haunted most of her waking and many of her sleeping hours. Madge Markham and Miss Fancourt, the governess and friend of her childhood, who had hastened back at the first word of her sorrow, were unremitting in their efforts to draw the stricken girl back to something resembling her former light-hearted self. The doctors advised that, when possible, she should be roused and interested; and with this end in view, Madge one day induced Muriel to see Harry for the first time since the beginning of her illness. She was too shaken with the remembrances of those terrible days, recalled to her by his presence, to do more than put a frail, white hand into his and smile a pale little smile; and poor Harry came out of the room at the end of his long-looked-for five minutes with a lump in his throat and a mist before his eyes. Matters improved when the invalid began to take bath-chair exercise, and Harry, delighted to find a use for his strength, was permitted to be her companion and charioteer. Gradually she took up the thread of living: ate, slept, attended to business, even smiled sometimes, but always with that dreadful load of oppression at her heart.

'I think part of me died—you know when,' she told Miss Fancourt; and when that good woman tried to comfort her, she shook her bright head, with a grave little smile, and said no more.

One morning Harry came in and found her wrinkling her pretty brows over some paper the agent had sent for her signature.

'Are you strong enough yet for that sort of thing?' he asked anxiously.

'It doesn't hurt me, thank you,' replied Muriel; 'not half so much as doing nothing, or thinking all day long.'

'Try not to think, then, dear'—the caressing word slipped out very naturally. 'You know we all want you to get well.'

'Oh Harry!' the girl said pitifully, 'can't you help me? I think, and think, and think, and in the end my heart feels turned to stone!'

Harry came near and took the fragile hands in his firm, boyish clasp. 'Tell me what it is,' he besought. 'I want to help you. I think I only live in the hope that I may be able some day to do something for you.'

She was silent for a moment; but her hand remained in his, as if she found in the contact the assurance of comfort and help she so sorely craved. At last she murmured, 'The pocket-book, Harry! You know that it was father's, and that he always carried it. How—did—Hugo—come to have it?'

This time it was Markham who had nothing to say; but at last the imploring fingers wrung something out of him. 'I know. I've known all the time,' he said; 'but I can't explain it.' Fairness to the absent Cathcart tied his tongue; when he asked nothing better than to share his thoughts with her and return confidence for confidence.

'But you don't think'——

Feverishly she pressed him for reassurance; and, as in duty bound, he replied, 'Of course not; there's not a shadow of reason for thinking so.'

'I'm so glad,' she said. 'I've been so afraid—so dreadfully afraid; and now, if you think I needn't, you don't know what a weight will be taken off my heart. Dear Harry, it's all you.' Her soft eyes were brimming with innocent affection.

Poor Harry could bear it no longer, and rising, walked to the window, where he stood, watching the dead leaves chase each other over the hills and hollows of the park, until he felt he had himself in hand again. Then he came back to where Muriel was lying on the wide sofa, and sat down quietly near her. 'Did Madge tell you,' he began, 'that my leave will be up almost directly? The regiment is ordered to India, and I must join it at once.'

'Oh Harry, must you?' Muriel cried in distress. 'I expect you will love it. I should, if I were a man. But I shall miss you dreadfully.'

Harry swallowed hard. 'I hope you won't,' he said. 'I can't bear to think of anything troubling you, and yet I'm selfish enough to be glad if you do think of me while I'm away.'

'You may be sure I shall do that,' she told him. 'Every one has been kind, but no one has been so kind as you.'

The sweet voice broke, and Harry's own was not quite steady as he said softly, 'Will you come with me, dear? Come, and let me teach you to forget all this terrible business, and be your own happy self again. Will you?'

Muriel wrinkled her brows in perplexity. Harry was very odd to-day, she thought—not quite sure, even, that she liked him in this new mood.

'How could I, Harry? Men have all the best times, I think. Unless'—and she brightened—'unless Miss Fancourt came too!'

Harry bit his lip, though his heart sank at her words. 'But, you see,' he explained, 'I don't want to marry Miss Fancourt. I want to marry you.'

There was dead silence in the pretty room for a full minute. Then at last Muriel spoke, every word cutting her unfortunate listener like a knife. 'I couldn't, Harry! I couldn't, really!'

'Why not?' the young man persisted. 'You don't dislike me; at least, I don't think you do. I'd be very patient, and not ask for much. All I want is to take you away and make you happy—if I can.'

Muriel looked at him curiously. This was a

new Harry; and Harry in the light of a lover was a stranger offering gifts to her, who, alas! could give nothing in return. 'I can't,' she breathed; 'it wouldn't be fair. I do like you, Harry,' she went on, far too frankly for the young man's hopes, now rapidly disappearing; 'but'—and the blue eyes filled with tears—'I've nothing for you except that. And father always said I was to play fair.'

Poor Harry! He was very little more than a boy, and he felt as if his little world had stopped for good and all. 'I've been a brute,' he said ruefully. 'I ought never to have bothered you now. The best thing I can do is to take myself off, and let you forget if you can.'

Muriel could not speak; but she put out her hand and kept him when he would have left her, and he was still there when Madge and Miss Fancourt came in. Tea soon followed; and if Muriel was more silent than usual, her license as an invalid obviated the necessity for remark or excuse. Her good-bye was faintly spoken, but the hand she put into the young man's was allowed to rest there until he dared keep it no longer. He had failed, he told himself; but the failure had taught him something: that he need have no fear of Cathcart's memory, if his own obvious devotion had taken the young girl so completely by surprise; also—though how he knew it he could not say, 'plain soldier' as he was—that a woman is never lost until she is won.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD SCOTS ARMY.

THE idea of a territorial army is by no means new to Scotland. In fact, the scheme of service was far wider than that associated with Mr Haldane's name, and in its main features would have received the approval of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts. For proof it is not necessary to go back to the days of the old Celtic kings, when every man, lay or cleric—and it is even said the militant females of the various tribes—took part in both offensive and defensive war.

As everybody knows, the feudal system was introduced into Scotland early in the twelfth century, and in a short time became in theory—at least in the Lowlands—the basis of the whole land-rights of the country. The sovereign was the supreme lord and ultimate owner of the whole soil. To various persons, great and small, he granted estates, and they in turn made grants to others. In Scotland and in England, as on the Continent, the main return which the vassal had to give to his lord—be that lord the king or a subject-superior—was military service. A vital distinction, however, existed between the system as it worked on the Continent and as it worked in this island. William the Conqueror, knowing well the danger of powerful feudatories, imposed on the tenure which he set up in England this peculiarity—that the vassals of his vassals owed not merely service to their own proper lords, but also service to the king. And so in Scotland, when this new system had crossed the Border, the king could call upon all landowners, whether his direct tenants-in-chief or removed from him by some links of the feudal chain, to follow him to the field. This liability to service was not unlimited either in amount or nature, and its extent was frequently stated in exact terms in the charter by which the vassal held his lands.

But apart from this obligation of military service resulting from the tenure of land, and being really a matter of contract between the king and his grantees, there was early recognised a duty on all within the realm to do their best for its defence. This duty was threefold—namely, they had to serve, they had to arm themselves, and they had also to make themselves competent to use the arms which they bore. Owing to the destruction—by accident, by neglect, or by deliberate English malice—of the national records, it is difficult to point to definite written authority for these statements earlier than the reign of Robert Bruce. The national independence had been secured for the time at Bannockburn; but the English desire for revenge was strong, and English intrigues were ever on foot, both among disaffected Scots and as far afield as in Rome. Accordingly, while the Scots barons addressed to the Pope their historic letter of 6th April 1320, courteously and even reverently inviting his Holiness to confine his energies to the spiritual sphere, the more material aspects of the situation received the attention of the king in Parliament. No Act required to be passed imposing the duty of military service for the national defence. That obligation was taken for granted, and as attaching to all men between sixteen and sixty years of age. What was needed, in the king's judgment, was to secure that these levies should be properly armed and trained. Times had changed since the Battle of the Standard, when the Earl of Strathearn, scoffing at the mail-clad Normans, said that he would go farther than any of them into the enemy's ranks; and the War of Independence had taught the Scots that reckless courage was not the only thing that soldiers required. In 1318, accordingly, it was enacted that in time of war—that is, practically always, except during the infrequent episode of a formal truce—every lay person possessed of goods to the value of ten pounds should be bound to have for his body in the defence of the kingdom one sufficient aketon or tunic (probably padded and studded with small bits of iron), a bascinet or light

helmet, and iron gauntlets, with a spear and a sword; or, in place of the aketon and bascinet, a haubergeon or corslet and hat of iron. The penalty for disobedience was heavy and ingeniously contrived—namely, forfeiture of the offender's whole goods, one half to go to the king and the other half to the lord of the land on which he dwelt, thus for once enlisting on the side of law and order the sympathies of the local magnate. As for the unfortunate person whose worldly goods did not amount to ten pounds, but only to the value of a cow, he had to provide himself with either a good spear or a bow and a sheaf of twenty-four arrows. Quite as early as this there are also to be found provisions for securing the good behaviour of those joining the king's army and for preventing them from suffering in their absence by process of law, as well as for imposing penalties on those absent without leave.

It is difficult to say how far this enactment of King Robert was observed during the troubled reigns of his weak and incompetent successors. But with the advent of King James I. not merely was the old policy emphasised, but a new departure is to be noticed. Just as their experience of the peasants of the Transvaal is believed to have had its effect on those responsible for the efficiency of our present army, so his long captivity in England had impressed that young and energetic prince with the importance of the bow in warfare. Returning to Scotland in April 1424, he held a Parliament next month, at which two Acts were passed dealing with the national defence. Football had apparently taken hold of the people to the detriment of more useful exercises. So it was enacted that 'na man play at the fute ball under the paine of fiftie shillings'—the fine to go to the owner of the estate on which the culprit dwelt, or to the king's sheriff if the local landowner proved slack in its exaction. And this Act was followed by another providing 'that all men busk them to be archers fra they be twelve years of age,' and ordering that on every ten pounds' worth of land butts should be erected, near the parish kirk if possible, so that on holy days men might come and shoot and so 'have usage of archery.' For neglect the fine was a wether, to go as before to the lord of the land, or, failing him, to the vicecomes or sheriff. A few months afterwards was passed an Act conspicuous for its brevity even among the old Scots Acts: 'Item, it is ordanyt that in ilk sherifdom of the realm there be made wapynschawings [that is, armed parades of the whole fencible population] four tymes in the year.' Some difficulty apparently was found in the way of carrying out this enactment for want of the necessary weapons, and in 1425 it was accordingly followed by an Act ordaining all merchants engaged in foreign trade to import, in proportion to their other goods, 'harness and armoures, with speares-schaftes, bowes, and staves.' A little later detailed directions were issued for the conduct of the wapinschaws and as to the arms and armour of which the different classes were to be possessed. Four years later another Act prescribed additions to the equipment of the national levies, and specially that the non-archer should have a good sure hat for his head, a doublet of fence, with sword and buckler, and a good axe, or else a 'broggit staffe.'

The same policy was followed in the succeeding reign. In 1456 an Act ordering wapinschaws and prescribing the appropriate arms for each class also ordains 'that all manner of men betwixt sextie and sexteene be reddie on their best wyse to come to the Bordures and defend the land when onie wittering [news] cummis of the incumming of a greate English hoaste.' The flannelled fool and muddied oaf of these days had, however, as usual been shirking their duties, and next year it was solemnly enacted that 'the fute ball and golfe [which had now caught the popular fancy] be utterly cryed doun and not to be used.' This crying down was no mere empty denunciation, for all men dallying with these frivolities are to be punished with the baron's unlaw—here again an appeal to the pocket of the local magnate; and if he takes not the fine it goes to the king's officers. Every man, moreover, is to practise archery at the butts beside the parish kirk, 'under the paine to be raised upon them that cummis not at the least twa pennyes, to be given to them that cummis to the bowe-markis to drinke'—a sanction even more ingenious than the gift of fines to the baron, and likely to receive the hearty support of all thirsty and impecunious patriots. The same Act also prescribes that in the head-town of every shire there should be a bower and fledgear—that is, a maker of bows and arrows, hence the names Bower and Fletcher—and that the town should provide him with all necessary material. The very length of the spear also seems to have become standardised, and the importation and manufacture of spears save of six 'elnes,' exclusive of a 'clyst'—altered in 1481 to 'five ells below the bur'—was strictly forbidden.

The skill of the English archers had also become more awe-inspiring than ever, so that to the equipment of the ordinary man is added 'ane targe of leather to resist the schot of England;' but the frugal lieges are assured by Parliament that this will be of 'na coist but the value of a hyde.'

Towards the end of the reign of James III. troubles had arisen with Edward IV.—'the Revare Edward, calland him King of Ingland,' as the Scots Parliament rudely terms him; and not merely was a general levy ordered, but the whole seacoast was divided up into little commands, each six miles in length by one mile in breadth, so that if 'the saide Revare' should appear he would be met by the king 'with the hale body of the realme to leyf and dee with his hienes in his defence.'

Under James IV. the ordering of wapinschaws is repeated, as well as a prohibition of 'fut bawis, gouff, or uther sic unprofitable sportis,' so that men may rather pay attention to archery for the common

good and the defence of the realm. In spite, however, of all these attempts to make ready against the old and ever-vigilant enemy, Flodden Field had to be fought and lost in large measure through that skill in archery which the footballers and golfers had refused to acquire. Whether the miseries that followed that defeat would have taught the necessary lesson one cannot say, for the old conditions of warfare were passing with the introduction of firearms. The Scots Parliament, which had legislated about the spear and the gloves of iron, did not ignore the change. The preamble to an Act of 1535 quaintly proceeds: That because the shot of guns, hagbuts, hand-bows, and other small artillery now commonly used in all countries both by sea and land in their wars is 'sa felloun and uneschewable to the pith and hie curage of noble and vailzeant men, whose acts and deeds can not be shewn without contrar provision be had of instruments of war and battle.' On that account it was enacted that every landed man should, in proportion to his estates, acquire some of these newfangled weapons, hagbuts and culvereins, with powder, and pellocks and bullets of lead or iron, and have one or more men ready to use them and teach others to shoot the same. It is not surprising that the burden imposed by this statute was confined to men of landed substance. But it had nothing to do with their feudal position, and it applied not merely to laymen, but also to the clergy in respect of the temporalities of the Church.

The same Parliament, 'for the strengthening of the realm, and so that the use of arms be not abusit nor forgot in time of peace,' appointed two wapinschaws to be held yearly, on 15th June and 20th October. As before, merchants were also enjoined to import munitions of war in proportion to their cargo; only now it was powder and bullets and hagbuts, or metal for making them, instead of spears and bows, that were required. And from time to time this legislation is repeated down to the reign of Mary.

The period of service seems to have varied, sometimes being for as long as forty days, and for that time it would seem that men were bound to provide their own provisions. These by all accounts were of the most simple character, and were no doubt often augmented by the produce of a successful raid. Forty days, however, seems to have been the extreme limit, and more prolonged service had to be paid for. A spearman in a Border garrison in 1482, for instance, received two and sixpence a day, while the bowman's pay was two shillings. Even in those days army scandals existed, and in 1431 there had to be legislation for the punishment of men who had failed to serve against 'the rebels in the North,' although they had received pay for that purpose. After the introduction of artillery, its cost, including the wages of the Flemings and other foreign men of skill thought necessary for its proper use—amounting in 1474 to seven hundred and fifty-three pounds six shillings and fivepence—also fell upon the king. But otherwise the burden of national defence was not confined to him and his feudal vassals and their followers, but fell on every able-bodied man within the realm, in theory at least, according to his means and capacity. The system no doubt had its defects; but it preserved the independence of the country, and was not without its share in preventing the rise of a military caste. Perhaps it might even give some hints to our present rulers, for the wisdom of our ancestors is not always exceeded by our own.

THE VILLA MONASTERO.

By MARION YUILL.

IT was certainly an ideally beautiful place, and I was not at all astonished at my wife's enthusiasm over it. Being an American, Mamie's devotion to all things antique is a sort of cult, and this first visit to Italy had been an almost overwhelming revelation to her.

Although nominally a sculptor by profession, I possess an income which happily renders me independent of my exertions, and for the last two years my wife and I had been wandering all over the continent of Europe, pitching our tent wheresoever we listed, and enjoying our irresponsible vagabondage to the full. Of late, however, we had been staying in Rome, that great centre of attraction for all lovers of art in its purest form; and its mysterious magic had laid hold upon us so completely that we had decided on making it our home, at least until such time as our nomadic instincts should reassert themselves and compel us to move on.

With this object in view, therefore, we instantly set about looking for a house answering the indispensable conditions attaching to our romantic inclinations, and, to our infinite delight, we came upon the very thing we wanted almost at once. We had decided, first and foremost, that our new abode must be eminently picturesque, at least outwardly, for we were prepared to undertake the metamorphosis of even the most unprepossessing interior; secondly, it must be within easy distance of the city; thirdly, it must not be too expensive; and, lastly, and most important of all, it must possess a good garden and pleasant surroundings.

The agent to whom we first applied simply beamed when he heard what we wanted. He had, he assured us, on his books at that very moment a

villa a few miles from Rome, on the Alban Hills, which would in every respect answer our requirements. It was an old house—very old, dating indeed from the fourteenth century—and had at one time been used as a convent; but it had since then passed through many hands, and was but recently vacated by an Italian family of noble extraction who had migrated to Florence.

How we blessed that distinguished family for clearing out and leaving it free to us can be better imagined than described when I say that we both fell in love with the exquisite old place at first sight, and instantly resolved to annex it before we were many days older.

It was beautifully situated on the slope of a hill, and commanded a magnificent view of the plain of Rome, with a distant glimpse of the sea beyond. In form it was a long, low building, only two stories high, and still retained a quaint conventual air about it which appealed strongly to our artistic senses. It had been considerably modernised, of course, since it passed from the Jesuits' keeping; but there still remained several suggestive and fascinating little nooks and corners about the building that had evidently been the habitation of stone images or Madonnas.

The room which we decided upon for the drawing-room had once served as a refectory to the nuns; but its original aspect had been somewhat changed, and the shape and position of its windows altered. The tall, narrow, ecclesiastical-looking slits which had formerly but feebly illumined the room had long since been replaced by a generous substitution of plate glass, which reached, French fashion, almost from floor to ceiling, and admitted a free and abundant supply of fresh air and sunshine to the somewhat musty apartment.

From these windows one stepped directly on to a smooth gravel walk or terrace, beyond which a low wall, ornamented at intervals with stone vases holding flowers and overhung with long trails of banksia roses, divided this pleasant walk from the garden. A curious old fountain, green with age and surmounted by a hideous grinning satyr, occupied the centre of the terrace, and flung a cool, refreshing spray on the luxuriant vegetation around.

The very low rent demanded for the lease of this most desirable residence somewhat surprised us; but we prudently refrained from showing our inward exultation to the agent, who was evidently more than willing to come to terms with us. In order, therefore, not to appear too eager, we informed him that we should require a week or so in which to think the matter over; but, long before the stipulated time had expired, my wife, who had set her heart on possessing the villa, could bear the uncertainty no longer, and a bargain was at once concluded, to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

The necessary repairs took some time to execute, as the rooms were very badly in want of repainting, and there was, of course, much consultation with upholsterers and decorators to be gone through before we could finally enter into possession; but towards the beginning of May things were so far advanced as to allow of our moving in with tolerable comfort.

The search for suitable furniture and the arranging of the same in the most advantageous position was a never-failing source of interest to us, for we were just like a couple of children over a new toy; but when at last the workmen had taken themselves off, and we rested from our labours and cast our eyes approvingly around, we mutually agreed that the result more than compensated us.

It certainly was a very harmonious and pleasing interior, and the living-rooms especially were simply charming. The drawing-room, with its long windows and highly polished floor, made an ideal summer habitation, but we felt a premonitory shiver in the region of our spinal column when we thought of what it would be in winter. However, its present aspect was all that could be desired, and we determined to take no thought for the future but enjoy our felicity while it lasted.

We were most fortunate in securing the services of an excellent English cook and housemaid, whose former employer had just died, and between them they managed to make us exceedingly comfortable.

I had set up a studio in a somewhat rude structure which I caused to be erected in a corner of the garden at a trifling cost, but it served my purpose admirably. There I spent my mornings, utterly absorbed in my work of modelling from life some peasant youth or maid whose natural grace of pose was in itself an inspiration, and well worth the modest recompense demanded in soldi.

It was a truly *dolce far niente* existence that we led in those days, and after our constant changing about from hotel to hotel we greatly appreciated our home-like surroundings. In the afternoons, when the heat was greatest, I abandoned all pretence of work, and spent the intervening hours between lunch and tea in company with my wife either in the garden or in the grateful coolness of our pretty drawing-room.

It was while resting thus one warm day in June that the strange adventure which I am about to relate befell me. Mamie had gone upstairs to lie down, as she was suffering from one of her frequent nervous headaches, and I had betaken myself to the drawing-room with a book and cigar, prepared to spend my usual lazy afternoon.

The cigar was excellent, but I cannot say the same for the book, which was excessively dull, and in a very short time I let it drop from my fingers to the floor, and leaned drowsily back in my chair. I lay for some time idly musing with half-shut eyes on things in general, and a piece of modelling in particular on which I was at that time engaged, until, lulled by the droning of the insects and soothed by my cigar, I at last fell sound asleep.

And as I slept I dreamed.

I thought that I was still in the drawing-room of our villa, but its aspect had completely changed. The long French windows had apparently shrunk to half their dimensions, and were now situated midway between the floor and roof and sunk deep in heavy stone embrasures. The sunshine, filtering from without through softly coloured glass, imparted a singular air of sanctity to the apartment, and made me feel, somehow, as though I were in church. The furniture which my wife and I had chosen with such scrupulous care had utterly disappeared, and except for a long, bare table and a few stiff-backed, uncompromising chairs ranged along the middle of the brick floor, the room was empty.

Did I say empty? Then I erred, for directly opposite where I lay in my lounging-chair, in a recess to the left of the window, with the light streaming full on her uncovered head, there sat a young woman.

What struck me most on first perceiving her was the singularity of her attire, which looked as though it belonged to a much earlier period than ours. Indeed, so strangely out of date and picturesque was her appearance that she might easily have stepped from the canvas of a Velasquez. Her gown, which was of crimson velvet, consisted of a long, pointed bodice and full skirt, the latter being looped gracefully over a white satin petticoat, from beneath the hem of which a tiny foot clad in a silk stocking and buckled shoe was just discernible. A triple chain of curious workmanship was suspended from shoulder to shoulder above the muslin chemisette over which the bodice laced, and was caught in the middle with a clasp of similar design. Her hair, which fell in rich profusion about her shoulders, was simply bound with a ribbon; and the full sleeves of her bodice, ending at the elbow, allowed the milky whiteness of her beautifully rounded arms full play against their dark background.

But the interest excited by these external details was quickly merged in the still stronger feeling of astonishment which succeeded as she suddenly raised her head, which had hitherto been bent thoughtfully downward, and turned towards me.

I have in my time seen many lovely women of all types and nationalities, but never in all my experience have I looked upon a face to compare for a moment with hers. It was not merely the perfect classic contour of cheek and chin, nor the marvellous colouring of hair and eyes, but above and beyond all these there was about her such a fine air of distinction and high breeding as belongs only to the great ones of the earth. Yet the face was far from proud, and in her piteous eyes there was little else than anguish.

She was young, scarce more than a child, but I have never before nor since seen depicted on so youthful a countenance such a burden of sorrow and suffering. Even to look on such misery wrung my heart cruelly, for if ever a human being stood in need of sympathy it was that stricken girl. Her slender hands clasped and unclasped themselves spasmodically as she sat gazing intently towards me, and her half-parted lips lent a singular air of expectation to her, as though she awaited some unforeseen development.

For a space which seemed to me an eternity we remained in this position, gazing helplessly into each other's startled faces, until at last, meeting with no response to her mute appeal, she turned away once more, and passionately wrung her hands.

To sit by unmoved and see that gently nurtured girl convulsed with grief, and yet make no effort to console her, was more than I could endure, and again I made a violent attempt to throw off the stupefying lethargy which held me in my dream; but my limbs were as if weighted by lead, and my tongue seemed glued to my mouth. Again and again I tried to rise, but only to fall back inertly on the cushions like some helpless paralytic.

And then, as I lay gazing impotently at her averted head, an extraordinary thing occurred. Rising slowly to her feet, she once more turned her face full upon mine, stretched her clasped hands entreatingly towards me, as though in a final desperate appeal, and moving noiselessly backward to the wall between the windows, raised one hand beckoningly—and disappeared.

The sun was still pouring hotly through the windows when I awoke with a violent start, and Mary, our housemaid, was busily setting out the tea-things in the cosy corner.

'Where is she?' I said anxiously, rubbing my eyes incredulously as I glanced wonderingly around.

'The mistress, sir? She is just getting up, and will be downstairs directly,' was the smiling reply, as she calmly continued her occupation.

And then I knew for certain that I had been dreaming, and that my lovely companion in the Velasquez costume had returned once more to the limbo of imagination from whence she had for a brief moment emerged to tantalise me with her wondrous beauty.

'Yes,' I said some half-hour later, as I sat sipping tea beside my wife, 'the whole thing was so absolutely realistic that I can scarcely persuade myself even now that it was only a dream.'

'It certainly is very odd,' Mamie remarked musingly, 'that you should even be able to describe her dress, for as a rule, you know, dear, you are rather a blind bat where women are concerned, aren't you?'

'Yes, I own the impeachment. I am terribly unnoticing as a rule, but I can remember every single detail of that girl's dress as distinctly as though she stood before me now.'

'But seriously, Dick dear, don't you think that idea of the stained-glass windows is simply lovely?' Mamie said coaxingly; and I guessed at once what she was driving at.

'In plain English, what you are anxious to

suggest is nothing short of restoring the room to its original shape, eh?' and I pinched her cheek teasingly.

'It sounds so absolutely exquisite, Dick, as you describe it in your dream, and of course in winter it would be ten times warmer and more comfortable than these draughty French windows, which are really not at all in keeping with the architecture, as you yourself admitted only two days ago,' she went on persuasively.

'Well, well, we'll think over it, my dear, and perhaps in the autumn, if finances will permit'——

And so the matter ended for the time being; but one day not long after, happening to be near the agent's office in Rome, I looked in just for a few minutes to talk over a small matter of business, and in the course of conversation I mentioned my wife's suggestion as to the restoration of the windows in the drawing-room.

'But,' he said in astonishment, 'how did you know the room was such as you describe? I never showed you the old plans, did I?' and as he spoke he adjusted his spectacles and began hunting about among a lot of faded-looking papers in a cupboard near his desk, from which he at last succeeded in extracting a bulky roll of parchment tied with tape.

'Ah,' he said with satisfaction, 'here it is!' and he unfolded and laid before me on the table a yellow-looking sheet of paper covered with an elaborate sketch of an interior. 'The refectory, now your drawing-room, was formerly like this, which, as you will perceive, is precisely such as you have just described.'

I was thunder-struck, for, as he said, the plan corresponded even in the minutest detail with the room I had seen in my dream.

He noticed my emotion, and regarded me so curiously that I began to feel quite uncomfortable.

'And you never saw this plan before?' he said again incredulously.

'Never,' I replied firmly. 'In fact, I did not until now know of its existence.'

'And no one has told you the story of the Count's daughter?'

It was my turn to look astonished.

'The story of the Count's daughter!' I stammered. 'What story? I never knew there was any story connected with the villa.'

'*Straordinario!*' he murmured thoughtfully—'*straordinario!* I should have thought the old legend had been related to you long since by some of the country people in the neighbourhood, for the peasants, signore, are steeped in superstition, and the story of the Count's beautiful daughter is a prime favourite of theirs.'

I begged him to acquaint me with the facts of this mysterious tale, and he then briefly related the following strange anecdote.

It appears that once upon a time—as the orthodox fairy-tales begin—there lived on a vast property about ten miles out of Rome a powerful and haughty, but impoverished, nobleman who by reason of his harshness and severity to his dependants was more feared than loved. His family consisted of his wife (a delicate, timid woman, who from the beginning of their wedded life had meekly submitted to the tyrannous yoke imposed by her husband) and two lovely daughters aged respectively seventeen and eighteen.

The younger girl resembled her mother both in appearance and disposition, but the elder and more striking sister was possessed of a totally different temper, and could ill bring herself to tolerate her father's autocratic rule. Consequently the two were often in conflict; yet, strange to say, she was his favourite, and in her he had centred all his ambitious hopes. By a brilliant marriage with a wealthy suitor of his own choosing she was to restore the fallen fortunes of the family, and the Count, as soon as she attained to womanhood, set himself to the by no means easy task of selecting a suitable *parti*.

The man destined to fill the enviable rôle of son-in-law must, of course, be possessed of both pedigree and wealth, and this pleasing combination was quite as difficult to find in those days as it is in our own. And so it happened that while her father still hesitated over the respective merits of two possible suitors, his high-spirited daughter took the reins into her own hands and eloped one moonlight night with a third, who had certainly no pretensions to the second indispensable qualification, being as poor as a church mouse.

The Count's anger on discovering what had happened was proportionate to his disappointment, which is saying much, and for days afterwards he raged about the house like a madman, venting his fury on whoever had the misfortune to come in his way.

His terrified womenfolks kept closely to their rooms, not daring to emerge until the worst of the storm had blown over, and even then did not presume to so much as mention the delinquent's name. He appeared, however, to calm down after a while; but he swore a fierce oath inwardly to take a terrible revenge on the man who had dared to oppose his will.

The young couple were intensely happy for a time, it is said; but at the end of a year, just a month after the birth of their little daughter, the husband was mysteriously assassinated one dark night in a deserted thoroughfare in Rome, and his widow was left to face her destitute position as best she might. In her desperation she bethought her of her father, and, thinking to melt his heart, forced her way to his presence with her infant in her arms, and flung herself on his mercy.

She must have been in utter ignorance of the sinister rumours which had not hesitated to associate the Count's name with the dastardly murder of her young husband, else she would never have ventured to put herself in his power; but, having done so, she was as helpless as her innocent babe.

What actually took place was never clearly known; but, far from being moved by her tears and entreaties, he treated her with brutal harshness, and finally had her secretly conveyed to a convent in the outskirts of Rome, now known as the Villa Monastero.

'The same in which we now live?' I said interrogatively.

He merely nodded, and continued.

'In those days, signore, there were dark deeds perpetrated within monastic walls under the much-abused name of religion, and that *carte blanche* was given to the Jesuits by her inhuman parent there can be but little doubt. What terrible fate overtook the poor young widow and her helpless infant can be but dimly surmised, but certain it is that from the day the convent doors closed upon her she was never again seen alive.'

'Great heavens,' I exclaimed when he had ended his grim tale, 'what a very unpleasant story! But what on earth it has to do with my dream I am at a loss to conceive.'

'Merely this,' said the Italian with a slight shrug of his shoulders, 'that all this occurred four centuries ago, yet the lady of your dream wore the dress of that period, your description of her unusual beauty is remarkable, and the plan of the room tallies in every respect with the one before us on the table. The narrow windows and brick floor ceased to exist more than a century ago, and how you came to conjure them up in your sleep is indeed a mystery;' and again he shrugged his thin shoulders.

It certainly was an extraordinary coincidence, and I could see that he was rather sceptical as to my ignorance of the legend; but, as there was no better way of proving the truth of my assertion, I had to let the matter drop. Mamie and I, however, had many a talk about it in the days that followed, until some fresh subject of interest cropped up, and it was not until autumn that it was again brought forcibly before us by the arrival of the workmen who were going to carry out the work of restoration which we were firmly bent on accomplishing.

I had been lucky enough to secure the services of the architect who had been employed by the late occupant of the villa, and I found him a man after my own heart, and possessed of a distinctly artistic temperament. He was intensely interested in the job, and we spent many pleasant hours in discussing things before proceeding to action. Finally, it was agreed that the two windows as shown in the ancient plan should be replaced in exactly their former position, but should, in addition, be supplemented by a third situated midway between them in order to add to the lighting of the room, which would otherwise have suffered.

As it was likely to prove a rather tedious business, my wife and I thought it best to clear out for a few weeks, leaving the maids in charge of the premises; so we moved into the nearest hotel, from which we made daily excursions to the villa to see how matters were progressing; and it was on one of these visits that the climax to my story was reached.

The masons had already removed the wooden framework of the French windows preparatory to filling them partially up, and were engaged in piercing a hole in the middle of the wall to make room for the third. This was by no means an easy task, for the walls were of enormous depth, and Mamie and I were watching them interestedly from a distance, when all at once we heard one of them utter a loud exclamation of astonishment, and begin wildly gesticulating to his comrades.

'I think I'll run across and see what's up,' I remarked to my wife, as I got on my feet and began sauntering towards the little knot of workmen who were now clustered about the architect.

'All right, dear! I dare say it's nothing very particular. These Italians are so very excitable; but while you're gone I think I'll go round to the kitchen and try to hurry up tea. I'm dreadfully thirsty;' and, so saying, she picked up her parasol and strolled away in the opposite direction.

'Nothing gone wrong, I hope, Morotti,' I said casually as I joined the group in the drawing-room.

The architect's face was a trifle pale, and he looked somewhat disturbed as he motioned the men to stand back and make way for me.

'We have made a most curious discovery, Signore Trevelyan,' he began gravely, pointing to a large breach in the wall. 'We have unearthed what appears to be a secret hiding-place.'

The aperture to which he referred must have measured at least five feet nine in height by three in breadth, and it was proportionately deep, so that there was space sufficient to afford standing-room to a fully grown person.

'Whatever can it have been meant for?' I said uneasily, an unpleasant suspicion beginning to creep over me as I watched Signore Morotti carefully removing the loosened bricks which still blocked the lower half of the opening.

'Not much doubt as to that, I am afraid,' was his quiet rejoinder; and, stooping down, he picked up a human skull and silently held it towards me.

'Good heavens!' I exclaimed in horror, recoiling a step or two from the gruesome object, 'then you think'——

'That we have lighted on a tragedy, signore, and that before we proceed to investigate it further we ought to call in the assistance of the police, for there is abundant evidence here to justify their intervention;' and as he spoke he again stooped forward and drew forth a long strand of what, despite the dirt and discolouration of time, was evidently a woman's hair.

And so it was under the supervision of the law that the remainder of the ghastly relics were collected and ultimately pieced together to form the connecting links of a long chain of facts which were startling enough in themselves without the additional interest which they possessed for me;

for we unearthed not only bones sufficient to identify a woman's skeleton, but also the tiny skull and accusing robes of an infant.

That the foul deed which had immured them in a living tomb must have been perpetrated some centuries ago was manifest from the crumbling but still wonderfully well-preserved remains of the garments, obviously of sixteenth century design, which lay in a confused heap at the bottom of the fatal recess, and among which was found a triple row of beads of curious workmanship fastened in the centre with a clasp. I have these in a cabinet in our drawing-room still, for at my earnest entreaty the proprietor of the villa sold them to me for a very trifling equivalent on hearing of my dream.

'You have the best right to them, Signore Trevelyan,' he said in his courteous way; 'for had it not been for your singular vision the restoration would never have been undertaken, and the secret contained in the walls would never have come to light.'

I make no assertions, reader, and I ask no credence for my story; but, as the agent said, there were dark deeds perpetrated in those far-off days within convent walls, and in my own mind I have not a shadow of doubt as to the identity of the skeletons found in the masonry of the Villa Monastero.

My wife and I still spend a great part of the year on the Alban Hills, and I have passed many drowsy afternoons since then alone in our drawing-room; but the beautiful haunting lady in the velvet gown has never reappeared.

SAILORS' PETS.

By the Author of *Realities of Sea Life*, &c.

THE love of sailors for dumb animals is proverbial. Very few ships in the mercantile marine now go to sea without a pet of one sort or another, while in the Navy the crew's favourite is accorded something approaching official recognition. Many a dull forecastle has been made cheerful by the importation of a talkative and inquiring parrot. Dogs, again, are universal favourites; while goats and monkeys may always be sure of a happy home in Jack's quarters.

On vessels bound to Eastern ports the men have opportunities of purchasing all manner of pets, a privilege of which they are quick to avail themselves. In the Strait of Sunda, for instance, the Javanese boatmen do a thriving trade with passing vessels. The writer has seen a procession of canoes come alongside stocked with monkeys, squirrels, parrots, parakeets, and other birds of brilliant plumage. For a trifling sum the natives are ready to sell either a marmoset or a full-grown monkey; while such birds as Java sparrows and canaries are to be had for 'a mere song.' By the time a vessel clears the strait her long-boat is usually packed with cages containing an infinite variety of brightly coloured birds, while her forecastle generally affords shelter to at least one parrot.

After a residence of six months in a ship's forecastle a parrot will become fairly fluent. On board ship its language may cause a good deal of entertainment; but if at the end of the voyage it is introduced into the domestic circle on shore its owner is likely to be seriously embarrassed. Sailors, however, love all animals or birds that are mischievously inclined, and it is perhaps due to this fact that parrots—which seem to possess an extraordinary facility for acquiring a varied, if not overchoice, vocabulary—have always stood high in Jack's estimation. Occasionally one discovers a parrot capable of rising above its surroundings by avoiding that which is evil. A bird, however, that fails to identify itself with the real spirit of the forecastle is not altogether to Jack's liking. But parrots of this order are rare. The average bird seems ready enough to learn either good or bad language, and the sailor who was trying to sell his pet to an old lady was truthful as well as diplomatic in meeting her inquiry as to whether the bird knew any bad words by saying that it could soon be made to say anything she wished.

On some vessels captains will not allow the crew to keep a monkey. On one occasion, at all events, a monkey nearly caused the wreck of a good ship. Getting aft one day, he got into the captain's quarters, which at the moment happened to be unoccupied. Being interested in the working of the ship's chronometers, he attempted to make a critical examination of their mechanism. Finding it difficult to get at the inside of them, he secured a hair-brush and successfully commenced a general assault and battery. With the chronometers out of order, it was not surprising that the officers experienced a difficulty in finding their true course, and one night the ship ran on a reef. Happily she ultimately got off, but not without being seriously damaged. According to the captain's calculations, the reef ought to have been left miles to leeward! The chronometers, however, were not to be relied upon, and the ship had to make the best of her way to the nearest port by dead reckoning.

For pure unadulterated mischief-making a combination between a monkey and a parrot will take a good deal of beating. On board one ship known to the writer such a partnership existed. The first excursion of this couple into the realms of evil

consisted of plucking out the tail-feathers of all the chickens on board. Later on the cook barely succeeded in saving a kitten from being drowned in a large pan of boiling pea-soup which he had left unattended for a moment on the floor of the galley. The lid was off, and Jacko was striving his hardest to thrust puss into the cauldron, while Polly stood by aiding his efforts by pulling the cat's tail in the desired direction. Owing to her fluency, this same parrot often caused serious disturbance in the fore-part of the ship, where she shared quarters with the crew. 'Don't be greedy!' was a favourite expression when a man helped himself too generously at meal-times. On other occasions she would exclaim, 'What a beauty!' if a man related a more than usually 'tough yarn.' But her chief delight was to sing out in the stillness of the night, 'Ahoy! ahoy! Turn out, all hands!' with the result that on more than one occasion the watch below suddenly turned out only to find themselves the laughing-stock of those on deck. On the homeward voyage the ship had reached the English Channel, and one of the hands was up on the main-yard touching up a few bare patches with a pot of black paint. Beside him Jacko was perched, looking the picture of happy innocence. On deck, and just below the yard, stood, bare-headed, the chief mate, who had been nicknamed 'Carrots' on account of his red hair and whiskers. At the break of the poop Polly was perched with one eye closed, apparently indulging in a sun-bath. 'Stand from under, Carrots,' she suddenly shrieked, and instinctively the mate looked upwards, with the result that he received on his head a pound of black paint casually upset by the monkey. For a time the chief officer raged furiously, vowing vengeance on birds and animals generally, but more particularly on the two criminals concerned. But his condition was so painful and so mirth-provoking that he had to seek his cabin in order to repair damages before carrying out his threats, and this enabled the crew to smuggle the two culprits out of sight. When the ship reached dock three days later the mate still showed obvious signs of his recent 'accident,' despite the fact that he had taken nearly all the skin off his face in his violent efforts to rid it of its coating of paint.

The presence of a dog on board is always a source of pleasure to Jack, for in addition to its natural lovable qualities, it can be easily taught a number of amusing tricks, and so made to beguile a sailor's leisure hours. If, however, misfortune should overtake their pet, seamen take it very seriously to heart. The writer had painful evidence of this fact some years ago while in the Southern Ocean. It was blowing half a gale at the time, and the ship's dog—a fine large retriever—was on the forecastle-head. Suddenly a heavy sea broke on board over the weather bow, and swept everything movable off the forepart of the vessel. Some of the hands saw the dog carrried over the side, and in an instant they rushed aft, cast adrift the quarter-boat, and lowered it, while the captain hove the ship to. Away went the boat with a crew of six men, those on board the vessel expecting to see it swamped every moment. Now and again the dog could be seen on the crest of a big wave, striking out pluckily for the boat as it fought its way over the watery hills. In the bow a man stood ready to complete the work of rescue. As he leaned over the side and stretched out his hand to grasp the dog's collar the poor beast gave a sharp howl of pain and disappeared in the jaws of a shark! Slowly the boat made its way back to safety, and the ship once again sped on her course. The men, however, for a long time went silently about the decks, for the loss of the ship's favourite was keenly felt.

A curious story is told in the Navy of a dog and a man-of-war which at the time was lying at Spithead just about to sail on a three years' commission to the West Indies. The ship's boat had been sent ashore for the last time to bring off letters and despatches. As it was leaving the jetty a fine black retriever was noticed taking an early morning stroll. He was invited into the boat, and accepted the invitation promptly. The crew rowed back to the ship, the boat was hoisted up to the davits, and the dog jumped aboard. Half-an-hour later the ship was under way. Upon her arrival at Bermuda the captain received a letter from one of the officials of Portsmouth dockyard claiming the dog. There was, however, no chance of returning him at the time; so Sailor—for so he was christened by the men—remained on board and served throughout the commission. In some ways he proved himself to be a dog out of the common. He was essentially a 'lower deck' dog, and never became friendly with the patrons of the quarter-deck. A perpetual feud existed between himself and any dog belonging to an officer of the ship, and many a sanguinary encounter took place in consequence. When the men went ashore for leave of absence Sailor frequently accompanied them, and it is recorded with regret that at times he returned from these expeditions 'unfit for duty,' for in addition to a warlike spirit he had cultivated a taste for strong liquors. On one occasion he broke his leave. He remained away from the ship for some days, but eventually found his way back to the quay. His eagerness to report himself was made manifest by a succession of prolonged wails; but the day being Sunday, the crew were at the time assembled at prayers, listening to a discourse from their chaplain. Many a furtive glance was cast in the direction of Sailor as he sent forth howl after howl, and the chaplain saw by the fidgeting of the men that his words were losing their usual effect, so he wisely shortened the service. The officer on duty readily allowed a boat to be manned with the object of bringing the errant Sailor on board. On reaching the ship he came slowly up the gangway, looking dirty and disreputable, and rather shamefaced too. But the

crew petted and tended him more than ever, much, it is to be feared, to the detriment of his moral character. At all events, on the ship's return to England the dog was reluctantly handed back to his rightful owner. Before long, however, he was sent back to the ship, for his late master found that the dog was intensely unhappy apart from his old shipmates.

Another man-of-war had a goat at one time as a ship's pet, and the crew always took great pains to show him off to the best advantage. On Sundays he attended inspection parade with hoofs blackened and polished and a handsome red cloth collar round his neck. The only man on board with whom he was unfriendly was the chaplain. Apparently there was no reason for this antipathy, but it was noticeable that on the approach of the reverend gentleman Billy lowered his head and butted viciously. One day he 'outflanked' the chaplain, and attacked him with such dash and daring that the worthy man had, in consequence of the treatment meted out to him, to keep his cabin for some days. Billy naturally got into serious disgrace with the powers that be for this offence, and ultimately he was compelled to retire from the service on the ground—as Jack put it—that 'His Majesty had no longer any need of his services.' It is satisfactory to know, however, that Billy's friends had made ample provision for his future needs and comforts.

On yet another man-of-war a bear was carried for some time. While it remained young it was exceedingly playful and afforded infinite amusement to all on board. As it grew older, though, it showed signs of temper, and would occasionally scratch or viciously hug a member of the crew. Its popularity consequently waned, and one day, while balancing itself over a ventilating shaft, it fell—accidentally or otherwise was never known — and broke its back.

On board ship cats and dogs generally fraternise and live peaceable lives after a preliminary skirmish or two. In a certain ship trading to the East a fine Persian cat belonging to the captain had for a long time held undisputed sway over the affections of the crew. A new hand coming aboard, however, introduced an Irish terrier with a big reputation for courage, especially where cats were concerned. The meeting between the cat and the dog was awaited by the crew with a good deal of interest, although the admirers of puss had no forebodings as to the result of the encounter. As soon as the dog had gained his sea-legs he set about exploring the decks, and while prowling around he espied puss sitting at the foot of one of the gangways, apparently all-unconscious of impending danger. The dog halted suddenly, for he was not accustomed to see cats adopt an attitude of unconcern at his approach. But puss failed to move. As a matter of fact, she appeared to be intensely interested in an object immediately above the dog's head. After a while the terrier seemed to realise that his inactivity might be misconstrued, so without further ado he gave a preliminary warning bark and rushed forward. Puss, however, showed no anxiety. She only arched her back a little more and parted the corner of her lips, showing her fine white teeth. And then a strange thing happened, as the novelists say. The dog stopped short in his onward rush, barked once, but not aggressively, then turned tail and quietly walked away for'ard, *followed by the cat*. So puss won a great and bloodless victory, and in later days she and the dog became excellent friends, having many a sham fight, in which she generally had the best of matters.

White mice ere now have been trained to make sport with sailors, and a story is told of one that shared its owner's bunk and slept peacefully on his breast. At meal-times it was always in evidence, but at dinner one day it met an untimely fate. A large dish of pea-soup had been brought into the forecastle, when suddenly all hands were called out on deck to shorten sail. On the watch returning to their quarters they proceeded with their dinner, not noticing the absence of the mouse. Sad to relate, it was not until the dish had been nearly emptied of soup that they discovered the unlucky end of their little friend!

FROM THE 'PHARSALIA' OF LUCAN,

BOOK IX., TOWARDS END

(*circ.* 150 A.D.).

Assaracus,[1] where rose thy halls
Thick crowd the jungle trees;
Where columned temples reared their walls,
List to the moaning breeze!

The bramble clambers o'er the height
Where Troy sat throned of yore;
Lost to the ken her storied site—
Her ruins are no more!

Now rests the gaze on Hesion's[2] rocks;
Now, where the oak-trees tower
Beneath whose boughs Anchises once
Adorned his nuptial bower.

Lo, here the cave where Priam's son[3]
Adjudged the fateful prize;[4]
And there the golden Ganymede[5]
Was wafted to the skies.

Œnone[6] on that mountain brow
Roamed once in naiad glee;
Oh, here Tradition finds a tongue
In rock and stream and tree!

Translated by
Maj.-Gen. W. Tweedie, C.S.I.

[1] A king of Phrygia.
[2] Hesione, daughter of a Trojan king; exposed on a rock to a sea-monster, and rescued by Hercules.
[3] Paris. [4] The prize of beauty, to Venus.
[5] Son of Tros; carried off by Jupiter's eagle from Mount Ida to Olympus, to become cup-bearer to the gods, in place of Hebe.
[6] A Phrygian nymph—the beloved of Paris.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

A CONTEMPLATION of Turkey as as happy, enlightened, cultivated, and civilised a country as any in the east of Europe is pleasant enough in its way, and lovers of universal progress rejoice in the prospect that is submitted to them by some enthusiastic believers in the Young Turkey party and the reformed Sultan. But, whatever happens in Turkey, it is to be feared that English people are not quickly moved in their established views of foreign personages, and that they may not take so kindly to the new idea of the Sultan as some other people—as Germans—may. They have been too well accustomed in the past to associate some most uncomplimentary epithets with his name to permit themselves at the present moment to regard him as possessed of the best virtues. We remember that some few years ago we were attracted to the City Temple for one of the midday sermons when the late Dr Joseph Parker was preaching there. It was a time of great trouble and bloodshed in Macedonia, and it was generally expected that Parker would have something to say about it, as indeed he had. He was nothing if not a great actor, and a fearless one. He spoke of the horrible events that had occurred, and after emphasising the point that he stood in the pulpit as a minister of God, he dramatically—and using the strongest possible expression—called upon the Almighty to curse the ruler of the Turks. That was a fearful thing to say, and we doubt if any other than Parker could have said it in the pulpit. He knew his people. Now, with that remembrance, we turn to a remarkable article in one of the reviews, written by an ex-Turkish diplomat, A. Rustem Bey de Bilinski, formerly Turkish Chargé d'Affaires in Washington, who expresses the opinion that, being no longer able to sacrifice the country to his misguided ambition, the Sultan has suddenly awakened to a sense of patriotism, and wishes to make amends to his country by serving it in the only capacity left to him—that of a constitutional sovereign. He is to be as valuable to Turkey in the future as he has been injurious to her in the past. The writer mentioned is firmly convinced that, 'if only he lives long enough, Abd-ul-Hamid is destined to become the best sovereign Turkey has ever had, after having certainly been the worst. None better than he, possessed as he is of incomparable experience, a unique *coup d'œil*, a deftness of touch that makes a very magician of him, could pilot the ship of state through the stormy seas of reform. Who knows but what Abd-ul-Hamid may yet wipe out memory of the wrongs he has inflicted upon his country by services of at least equal magnitude!' And the feeling of British people generally, who do take a keen interest in this matter, is that it would at least be an ambition as difficult as worthy, and they trust, if adopted, it may succeed. Now, daily we are receiving new anecdotes of a kind, good, and most considerate Sultan. They are quite different from those we have been accustomed to hear, such as this, emanating some five years ago from a Greek ex-attaché in Turkey: 'Not only is the life of a man who is troublesome to him of little account, but spilled blood seems to calm and soothe his shattered nerves, always stretched to a snapping-point. "At night before going to sleep," says one of his chamberlains, "he has some one to read to him. His favourite books are those giving detailed accounts of assassinations and executions. The stories of crime excite him, and prevent him from sleeping; but as soon as his reader reaches a passage where punishment falls upon the criminal the Sultan immediately becomes calm and falls asleep."' But we must not believe all the bad things we hear of this potentate, especially those emanating from Greek sources, as so many of them have done in the past; and, after all, few people in the west of Europe have any means of authentic information about him. One thing that is beyond dispute is that he is a master of statecraft—one of the greatest masters in it of the monarchs of any time. He has a fine field of labour in the way of preliminary adminis-

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trative reform. A little while since we were told some quaint stories of Turkish red tape by a gentleman who knew the country well and had spent most of his time there in recent years. One recent spring a pair of swallows had the courage to build their nest in the corner of a window of the regimental storehouse. The officer who was in command of the place knew not how to act in the matter, and was fearful of doing wrong. The offence on the part of the birds was not mentioned in his book of army rules and regulations, and so he considered it best to make a report of the occurrence, and send it to headquarters. There the report was considered during twelve months, and at the end of that period a reply was sent that the swallows were to be permitted to hatch their young, and that after that the nest was to be removed. But by that time the little swallows that were unhatched when the report was made were themselves happy parents. Some may say that a Government that has plenty of red tape cannot be wholly bad after all, and in such a reflection we may find hope for Turkey.

* * *

Railways on the level, railways underground, tramways, omnibuses, motor-cars, electric traction, aeroplanes: is it not a little curious to reflect upon the abnormally large share of general thought that is occupied at the present time by the various problems of locomotion? It would seem that it is a desire among men overwhelming all others to have the means of getting from place to place more quickly than ever before, and if possible more cheaply, though the cost is to some extent a secondary consideration. At one not very remote time the people of this country and others were largely indifferent in this matter; but with the virtual shrinkage of the space of the world there has come the desire that it shall be practically annihilated, and the pressing competition between nations and the increasing difficulties of life have necessarily quickened the desire. And it comes to pass that these problems of passage present themselves to us in many different ways; and, from being merely matters that seemed to concern financiers most and other people little, they are now more and more occupying the thoughts of 'the man in the street,' who is finding himself considerably affected by many things that are going on, and is likely to be more so by vast schemes which are projected. There is the great question of the railway combinations which are being formed, by which this man is told he will lose nothing, may even gain a little, and by which the people who invest their money in such enterprises may be enabled to earn a fair profit. The 'heavy' railways, as they are called in the City, do not fare so well in modern times as they once did, a circumstance which is attributable to various causes, few of which are to be regarded as of a transitory character. The state of things is now such that some of the big companies really carry their passengers at a loss, and would be unable to pay any dividend to their shareholders were it not that, besides conducting business as carriers of people, they are also engaged in subsidiary enterprises connected therewith from which they make enough money to show a profit on the general undertaking. Thus, it is pointed out that the Great Eastern Railway Company last year derived a sum of sixty-eight thousand seven hundred and eighty-six pounds from rent of arches and other properties, hotels, refreshment-rooms, bookstalls, &c., and the 1 per cent. per annum—½ per cent. for the half-year—paid on the Ordinary Stock of this company called for seventy-six thousand eight hundred and fourteen pounds, so that all but an odd eight thousand pounds was derived from the refreshment-rooms, bookstalls, and things of that kind. It is not to be expected that the big companies can continue this experience; hence the combines that have come and are coming. At the first glance, and with some faith in what the companies have been telling him about his convenience in the future, 'the man in the street' did not see that in these combinations there was any particular danger to himself; but now he is beginning to think a little more deeply on the matter than before. He feels that it is right and proper that shareholders in railway companies should be paid fair profits, and he may be willing to help them to do so; but he does not feel that the profits should be anything more than merely fair—meaning, in this case, very moderate—and he is beginning to put it to himself very pertinently that the railways, after all, exist mainly for the convenience of the public, and it is only a secondary consideration that they shall serve their proprietors excellently from the profit point of view. In other words, the railway is a semi-State enterprise. The State, the people, grant these companies unusual powers and privileges, they make for them Acts of Parliament whereby they are treated in the most favoured manner, and in return the companies are pledged to the most considerate service of the public, a service which in a large measure is well defined. If they fail in this service they fail in their bargain, made in all the most binding legal form, with the public, and it is already being debated how they may be called to account if this 'conspiracy' of the combines, as it has been called, should seriously and injuriously affect the travelling public, as appears not unlikely.

* * *

In London the problems of locomotion are peculiar and, in a manner, interesting. Life is quicker and more dangerous in the Metropolis than it has ever been before, and the public desire for the most part is that it shall be quicker still. Invention, financial enterprise, and manufacture cannot keep pace with the Londoner's desire for more speed, for the capacity to be in two places, if not exactly at the same time, in something so near

to it that the difference is negligible. For the consummation of this desire he is prepared to make many sacrifices, and has already made the great one of a safe and comparatively peaceful life in the streets. When we look back to the time, only some four or five years ago, when there were no motor-omnibuses, no taxicabs, and but few private motor-cars making their way along the main thoroughfares, the comparison between that time and the present —when it is positively dangerous for a country person unused to London to attempt to cross a busy thoroughfare without the guidance of a policeman —seems almost impossible; and it is difficult to realise that such changes should be possible in so short a time. But five years ago and you might have walked across the Strand at midday reading your paper, and now you need to linger on the kerb, reckon the chances of safety or danger, wait a while, seize some sudden opportunity, and, taking your life in your hands, make one wild dart across. If it is difficult to realise that this change has come about so quickly, it is almost equally difficult to believe that the people will continue to tolerate the strain, much less have it increased, which is the prevailing tendency. More motor-omnibuses, more taxicabs, are being called for, and they are being supplied, so that every day sees the dangers increase. And who is the better off for it all? Life for the passenger is little easier, and it is not pleasanter than it used to be. When he pauses to analyse his circumstances he has difficulty in convincing himself that he is altogether satisfied. And the proprietors of the vehicles are not better off. We find that one of these companies, a leading one, in the last financial year carried one hundred and ninety-six million passengers in London at a dead loss, each man on an average having three-halfpence spent on him and only paying a penny and a third. So in one way or another a change must be made, and it is likely that for many years we shall know no stability of system of locomotion. These things are of interest not only to Londoners, but to all other people who live in big cities and towns; for such problems as the capital is now confronted with may, and probably will, arise elsewhere in time, and the experience and conduct of London will be carefully examined then. Having lost the peace of life that was enjoyed when steam and horses were the only general propelling forces, it is not to be wondered at that some dreamy townsmen like to think of themselves as being at present not in any permanent state, but merely in one of petrolised purgatory, whence they will in due season emerge to a brighter, cleaner life than ever they had enjoyed before; that instead of going to their businesses and their pleasure through tunnels under the streets, they will some time fly to them through the air! Hopes in this direction brighten when they hear of two people flying in an aeroplane for more than fifty miles, flying for more than an hour! We are already farther forward with aeroplanes now than we were with motor-cars twenty years ago, and in that fact there is material for deep thought and conjecture. There is one phase of this subject in regard to which the man of whom we have been speaking finds himself in a very doubtful state of mind. Like most others, he hates war, and he feels that the modern policy of nations in increasing their armaments and burdening their people with such taxation that the breaking-strain has almost been arrived at is quite insane, and he is in a measure irritated when he finds that the development in the aeroplane is deriving practically its only stimulus from the war departments. The object of the nations at present is not to fly for the sake of convenience, pleasure, or economy, but in order the more effectually to destroy each other when the proper moment arrives. Solely for this reason are inventors being encouraged; they are rewarded when they succeed by the Governments acting on behalf of the war departments. We are getting the aeroplane through the war-spirit and no other. Of course, when we get it we shall in due course apply it to other and more peaceful ends than those of war; but it is a little singular, and to some minds painfully so, that our progress must come through this channel and no other, for we should be hearing nothing of aeroplanes now if it were not for this special encouragement.

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One who lately came home from China, and while there had kept eyes wide open and mind keenly at work in examinations of cause and effect, and the possibilities of the future in that most interesting country, gave it to us as his conviction that the newspaper press of China was about to take a leading part in the modernisation of the people and in bringing them forward to Western ways. This is specially interesting, because hitherto we have not been able to consider the existence of any press in China. The empire has indeed enjoyed the possession of one newspaper which has some points of greatness in it, particularly in that it has been held to be the oldest newspaper in existence, and has apparently done its utmost to preserve the traditions of its infancy, which was in the period of some thousand years ago. Yet, with all their own experience and that which they have accumulated from their predecessors, those who conduct this journal have not in recent years shown any disposition to copy the methods of the half-penny papers of Fleet Street, or their prototypes in America and France; and yet their production is most absorbing, and we have heard it said that if such a thing could be printed in England, dealing with British affairs—which it could not—its success would be assured from the first number. Of course the *Pekin Gazette*—which is the translated name of this venerable sheet—is chiefly an official sheet, with the very smallest general circulation. The official notices of all kinds are printed in it, and

they are sometimes of a peculiarly personal and highly authoritative character. Thus there have frequently appeared in its columns the equivalent of what we call signed articles by the Emperor, signed articles by the Dowager Empress, by the leading Ministers, and others; and these exalted personages have used the paper as their means of communication between each other when, for reasons which are not obvious to our Western minds, they could not do so directly. The *Gazette* is published in three sections, one being the Court journal, which is compiled and edited by the members of the imperial family; the second is devoted to the promulgation of imperial decrees, and the third to the reports of Ministers and officials. We are informed that that wonderful woman Tze-hsi, the Dowager Empress, has herself written some scores of 'leading articles' for the first section, and it has been to her credit that most of them have been of a sensible character and in a sense worthy of a London morning paper. At times she has deplored the lazy habits of the young men of the country, and demanded that they should cultivate the military spirit and practise the bearing of arms. Then she has given her readers a detailed description of the way in which the Emperor passes his days, and at the same time has suggested improvements upon his Imperial Majesty's scheme of life. She has thrown out hints to Ministers and officials; and they, in the manner of a letter to the editor, have made reply in their own section of the paper. One time, some years ago, she expressed the opinion that the Emperor was not doing as well as he ought to do, and needed change; and in the next issue the official who took such matters under his wing announced that they had secured for him a cottage in the country, or the Chinese equivalent of such a thing. Again, she intimated that she had been paying attention to some irregularities of conduct and method among the officials in a certain province, and expressed the view that something ought to be done; whereupon in the next number the Governor gave reply that he had made all the necessary investigations, and had duly carried out a large number of executions. Now, here indeed is a newspaper in being, pulsating with the spirit of action from first page to last, making you feel that it stands not for words but deeds, and leaving no manner of doubt in your mind that it knows very well what it is talking about, and that if it does not nobody does. These are most admirable features in a newspaper, and so there is very much to be said for and to admire in the *Pekin Gazette*. But, alas! we are told on this authority that we mentioned that a great change is coming over Chinese journalism, that the *Gazette* is ceasing to be what it has been, that new journals are springing up in the provinces, and that somehow bacilli from Fleet Street seem to have found their way into editorial chambers. The new papers have some tendencies towards smartness, and our authority, with some wickedness, suggested that they might soon be expected to publish a sensational report of the assassination of all within the establishment of the Chinese legation in London.

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If this relic of the ancient journalism should become lost to us, or should abandon completely its old traditions, as seems likely, we shall have little left in the world of newspapers that is not entirely modern, and increasing in modernism. Here in the capital the oldest Conservatives are complaining day by day that the staidest journals are displaying a dangerous tendency towards being up-to-date or smart, though we suspect that nearly always these complaints are born of a hypocritical affectation that is intended to suggest possession by the speakers of some peculiarly lofty ideal, the character of which is not to be defined by ordinary mortals. However, in such circumstances, is it not something of a blessing to think that we have still the *London Gazette* with us, and that if its much more ancient contemporary of Pekin is to abandon tradition, it at all events will remain steadfast to old principles and assume the position and honour of being the most antiquated journal in existence in all respects? At this very moment of depression about the news from China, we are reminded cheerily of the determination of our good *London Gazette* to go on in the old way, and, we infer, to hold faithfully to its established system of reporting news not before it happens, as is sometimes done in other quarters, but some months—and if need be years—afterwards. Thus what its readers miss in time they gain in a most matured authenticity; and if there are any of them—which, sad to say, we doubt—who stand by their journal and no other, they may still refuse to believe in anything that has been reported elsewhere until long afterwards. Was not the Boer war well on its way before the *Gazette* recognised it? And had not King Edward become well established on the throne and very busy with his beneficent peacemaking among nations before the *Gazette* chronicled his coronation a year afterwards? The modern newspaper registers itself at the General Post-Office as a newspaper on the eve of its first publication, and it is in this connection that we have at present to rejoice in the *Gazette*, for though it first appeared in 1665, under the title of *The Oxford Gazette*, at the time that the Court of Charles II. had been driven to Oxford by the plague, it is only now that it announces that 'this *Gazette* has now been registered at the General Post-Office as a newspaper.' This somewhat belated step was taken only on the publication of No. 28,185. They could hardly ever have done anything better than that in China, and there now appears to be no reason why the newspaper should any longer withhold from its readers the news of the landing on English shores of William the Conqueror, although it may not consider the present time opportune for any account of the Black Prince's operations in

France. And that reminds us that, after all, the *Gazette* was the first newspaper to attempt to cater for foreign folk as well as its own, though this is a tendency of some of our most modern journals. For some thirty years after its first publication it was printed in French as well as in English. Of course these remarks must be read in the knowledge generally possessed that the *Gazette* is a purely official publication after all.

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The number of new books reminds one that the considerable world of authors, publishers, and readers, which is never without its grievances—mostly, it is to be admitted, real ones—has one or two of a serious character to contemplate in the present season, which the publishers are saying is a bad one from the business point of view. There cannot be any doubt that the production of copyright novels which only yesterday were the most popular of the season at sixpence, or well bound at a penny more, is proving a most serious menace to the interests of publishers and authors alike. There is seldom complete cohesion in this world of which we have spoken, interests being too frequently antagonistic, and so in this matter the public rejoices, as it saves money; but it does not reflect that if the present state of things continues the logical outcome is that publishers will not be able to produce new novels, since they could not afford to do so at sixpence or sevenpence, and that even if they could the authors could not afford to write them, since the royalties vouchsafed would necessarily be so meagre. New shilling reprints of copyright works other than fiction are threatening the book-makers in another quarter. Now, here is a pretty question: If the authors will not write new books to be published at sixpence or a shilling, and the publishers would not publish them anyhow, where is the future supply of these copyright reprints to come from? Kind public, think of this. But it is not roses all the way for the purchasers and readers of books. There are some thousands of them at the present time bewailing the iniquities of the present life and the hardness of their own lot in which they have been deceived. A certain history of the life of one famous statesman, written by another, is one of the best biographical works ever written by anybody dealing with anybody, and when it was issued three or four years ago thousands of people of humble means, who could rarely afford to spend anything at all in book-buying, made sacrifices and spent two guineas on this work. Soon afterwards, when the two-guinea public had been exhausted, the work was brought out at a much reduced price, and now it is again reduced, and is to be obtained unabridged for a paltry five shillings. But there is a worse case than this. A year ago a book of a century was published at three guineas, advertised extensively and expensively, and the public were brought to believe, what was the fact, that this was a work of most unique interest, which every man and woman should read and would be the poorer for not doing so. Again sacrifices were made, more so than ever. Poor people denied themselves necessities to buy these books, feeling that they would have a rich possession for ever afterwards, well worth the money they paid. Now, only a year later, a new edition of this book, in three volumes like the other, is being issued at six shillings! Purchasers and readers of the original edition in many cases have not yet read it through, and here they find, to their amazement and sorrow, that their property is thus depreciated in value. First editions of this kind of work have no special value in these days, since the number of copies issued in the first instance is so large. As a matter of fact, you may often buy such first editions, soiled, in Charing Cross Road for half-price or less. The question asked by the public in this matter is whether they are at all fairly dealt with. In times gone by it has been the practice, when an expensive book has been published, to keep up the price for some years, until, in fact, the book could be considered as in some measure an old one. Even now, when a book is thus issued at a high price, there is a kind of understood guarantee that that price will not be reduced until a reasonable period of time has passed and there is an entirely new public to cater for. The point of the matter is this: How many readers of these books would have bought them when they did had they known there were to be cheap reprints so soon afterwards? Not so many. Yet these are the people who guaranteed the success of the books. They may be more cautious in the future.

DRIFTWOOD.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO years from the date of the death of Sir Hugh Somerville, and that of Hugo, his only son, Muriel was on board a steamer running from Yokohama to Vancouver. Almost immediately after Harry Markham's departure to join his regiment, Miss Fancourt, with the full consent and concurrence of Colonel Markham—whom, by his will, Sir Hugh had appointed to be Muriel's sole guardian until she came of age—persuaded the heiress to close the house at Thorpe Somerville and travel for a year. The year had stretched itself out into an indefinite period, and was now nearing its second anniversary. By tacit agreement, Europe was left outside their plans and calculations. The

famous cities and sights were fraught with too much that was painful; so that, in the newness of her grief, to revisit them so soon would have seemed like sacrilege to Muriel. Anywhere else—so only that she might avoid the pangs of memory and leave, as far as was possible, thought behind her—she was willing to go; and a tour round the world suggested itself as the most hopeful means of securing a complete recovery for the shattered nerves and numbed faculties.

One bleak day in March a sad-faced young girl, wrapped in a heavy travelling-cloak, stood on the deck of the big liner *Kielder Castle*, watching the shores of her native land recede out of sight and ken. Now, after two years, Miss Fancourt was able to congratulate herself on the prospect of ultimate success. That good woman was herself no longer young, and to settle down to spend her small income and remaining years in doing quietly the good she could had been a dream from which she was loath to part. Yet she had never for one moment hesitated, never in her inmost heart complained; and now every day brought her reward appreciably nearer. The irreconcilable grief of the very young, the hopeless and unequal fighting against the mandates of a fate as cruel as it was inexorable, were gone, with happy childhood, for ever; but to Miss Fancourt's loving eyes her charge was daily ripening into a particularly charming woman. The shadow that still lingered in the violet eyes gave her an appearance of being older than her years; but she looked, and undoubtedly was, happy, taking a new and never-ceasing interest in the various aspects life wore in the countries through which they passed.

The winter season was spent at Simla, whither Harry Markham repaired as often as the authorities would permit him to do so. He and Muriel became fast friends; but beyond the lines of friendship Harry never ventured, and when the approach of the hot season necessitated a move being made by the two ladies, the establishment of a tolerably frequent correspondence was the only visible result of several months of pleasant intercourse. The next point was Japan; and although Muriel thoroughly appreciated the charms of that delightful country, it is not to be denied that she missed Harry as a companion and cicerone. And perhaps the girl was not entirely sorry when a letter reached Miss Fancourt from a brother long settled in Vancouver, inviting that lady and her charge to pay him a visit of some months' duration. The invitation was accepted, and Muriel sat bidding good-bye to Japan and its cherry-blossom with a great deal more regret than she had felt on leaving her native land. Yet she was beginning to admit that damp, misty England had charms of its own, and also that poor Thorpe Somerville had claims. In rather less than a year she would be twenty-one, and a person with responsibilities and duties; also, in just about a year Harry's long leave would again be due, and it would make a difference to her home-coming—exactly how much she did not bring herself to define—if he were there to welcome or be welcomed.

As she sat thinking, all at once she felt the uncanny sensation of some one watching her very intently, and looked up, half-expecting to see Miss Fancourt coming towards her. That lady, however, was not in sight, nor was any one near; but as she lifted her head, her eyes, drawn by some mesmeric attraction, fell on a sailor at a little distance who was engaged in cleaning some of the ship's brasses. He looked away immediately, and Muriel settled herself once more; but in less than five minutes the same thing happened again. This time she rose and walked towards a group of people who were just then coming on deck, first giving a searching glance at the man who had had so strange an influence over her. The impression she carried away with her was of lithe, sinuous grace, common enough in Lascar crews; yet this man was no Lascar—of that she felt perfectly convinced. As she joined in the laughter and gay chatter of some of the younger passengers the uncomfortable sensation faded; but in a few days it was recalled to Muriel's mind in rather a sinister manner by the young ship's doctor, who came to her preferring a singular request. It appeared that one of the crew, an Englishman, was down with fever; the attack was an exceptionally severe one, and there were grave doubts of the man's recovery.

'Practically,' said the young doctor, 'he is a dead man at this moment; but his mind is so alert, his faculties so acute, his will so strong, that they dominate the physical part of him. He won't die, he declares'—and the young man laughed nervously—'until he's seen *you*.'

'Seen me!' exclaimed Muriel in astonishment. 'What can he possibly want with me? He must be raving!'

'He has been,' the doctor admitted; 'but he's sane enough now. At all events, he's so weak that he's perfectly safe. He's a most curious chap,' he continued, almost as if he could not help himself. 'He's got a wonderful kind of mesmeric force, ill as he is. And he's what's called a gentleman—or was once.'

'He has mesmerised you, I think,' Muriel said, smiling. 'You have not yet told me what it is that he wants with me.'

'Well, to tell you the truth, I hardly know myself,' the young man responded. 'He asked me to be certain to tell you that you would repent it all your life if you did not spare him the few minutes he wishes for. He can't speak for any length of time, his weakness is too appalling. Any other man would have died twelve hours ago.'

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'I expect you will,' thought Muriel, smiling faintly, and then straightway alike forgot the boyish young doctor and her own nervous qualms; for as she entered the sick man's cabin the eyes that met hers, with a burning glance full of futile longing, chafing with impotence and desire, were those of the man whom she had known in another place as Richard Cathcart. She knew him at once—recognised him, moreover, as the sailor who had had so mesmeric an influence over her a few days before; and although the sight of him, weak and on the verge of dissolution as he undoubtedly was, brought a host of painful memories surging over her like a flood, she yet felt the marvellous compelling power of those strange eyes, and acknowledged to herself that indeed she had no choice but to be there.

'So you've come,' he said, his voice stronger than his evident weakness led her to expect. 'I wonder what made you.'

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He moved his head with the old impatient gesture she remembered so well. 'I am dying,' he said; 'ought to have been dead by this, if only you'd have let me.'

'I!' said the girl in amazement. 'What can I have to do with it?'

Very dreadful it was to hear him try to laugh. 'Not much,' he cackled; 'but I expect I've got a conscience, or a bad pain somewhere, that makes me think so. Anyway, you and Sir Hugh between you almost made me feel a man again. You'll remember that. It was too late, though; and now I'm dying—pretty quick, too, so he says,' again with that curious upward jerk of the head. The effort exhausted him, and for some minutes he lay without speaking. When at last he revived, his story, which was a long one, fell from his lips in halting, if perfectly coherent, sentences.

He spoke of his first meeting with Hugo Somerville, then a mere lad, easily attracted by an older man with a good deal more knowledge of the world than he himself possessed. Gambling and racing led to the same fatal end, and before long Cathcart had introduced the young heir of Thorpe Somerville to Isaacs the Jew money-lender. Once in the toils, there was no escape. Hugo put his name to bill after bill, and his crowning folly was to sign his father's name to a cheque for a large amount. The cheque was never presented, and therefore not dishonoured; for Cathcart obtained immediate possession of it, and easily persuaded the unfortunate Hugo that it amounted to a forgery. Under the pressure put upon him from time to time, he consented to everything that Isaacs or his instrument Cathcart suggested. Having bled Hugo as far as possible, the pair of schemers arranged that Isaacs should finance Cathcart in order to enable him to lay siege to the heiress. Hugo in the meantime was kept in ignorance of their real intentions, yet compelled to furnish information when required, and to stand by in the guise of Cathcart's body-servant.

The whole plot was so cold-blooded, so audacious, that Muriel gasped as she listened. More than once the doctor looked across from his position behind the sick man to note the effect of his revelations. He need not have been alarmed. It seemed to Muriel as if that for which she had been waiting had at last arrived: here, at last, was the clue to the mystery she had so nearly broken her heart in trying to solve.

In spite of the terrorism of Cathcart's rule, Hugo sometimes broke away from his jailer, and it was on one of these occasions that he met his sister and frightened her by demanding her watch. Fortune certainly favoured Cathcart in the affair; but the young man had been recognised by the old collie Rory, and it was clear that no time was to be lost. Not that Cathcart had ever any intention of murdering Hugo: none of those instincts were his. His villainy was of that finer type which seeks, for base purposes, the mastery over men's minds, and recks little of their wretched bodies. Nevertheless, he wanted Hugo out of the way, and out of the way the miserable heir of the Somervilles had to go. Again fate played into Cathcart's hands. Chance brought him back from London earlier than he had intended on the day of Sir Hugh Somerville's death, and when, on his return to The Lodge, he found that Hugo was missing, he set out at once to look for him. Chance again led him to direct his steps towards the Fairy Pool, where, in the course of his search for the missing Hugo, he came upon the dead body of Sir Hugh Somerville. Evidently he had slipped on the soft edge of the pool, and as he fell his gun had gone off, killing him instantly. He was dead when Cathcart found him, but his body was still warm. It was in making this discovery that Cathcart's hands touched the pocket-book in the dead man's breast-pocket, which had proved his own undoing and the source of so much grief. He took it, partly on impulse, partly with the idea that it might contain something of use to him. As it happened, there was little of any value; and he burnt the papers immediately, but—perhaps with a view to further torture—omitted to burn the case itself, trusting

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'I!' said the girl in amazement. 'What can I have to do with it?'

Very dreadful it was to hear him try to laugh. 'Not much,' he cackled; 'but I expect I've got a conscience, or a bad pain somewhere, that makes me think so. Anyway, you and Sir Hugh between you almost made me feel a man again. You'll remember that. It was too late, though; and now I'm dying—pretty quick, too, so he says,' again with that curious upward jerk of the head. The effort exhausted him, and for some minutes he lay without speaking. When at last he revived, his story, which was a long one, fell from his lips in halting, if perfectly coherent, sentences.

He spoke of his first meeting with Hugo Somerville, then a mere lad, easily attracted by an older man with a good deal more knowledge of the world than he himself possessed. Gambling and racing led to the same fatal end, and before long Cathcart had introduced the young heir of Thorpe Somerville to Isaacs the Jew money-lender. Once in the toils, there was no escape. Hugo put his name to bill after bill, and his crowning folly was to sign his father's name to a cheque for a large amount. The cheque was never presented, and therefore not dishonoured; for Cathcart obtained immediate possession of it, and easily persuaded the unfortunate Hugo that it amounted to a forgery. Under the pressure put upon him from time to time, he consented to everything that Isaacs or his instrument Cathcart suggested. Having bled Hugo as far as possible, the pair of schemers arranged that Isaacs should finance Cathcart in order to enable him to lay siege to the heiress. Hugo in the meantime was kept in ignorance of their real intentions, yet compelled to furnish information when required, and to stand by in the guise of Cathcart's body-servant.

The whole plot was so cold-blooded, so audacious, that Muriel gasped as she listened. More than once the doctor looked across from his position behind the sick man to note the effect of his revelations. He need not have been alarmed. It seemed to Muriel as if that for which she had been waiting had at last arrived: here, at last, was the clue to the mystery she had so nearly broken her heart in trying to solve.

In spite of the terrorism of Cathcart's rule, Hugo sometimes broke away from his jailer, and it was on one of these occasions that he met his sister and frightened her by demanding her watch. Fortune certainly favoured Cathcart in the affair; but the young man had been recognised by the old collie Rory, and it was clear that no time was to be lost. Not that Cathcart had ever any intention of murdering Hugo: none of those instincts were his. His villainy was of that finer type which seeks, for base purposes, the mastery over men's minds, and recks little of their wretched bodies. Nevertheless, he wanted Hugo out of the way, and out of the way the miserable heir of the Somervilles had to go. Again fate played into Cathcart's hands. Chance brought him back from London earlier than he had intended on the day of Sir Hugh Somerville's death, and when, on his return to The Lodge, he found that Hugo was missing, he set out at once to look for him. Chance again led him to direct his steps towards the Fairy Pool, where, in the course of his search for the missing Hugo, he came upon the dead body of Sir Hugh Somerville. Evidently he had slipped on the soft edge of the pool, and as he fell his gun had gone off, killing him instantly. He was dead when Cathcart found him, but his body was still warm. It was in making this discovery that Cathcart's hands touched the pocket-book in the dead man's breast-pocket, which had proved his own undoing and the source of so much grief. He took it, partly on impulse, partly with the idea that it might contain something of use to him. As it happened, there was little of any value; and he burnt the papers immediately, but—perhaps with a view to further torture—omitted to burn the case itself, trusting

to Hugo's lack of initiative for its safe keeping in his desk. For once, he reckoned without his host: Hugo, in a kind of frenzy, broke open the desk, found the pocket-book, and accused Cathcart of the murder. This gave the older man the opportunity he sought. Cathcart's threat was all that was needed to send the poor weakling, mad with fear, to the death that came upon him so swiftly and so suddenly.

Perhaps for once Cathcart's nerve deserted him when he came to himself in his study at The Lodge and found Hugo gone, and with him the incriminating pocket-book. In any case, he felt, as he expressed it, that the game was up. Of his subsequent adventures he said nothing; the inference was a fair one, that luck had not run his way. Had death not intervened, his turn might have come round to him again; for, feeble as he was, the old compelling force still remained, and to neither of his hearers, either then or at any other time, did it occur to doubt the truth of his story.

With the end there came no prayers for forgiveness, no excuses. Cathcart—'though that 's not my name, you know'—lay back with something like a sigh of relief as the last words fell from his lips: 'Put me to by-by, old chap,' he said to the young doctor. 'I 'm worn out.'

He closed his eyes; and at a sign from the doctor Muriel crept from the cabin.

That night Cathcart's restless spirit departed, and the long-backed ocean-rollers coursed over the still depths where his body found its last repose.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was Christmas-time, and Muriel, now of age and her own mistress, sat in the pretty drawing-room of her friend Madge's sunny little house in South Kensington. During Muriel's long absence abroad Madge had met and married Stanley Craven, a young barrister not too heavily blessed with this world's goods, but with brains, and already not entirely briefless. The event took place when Muriel was in Vancouver; but on her return to England in late November, Madge, although still in the seventh heaven, at once invited her friend to spend Christmas with her. Muriel accepted gratefully, while Miss Fancourt seized the opportunity of visiting her parson-brother in the poor Lancashire parish which held for her all the interests she could spare from her darling Muriel. And so it happened that on Christmas Eve the heiress of Thorpe Somerville, alone in the half-light, felt, if the truth were told, a little lonely. Madge, after dispensing tea, had slipped away to sit with Stanley in his study until dressing-time. A band was playing carols outside, and a hint of frost in the air made the fire glow brightly. After all, no place was like England at Christmas, and it was pleasant to be there once more. How far this contentment with circumstances not wholly satisfactory was due to the fact that Harry Markham, whose regiment was now quartered at Aldershot, was presently expected to dine and sleep need not be analysed, though something may be assumed. As for Harry, his devotion was as deep as ever, if less obvious: sufficient for him that his love's violet eyes shone with a new radiance, and that she should talk with him on subjects small and great with confidence in his never-failing interest, and yet with a hint of shyness in her frankness that to his lover's intuition spelt hope and new life. He knew that if he were lucky enough to win her, he would gain more than the charming, light-hearted child of his earlier fancy; his girl-love was grown a woman, tender, deep-hearted, whose character was refined and ennobled by the furnace of pain through which she had passed. Something of this was in his mind as he drove up to the Cravens' house. He entered the drawing-room unannounced, and as the door opened Muriel rose from a low seat where she sat in the firelight and came towards him with a glad little cry.

'Harry! How nice of you to come so early! I was just wondering if I felt lonely.'

The words that rushed to Markham's lips were sternly repressed. 'Do you like sitting in the dark?' was all he said.

'I call this the "talking light,"' replied the girl. 'It is a very good name, don't you think?'

The young man assented rather absently; and Muriel stirred the glowing embers until they burst into a bright blaze, the red flames lighting up her hair and charming face.

'So you were feeling lonely?' Markham asked as he watched her.

'I believe I was, just a teeny-weeny bit; and Madge has only this minute left me. She is everything that is kind and good.'

His next words surprised her. 'Do you remember once telling me that part of you was dead? I suppose you really meant that you had lost the power to feel?'

'Yes,' replied the girl frankly, although she was conscious of avoiding his earnest gaze; 'I was only a child, and the shock of that dreadful time numbed me. But that is all over now. Since that last talk with Mr Cathcart everything has seemed different. The hurt is there, but without the fear.'

The two had often spoken of Cathcart's confession. Indeed, Muriel looked upon it as his atonement; and even Markham, who was more sceptical, felt that he must give it credence, and the dead man the benefit of every doubt. At all events, Muriel's attitude took the sting out of Cathcart's memory as far as Markham was concerned; he felt, now, little save a great pity and regret for a life so wasted, so abused.

'Poor chap!' he said reflectively—'Cathcart, I mean.'

'Do you know, that is my feeling,' Muriel agreed. 'He did poor Hugo to death as surely as if he had really killed him, and I think perhaps that troubled him at the end. I like to think, too, that he was sorry for having treated us all so badly. Hugo might have been here now if he had never known Mr Cathcart.'

'He's paid his reckoning,' Harry said.

'Yes; and I can forgive him,' said Muriel. 'I understand now how there are some things in life for which death is the only cure. You don't think of that all at once.'

'No,' agreed Harry. 'But if it's peace to the dead, what are you going to do for the living?'

All he could see was the outline of her cheek in the firelight as she asked very softly, 'What does the living want?'

'You!'

For one moment she lifted her downcast eyes and looked at her lover; the next she was in his arms, her head pillowed on the heart that had loved her so long and so faithfully.

'Oh, I love you!' murmured the girl with a long sigh of utter happiness.

'When did you find that out?' Harry inquired tenderly.

'As soon as you weren't there,' Muriel confessed with a contented little laugh. 'Honestly, I believe I missed you dreadfully long before we got to Japan. I didn't know quite as soon as that, though.'

'I've known always,' Harry said. 'After all, whatever we have to go through, only one thing really matters in the end, and life's a fine thing if you get it.'

'I know what you mean,' Muriel whispered, a soft radiance shining in her lovely eyes. 'Come bad times or come good, the best of all is love.'

'Yes,' Harry echoed, 'love is best.'

THE END.

THE SWORDS OF THE SUDAN.

AMONG the trophies of arms displayed on the walls of Windsor Castle, one of the most interesting of the long series is a group of weapons and armour sent to Queen Victoria by Lord Kitchener after the Dongola campaign on the Upper Nile in 1896. The trophy consists of a coat of chain-mail, a number of spears, and a long cross-hilted sword. On the straight steel blade of the sword there is an inscription in old-fashioned letters: '*No me saques sin razon. No me entraines sin honor.*' The words are Spanish, but the same motto was inscribed on sword-blades in the days of chivalry in most of the languages of Europe. Its meaning is the knightly rule for all who bear the sword: Do not draw me without reason. Do not sheath me without honour. The weapon was taken from the abandoned camp of Wad Bishara, the Dervish general, after the battle of Hafir (September 23, 1896). How came a blade with such a motto to be found in a Moslem bivouac in the heart of the Sudan?

Even without the inscription, the very shape of the sword at once suggests that it is no Eastern weapon. But swords of the same kind are, with the broad-bladed spear, the typical arms of the Sudanese tribes. All who served in the Upper Nile campaigns saw scores of these heavy, straight-bladed, cross-hilted swords carried both by the enemy and by friendly Arab tribesmen. There is nothing Eastern about them except the curiously worked red-leather scabbard. Blade and hilt are both medieval and European in pattern—the blade long, straight, heavy, double-edged, and sharp-pointed; the hilt cross-shaped, with a round iron pommel, and two pieces of springy steel passing downwards from the guard to grip the scabbard. The curved scimitar of the East is an utterly different weapon. The straight Sudan sword belongs to the days of armour. It is badly balanced, and not made for the game of cut and guard and quickly changing thrust that came into fashion later on, when fencing was invented, and a light, deftly handled blade served both as sword and shield. This long, heavy, somewhat clumsy weapon is the older kind of sword, meant for mere downright hacking and smashing through helmet and hauberk, in the days when men rode into battle sheathed in complete armour, and with the barred visor lowered over the face. If one compares it with the swords of crusading days in our museums, the likeness of pattern strikes even the least observant.

The blade at Windsor, with its Spanish inscription, is probably a Crusader's sword centuries old. There are others of the kind. An officer in the same Dongola campaign tried in vain to persuade a friendly Arab to sell him his sword. Running down the blade from hilt to point there was a French inscription, of which he could only decipher a few words, because the Gothic letters were nearly obliterated by a later inscription in Arabic, probably a verse of the Koran. The flowing curves of the Arabic letters had been cut into the steel with a graver, and the hollows thus made had been filled with gold wire, and the whole then polished to an even surface. This must have been a captured Crusader's sword. One cannot be sure about blades that have no inscription. Many of them are doubtless the work of native armourers of later times, modelled on the older weapons.

The presence of these Crusader swords in the Sudan is not so difficult to explain. In the thirteenth century the Mohammedan caliphs of Egypt not only carried on successful wars against the Crusaders in Syria, destroying the last vestiges of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, but also defeated two attempts of the Europeans to invade Egypt itself, one of them led by St Louis of France. Enormous quantities of Western arms and war-like equipments must have thus passed into the possession of the Mohammedan conquerors. Now, it was also about the end of the thirteenth century —that is, just after the long struggle with the Crusaders came to an end—that the Mohammedan conquest of the Sudan countries, south of the Second Cataract of the Nile, began. Till then Dongola had been a Christian kingdom, though long cut off from all communication with the rest of Christendom. It is likely that the large available supply of the arms and armour of western Europe would be used to equip these expeditions to the Upper Nile, and thus these Crusader swords found their way into the Sudan.

But they were not the only reminders of crusading days to be seen in the Arab and Dervish camps of the Upper Nile. The saddle of an emir's war-horse looked strangely like that used by the Western knights of the thirteenth century. The *marteau-de-fer*, a heavy mace used for crushing the helmet of an adversary, was sometimes to be seen hanging at the saddle-bow of a sheikh. The shaft was often covered with crocodile hide, with a cushion of hyena-fur where the hand gripped it, but the iron head was unmistakably Western in pattern.

But it was not only on the Upper Nile and among the wild warriors of the Sudan that one found reminders of the ill-fated expeditions of the Crusaders to Egypt. At the large town of Tantah, in Lower Egypt, there is an annual fair, one of the most important gatherings of the kind in the whole country. I do not know if the observance which I am about to describe is still kept up, for I have not been in Egypt for some years; but twelve years ago a torchlight procession, known as 'the Triumph of the Caliph,' was one of the features of the fair. First came men beating drums and waving green banners, then a guard of spearmen, and then, surrounded by a group of horsemen representing his emirs, rode a man richly dressed to personate one of the victorious caliphs of the thirteenth century, perhaps El Kamil, or, it may be, Es Saleh, the conqueror of St Louis. Before the caliph's horse half-a-dozen captives were led in chains. They wore European armour, plate, and mail, with visored helmets, through the bars of which one saw, not the bronzed faces of Western knights, but the yellowish-brown features of the fellahin acting the part of the conquered Crusaders. It is quite possible the armour dated from crusading days, repaired, it may be, from time to time, but not mere counterfeit work. Europeans as a rule kept away from the procession, which was a somewhat unpleasant reminder of the time when a Moslem ruler of Cairo had among his prisoners so many of the princes and warriors of western Europe.

THE MAKERS OF 'PUNCH.'

By Toby, M.P.

THE first number of *Punch* appeared on 17th July 1841. Fifty years later I was privileged to sit at the table in the Ship Hotel, Greenwich, on which was spread the Jubilee Banquet. It was not strange, since Time is inexorable, but it was nevertheless sad, to reflect that of the band gathered round Mark Lemon on the birthday of *Punch* not one lived to see the revered Master's jubilee. The ravages of time are even more sharply marked by the fact that of the members of the *Punch* staff who now meet at the weekly dinner only one formed part of the company when, twenty-four years ago, I joined the little band. This is Linley Sambourne, who seems to grow younger as the years revolve, and whose touch, as the weekly cartoon testifies, is as sure and as delicate as at any earlier period of his connection with the paper.

Punch started on the co-operative plan, its founders having more brains than money. Though Mark Lemon, corporeally and by length of association, was popularly recognised as the first editor, there were actually three co-editors, the other two being Horace Mayhew and Sterling Coyne. Likewise, there were no less than five illustrated front pages before there dawned on the pleased public the one to-day familiar in every English household throughout the world. This, as every one knows, was drawn by Dicky Doyle, and made its first appearance in January 1849.

It is a tradition of the *Punch* Table that Mark Lemon began his editorship on a salary of three hundred pounds a year, and finished it at a rate of one thousand five hundred pounds, a sum at the date regarded among journalists as what Sala, speaking of his own salary, described as the wages of an ambassador. In the first year of his career there came some anxious moments for Mr Punch. The paper had a good start, and was going on fairly. Within two months affairs became critical. There was a more lavish supply of editors than of capital. The printer, who had to pay his men whatever befell, grew restless, finally declining to carry on. It was at this stage that the firm of Bradbury, Evans, and Co. came to the rescue, undertook the printing

and publishing of *Punch*, and have been associated with its bounding good fortune ever since.

Shirley Brooks succeeded Mark Lemon in the editorial chair. Practically he had filled it for some time. Amongst other developments, he—having had experience of the Press Gallery of the House of Commons in the service of the *Morning Chronicle*—introduced a new feature in the 'Essence of Parliament,' written by himself. To him succeeded Tom Taylor. In 1880 Sir Francis Burnand, then plain Frank, was by acclaim nominated to the editorship, a position he filled with conspicuous advantage to the paper for a period exceeding a quarter of a century. Of the present *Punch* staff, all the members, with the exception of Linley Sambourne, were called to the Table under his editorship.

Prominent among the Makers of *Punch* on the artistic side were Leech and Doyle. Each was in his way incomparable. When they withdrew from the Table—one carried off by the hand of death, the other retiring affronted by attacks upon the head of his religious faith—it seemed that the gaiety of subscribers to *Punch* was eclipsed. Leech and Doyle still stand apart, unapproachable in their especial line. But somehow or other—and this is one of the secrets of the prolonged success of the paper—one always comes along and fills the empty place. Truly there were giants in those days. When they passed away there came in succession Tenniel, Keene, Du Maurier, Linley Sambourne, Bernard Partridge, and Raven Hill, who each in distinct manner maintained the renown of *Punch*. Leech and Doyle were before my time. With the rest in the brilliant list I have had the pleasure, extended over many years, of dining and working.

It chanced that when I joined the Table my allotted seat was next to Charles Keene, then in regular weekly attendance. He did not contribute habitually to the bubble of fun and good-humour that marked the dinner-hour. On rare occasions he was induced to tell a story about a Bakewell pudding, the unconscious point of which was that no listener quite recognised it. Charles Keene's enjoyment was contagious. When his face wrinkled in laughter the Table sympathetically roared, though if any seated at it had been asked to give an account of the cause of his merriment he would have been in a position of difficulty. Amongst other peculiarities, Keene habitually smoked small clay-pipes vaguely understood to have been found in excavations in the neighbourhood of London Wall. By curious coincidence they were in pattern and size much like those used by the Japanese, though the latter are of metal.

At home and abroad, perhaps most enthusiastically in France, Keene was recognised as the master of drawing in black-and-white. Some years later he found a worthy successor in Phil May, whose delightful drawings for all too brief a time illuminated the pages of *Punch*. May was as rapid in the execution of his work as he was happy in its design, peerless in its production. A favourite habit with him whilst the cartoon was being discussed was to turn over a menu-card and draw on its back some fanciful design suggested by the current of conversation.

Du Maurier was a delightful companion at the dinner-table, as indeed he was elsewhere. He took little part in the discussion of the cartoon, which, chiefly concerned with politics, was outside his range. But when the work was done—and work is the *raison d'être* of the weekly *Punch* dinner—Du Maurier, smoking unnumbered cigarettes, used to sparkle. The natural limits of a *causerie* of this kind preclude reference to colleagues still seated round 'the old mahogany-tree,' or indeed to those who, voluntarily withdrawn from the scene, are still with us. One must, therefore, be content with a passing tribute to Sir John Tenniel, whose name is a cherished household word wherever the English language is spoken.

Of the Makers of *Punch* in the literary wing of the brotherhood the name of Thackeray stands out prominently. He began to contribute in *Punch's* second year. The start was not auspicious, and for a while threatened a final parting. He began a series of papers entitled 'Miss Tickletoby's Lectures on English History.' They fell flat, and the publishers, enclosing a modest cheque, intimated that they did not care to have any more. Thackeray survived the rebuff, and soon came to be one of the most voluminous and most prized among contributors. He worked both with pen and pencil, having in this connection, as in the wider field of fiction, an appreciative fancy for himself as an artist. It is an old story that one of his earliest ambitions was to illustrate Dickens's books. 'The Book of Snobs' ran through a full twelve months, and made a great hit. Another success was the 'Diary of Mr Yellowplush,' and also the lucubrations of Policeman X. Other literary contributions that helped to the making of *Punch*, and live through the ages, are Douglas Jerrold's 'Caudle Lectures,' Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' and Burnand's 'Happy Thoughts.'

The early *Punch* dinners were at the outset Bohemian alike in character and surroundings. They were held at various hostelries in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street, and were, I imagine, paid for out of the pockets of the guests. When prosperity shone it came to pass that the proprietors became the hosts, a special room being set apart in the offices for serving the banquet. The satirists, shooting Folly as it flew through the week, did not always spare each other. Douglas Jerrold, in particular, had a sharp tongue which did not spare his colleagues. He did not love Thackeray, at whom he occasionally girded. Thackeray's broken nose and the story thereto pertaining are familiar to every one. It was a kind of infirmity that would have been held sacred by men of delicate feeling. For Douglas Jerrold it had a morbid attraction.

Mr Spielmann, the historian of *Punch*, has rescued from past records two stories illustrative of Jer-

rold's humour. One tells how, Thackeray having applauded Dicky Doyle's action in retiring from the staff on account of attacks on the Pope, some one said, 'Thackeray's turning Roman.' 'He'd best begin with his nose,' snapped Douglas Jerrold. On another occasion, coming in late to dinner, Thackeray explained he had been at the christening of a friend's child. 'Good lord, Thackeray!' exclaimed the genial Jerrold, 'I hope you didn't present the child with your own mug.'

We heritors of the legacy bequeathed by the Makers of *Punch* never say rude things like that under the mahogany-tree of which Thackeray sang:

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short;
When we are gone
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PROFITABLE DISPOSAL OF SEWAGE-SLUDGE.

ONE of the most perplexing problems confronting municipal and rural authorities to-day is the disposal of the sludge or sediment of sewage. When it is recollected that in a town of fifty thousand inhabitants the accumulation of this material is about fifteen tons per day, some idea of the difficulty involved may be realised. This sludge is the heavier particles contained in the water—aggregating about 10 per cent. of the total bulk—which collects in the settling-tanks; and the general means of disposal is either dumping on agricultural land—a process involving heavy expense in cartage—or destruction by combustion in dust-destructors. The first method, while of certain economic value from the fertilising point of view, is decidedly prejudicial to health, and cannot be carried out in the vicinity of large towns; while the second, though effective, is certainly wasteful. The question has been how to utilise this residue to the most advantageous extent in accordance with hygienic principles. The task has been frequently essayed, but the inherent difficulties have been so many as to prevent a commercially practicable solution being obtained. The general trend of these experiments has been in connection with artificial manures; but, unfortunately, the possibilities in this direction are somewhat nullified by the large proportion of fatty substances present in the sludge, which have the tendency to clog up the soil. This heavy proportion of grease is attributable to the huge quantity of soap consumed in these islands, aggregating something like four hundred thousand tons per annum, the greater part of which finds its way into the sewers. A well-known English doctor has, however, recently evolved a cheap and simple means of dealing with this sludge, whereby it is turned from a useless substance into a valuable commodity, and the successful experiments that have been made therewith by a north of England municipality have conclusively demonstrated that it not only completely overcomes the disposal difficulty, but its operation can be carried out profitably, so that a new source of revenue is open to our governing bodies. He takes the sediment which accrues in the settling-tanks, drives out the superfluous water in a press, and distils the resultant product—to which some cheap chemicals of a certain character are added—in a patent retort. Here, under the action of superheated steam, the fatty ingredients are first driven off, the oil being subsequently regained in a tower, where, under the cooling effects of jets of cold water, the fat is deposited in the form of thin white flakes like snow. The elimination of the grease and remaining water in the still leaves a brownish powder of the consistency of flour, and perfectly odourless. Seeing that this residue contains nitrogen equal to 2 per cent. of ammonia, and about 2 per cent. each of phosphoric acid and potash, it is evident that with the addition of a little phosphate it would constitute a rich and valuable artificial fertiliser. Its prime value, however, rests in the fact that it is composed of some 40 per cent. of decomposed organic matter, which renders it of great use for the enrichment of impoverished or poor soils. It is found that one ton of sediment after subjection to preliminary pressing yields one hundredweight of grease, worth from seven pounds ten shillings to ten pounds per ton; while the fertiliser, averaging about eight hundredweight per ton of sludge in its raw condition, is found to command a price of about six shillings per ton. The cost of treating a ton of pressed sludge is about five shillings, while the total realisable value of its product is approximately nine shillings, leaving a margin of four shillings per ton. In the case of large towns the system would not only be found the most hygienic solution of a complex problem, but at the same time would prove highly lucrative, especially if the manurial residue were combined with a little phosphate on the spot, which would enable it to fetch about twenty-five shillings per ton, sold direct to the farmer.

A NON-INFLAMMABLE CELLULOID.

Repeated attempts have been made to render celluloid non-inflammable, but to no purpose, for the simple reason that its component parts are among the most combustible substances known. Therefore, it is evident that any fireproof celluloid, while retaining all the properties of the latter, must

be a combination of non-combustible ingredients. The precise characters of such constituents have been ascertained by a London chemist, and so successful is the imitation that it is impossible to distinguish the special from the ordinary celluloid except by ignition. Whereas the former instantly ignites with an explosive flame, the latter declines to burn at all. The new product, which can be used for any purpose to which celluloid is applied, is indeed preferable to the latter for many reasons, owing to the elimination of other defects inherent to the original article. It is well known that celluloid when immersed in water in a short time becomes saturated and soft, rendering it difficult to handle, as every film-photographic enthusiast realises to his cost. The non-inflammable article may be maintained in water for any length of time without impairing its original character, for it is perfectly waterproof. In its transparent form it should have a great future in photographic circles, for which, as tests have shown, it is eminently adapted. It can be used in the thinnest sheets, such as for roll-films, and by its use the many dangers attending kinematographic projection are overcome. Films made thereof will not buckle, blister, or split under the application of intense heat. It is equally applicable for the manufacture of the thousand and one articles for which celluloid, despite its dangerous character, is now used. Unlike the latter, it is not brittle, and can be more roughly used or bent without fear of breakage. Its most commendatory feature, apart from the commercial point of view, is that it can be produced at a far lower cost than the ordinary article, the difference being from about 40 to 60 per cent., owing to the fact that the ingredients employed are cheaply obtainable in unlimited quantities.

BUTTER-PACKING IN STRAW BOXES.

An economical development in the Queensland dairy industry has been effected by the perfection of a process for the manufacture out of straw of the boxes in which the butter is packed for shipment. Hitherto such boxes have been made of pine-wood; but owing to the extensive expansion of the butter-export trade, and a coincident heavy demand for the necessary wood (the forests of which are being rapidly depleted), the latter has reached a prohibitive figure. Over three million boxes, representing a cost of something like two hundred thousand pounds, are now used every year in Australia in this trade alone. The new box, which only costs a few pence, is made of straw and kaolin, and by its use farmers, it is estimated, will effect a saving of nearly fifty thousand pounds per annum. The box is strong, odourless, and damp-proof, and compares very favourably in weight with the wooden article.

ELECTRIC BRUSHES FOR CLEANING SHIPS.

An invention which should be of signal service to shipping companies has recently been perfected, the object of which is the cleaning of the submerged portions of a ship's hull while afloat, so that the necessity of going into dry-dock, with its attendant heavy cost and expenditure of time, is avoided. At the same time it enables the vessel to be kept in the pink of condition so far as her speed-capacity is concerned, and the use of anti-fouling compositions can be dispensed with. The scrubber comprises an arrangement of hogging-brushes disposed on a mat of battens in such a way that they are used against the lie of the bristles, thus flicking off the accumulated deleterious matter in advance of their progress. These battens are fitted at either end with powerful electric magnets, which, when the scrubber is in use, cause it to cling tenaciously to the side of the ship, so that there is no possibility of the brushes riding over the harder accumulations of marine growth. The mat is worked over the hull by means of cables passing round the ship and actuated by the ship's winches. The magnets, which have an aggregate gripping-power of over one ton, ensure its constant pressure against the hull, so that the full cleaning-power of the brushes is effected under all conditions. The great advantage of this system is that it enables a vessel to be cleaned while moored alongside the quay, loading or unloading, expeditiously, efficiently, and cheaply. A first-class battleship can be scrubbed in twelve hours, and a four-thousand-tonner in about eight hours, at an inclusive cost of about twenty pounds. The system is in operation upon the Clyde with great success, boot-topping the fast pleasure-craft plying on the river. The sides of these ships for about five feet below water foul so quickly that they require cleaning three times as often as the bottoms and bilges. Formerly the custom was to lay the ships ashore for a tide for cleaning purposes. Now they are electrically cleaned while afloat, in an hour, at a cost of five pounds. The maintenance of one or two of these appliances in every harbour, especially in some tropical seas where fouling is very rapid, would do much to enhance the attractiveness of the ports to the shipping community, who are often compelled to wait a very long time before a favourable opportunity arrives to enable the hull to undergo the much-needed cleaning.

BULB-CULTURE IN ENGLAND.

Shipping bulbs from England for cultivation in Holland is akin to sending coals to Newcastle. Yet an increasing yearly trade is being done in this connection; in fact, English bulbs are achieving a world-wide reputation. The centre of this industry is Wisbech, where the Bath floral farms cover some ninety acres, of which all but ten acres are devoted to the raising of narcissus. This is the largest bulb-farm in the country, and some very exquisite varieties have been produced here, for which a heavy demand has arisen not only in this country but in Holland. The superiorities of the English article are that the bulbs are much harder

and heavier than the Dutch, and are more prolific in their yield of flowers when forced—the supreme test in bulb-culture. Only the 'planting sizes' are despatched to Holland, and some idea of the proportions of this export trade may be gathered from the fact that in a single month recently no less than fourteen and a half tons of narcissus bulbs were sent across the North Sea for cultivation. Upon this farm, when the bulbs are being lifted, about one hundred and fifty women are engaged in cleaning them; while planting gives employment to about ninety men and women per field. The results attained in the Wisbech district have conclusively demonstrated the fact that this country can easily compete with Holland in the culture of bulbs if the industry is only carried out upon scientific and well-organised lines such as prevail upon the Bath farms. There is no doubt that if the problem were seriously tackled this country could be made the largest bulb-producing country in the world. Certainly, the culture would do much to solve the problem of 'back to the land.' At the Bath farms alone the annual wages-bill is no inconsiderable item, a fact which attracted the attention of a Royal Commission. Fortunately the superiority of the English bulb is rapidly being recognised at home, and many thousands of orders which formerly went to Holland are now being diverted to native growers, since the prices for the two kinds of produce are practically the same, notwithstanding the apparently cheaper conditions under which the Dutch bulbs are raised.

A HANDY SACK-HOLDER.

Those who have to despatch their produce in sacks, especially millers, lime-burners, and so forth, readily realise the difficulties attending the charging of the bags. One man or boy has to be deputed to hold the mouth of the sack open while it is being filled. An ingenious means of overcoming this difficulty has been effected by an engineer attached to one of our large gasworks, where the uneconomical labour-conditions attending the prevailing system were recognised, and caused him to devise a highly efficient and simple mechanical holder. It comprises a small stand, upon which is mounted an upright pillar. Upon this pillar slides a collar carrying a lever. The longer end of the lever serves as the handle, and the shorter length the sack-holder. The bag is held in the distended position by two rings hinged together. The sack is placed through the lower ring and the mouth pressed over the rim all round. The upper ring is then lowered, and by means of a series of short spikes which pierce the sacking and pass through holes in the lower ring when it is pressed down the bag is held wide open. When the bag is filled the upper ring is simply swung back and the mouth of the sack left free for tying or sewing up. The apparatus is strongly made, is inexpensive, and easily operated, while it can be adjusted to handle any capacity of sack.

HOW TO SECURE AN OPEN-AIR BEDROOM.

While the reinvigorating and physical-building properties of fresh air during sleep are realised, in a variable climate like ours recourse to such methods is apt to result in the remedy proving worse than the disease. The window may be left widely extended, and the fresh air derived therefrom is undoubtedly beneficial; but its value is sadly nullified by the counter-draughts from other parts of the room. If one could only secure the inward stream of pure air through the window no harm would be done. By a recent ingenious contrivance, however, all the advantages of sleeping in the open air without any of the attendant discomforts are rendered safely available. This is a novel window-tent. The bed is drawn up to the window which is opened. Fitting within the space thus available is the mouth of a tent. This extends over the top of the pillow and down the side of the bed and back to the window again over the chest, with of course the upper or top side similarly covered. The head thus reposes exposed to the open air, the remainder of the body being within the room. The tent is made of an impermeable material which is light in weight, so that no inconvenience from this source is experienced, and as it fits closely to the bedclothes no draughts are experienced. In this way the body, being kept warm, uses its full energy to rebuild frame and brain tissue in conjunction with the inhalation of the pure, crisp, outer air. The contrivance, which should prove of distinct value to those suffering from consumption, catarrhal trouble, debilitating or nervous diseases, is inexpensive, and can be instantly set up when desired.

THE FOOD-VALUE OF PEAS.

It is a somewhat regrettable circumstance that the pea, which is one of the most nutritious articles of food, does not meet with a greater measure of popularity. From the proteid standpoint it is much superior to oatmeal, being some 80 per cent. richer in this substance than the latter, with a high percentage of carbohydrates and a small proportion of water. In fact, the pea is an ideal edible, since it possesses practically the whole of the constituents in correct proportions for the building up of animal tissue. No doubt during the summer season peas are extensively eaten, though it is to be feared they are regarded more as a tasty pseudo-epicurean dish than as a staple article of food. But it is during the winter that their advantages can be more strikingly secured. During the past few years inventive effort has succeeded in devising satisfactory means of preserving the results of summer cultivation in an appetising form without any recourse to pernicious colouring or preservative mediums. Formerly, out-of-season peas were either stored in bottles or tins in conjunction with deleterious conserving fluids, the dangerous character of which was betrayed by the vivid verdant hue of the contents; or they were sold in a dry form, packed in sacks, which certainly pre-

sented an uninviting appearance. Such antiquated methods have, however, now given way to hygienic and more attractive means of supplying the market. The peas, carefully selected, graded, and dried, are now packed in airtight cardboxes in which they well retain their qualities for a considerable time, and when properly cooked yield a dish in every way as alluring to the palate as those freshly garnered from the field or garden in the height of the season.

CARRYING STANDARD STOCK OVER NARROW-GAUGE RAILWAYS.

In connection with our mention in the June number of the problem of carrying standard stock on narrow-gauge railways having been solved by an engineer on a Midland line, a correspondent attached to the Chilian States railways writes to say that such a system has been in operation upon their Coquimbo section for the past eleven years with complete success. From Coquimbo the broad-gauge extends for ninety-three kilomètres to Puntilla, followed by a stretch of mètre-gauge, the extension of which line is now under construction. When the broad-gauge cars reach Puntilla, the contents, instead of being transhipped to narrow-gauge coaches, are run intact upon trolleys carrying a deck of broad-gauge rails, the loading being accomplished by means of special inclines. The coaches are made fast upon the trolleys, and thus hauled over the mètre section to their destinations. Four cars can be handled in this way at a time, and the process is repeated two or three times a day. The system is especially useful, and time and expense saved, at Oralli, where the broad-gauge cars are loaded up with the copper ores from the surrounding mines. There is also maintained a trolley built up of two bogies discarded from the first locomotives shipped out to Coquimbo in 1861, because the sharp curves precipitated so many derailments that single bogies had to be fitted. Our correspondent continues: 'Strange, when I received the June number of *Chambers's Journal* we had a narrow-gauge engine on this trolley brought down for repairs in Coquimbo, the only place where repairs can be done. The engine was run out to Puntilla on the narrow-gauge, and run up an incline on to the trolley. We have transported fifteen engines to Puntilla and back, and I may state that we have not had any mishaps. The trolley is used for heavy weights up to forty-four tons.'

EFFECT OF BALLOONING UPON HEALTH.

Two French investigators have been carrying out experiments to ascertain the effect of ballooning upon health, and the most successful means of combating the peculiar maladies produced as a result of the influences of high altitudes upon the physical balance of the body. A balloon was chartered and equipped with reservoir of pure oxygen and the Agazotti mixture respectively. The latter, it may be pointed out, is a combination of 87 per cent. of oxygen and 13 per cent. of carbonic acid. The effect of the rarefied air was first experienced by one of the aeronauts at thirteen thousand two hundred and eighty-two feet, when he was stricken with a pain in the back of the head and neck, followed by venous congestion of the face, drowsiness, a mist before the eyes when looking towards the earth, and heaviness of the eyelids. The balloon still ascending, the foregoing symptoms were shortly followed by stertorous breathing and loss of muscular power. At sixteen thousand five hundred feet the drowsiness was irresistible, and all interest in surroundings was lost; but some relief was gained by recourse to the gas, which, however, was only temporary in its character unless it was continuously inhaled. The Agazotti mixture was found very efficient and rapid in its removal of respiratory distress up to a height of fifteen thousand feet, but above that altitude only the pure oxygen exercised any permanent benefit.

TRAPPING MOTHS BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

In order to mitigate the pest of caterpillars which is wreaking such havoc in defoliating the forests of Germany, a novel expedient has been adopted. The irresistible fascination of the candle-flame to the moth is well known, and entomologists are aware that street electric arc lamps afford a happy hunting-ground. The German authorities have turned this point to advantage. An electric light is erected on a suitable tower, beneath which is a deep, funnel-like vessel carrying powerful revolving exhaust-fans. These electric lights are fitted with powerful reflectors, which project the light in two well-defined rays upon the dark background of the forest, half a mile away, in much the same way as the beams of a searchlight. The result is described as remarkable. The hordes of 'brown moths that lay the eggs producing the caterpillars in such enormous quantities, dazzled by the light, come fluttering hastily towards its source. As they near the lamp they become caught in the vortex set up by the revolving fans, are sucked up, and swept through the funnel into a suitable receiver, subsequently being destroyed in the furnaces. So eminently successful was the first night's experiment, when some three tons of moths were caught, that another similar installation is being erected. Though the defoliation of the trees may not be completely arrested, this wholesale destruction of the plague will certainly result in a heavy diminution in the ranks of the caterpillars, and the timber will be saved.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR INVENTORS.

Among the numerous opportunities open to inventive genius at the present time, there is one problem the solution of which, in view of its vital importance to certain flourishing industries, possesses advantageous financial possibilities. A flourishing trade is maintained in what may be termed the cheap and essential liquids of commerce both of a

domestic and industrial nature, which have to be placed on the market at a very low price. The best example of such a commodity is vinegar. Unfortunately, however, such liquids have to be stored for transit in substantial, well-built, durable barrels made of oak, such as are used for the more costly alcoholic liquors and beverages. The result is that the package is worth more than its contents. Where the material is being transported in bulk, say in casks of twenty-five gallons capacity or thereabouts, the manufacturer seldom experiences any losses in non-returns or damage owing to their cumbrous nature, weight, and expense ; but in those trades where recently it has been found necessary to adopt a small cask, say of six gallons capacity, to meet the demand of small tradesmen, different conditions prevail. The cask is small, and the purchaser often considers it a waste of time to return it to the manufacturer, while the imposition of a charge for non-return by the latter may mean the possible loss of a customer. Moreover, considerable expense is incurred in maintaining these barrels, which suffer severely from damage in transit, and consequently require periodical overhauling, such as rehooping. The result is that the manufacturer finds that the small cask trade is unprofitable, albeit it is a developing factor in his business. To remedy this state of affairs a demand has arisen for a new type of cask, and there are two possible solutions of the difficulty. One is the evolution of a strong small cask, capable of withstanding at least one railway journey, sufficiently cheap to enable the manufacturer to give it away with the contents. In such a case the cost must not exceed one halfpenny per gallon of its contents ; that is to say, a six-gallon vessel must not cost more than threepence, and so on. The second alternative is the production of a cask infinitely superior to the wooden barrel at present used, especially in point of durability, with necessity of repairs obviated, and comparing favourably with the oak cask in point of cost. The vessels, of whatever material composed, must be of the same design as the ordinary cask, and must conform with the regulations of railways and other carriers of merchandise. To the fortunate inventor who can produce a substitute fulfilling the above requirements a rich reward is available. Care must be exercised, however, in selecting a constructive material which shall be able to resist the corrosive or other characteristics of the liquid with which it is to be filled.

MEDITERRANEAN WINTER RESORTS.

The name of Mr Eustace Reynolds-Ball is not unknown to readers of this *Journal* in connection with articles of travel and descriptions of new health-resorts. A sixth edition of his very useful *Mediterranean Winter Resorts* (Hazell, Watson, and Viney) has been issued, revised, enlarged, and in part rewritten. The new chapters include practical hints for winter residents ; the three Rivieras—the French, Swiss, and the English ; and Mogador as a potential winter resort. It is again pointed out that it is impossible to live in the same style or as well in France as in England upon the same income ; the reason being that nearly every article of food—groceries, tea, coffee, ham, bacon, fish, bread, and butter, and every little luxury—is dearer, while gas and firing also cost more. The 'practical hints' are sensible and useful. A rough test is given for suspicious drinking-water. Fill a clean glass soda-water bottle with the suspected fluid, add as much sifted cane-sugar as would cover a two-shilling piece, tie down the cork, and place the bottle for two days in the sun. If it becomes milky or clouded the presence of sewage may be suspected. The indictment of the shortcomings of the Italian railways by the Editor of this *Journal* is referred to also in the 'practical hints.'

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor.

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EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

CONTENTS.

A FAMILY SECRET.	By Mrs J. H. Needell.....	Page 1
THE COPSE IN WINTER.	By Ida Norman.....	" 17
THE TREASURE-MAID.	By Edwin L. Arnold.....	" 18
CHRISTMAS: A SONNET.	By V. Craigie Halkett.....	" 21
VANDALEUR OF CASTLE CLARE.	By F. C. Armstrong.....	" 22
THE SPECIALIST.	By Owen Oliver.....	" 41
A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN THE LEVANT.	By W. F. Griffitt Blackler.....	" 46
RESURGENT.	By the Author of 'Miss Molly'...	" 48

CHRISTMAS 1908.

A FAMILY SECRET.

By Mrs J. H. NEEDELL,

Author of 'Stephen Ellicott's Daughter,' 'The Story of Philip Methuen,' &c.

CHAPTER I.

A MISTY evening in late December, with a pale sun setting in vapour, and the leafless trees dropping moisture; but it had been a day of brilliant sport with the Wycherley Hounds, and it is with two of the Hunt, now riding homewards with slackened rein, that we have to do.

The one was Anthony Carruthers, the lord of the manor of Frome Quentin, and the other his trusted and trustworthy steward, James Gilmore, a man who had been his father's confidential friend before he became his own.

The younger man was twenty-seven years of age; but the massiveness of his frame and even of his features, which somewhat suggested the old Roman type of virile maturity, made him look older, an impression strengthened by the habitual gravity and reserve of his manner.

His companion was a lean, keen-eyed Scotchman, whose thick gray hair, brushed up on end, left fully exposed a strongly perceptive brow; a careful beard covered the strong jaw and square chin; but in spite of these features there was a suggestion of sweetness in the physiognomy, as though astuteness was fairly balanced by kindliness. From time to time he shot a quick glance at his companion, as if anxious to observe and to conceal his anxiety. There was an unusual softness in Anthony's expression, as though pleasant thoughts were uppermost and precluded any wish for conversation; and, oddly enough, it was precisely this aspect that disturbed the other's mind. He broke a silence which had lasted some time by saying somewhat abruptly, 'After all, the news may not be true.'

The young man started a little. 'One might almost think you did not wish it to be true, but that is impossible. If I remember right, my brother Fabian was your favourite in the old days.'

'Then, Mr Carruthers, you remember wrong. I loved both my master's sons as well as if they had been my own; but the younger was never altogether to my liking. You see, he always kept our fears on the stretch with his wild ways, for the instinct of the vagabond was born in him, and to tempt danger was his delight; and,' he added under his breath, 'it is these same qualities that have probably brought him to an untimely end. I have no faith at all in this newspaper rumour; for, to my mind,

there is only one explanation of a five years' silence.'

'God forbid! I can't understand why you take this attitude of obstinate incredulity, Gilmore; but a few days or even hours may settle the question. I have calculated time and distance to a nicety, helped by Colonel Ashley's local knowledge, and Fabian may arrive now at any time. He escaped from Lhassa on the second of last month.'

'Was *said* to have escaped,' interjected Gilmore. 'You must bear in mind that you have no information first-hand.'

'And I also bear in mind Fabian's aversion to letter-writing and his fancy for always taking us by surprise. Poor fellow! it will be a terrible blow to find no father to welcome him.'

'Filial duty was not a strong point in Mr Fabian's character,' returned the steward dryly; 'he will bear up under his loss better than you fear.'

Anthony turned upon him with a flash of anger. 'Drop this, Gilmore! I have had enough of it, and am at a loss to understand this sudden animus against my brother; one would think you owed him some personal grudge.'

'Nothing of the kind, Mr Carruthers; there is no personal feeling in my estimate of Mr Fabian. It would be out of the question. But facts are facts, and I remember him as a boy, the ringleader of all the young ruffians in the village, making themselves the terror of the farmers round, no orchard or hen-roost safe from them. Even you will allow that in the old days, when he had got his own way and disappointed all the family plans, he never came home without setting the house at sixes and sevens, and worrying my dear master with all sorts of impossible schemes.'

'It is out of qualities like these that heroes are made,' said Anthony, smiling; 'the dare-devilry of the boy hardens into the courage and endurance of the man. What Fabian has seen and must have suffered!'

'Ay, there was good stuff in him! You take amiss what I have said; but I never meant to deny that he was a fine fellow at bottom, and always scorned a lie—a fine fellow in spite of cranks and self-will. Should he come home—I mean *when* he comes home—we shall see what the last five years have made of him.'

The steward's voice dropped upon a note of dejection; but Anthony Carruthers was not prone to probe a man's mood with questions, and for a time they rode on in silence.

Man and beast were weary, and daylight was fast sinking into the gloom of a winter night; not the twitter of a bird was heard nor the rustle of a wing; the only conscious sound was the soft planting of the horses' hoofs in the spongy earth. An unusual sense of melancholy touched the younger man's spirit, and was certainly not dispelled by Gilmore's next observation.

'Yesterday, Mr Anthony, was the anniversary of your father's death.'

'I was not likely to forget it.'

'No; but it reminds me of a duty I am loath to perform. I need not tell you what you know: that Mr Carruthers was my foster-brother, and that I was not only his steward but his friend and confidant through life. I like to think that you yourself have some of your father's regard for an old servant.'

Anthony looked at him with some surprise.

'Surely there is no need for me to assure you of that! If you have felt for us as sons, I have looked upon you almost in the light of a second father.'

'That comforts me and gives me courage to ask a question that will seem to you a liberty; and indeed it would be a liberty if I were not acting in obedience to your father's last instructions. It was a question not to be put except in the case of Mr Fabian's return. You will remember that after so many years' silence Mr Carruthers believed him to be dead?'

A nod of acquiescence was the answer.

'Another condition was that I should not broach the subject until a year after his decease. I suppose he wished to give time for the leaven to work.'

It was characteristic of the young man that, strange and startling as these obscure utterances were, he did not betray impatience or ask questions. They had by this time reached the lodge-gates leading up to the old house of the Carruthers, and here the steward was accustomed to turn off to his own dwelling, a comfortable stone house across the park.

He opened the gate with his hunting-crop for his master, and reared up his tired horse on the off-side. He was ill at ease. 'Your brother is not yet come home,' he said, 'and it will be better to leave the matter until he is one of us. I spoke too soon.'

'I agree that you spoke too soon,' was the answer; 'but, as you have spoken, I desire you will explain. What is the question that was to stand over while the leaven worked?'

Probably because the answer was difficult and opportunity running short, to say nothing of the touch of sarcasm in Anthony's tone, Gilmore blurted it out with a certain harshness. 'The question is this, Mr Carruthers: have you already asked, or do you intend to ask, Miss Delia Fenwick to be your wife?'

Anthony's eyes shot a spark of fire. 'My father commissioned you to ask me this question a year after his death! I find the statement incredible and—offensive.'

'I will not say,' returned Gilmore quietly, 'that this date was fixed precisely; rather it was to depend upon the return of your brother, safe and sound, from foreign parts, which you

tell me is certain; and on the growth, which was foreseen, of your attachment to Miss Fenwick. When these two events coincided, I was authorised to make a certain communication to you.'

There was a tone of deprecation in the speaker's manner which mollified Anthony's displeasure; moreover, he felt no misgiving as to the threatened disclosure. His record was clean and his future assured. It was probably some unimportant detail concerning the property about which it pleased the good steward to assume consequence. All matters really essential were established.

So he answered cheerfully, 'I think you have been decidedly premature in launching your inquiry, and I will postpone my answer till the other condition is fulfilled. I shall be very happy to receive your communication when we have got Fabian safe and sound amongst us. Good-night.' He nodded dismissal and rode on.

The steward remained looking after him until horse and rider were out of sight, and then moved slowly homewards with head bowed in an attitude of dejection.

'Very happy to receive my communication—very happy!' He was recalling the last words he had heard. 'God knows whether, after all, it is well to make it. Circumstances alter cases and confuse conscience—make good evil and evil good.'

CHAPTER II.

A FLOOD of light and warmth greeted the master as he entered the hall.

He was tired enough to drop into one of the chairs close to the blazing logs on the open hearth. The tea equipage was still on the table, and he was about to help himself to what remained, when the sound of a light step on the stairs and the silken rustle of a woman's skirts arrested his action. His glance unconsciously quickened as Delia Fenwick pushed back the intervening curtain and entered the hall.

'No, no,' she cried, rapidly approaching the table and putting a restraining hand on his arm; 'that will not do, Anthony! The tea is cold and the muffins tough. Ring the bell, please. I told them to have a reserve at a minute's notice. How late you are! I expect you have had a splendid run.'

Her voice was sweet and clear, and the uplifted face full of piquancy and charm. The eyes questioning his were blue as pansies and violets are blue, while the abundant wealth of soft black hair which rose above the broad, low brow gave a suggestion of her nationality. There was, too, a vivacity in her expression and in the free movements of her small, lissom figure, as perhaps in her independence of conventional restraints, that may have been an inheritance from her Celtic ancestry; but under any aspect the girl was a very winsome creature.

Anthony resumed his seat and gave himself up to the witchery of the hour. Delia saw his wants supplied, and waited upon him with a sweet solicitude that soothed him into dreams of bliss. Surely she knew that he loved her! Could a girl of her quick perceptions fail to perceive that the expression of his eyes, the tones of his voice, and the habitual reserve of his manner changed and softened in his intercourse with her; that even now, in the small courtesies of the table, his hand shook a little as he touched her fingers, and the austere face glowed into beauty?

. . . . . .

The family circle at the house was a limited one, consisting only of himself, Anthony Carruthers, and the two ladies, Delia Fenwick and her mother.

The latter had come to take charge of John Carruthers's motherless children when the eldest was a boy of ten, bringing with her an infant daughter to whom the pathetic interest of being a posthumous child attached.

Local opinion had at once decided that the widow, who was young and charming, would certainly succeed in consoling, by a second marriage, the man who was still mourning an adored wife; but local sagacity was at fault. Mr Carruthers, who had been in early life the intimate friend of the gay and impecunious Irishman who was Mrs Fenwick's husband, paid fully the debt of friendship by his generosity to his widow and child. He was accustomed to say that the obligation was all on his side, for he had gained an affectionate and judicious mother for his boys, and for himself a sympathetic friend and an accomplished housekeeper.

It was certain that the arrangement worked well, and the eighteen years of its duration had passed with a curious serenity, the only disturbing influence being the wild and adventurous temper of the youngest son. In accordance with family procedure, the second son of the Carruthers was always destined for the Church, with a view to a good family living; but Fabian obstinately refused the provision. His early career was sufficiently stormy; if he was not actually expelled from Eton, his father had at least received an intimation from the supreme authority to withdraw his son from the college, and at Trinity he had been sent down in his first term. In neither case had the youth's transgressions been of a vicious or heinous character, but had sprung from his deep-rooted resistance to authority (characterised by himself

as tyranny), and from a wild excess of animal spirits.

Mr Carruthers was an indulgent father, and allowed his rebellious son to follow his bent, which took the direction of adventurous travel. As it was combined with no common share of courage and endurance, and with alert powers of observation, it was hoped that the nascent passion of the explorer might be turned to practical account.

It happened, fortunately for young Fabian, that Mr Carruthers was acquainted with the able and enlightened man who had just been appointed as Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and who agreed as an act of private friendship to take the youth with him as an unofficial member of his staff. For the next year or two, under the influence of his chief, Fabian prospered, and was even reported to do good work; but he ultimately broke away from all restraints and wandered into remote and unknown regions as will, opportunity, or imagination led.

Probably his foot was the first to have traversed so exhaustively the pathless silence of the Gobi Desert, since made familiar to us by other travellers. Later, the rage of the explorer growing with what it fed on, he turned his investigation to the Pamir district, fraternising with the half-savage tribes; and finally, skirting the Himalayas, found himself in Thibet, where disaster and captivity lay in wait for him.

Five years had passed, as has been said, since any news had been received of the wanderer; but a report had now appeared in one of the leading newspapers giving an account of the adventures of an Englishman who had gained entrance into Lhassa, of his imprisonment and escape, as reported to the Geographical Society, which left no doubt in Anthony Carruthers's mind that the hero of the ghastly experiences was his brother.

Such was the family history up to the hour when Anthony, tired with the excitement of the day, was resting luxuriously by the hall fireside under the delicious ministrations of Delia Fenwick. There was something so sweet, so almost caressing, in the girl's manner that he felt that the hour had surely come when he might speak of his love and win her reply, and yet he hesitated, as he had often hesitated before. Hitherto it had been through some latent doubt of the nature of her feeling for him that expressed itself with such engaging spontaneity, but to-day he was held back by the remembrance of what James Gilmore had said.

While he debated the question and decided upon postponing speech and action, the dressing-bell rang, and Delia rose at once.

'Before I go to my room,' she said, 'I shall run across to the stables to give Saladin the apple I am quite sure he is expecting, and then the dear boy will rub his head against my shoulder and will tell me if you have taken too much out of him to-day. I thought you looked dead-beat, Anthony, as you came up the avenue, for I watched you from my window, and in that case the horse will have suffered more than the man. You are no light weight, you know.'

She laughed gaily and shook her head, then caught up a shawl that was lying near her, and, wrapping it about her head and shoulders —the soft white wool making a charming frame for her brilliant face—ran lightly from the hall in the direction of the back premises of the house.

Anthony sat some little time longer before he went to his dressing-room; for, now that the glow of feeling subsided which Delia's presence excited, he discovered that he was not only tired but depressed, and that the depression was to be traced to his steward's cryptic utterances. At the time he had regarded them lightly, but now they returned upon him with a sense of misgiving. He hated mysteries. Why could not the man have spoken out, or, if the occasion were not ripe, have held his tongue?

When they met at dinner the talk turned naturally upon the chances of Fabian's return.

Mrs Fenwick had been studying anew the *Times* statement of the notes received by the Geographical Society from the traveller. 'They say,' she said, 'that he is the first man who has done this thing and the other: he has discovered the sources of a great river; he has settled the Himalayan problem—though I do not know what that means—and in so doing has risked his life and liberty by penetrating farther into Thibet than any man has done before him.'

Delia's face lighted up. 'We stay-at-homes are all cowards,' she interposed, 'and it is almost more than we can do even to bring home to ourselves the pluck and heroism of the man who first plants his foot in unknown places, and looks down upon the waters and up to the mountain-tops which no human eye has seen before. Think of it! The awful sense of isolation joined to that of self-sufficiency must make him feel something like a god.'

Her mother smiled. 'That is one side of the shield, but there is another; it hurts me to think what Fabian must have endured, for with all his daring there was a deep sensibility at bottom.'

'You are right,' said Anthony, 'though it needed your affectionate penetration to discover it. Perhaps justice was never quite done to him at home.'

'No,' she replied; 'but there were ample excuses. You see, he disappointed all the family plans and upset the tranquillity of the home. As a boy he was always in disgrace, and

as a man in danger. There was no comfort or security about him, and his dear father loved a quiet, well-ordered life.' She paused as if reflecting on the past, then added, looking at Anthony, 'How your father loved his elder son!'

'He was absolutely just,' returned Anthony warmly, for devotion to his father's memory was a religion to him, 'and incapable of favouritism. In so far as Fabian ran counter to all his hopes and plans, so much greater was his generosity in indulging him.'

'And surely,' cried Delia, 'it is only fair that the son who works in his father's vineyard should be loved better, or at least prized more, than the son who refuses to do so; and yet human nature is so contrary that one rather prefers the rebel. As for me, I scarcely remember Fabian; it is five years since he came home, and then I was away and did not see him. And even before that last time I missed his comings and goings. As a very little girl I was afraid of him—he teased me dreadfully.'

'You were a very provoking little girl,' remarked Mrs Fenwick, smiling.

Anthony and Delia exchanged a look of amused intelligence, and the latter leaned towards her mother and kissed her.

'I love you,' she said, 'for being the thorough-paced partisan you are. I am longing to see him!—Is he like you, Anthony?'

'Not in the least. It is hard to believe that we are brothers.'

'Come, that is scarcely fair,' interposed Mrs Fenwick. 'He is not a son of Anak, I grant, but I used to think his bodily frame must be of wrought-steel. I never knew him to be tired; and he has your eyes, Anthony—that is, his mother's eyes, and as a boy he had her beauty too. When you were youngsters I never knew your voices apart.' Then she added with deep feeling, 'After all he has gone through he will surely come home to settle, and you will learn to know each other as you have never done before. You see, Anthony, you were so little together; but Fabian is worth loving.'

She summoned Delia from the table with a nod, and as Anthony opened the door for their exit he took her hand as she passed him and put it to his lips. 'If,' he said, 'I have not loved Fabian as I ought, I love you better for loving him.'

CHAPTER III.

ANTHONY had said confidently to Gilmore that a few hours might see his brother's return; but not only did hours but days pass, until they ran into weeks, and there was still no sign of the wanderer.

The family expectation had grown weary until they were almost disposed to accept the steward's view of the situation—that either the writer of the geographical notes was not Fabian Carruthers or that he had failed to reach his native land.

What struck Anthony as curious was that Gilmore, while showing anxiety as to the issue of the uncertainty, seemed almost indifferent which way it terminated. There had been no further allusion to the communication of which he had spoken, presumably because the conditions remained unfulfilled; for Fabian was still unheard of, and Anthony had not yet asked Delia to be his wife.

But it is a common experience that when hope has grown languid, and acquiescence in disappointment been reached, fruition is granted.

Christmas had long passed and the new year was some six weeks old when the long-looked-for event occurred.

It happened in this wise. It was late in the afternoon of a soft February day; a gentle rain had been falling since morning, but as the sun neared the west it broke through the clouds till a clear heaven was gained for the sunset glories. Delia, who was the only occupant of the drawing-room, having declined to join her mother in a distant call, was drawn from the fireside to watch the unexpected splendour. From the glowing disc, sinking behind the distant hills, level streamers of lurid crimson ran from west to east, while the wide horizon slowly gathered translucent tints of amethyst and pearl. Delia opened the French windows, which were flush with the terrace on which the house was planted, and stood agaze. A thrush in a neighbouring tree suddenly smote the silence with a few delicious notes, and the scent of the washed violets in the garden below rose on the air.

'How perfect, how peaceful it all is!' she said to herself; 'and yet—and yet'——

She did not put into words the vague yearning after something not yet attained which was the mood of the moment, but stood motionless, with a wistful gaze towards the far-away sea.

The sound of a man's footsteps, muffled by the sodden grass, as of one approaching the house through the garden, drew her eyes downwards. She concluded it was Anthony, who had been out since luncheon with his steward about some estate business, to which he paid such exemplary attention; but as he came nearer she saw it was not Anthony, and a sudden flash of conviction flushed her cheek and quickened her pulses.

The man had reached the open window, and stood still, gazing up at the figure framed in the wide issue, whose downward gaze was riveted upon himself; and for a few breathless moments they remained absorbed in the contemplation of each other. Some subtle con-

sciousness thrilled through each that a crisis in spiritual experience had occurred for which both had waited until now.

Then the eager Delia leaned forward and held out her hands. 'Fabian! Fabian at last!' she cried. 'Welcome home!'

He clasped the friendly hands, and, leaping the terraced bank, stood by her side.

'Delia! It is Delia Fenwick?' he asked, and there was an eager note in his voice.

Delia laughed with a sudden sense of joyousness, and drawing away from him, surveyed with still closer scrutiny the lean, lithe figure and the clean-shaven, haggard face, of which the finely moulded features were as clear-cut as a cameo. She leaned towards him in intent observation. 'I had no remembrance of you at all, Fabian, but you look as I have imagined you might look. You have been ill? Is that the reason you were so long in coming? We have looked for you day and night for months.'

'I have been very ill. I was half-dead when they carried me on board at Rangoon, then revived during the voyage; but suffered a relapse at Marseilles, and have been in hospital there for many weeks.'

'And you would not write to your friends?'

'No; the chances seemed against me, and also in favour of my friends having forgotten me.'

'We have never forgotten you!' she cried warmly. 'Your silence has been cruel; more than five years, and not a word! But I forget; you have not been able to write.' Her eyes were soft with sympathy.

'For the last two years I have been unable to write.'

'Forgive me that I forgot, and dared to reproach you. I see you have suffered horribly. You will tell us all about it.'

'Never! A man who has been in hell, tortured by fiends, keeps his secrets. From this hour'—he made an expressive gesture—'I blot out from memory and record those years of my life. Let us speak of other things. Your mother—I always think of her as mine, Delia—and Anthony, my big brother?'

'They are well, both well, and always thinking about you.'

'And he has lived here all these same years, I suppose, with her and with you?'

'Of course—what else? Is he not a great landed proprietor, with the duties of one?'

Fabian shrugged his shoulders. 'It seems to me incredible! What does that mean? The whole estate is in such good order that there is not even the mild interest of pulling down and building up, the tenants on the farms so well content that disputes and evictions are unknown; even the timber stands from father to son, except for landscape effects, because the purse is so full; and for excitement, Delia, what is there?—the Justice's bench three times a week to convict a poacher or fine a drunkard; and for recreation the pursuit of an evil-smelling little animal maddened by the shameful hurly-burly behind it!'

Delia smiled. 'Big game, which means peril to life and limb, is alone worthy of your prowess; but you are not just to Anthony. You forget he is a student, and, I believe, a writer as well. He is a great archæologist.'

'Both pursuits seem to me equally impossible; but every man to his liking. Fortunately for all, I was the younger son, and nothing mattered. They gave me my head.'

'They! You mean your father, Fabian? You have not asked for him—perhaps you know'—— She hesitated.

'Yes,' he said gravely, 'I know that I have no father; that news reached me in our solicitors' office ten days ago, and it cut so deep that I felt in no hurry to show myself at home. Your welcome was very sweet, Delia.'

He seemed restless, and began to walk about the room, examining the pictures on the walls, glancing at the contents of cabinets, and handling the objects of costly bric-à-brac with which the tables were covered, and meanwhile asking eager questions as to which of the old servants were still on the staff, and if James Gilmore still ruled the roost.

'I think I am nervous,' he said, 'and half-dread the meeting between me and my friends. Can you understand, Delia? I have gone through so much that I have felt myself a dead man many times over, and have now the sensations of a *revenant* revisiting the familiar scenes of his boyhood. It comforted me that you knew me and welcomed me, for I was afraid that I was altered out of all recognition, and might be scouted as an impostor.'

He came and sat down beside her, looking into the lovely, blooming face with a wistfulness of expression that moved her sensibly. Then he took her hand and touched it with his lips.

'You must pardon me if I seem intrusive or impertinent, for I have lost the ways of society, and nothing lovely or kind has met my eyes for so long that my gratitude must find some vent. One word, Delia, before Anthony and I meet. You will promise not to be angry?'

'No, no; you could ask me nothing that will make me angry.'

'Are you his pledged wife? It was my father's favourite scheme.'

Delia laughed. Her laughter was delicious, low, clear, and musical. 'Anthony and I are the best of good friends,' she answered, 'as who would not be good friends with Anthony? But we have never thought of each other except as such, or as brother and sister. If it ever were a wish of your father's, I think no one knows it but yourself.'

'Ah! that is a relief, and probably I make a

mistake; my memory has become confused. But they are coming. I hear wheels.'

'I hear nothing; your senses must be more acute than mine. But it is about the time for my mother's return. Will you go and meet her?'

But he had already started up and darted through the open window, intercepting the carriage before it had reached the door of the house. 'Stop!' he cried to the coachman in a tone of command. 'Ah! you know me, old friend?'

In the same moment he had leaped into the victoria and clasped Mrs Fenwick in his arms; her own had been open to receive him, as she gave a little cry of joy. 'My mother! my more than mother!' the man said in a choking voice. 'I thank God time has not touched you. Would you have known me as Fabian?'

'Why, you are scarcely altered, my darling!' was the answer, and it was scarcely a fond woman's falsehood, for the eyes that met her own and the voice that melted her heart were instinct with the old charm and the old expression.

He kept his seat beside her, hand clasping hand, till the entrance to the house was reached, when he helped her to alight and led her tenderly into the hall, where Delia had run forward to meet them. Having thus, as it seemed, secured her safety, he turned back again to the open air.

Mrs Fenwick put a detaining touch on his arm. 'You are surely not going to leave us before I have quite realised that we have got you safe home again?'

'For a little while only. I should prefer to meet Anthony out of doors, and am going to find him. We will return together. Afternoon tea, I hope, is still the custom?'

'But you are bareheaded!' she objected.

He smiled and pulled a cloth cap out of his pocket. 'Do not be afraid. I will not forget that I am in England, and will offend none of the conventions.'

The mother and daughter watched him out of sight, then turned to each other with a look of inquiry.

'How does he strike you, mother dear?' asked Delia. 'Is he as you expected to find him?'

'I hardly dared to hope he would be so much the same,' was the answer. 'My heart is still warm with the embrace he gave me; dear boy! and they dare to say he lacks sensibility! But how does my little Delia like him?'

Delia raised her pretty brows as one in doubt. 'It is early times yet to judge,' she said; 'but he is very different from Anthony.' Her cheek flushed a little. 'Dear old Anthony,' she added, 'how good he is to all of us!'

In the meantime the wanderer was walking slowly in the direction in which he had been advised his brother was likely to come. The last hour had been an exciting one, and he felt that he needed an interval for self-recollection. Also, as he had said, he was anxious to meet his brother in the open air without the restraint of four walls or of spectators. But in respect to the latter condition he was disappointed. He had not proceeded far in the direction of the village when he saw two figures in the distance. One he recognised at once as Anthony, and the other, with a sense of vexation, as James Gilmore.

The recognition was mutual, and both men hurried forward to the accost, the steward discreetly falling a little behind.

'Anthony, my dear fellow, how splendid you look!'

'Fabian, at last, but how altered!'

Fabian flushed with annoyance. 'Nonsense! I am as right as a trivet. A man does not put on flesh who knocks about the world after my fashion, and I have had a bad bout of fever. We have not all your luck. You look like one of the gods of Olympus!'

Anthony smiled indulgently and drew Fabian's arm within his own.

'I am thankful to have you home again,' he said. 'We have been expecting you so long, but you will explain everything. Have you been to the house and seen the ladies?' He implied a further question that he hesitated to ask.

Fabian nodded assent to both, then made a cordial motion towards Gilmore to join them. 'I do not think you have turned a hair or added a line to that dour old face of yours since our last parting at the Victoria Docks,' he said, shaking him by the hand. 'You remember? You wished me God-speed, but implied you had little expectation your good wishes would be granted.'

'Perhaps I was not so far wrong,' was Gilmore's answer, as his keen eyes traversed the young man's face and figure; 'you have been through the fire, Mr Fabian; but I thank God you have come out alive, and purged perhaps of the craze for risking dear life for the least possible gain or no gain at all.' He smiled his grim but kindly smile, and excused himself for taking leave of the brothers. 'You will have much to say to each other,' he said, 'and my say can well stand over till another time.' He glanced significantly towards Anthony, but failed to meet his eye.

Fabian, however, caught the meaning of both look and tone. 'Has the old fellow some secret in his keeping?' he asked as they walked home together. 'He looked own brother to the Sphinx.'

Anthony started a little. 'What secret can he have? There are no skeletons in our closet; but I can think of nothing but the fact that we have got our distinguished traveller safe home

once more. How our womenkind will rejoice over you, and you will set the country-side on fire!' He paused a moment. 'I think you said you had already seen Delia. You would scarcely remember her?'

'I remembered her perfectly as a child; as a woman she is, without gainsaying, the sweetest woman I have ever seen.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE return of Fabian Carruthers stirred not only county but London society. It brought a wave of delicious excitement into the immediate home-circle. Anthony, who was something of a recluse, whose duties were those of the enlightened and beneficent landlord, and whose pleasures were chiefly enclosed between the walls of his library, honoured his brother's reputation by a series of entertainments. Dinners of somewhat old-fashioned stateliness were given to the county—meaning by the phrase the old gentry of royal Dorset—and not to the 'county' only, but to the professional lights and substantial tenant-farmers of a wide district. And what was of far more interest, certain men of science whose names were household words in other countries than their own came down for a week-end visit to enjoy the hospitality of the historic mansion, and to discuss geographical and ethnological problems with the traveller.

All this pleased Delia, partly because no gathering was too grave or academic to be insensible to the charm of her beauty and vivacity, but chiefly because she was intensely interested, not perhaps so much in what Fabian Carruthers had to tell as in the way he told it.

His habitual manner was somewhat languid and weary; but when his subject interested him his whole being was kindled to a flame, the haggard face glowed into beauty, and his voice took a tone of passionate intensity not to be heard unmoved. He had the power not only of describing what he had seen, but of bringing home the impression received, so that the indefinable charm of the desert, whether it took the magical colour of Egypt or that of the sombre stretches of Gobi, stole insensibly into the apprehension of the listener. Over and above this passion of the explorer were the acuteness and exactitude of his observations on the previously unknown tribes he had discovered, and the intelligence of his deductions; but now as always—though his Thibetan experiences were sought after as of supreme interest, and he had here also much to relate—he could never be induced to enter into detail of the captivity he had endured or of the sufferings inflicted. 'There can be no interest,' he would say, 'in details so purely personal.'

Then there was a week of golden experience, when the whole family went up to town in order to hear Fabian Carruthers read his paper before the Geographical Society. Delia and her mother thrilled with triumph as they looked round upon the sea of faces all intent on that unit of adventurous humanity who, with the impersonal zest of the scientific explorer, related the important issues of his five years' wanderings. Not even the taste of London gaieties—the theatre, restaurant, or dance—weakened the glow of Delia's enthusiasm.

It seemed to Anthony at this time as if he were the mere spectator of events over which he had no power of influence. He was generously alive to the unique charm and interest of his brother's personality, and equally alive to the spell it exercised over the girl he had hoped to win.

She and Fabian were constant companions. They rode together, and together took walks of a distance unknown to Delia's enterprise before; and when in the evenings the mood of impatient restlessness was upon him which household quiet seemed to provoke, Delia, who had a delightful musical gift, would play and sing to him by the hour—the David, as she expressed it, to his Saul.

It was keen in Anthony's recollection how capricious had been her acquiescence when he had asked for the same indulgence. Up to this time his mind and leisure had been so occupied with the business and stir following Fabian's return, and, later, in the patient, quiet watching of the growth of the feeling between him and Delia, that he had all but forgotten his steward's postponed communication.

His was a nature so deeply reserved under its superficial pleasantness that few, if any, guessed the strength and depth of the undercurrent. With Anthony Carruthers duty had become a passion; and although he had not great sympathy with his brother's wild love of adventure, the bias of his own mind was alien to the life and interests of a mere country gentleman.

As Delia had said, he was a student and an archæologist of considerable distinction; and if he had followed his inclinations they would have led him often abroad to the great centres of literary research for the purposes of discussion and comparison. But he was the representative of an old and honoured house, and his father had died in the happy conviction that Anthony would be content to fulfil the functions of a large landed proprietor and county magnate. Also, to give charm to the rôle, John Carruthers had thought it probable that his son would love and marry Delia Fenwick.

Anthony had fulfilled the expectation so far as desire went, but the issue threatened to work

out in disappointment. Until Fabian's return he had persuaded himself that his love was in the way of being recognised and reciprocated, or perhaps he had rather tried so to persuade himself. The girl's sweet friendliness at times fired and at times chilled his heart. It was pleasant to meet the frank tenderness that shone in her dear eyes, and warmed the pressure of her hand, and gave value to the solicitude that remembered and consulted his personal tastes; but the doubt forced itself that such frank affectionateness lacked the subtle essence of love.

But if he had shut his mind against this fear hitherto, he was no longer self-deceived. Delia, with Fabian, at once eager and shy, with the changing colour on her cheek and the eyes radiant with happiness as they met the answering light in his, and with voice instinct with passionate sympathy for his every look or word or action, taught him how the lover differs from sister or friend. If Fabian were absent the girl seemed indifferent, with an unaccustomed touch of irritability; but when he entered the room, and at once, as his custom was, drew near to her and claimed her attention, her whole being quickened and responded, and her loveliness took on a new and more enchanting aspect.

There was no marvel in it. Fabian's personality was magnetic, and there was the aroma of romance and heroism about him. He had stories to tell of surpassing interest; stories, too, from which self and arrogance were curiously eliminated, and which gained a double charm from his natural eloquence and from a voice of subtle sweetness and expressiveness.

CHAPTER V.

IT happened one morning, some time after the London visit, that Anthony was awaiting a visit from Gilmore on some points of business connected with the plans for a cottage hospital which he desired to erect on the estate. The steward was late, and Anthony rose from his desk and sauntered to the window. The room used as an office overlooked, but at a considerable distance, a secluded corner of the gardens employed by the head-gardener as a nursery for spring blossoms.

Delia often visited the preserve with garden scissors and basket, as she loved to choose and cut her own flowers for house decoration, and Anthony saw she was standing there now with Fabian beside her. He had taken two or three daffodils from the basket in her hand, and was holding them against the soft masses of her hair, pleased with the charm of the contrast. The girl looked up smiling into the face bowed above her own, and the man bent his head responsively until their lips met. In the next moment Fabian held her clasped in his arms, though this Anthony did not see, for he had recoiled from the window with an intolerable pang.

As he turned he came face to face with Gilmore, who had entered the room so quietly as not to have been heard. There was a moment's awkward pause, for Anthony doubted whether he might not have betrayed himself to the keen observation of the other; but there was no hint of it in his manner. He had the architect's plan of the hospital in his hand, which he at once spread out and began to discuss details. Anthony pulled himself together, but the effort was severe. Delia and her mother had been greatly interested in the scheme; but of late, since Fabian's return, the girl's enthusiasm had cooled, but that, as he said to himself, was no excuse for neglect or indifference on his part. Gilmore had never known him more mentally alert or his suggestions of greater value.

When the matter had been fully discussed he still lingered, although his penetration showed him that his master had no inclination for further business. He had already got up from his seat and turned to the door, when he came back again to the table; there was still on his mind an undischarged obligation.

'May I speak to you, Mr Carruthers, on a subject I have mentioned before? It lies heavy on my mind.'

Anthony looked up impatiently. 'Do you mean the matter you spoke of before Fabian's return? Is it really important? I am not much in the mood for further business.'

'There is no doubt of its importance. I have been to blame for putting it off so long.' He hesitated, and looked at the young man with an expression that softened his features. 'It is not good news,' he said in a lowered tone.

'Then by all means let us have it—straight out, Gilmore! You have a way of beating about the bush.'

The announcement had served as a challenge; Anthony threw off regret and dejection, and braced himself to meet the disclosure. A misgiving, such as he had not felt before, took possession of his mind.

For a minute or two Gilmore fumbled with the papers in his hand, then asked tentatively, 'You remember your mother, Mr Carruthers?'

'Remember my mother! Can you forget that I was ten years old when she died, and that I worshipped her? I have never seen any other woman like her—so lovely, so sweet, so saintly.' His voice dropped on a note of exquisite tenderness.

'She was all that, and no doubt you know that Mr Carruthers made her acquaintance in Quebec, and that she had French-Canadian

blood in her veins. No doubt it is from his mother that Mr Fabian gets his quicksilver. She was the only child of a widow, who died quite suddenly and left her daughter alone in the world, and almost penniless. Your father, who was already very much in love with the young lady—her name was Adela Bellairs—— But you will know all this, Mr Anthony?'

'No; some of these things I never heard before.'

Gilmore fidgeted a little; he was evidently uneasy. 'Mr Carruthers at that time, unfortunately, held views on the question of the marriage bond that he lived bitterly to deplore. It was not the outcome of any lightness of principle or of conduct, but of opinion. He had read a great deal of what I call false and dangerous philosophy, and he had known of some very unhappy marriages. He thought the tie should not be indissoluble, so that it could be broken when faith in each other or love failed. He persuaded your mother, who was very young—almost a child—and who looked up to him as the best and wisest of men, to take the same view.'

He stopped a moment in his story, and then added, but without looking at the other, 'You were a year old, Mr Anthony, when your father married Adela Bellairs.'

The blow had fallen and produced no sound. Anthony sat motionless, with stern, set face, and eyes fixed on the speaker; while Gilmore hurried on with a feeling of relief that the worst had been told.

'At the time that I am speaking of—that is, before and after your birth—Mr Carruthers had not the smallest expectation of succeeding to the family property. His elder brother George was alive and married, with two healthy boys, and a good prospect of more to come. Then a very pitiful thing happened: the boys were smitten with diphtheria and died within a few days of each other; the poor mother, who had nursed them, in defiance of infection, following them to the grave. Your uncle George, whom, of course, you never knew, was a broken-hearted man; he died through an accident in the hunting-field, from which it was said he might have recovered if he had had the will to do so; but life to him was no longer worth living.

'When this happened I was sent out by the family solicitors to inform your father and bring him home. It was well known here at Frome Quentin that he was married and had a son, no one having the least suspicion that the union was an irregular one. He was living at this time in a remote part of Italy, perfectly happy in a romantic seclusion which most men would have found irksome. It was, of course, the first time I had seen your mother, and I thought I had never seen so lovely a creature—Mr Fabian favoured her when he was a boy—or such perfect love and harmony as ruled the household. You were a very fine little fellow, and the idol of both.'

Once again he paused, oppressed by the unbroken silence, and this time he looked at Anthony almost piteously.

'My dear master,' he urged, 'have you nothing to say?'

'Nothing,' was the answer. 'Go on to the end.'

'Well, Mr Anthony, you will not wonder that the news I brought affected your father painfully. His first thought was of you. "Could I have foreseen this I should have acted differently," he said. You know I was his foster-brother, and he gave me his full confidence. I think compunction had been growing since the birth of his son, and now the question of property and family honour came in. He lost not a day in righting the wrong; but, leaving me in charge of the household, he crossed the frontier with your mother into Switzerland, where they were married according to the rite of the Anglican Church in the first town that offered facilities.

'After, we all returned to Frome Quentin together, he and his wife and child being cordially welcomed by the county. No breath of suspicion stirred, nor has it ever stirred since; from that hour to this the secret has been kept, and in the event of Mr Fabian's death or disappearance it was decided by your father that you should never know it either.'

Anthony's hand shaded his face so that Gilmore could not read its expression.

He resumed in a tone meant for consolation: 'There is no single human being, save myself, who knows it; from their first union at Quebec there was no friend to interpose a question. Marriage was taken for granted, and afterwards it was the same in Italy. The English clergyman who finally performed it supposed that the beautiful girl before the altar was a bride like any other. So implicit had been her reliance on your father that no question of wrongdoing had troubled her mind previously. On the other hand, Mr Carruthers deplored his error bitterly—time, I think, deepening the impression; but to make the truth known would have tarnished the reputation of his wife and disinherited the son he loved best. He argued that the only person injured by it was your brother, unconscious of the injury and quite indifferent to the position that was legally his.'

Anthony looked up. 'Then, when did you get your commission? How was it that my father changed his mind?'

'I think that it was during his last illness that the possibility of Mr Fabian being still alive and coming home weighed on his mind. In that case I was to tell you the truth, especially if you were likely to marry Miss Fenwick, as it would be unfair for her to be deceived. But I was to speak to you only that you might decide

whether or no to keep the secret which injured no man, so that all things might continue as before.'

'I see,' said Anthony in the same quiet tone as before. 'Have you any proofs of what you have told me?'

The steward looked at him wistfully; he felt baffled by his self-containment. 'I have carried this little packet about with me for some time,' he answered, drawing it forth from his breast-pocket as he spoke, 'and it is both a pain and a relief to me to put it into your hands. It contains a letter from your father, the seal of which was to be broken by no one but yourself, and also the certificates of your birth and baptism, and of your parents' marriage.'

He put down the packet on the table before Anthony, who had shown no inclination to take it in his hands.

'The certificate,' he said, 'of the birth and baptism of a son to John Carruthers and Adela Bellairs. You can go now, Gilmore; you have done your part.'

The tone was so incisive that the steward rose; but his heart was wrung with sympathy. It is when the wound is mortal that there is no outcry. 'My orders were,' he broke in, 'to destroy all those papers if your brother did not return or was not heard of for a year after your father's death. I could find in my heart to wish I had done so.'

'In that case you would have done a cruel wrong.'

Gilmore ventured to put his hand affectionately on the speaker's shoulder, but Anthony shook it off.

'Go!' he said sternly; 'go, as I bid you!' And then, as he met the suffused, faithful gaze, he added more gently, 'Go, for I can bear no more.'

CHAPTER VI.

LEFT alone, Anthony suffered his head to fall on his arms folded on the table before him, while wave upon wave of anguish and humiliation passed over him. There had always been an element of special tenderness and solicitude in his father's treatment of him; now it was explained—it was the attempt to expiate the inexpiable wrong. And his sweet and beloved mother, whose innocence had been sacrificed to a man's perverted dogmatism! The thought of her action cut him to the quick, and was only to be endured by the consideration that sins of ignorance are expunged from the divine record. Then, may it not have been that, having learnt to recognise the truth, the knowledge of it had given to her character that lovely humility amidst so many graces that had endeared her to all who knew her?

The crucial question remained: was he bound to bring shame upon that sacred memory? His own loss, although he felt it to the full, was what least affected him. Every man of honour and manly temper shrinks from the brand of illegitimacy, though Anthony's nature was too virile and self-poised to accept it as impugning his actual worth. Another consideration weighs with all conscientious men: when a post of responsibility has been held, and fulfilled, it goes hard to pass over its duties to another obviously unfit for them.

But that other—his brother Fabian? It would behove him to give up his life of adventure and assume the headship of the family, a family the distinction of which exceeded that of many a brilliant peerage; and to reconcile him to the unwelcome position, he would have won Delia Fenwick to share it with him.

And for himself? The conditions would be too hard to admit of his remaining a member of the household. There was a limit demanded by self-respect; he must make a career for himself at a distance from a home where he had sustained so complete an overthrow.

A lurid light was now thrown upon his father's will, the terms of which had excited attention and speculation when read: 'According to the strict family entail, I leave everything of which I die possessed in real or personal estate to my eldest son, with injunction that he should make an adequate provision for his brother.' The omission of the brothers' Christian names had provoked considerable surprise as well as the incisive brevity of the deed. A few legacies to his steward, to his lawyers, and to servants of the household followed; but these were conveyed in the briefest terms. Many years before his death he had invested a considerable sum of money for Mrs Fenwick's benefit, with reversion to her daughter, so that no question as to their provision could arise in the future. Upon these problems a sinister light was now thrown: *his father had arranged for potentialities.*

As Anthony raised himself from his attitude of dejection his eyes fell upon the packet which Gilmore had placed before him. He had said it contained a letter from his father. Anthony opened it, and before breaking the seal of the letter examined the certificates enclosed. They were precisely what the steward had said: the register of his own birth and baptism under the name of Anthony Carruthers, and the certificate of a marriage between John Carruthers and Adela Bellairs at a date when it was evident that the child was in his second year. There was no flaw, no room for question or doubt, and the reader studied and replaced the documents with the rigid but dignified self-command which braces brave spirits in the crisis of disaster.

Then he broke the seal of his father's letter. It was, after his father's way, brief and incisive:

'When you read this, Anthony, you will know from James Gilmore that I have done you and the angelic woman who bore you what is held to be an irreparable wrong. I do not know if the son will forgive the father; but, if not, enmity does not pierce the grave. I have called it irreparable, but that is at your discretion. I conjure you to consider whether any good end will be gained by betraying the secret of your birth, casting dishonour upon a sacred grave, and giving to your brother a position for which he is unqualified and does not desire. But, decide as you may, my blessing—such as it is worth—goes with you.'

As Anthony reached the conclusion of this letter a second time, he was interrupted by a light knock at the door, and Delia's voice asking, 'May I come in?'

Had he been less engrossed he must have heard her footsteps; but, as it was, the interruption seemed like the sudden awakening from a frightful dream. She did not, however, wait for permission, but opened the door and entered.

He saw that her face was radiant, and that she wore amidst her soft black hair two or three daffodils charmingly disposed. As he looked at her he had a vague sensation as if a cycle of time had rolled between them since he saw her last and had received that wound to his love.

What had he now to do with love or with Delia? He folded up the letter he still held in his hand, and slipped it carefully with the other papers into its cover in order to gain a moment's time to recover his usual manner. Then, 'What is it, Delia? You don't often venture into my den.'

'The luncheon-bell has been rung twice, Anthony, and you know when you are in the house my mother never likes to sit down without you, so I offered to go and see if you were too busy to eat to-day.' She gave one of her sweet little rippling laughs, and, drawing nearer to him, put her hand on his arm. 'That is not quite all the reason why I came. I wanted to speak to you alone, before we all met at table.'

She blushed a little, and bent her graceful head until it almost touched his shoulder; then, as if scorning her shyness, she looked up, her eyes soft and shining with tender excitement. 'I—I wanted to tell you how happy I am—that is, how happy *we* are—Fabian and I. I wanted to know that you would approve—you have always been to me my incarnate conscience, Anthony—that you would not mind our loving each other.'

He stood looking down upon her, at the love-light in her sweet eyes and the delicious colour on her cheek; in her attitude there was something wistful and appealing. 'Why should I mind, Delia?' was his slow answer. 'All we want for those we love is that they should be happy, and you know that I have always loved you.'

'But not as Fabian loves me?' she asked quickly.

'No, not as Fabian loves you.'

She looked at him with some uncertainty, then dropped her eyes and moved away from him. 'You do not look quite like yourself,' she said; 'I should be afraid it was my news, and that you did not quite approve, only that I noticed it when I first came in. I know Mr Gilmore has been here, and no doubt he has been worrying you. You will feel better, Anthony, when you have had something to eat.'

He laughed, and in spite of himself he could not keep the bitterness out of his laughter. Lunch as a panacea for a blasted life!

He turned back to the table to pick up the fateful packet and put it in his breast-pocket. Then to Delia, 'You are right. Gilmore has been tedious to-day. Let us try what having something to eat will do for both of us.'

CHAPTER VII.

WEEKS passed, and spring slowly melted into summer; the horizons widened over the sun-drenched Dorset downs and over the distant sea. Nature seemed to have reached the point of perfect fruition and to be holding it in equipoise for a brief transcendent period.

Never had the wide demesnes of the Carruthers showed greater prosperity, whether it was the corn in the arable fields whitening for the harvest, the luscious triumph of pinery and grape-vine, or the varied splendours of the flower-garden. Farm, homestead, and mansion seemed sunned in full content.

Anthony was very busy, more so even than his wont, in examining every detail, whether agricultural or financial, of the estate; leases were confirmed or renewed, and in some cases a farm changed hands; the stock in the home-farm, the horses in the home-stable, and even the members of the household staff were all subjected to a strict scrutiny with the view to weeding out anything that did not reach the standard of excellence.

Gilmore, associated in all these varied transactions, followed his master's lead in observant and dutiful silence. No word had passed between them on the subject of the late disclosure; but no word was needed, for every action meant renunciation.

It had been the custom for Mrs Fenwick to take Delia for a few weeks to town during the London season, Anthony owning a small house in Hans Place. The house was let on lease to a friend of the family, who was always willing to accept arrangements for the annual visit;

sometimes Anthony went with them, but more frequently he took the opportunity of a trip to Paris or Berlin to compare notes with his Continental friends on scientific subjects common to each. This year, however, it was agreed that all should stop at home.

The lovers found satisfaction enough in themselves and their surroundings, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that one of them did so. It was obvious to the intent but veiled observation of Anthony that Fabian was growing restless, and, if not weary of love, at least weary of domesticity, and that his own consciousness of it tended to melancholy and irritability; therefore the elder brother decided that the time was ripe to make known to him his true position, and so to provide him with new and adequate interests at home. The acknowledged head of the Carruthers must cease to be a wanderer over trackless wastes and amongst alien tribes, and must establish himself with the sweet woman he had won for wife to fulfil the functions demanded by society and custom.

From the first apprehension of the bitter truth Anthony's resolution was taken; to surrender that to which he had no legal right was to his mind no refinement of integrity, but a claim of justice from which escape was impossible. If he had used delay, it was simply that he might put his house in order, and also that he might make sure that Delia's well-being was in the way of being secured.

On this point he was far from satisfied; Fabian was not of the temper of which satisfactory lovers are made; he was still untamed, excitable, enamoured of action and change. Delia loved him with the passion of the hero-worshipper, touched with humility, as such passion always is; he loved her as a phase of feeling hitherto unknown to his strange experience of life.

To Anthony's sense of personal loss was added the sharper pang of knowing that she who was his heart's desire was building up her future happiness on an uncertain foundation; and surely to see the good misprized for which we would willingly lay down our own life is as great an unhappiness as the remembrance of happy days in misery. There was at times a wistful expression in her eyes, an unconscious pathos in tone and manner in her intercourse with her lover, that wrung his heart with anguish.

The consolation on which he relied was that the fundamental change in Fabian's position would also effectually change his point of view; and, having at this time fulfilled all the duties he had set himself as trustee of the property, he decided to take the first opportunity of giving him the momentous information. He had made his personal arrangements which would take him far away from the wedded lovers reigning in his stead in a home that would be his no longer; nothing remained to be done except the act of surrender.

It had been a day of incessant rain in the midst of a dry and flaming June; but towards evening the rain ceased, and the grateful earth was sending forth its mingled odours from dripping bough and herb and petal, and the birds, silenced by the downpour, were bursting into pæans of song.

Delia and Fabian had been whiling away the hours together over the piano and a portfolio of photographic sketches that he had accumulated in his travels. Anthony, who was, as it were, lying in wait for his brother's leisure, had shut himself up in the library, a room he loved, and now loved all the better that its associations were to become a memory.

As the rain ceased he had opened the wide windows and carried the table on which his book rested to the deep recess they formed, so as to be better able to taste the sweetness of the world outside. His mood was not a studious one, though he had compelled his attention to his subject, and it was with a throb of mingled satisfaction and reluctance that he heard the door open and saw that it was his brother who entered.

'I hoped I should find you here,' he said, advancing. 'I have wanted to have a good square talk with you for the last week or more, but you are so hard to catch; one wonders what you can find to do.' He pulled a chair to the open window and sat down with an air of weariness.

'I am tired to death, Anthony—tired of sloth and household comfort, and the awful drudgery of the day's routine, and I am come to make a clean breast of it to you.'

He pulled Anthony's book towards him and looked at the title-page; it happened to be a volume of Mommsen's *Rome*. He pushed it from him with a smile. 'It passes my understanding,' he went on, 'how a man of your thews and sinews and splendid health can dribble out existence over a printed page!'

Anthony smiled rather grimly. 'A love of books for some of us,' he answered, 'is a better possession than houses and lands. I am glad you have found me out, Fabian, for, as it happens, I have had something on my mind to tell you for a much longer time than a week or more. Shall we be interrupted?' He rose, crossed the room, and closed the door, which the other had left open.

'I think not. Delia and her mother were going out for a drive when I left them; they wanted me to go with them, but I draw the line of subservience there.'

He laughed a little, and passed an impatient hand through his crisp, curling hair. Rest and ease and good living had filled out the hollow cheeks and the sharp outlines of his figure.

Fabian Carruthers was perhaps less interesting to a sentimentalist, but far more satisfying to the ordinary observer.

Anthony's feeling, as he looked at him, was that he had never known before how near his brother's good looks touched on manly beauty. He began to speak. 'Since we have both something to say, I claim the right of the elder to speak first; besides, your business cannot be so important as mine. It concerns a family secret, and will hurt you a little. You must understand that I have only known it since your return.' There was no mistaking the importance of what Anthony might be about to say, for voice and expression were weighted with meaning.

Fabian drew his chair closer to the table, and with his elbows planted upon it and his chin in his hands, gazed steadfastly into Anthony's face. 'If it hurts, why tell me?' he asked. 'I see it hurts you, dear old fellow. Is it necessary?'

For answer Anthony drew out the packet he always carried about with him, and, selecting the three momentous certificates, pushed them across to his brother. He had no intention of showing their father's letter, which suggested a course he declined to adopt.

'I think,' he said, 'the shortest, at least the easiest, way will be to let these documents explain themselves. After, I will give you all the particulars which James Gilmore gave me.' He got up and took a turn or two through the long room; to sit opposite to Fabian while he was making himself master of the bitter truth was more than Anthony could bear.

Silence reigned; he saw that his brother had spread the three strips of official paper open before him, and was intent on their investigation. Presently a sharp exclamation escaped him; then, in a stifled voice, 'Good God!' he said.

Then Anthony went back to the table. 'I see that you understand.'

'That our father was a scoundrel, and our mother'—— His voice broke with passion.

'Not that, Fabian! not that! He was a dreamer, and went astray; but as soon as he awoke he redeemed his error. You must hear the story as James Gilmore told it.'

Fabian listened with close attention, and looked up eagerly as Anthony ceased speaking. 'If no one knows, if the secret has been so well kept, what does it matter? I will take your view of it, and forget what I have heard.'

'You lose sight of one important fact that what was a secret is one no longer, so far as you and I are concerned. To hush it up is now impossible; we both know that our positions are radically changed.'

'You mean'—— Fabian stopped short and bit his lip.

'I mean,' said Anthony firmly, 'that you take my place, a place to which I have never had a right, and I'—he hesitated—'not yours exactly, for I have not even the claim of a younger son, but the place which our father indicated by will. He foresaw this.'

'Am I to understand,' asked the other, rising to his feet, 'that you are to publish to the world the scandal of your birth?'

'What else can an honest man do?' was the stern reply. 'I bear the penalty of our father's wrongdoing; but to refuse to bear it would stain me with deeper dishonour. You have been kept too long out of your own.'

'But my own, or what you call my own, I refuse to accept; no power on earth could induce me to take on my shoulders the weight of inheritance.'

'Ah! that is because you have not had time to consider, and you speak in the heat of surprise and good feeling. No doubt you too will have something to give up; but there is the obligation of duty on your side as well as on mine.'

Fabian shrugged an impatient shoulder. 'In the event of my turning country gentleman do you turn vagabond?' he asked dryly.

'Not after your fashion, nor beyond the bounds of civilisation; but I go away from the old home and from Frome Quentin. I have thought it all out, Fabian; you will soon reconcile yourself to your new position; possession and independence are persuasive influences, and for full consolation you will be better able to make Delia a thank-offering for her love.'

For a moment or two Fabian stood in silent deliberation, his brows knit and head bent; then he looked up with an air of decision.

'Did I not tell you before this wretched business was handled what you must have seen for yourself, Anthony, that I find my life here insupportable? I was coming to you as my father-confessor. All that you have told me goes for nothing. I repeat that neither heaven above nor earth beneath nor even the depths below would induce me to change places with you, quite apart from any decent consideration for the family honour or natural affection for my big brother. As we were in the eyes of the world so we remain. Not a breath of all this shall stir the air outside. I refuse to inherit; I refuse to be an accessory to your precious scheme of restitution.'

He stooped over the certificates that lay open on the table as though to examine them anew; and then, before Anthony could divine his purpose or interpose to prevent it, he tore across and across the registers of birth and of baptism.

'Pardon me,' he said, 'but it was the shortest way out. There is little more than a year between us, and this certificate of legal marriage'—holding it out to him as he spoke—'shall answer for us both. Who knows—who cares to know? It shall remain a family secret.'

Fabian glowed with satisfaction.

[*Christmas Number.*

Anthony put his hand on his brother's shoulder. 'My dear fellow,' he said gravely, 'you have done a rash and generous thing; but it makes no real difference. We cannot alter facts. Nothing is easier than to obtain copies of what you have destroyed.' He picked up the fragments as he spoke.

'But who will ever care to do so, or know that such evidence exists? I have often heard our father say that you and I were now the sole representatives of the Carruthers, and in our default the Crown would inherit. Be reasonable, Anthony! But no man is so unreasonable as one bent on a preposterous act of self-sacrifice.'

'It is curious,' was the answer, 'how you seem to lose sight of the consideration that ought to weigh most with you—that in taking your rights you offer Delia Fenwick a position any woman might welcome.'

Fabian looked up with an air of finality. 'But I shall never marry,' he said, 'either Delia Fenwick or any other woman. It was precisely this that I came to tell you before you had so unnecessarily diverted my mind.'

Perhaps Anthony was less surprised than might have been expected; but none the less the blow aimed at Delia seemed to strike against his own breast. 'You will break her heart,' he said slowly.

'I should much more surely break her heart if I married her,' was Fabian's reply. 'I was meant for no woman's husband—the slavery of domesticity is intolerable, and there is nothing in me that responds to the call of family ties. You are going to tell me I have behaved infamously. Well, I am still human, and Delia at the beginning took me by storm; and, after, she charmed and soothed me because I was only half myself, worn out with the cruelty of my bad time at Lhassa. I should desert her sooner or later, and, in dread of my bondage, should never return. Delia is for you, Anthony—with all the rest.' He got up and shook himself with the gesture of a man flinging off a burden, and smiled up into his brother's stern and frowning face. 'More! I have told her this—convinced her that I have been wrong and am now right, and she has taken it like the sensible girl that she is. She understands what I have pointed out to her, that her feeling for me is a phase of sentiment, a glamour not in the least capable of standing the workaday test; and at the bottom of her discriminating soul lies the image of a man every way superior to myself, and able to give her all of which I possess nothing. Delia swerved from you as the needle swerves under climatic influence, but it returns to its allegiance.'

'You have told her this?'

'And more besides, which I now hasten to tell you. My plans, Anthony, are made for departure. I am possessed with a new impulse stronger, I think, than any which has moved me before. I have offered myself to join the forthgoing Antarctic Expedition, and been accepted. All I ask is that you should interpret liberally the *adequate* provision allotted to me in our father's indefinite will. Money, and plenty of it, will be wanted, and I am anxious to do my part according to my means.'

He stopped as if to study the effect of his rapid utterance in the other's severe and clouded face. He was going on, when Anthony silenced him with an authoritative gesture.

'I will not have it,' he said sternly; 'all the revenues of the estate are yours, and if I consent to stay here it will be that I may administer them in your interest.'

'And you will keep our secret—our mother's secret?'

'Would to God I might, and be justified in so doing!' was his answer.

Fabian's eyes softened; Anthony's strength of feeling appealed to his deeper nature. 'Dear old fellow,' he said, and slipped his arm affectionately round Anthony's neck, 'one word more, and then an end to all discussion. If what you hold is mine by some legal informality, I give it back to you as not worth my keeping. It is not a gift but a disburdening. This business is never to be mentioned between us again.'

Anthony shook his head. 'It cannot be,' he said.

'Then I have another suggestion to make. We will put the matter before old Langdale; one's family solicitor is a sort of father-confessor, and he has served the Carruthers for three generations. I went to him before I came down here, and he was like a father to me. He shall draw up some deed that will salve your conscience; it shall take count of my legal status, but give you full powers here at Frome Quentin as my representative. Do you follow?'

'I think under any circumstances it is a good idea to consult Langdale.'

'It is simply the only good idea. Wire to him—have him down to-morrow. I am keen to be in London looking after my outfit for the Southern Seas and getting to know my comrades. Before I go—before Langdale goes back—I will make a will leaving all I have, known or unknown, to you. And now nothing remains to be done but to send off a groom with your telegram to Dorchester. Get it ready!'

CHAPTER VIII.

MR LANGDALE, of the well-known firm of Langdale, Somers, & Blyth, did not delay in responding to the urgent summons of the Carruthers brothers. He arrived late in the evening of one day, proposing to defer business till the next, and so, as a recognised friend of the family, to make a

holiday of his visit to Frome Quentin. It was not, therefore, till the evening of the second day that the three men met in the library of the house for discussion of affairs.

Dinner was over, and the old lawyer, although no sybarite, was pleasantly soothed by the influences of a perfect menu admirably served and enhanced by wines of superlative excellence, to which had been added the stimulus of charming female society.

'I never know,' he was used to say, 'which is the more delightful woman—Delia Fenwick or her mother.'

The morning had been spent, at Anthony's suggestion, in riding over the property in company with James Gilmore in order to take note of the condition of things, and the afternoon in financial investigation, the upshot of which was so eminently satisfactory that Langdale felt no anxiety as to the matter concerning which he had been summoned. He sat in the embrasure formed by the wide windows, which were open to the cool evening air, and looked down upon the spreading lawns planted at this point with groups of forest trees whose deep shadows lay motionless on the close-cut turf.

Anthony had placed himself at a little distance, and Fabian stood near him, so as to be able to walk to and fro as his restless temper might prompt.

'James Gilmore keeps us waiting,' he observed with considerable irritation; but as he spoke the door opened to admit the steward.

Langdale observed with surprise that he looked flushed and anxious. He took a seat at some distance.

'We have been waiting for you, Mr Gilmore,' Langdale said pleasantly, 'to give us certain information; but, from what I have seen to-day, without any apprehension of its nature. Mr Carruthers tells me you have something important to communicate.'

The man looked towards Anthony, who answered with a nod of assent.

'I am instructed,' he began in a low tone, 'to tell you certain circumstances in the late Mr Carruthers's life with which no one, in this country at least, was acquainted except myself, until it became my painful duty to put Mr Anthony in possession of them. The proofs are in his hand.'

As the steward made his recital, precise in every particular, Anthony watched the lawyer's face with absorbed interest until it kindled into indignant surprise on perceiving how little the communication seemed to affect him.

'And the proofs to which reference has been made?' asked Mr Langdale. He spoke in his quiet, professional tone, and his expression was inscrutable.

Anthony offered him the torn fragments of the certificates, explaining the generous impulse which had prompted their destruction; and then Fabian, restless under the steward's deliberate story, interposed with an eager statement of his own view of the situation and of the course he wished to be adopted.

'Mr Gilmore alluded to a letter of the late Mr John Carruthers to his son,' remarked Mr Langdale. 'May I be permitted to see it? It is an important factor in the case.'

Anthony hesitated. 'Is it necessary? It is strictly personal.'

'As corroborative evidence I think it is strictly necessary.'

Having carefully perused the letter which was still reluctantly surrendered, Mr Langdale, without obvious change of expression, was handing it back to Anthony, when Fabian interposed.

'It is surely my right to see it too,' he said; and the lawyer relinquished it into his outstretched hand, watching his face as he read with obvious interest.

Fabian gave back the letter to his brother with kindling eyes.

'It is easy to see, Langdale, which son the father loved best—rather, I was of no account—and it is just as hard to discover from whom our good Anthony gets his fine sense of honour.'

'I ought not to have kept it back,' said Anthony. 'Its injustice might have led you to different conclusions; but you are not bound, Fabian, by a single word you have spoken.'

'It certainly might,' cried Fabian hotly, 'had you sheltered yourself under its sinister suggestion; but since you defied it'——

He was going on, when the lawyer held up a protesting hand. 'The controversy one way or another is fruitless,' he said, 'for I am happily in a position to state what will be acceptable to both of you, since the fraternal bond is so strong. In the face of these certificates, rashly torn but easily duplicated, I am legally authorised to pronounce Anthony Carruthers, as his baptismal register names him, the legitimate son of his father.'

He paused to give effect to his words, and, though neither of the three men who heard him broke the strained silence, an influence of incredulity seemed to emanate from each.

'Mr Gilmore is my countryman,' continued Mr Langdale, 'and his knowledge of the marriage-laws of his own country will confirm what I am about to say. But he appears ignorant that his late master was ever in Scotland.'

'I was not aware of it. I had no close relations with Mr Carruthers from the time he left Frome Quentin for Canada until I was sent to Italy to find him.'

'That is explanation enough. I am aware he only stayed a few days in Edinburgh, and the visit never seems to have impressed his mind. He was in absolute ignorance of its importance. I am not at this distance of time prepared to say what brought him there; but it was almost immediately after his return from

Quebec, and consequently close upon his informal union with Miss Adela Bellairs.—Now,' addressing Anthony, 'whatever may have been the relations of your parents before the Edinburgh episode, and of those until to-day I knew nothing, your mother became his legal wife before they left the Scotch capital, although it is obvious that her husband was ignorant of the fact. I was a young man at the time, but already in practice, counting your honoured grandfather as a client, and acquainted with his son, John Carruthers. We met in Princes Street by accident, when I was walking with one of the University pundits—his name has since become a household word—and he has to this day a lively recollection of the incident. We met, I repeat, by accident, and your father introduced to both of us the lovely young girl who was leaning on his arm as "my dear wife." Personally I never doubted that she was such already; but if otherwise, as you have taught me to-day, from that moment their union was legalised. Such is our far-reaching law.'

The reaction of feeling was severe. James Gilmore rose and shook the lawyer's hand with painful fervour, as if overwhelmed by personal gratitude; then, with a delicacy that did him honour, he escaped from the room after casting a lingering glance of affection towards Anthony, who sat pale and speechless, oppressed by feelings too complex for instant expression.

But Fabian had no such reserves. 'The gods are on my brother's side,' he said with animation, 'and I rejoice at it! The rôle of benefactor does not become me, and I drop it without a regret. I shall sail the Southern Seas with a lighter heart now that I leave him with no weight on his.' He stooped to Anthony's ear and whispered, 'The last obstacle between you and sweet little Delia is broken down, and I shall listen for your wedding-bells amidst the Antarctic ice.'

THE COPSE IN WINTER.

As through the copse I wend my way
  This cold, clear winter morning,
The harsh alarm-note of the jay
  Screams out a word of warning.
The magpie scolds with strident note,
  But keeps himself in hiding;
And, look! with stealthy steps a stoat
  Through the long grass is gliding.

The hoarfrost glistens, silv'ry white,
  On bracken-frond and bramble;
And trailing berries, gleaming bright,
  Over the hedges ramble.
With noiseless feet the rabbits glide
  Through tangled brake and bushes,
Or scamper down the sloping side
  With furtive little rushes.

The long-tailed tits, a fairy troop,
  The branches sway and flutter;
The great tits swing, and twist, and stoop;
  The squirrels peep and mutter.
And on the ground, where grubs are found
  In curled leaves snugly hidden,
The blackbird pries with eager eyes,
  And makes a feast unbidden.

Oh! sweet and rare is robin's song,
  And merrily he sings it;
His message cheers my eager ears—
  Thrice welcome he that brings it.
While, overhead, the berries red
  Of yew-tree and of holly
Gleam, as a light in darkest night,
  To ward off melancholy.

The creeper flits from tree to tree,
  Each trunk in turn ascending;
The goldcrest hovers like a bee,
  The fir-tips scarcely bending;
While greenfinches and chaffinches,
  Gathered in flocks together,
Seem to defy the wintry sky,
  And care not for the weather.

Ah! who shall say the copse is drear
  On a bright winter morning?
'Tis true, the chiff-chaff won't be here
  Till April days are dawning;
And all the sap must bursting be,
  And all the buds be sprouting,
Before the cuckoo calls to me
  With glad and joyful shouting;

Gay daffodils must deck the slopes,
  And violets fill the hollows,
Ere I can realise my hopes
  Of meeting with the swallows;
And tender green must clothe the scene
  With beauty fair, though fleeting,
Before the blackcap's liquid note
  Sets all my pulses beating.

Yet beauty lies in cold blue skies,
  And black boughs interlacing,
As well as in spring's magic green,
  Or autumn's golden tracing;
And dullness I can never know,
  While friends in fur and feather
Remain with me through frost and snow,
  Through gray and gloomy weather.

IDA NORMAN.

THE TREASURE-MAID.

A STORY OF HEARTS AND DIAMONDS.

By EDWIN L. ARNOLD,

Author of 'Iyvinda,' 'The Haunted Smoker,' &c.

WAS it my fault? I write these notes in the dim lamplight of a little Welsh inn-parlour, while across the room my fair young wife talks driest business to two men from the big town fifteen miles away. And as I listen vaguely to them there rises between us a haze of remembrance, and in it the figure of a fair peasant girl standing in broad sunlight at the mouth of a cavern—a girl in ragged skirt, with royal gems in her hair and on her wrists. As I look she tears off these gleaming things, and, throwing them far away into the blue lake below, clasps her hands over her face, and—the embodiment of shame and remorse—fades into the shadows.

'Tom, they say the treasure in the cave is worth fifty thousand pounds at least!'

No! I could meet the silent reproach of those eyes and say again and again I had not been to blame. Long ago I had come up into the solitude of the Welsh mountains to read for an examination which was to make or mar my fortunes. The examination was partly in the history of the ancient Principality, and there was fascination in following the incidents of almost forgotten wars and border feuds on the very spots where they occurred. I remember in particular a story of King Edward I., and how, worsted for the time, he fled before a Welsh prince, hiding the treasures of the royal camp in some never-discovered spot amongst those very hills where I had chanced to take up my lodging for the time being.

The gray mountain-track winding from my village up the glen and over the pass beyond must have been the very road along which the monarch retreated; and day by day, book in hand, I re-read his story and a score of others equally exciting amongst surroundings which they made classic. Wandering thus, one day I met a mountain fairy, a girl beautiful in a way as her own hills. Poor Nell O'Neal! I learned afterwards she had never been very strong of intelligence, and a life spent between drudging for the old crone with whom she lived, and in wandering at all hours over hill and valley, had done nothing to teach her the gentler restraints of womanhood.

An act of help on my part in shepherding the half-dozen swine she was guarding, and some shy thanks from her, began a most platonic friendship. We met and spoke together some few times afterwards over the tumble-down stone walls about her hovel, the scent of heath and ling coming to us on the mountain air, and the gleam of water lighting up the shadows under the gray precipices about the glen; and then, alas! the day came for me to go southward to work. Had I been vainer than I was, that bouquet of wild moorland flowers which I found on my table the morning of my departure might have warned me that my fair-faced peasant-girl was sadder perhaps at my leaving even than myself; and the remembrance that on each succeeding occasion when we had met her colour had deepened, her partings had been more and more reluctant, might have told me that something was amiss with the heart that lifted and fell, when I came, so visibly under Nell's faded mountain shawl. But I was not vain. And, more than that, I was troth-fast; all my thoughts far away with a girl as fair even as my sweet swineherd—she who, if all went well with that examination, was to be my wife before a year was over.

What could be more natural, the ordeal of books and papers having ended satisfactorily, and Jeanie having become my wife, than that I should have brought her into the Welsh mountains for the honeymoon? We put up at the familiar inn, and the second day after our arrival I walked alone into the hills. Poor Nell by that time was almost forgotten, and I was surprised to meet her on a sudden in a narrow path winding up to a cave in the face of a gray crag above a mountain lake. Her delight was undisguised, and somehow—as I noticed the pretty colour rush into her face, and the harebells twisted hastily but artistically into her tresses—somehow it seemed to me she had known I was coming, and was not there by chance. We sat down and talked, or at least she did. It was very pleasant, and though I felt guilty enough, what man would have been hasty to end such a friendship? I had an instinctive appreciation that a confession of the wife in the village below would have made all the difference to the sunshine of that pretty face so eagerly turned to mine, and I let her ramble on. To-morrow would be early enough to tell her.

The next day I was there again with that resolve in mind, and the Welsh fay was there before me! This time she was in the strangest, wildest spirits. She swept away my resolution

like a leaf down one of her native torrents; in ten minutes she was making love to me, the fierce, innocent love of her untaught nature in the presence for the first time of overmastering emotion. She literally would not let me speak. She flung herself down at my side where I sat on a lichened rock, and overwhelmed me with the floodtide of her pent-up feelings.

'You know I love you. I know little of men, yet surely any man with half a heart or the dullest of souls would have known it before now. And you love me—you must, you shall, you do! I am not ugly, am I?' and as she spoke she threw back her head, her fair hair flowing about her sunburnt face, her cheeks glowing with colour, her eyes dancing with the light half of love and half, alas! of the frenzy behind them.

'Ugly!' I cried; 'surely as beautiful as any mountain nymph with which history has peopled these wild glens of yours.'

'Not ugly—no; nor mad, as they say down in the village; or would not be if you could love me. No, not even poor! You said once in moody fashion last year that it was hard to keep a wife and house with little to live upon. I have that wherewith we might be rich past all our needs. Look! Men value these things, I have read, and I will give you ten—a thousand times as much for your love.' And, plunging her hand into the bosom of her dress, she brought out under my astonished eyes a yard-long string of amethysts set in red gold, a royal plaything which I knew even at the first glance was worth a modest fortune. Adroitly twisting it in her hair, as no doubt she had often done before with some fern-rimmed pool for mirror, she turned her laughing face towards me and looked up, shy and wistful, in my eyes. Then, slipping her hand again under her shawl, she brought forth a broad gold bracelet of medieval workmanship, set with sapphires and clasped with two Plantagenet lions twinkling in diamonds and rubies. Never peasant-girl played with such things before! This she put daintily on her wrist and held it up to the sun to see it sparkle—as pretty a picture as one could wish for—with the light in her face, the old-world gems shining on wrist and forehead, and behind her the deep shadow of the cave-mouth. When she had toyed with these things for some time she nestled to me again.

'Not ugly—no; nor mad, save perhaps in one thing only'—hanging her head, as she spoke, with a blush; 'and with a fairy dower rich enough for us both to live upon as we would. Speak! for I love you.'

'Dear Nell O'Neal,' I cried, the inevitable emotion of a man contending with my compassion, 'I would not have had this happen for anything. What you wish is impossible—quite impossible.'

'Impossible! Why?'

'Why, because—if I must speak, then, in truth—I am hand-fast already; my month-old wife is down in your village yonder.'

'Wife! Wife!' she cried, slowly rising to her feet. Then she was still as marble for a few moments, and I saw the veins swell on her forehead and a tremor pass through her form, though her eyes never wavered nor were taken from my face. She stood so, not moving for another minute or two while I wondered what would happen, whether her stress would turn to fury or tears; and then very slowly her hands were lifted, she took off the gold band from her hair and the flashing gems from her arm, and, rolling them up in nervous fingers by a turn of her wrist, threw them far out into the lake; and I winced—for I was very poor—as I saw the water gleam and bubble as they sank into the blue depth. Then, like one in a trance, without another word or sign of recognition, she went by me, disappearing down the path, and I presently returned to the village. There, that evening, I told my wife what had happened.

Next morning early I determined to take Jeanie up to see the lady of the cave, and just as we were ready there she was herself at our door. She came in, and when she saw my pretty southern sweetheart, stood looking a minute steadfastly at her, then went forward, and in the gentlest way, taking both the lady's hands in hers, kissed her on either cheek. Next she took my hand and kissed that, and looked at both again, and tried to speak, but failed. Then hurriedly, as if to change our thoughts, she brought out a little parcel from under her ragged shawl, and untying it, said it was a wedding-present, an unworthy one, but it would pleasure her if Jeanie would take it; and so speaking, she laid out before us a glorious rope of Eastern pearls, a royal gift, a thing a queen might have worn with pride, and clasped again with more Plantagenet lions!

Before we had half-begun our astonished thanks, she kissed Jeanie again, as if the interview were trying her more than she could endure; and, turning to me, asked if we were friends.

'Friends, dear Nell O'Neal! How could it be otherwise?'

'I am glad of that,' said the girl. 'You have chosen the most gracious and lovely lady surely eyes ever saw. May the good God make you both happy!' As she spoke she handed a note in an envelope to my wife, who put it unheedingly into the guide-book she had in her hand at the moment, forgetting henceforth all about it.

When poor Nell had left us, and disappeared down the village street, looking neither to right nor to left, Jeanie turned to me and said the girl's manner had made her uneasy. What was she going to do? Where did those fairy gifts of hers come from? 'We must go after her,'

said my wife, translating our thoughts, as she often does. And as I too was anxious, in half-an-hour we were on the precipice-path by the cave-mouth where we thought we had caught a glimpse of Nell's shawl as we came up the glen. But she was not to be seen. All that afternoon we searched, and the following day the villagers joined in looking for 'mad Nell;' but neither high nor low, at home nor abroad, could she be found. I searched till I was footsore and weary, and then, sorrowful and lost in surmises, turned from the hopeless pursuit.

. . . . . .

Three years afterwards another holiday-time had come round, and hunger for the hills was again upon us. We decided we would go back once more to the old village, and in our preparations got out that guide-book Jeanie had been reading when Nell said good-bye, and which we had never looked at since. We were poring over its suggestive pages one evening, when out of them dropped a faded envelope.

'It looks like a tradesman's circular,' I said.

'Or an unpaid bill,' suggested my wife. Then she took it up, turning it curiously in her fingers for a minute or two until the truth flashed upon her, and, springing to her feet, 'Oh Tom,' she cried, 'don't you remember?'

'Remember what?'

'Don't you remember how poor Nell O'Neal gave me a note as she left us that day, and how I, with incredible carelessness, put it in the book I was reading? This is it. I have never thought of it till this moment. Oh, what will it say? What will it tell us? Her last letter perhaps on earth!'

With quick fingers she tore the frail envelope open, and within, on the cheap, village note-paper, we found a few lines penned by an unskilled writer:

'LADY,—I wish to give you something to make you and him happy. They are not much, but I have often played with them. Some is pretty, and if you sell them in the village you can buy a cottage and a pig. Go to the cave over the lake and lift the matted ling on the right. Squeeze into the crack and don't be afraid of the dark; there is a tallow-candle in a mug on the ledge. What's inside the cave is for you and him, and you will please sometimes remember her who would have you both very happy. NELL O'NEAL.'

'Nothing about herself,' I said, 'in all that; but the cave may tell us something of her. What can those pretty things be which she has for us? Poor girl, we could do with a few more of those jewels, though it is not likely she alludes to them. Where she got the others is a boundless mystery which I have often pondered on.'

'In any case we must see this cave,' Jeanie exclaimed; 'it will perhaps tell us more of Nell. She has been constantly in my thoughts, and you know women hate an unsolved mystery.'

Even then we did not appreciate the true facts. However, we packed and started for the north, Nell and her cave only one item of interest in our holiday. But when we had arrived, and re-read that note in the very parlour where it had been given to us long before, we became keen to solve the mystery.

Early the next day we started together up the glen, reaching the familiar cliff-path, and noting as we went that the girl's cottage was deserted and dismantled. Presently the blue lake lay below us on the left, and at a turn in the path there was the cave on our right. It was a shallow cavern such as sheep shelter in from storms, quite unpretentious in appearance; no one would have thought there was more about it than showed at the first glance, but like many others it was tapestried by the vegetable growth of centuries. Within its shadow once more we read the letter, and, according to its instructions, searched under the curtain of ling on the right. There, quite unobservable from outside, we *did* find a cleft, like a wing on a theatre stage, leading back into the rock. I lit two candles we had brought—for the 'mug' Nell had alluded to was nowhere to be seen—and we entered the narrow passage, which, after a yard or two, turned suddenly inwards, and then, in complete blackness, opened a few paces farther on into a roomy vault. As our eyes grew accustomed to the dark and the dim yellow shine of our candles, we saw a vault piled nearly to the roof with an incredible jumble of ancient packages. Such a cave of funereal splendour none ever entered before. Bales, boxes, and chests were piled everywhere on each other. Here were sheaves of rusty spears and halberds; there saddles (some beautifully embroidered with Eastern workmanship) and sumpter-cloths for mules lay in piled confusion. There was rusty armour enough to fit out a tournament, a score of helmets falling into red decay under their faded plumes, and mouldy banners cobwebbed to the walls with the dust of centuries.

That was what we saw at a first glance. When, as our eyes grew stronger, advancing hand in hand, we noticed old coffers, newly opened, with jewels and gold lying within in splendid disorder or thrown about and stamped into the loose sand outside. There were treasure-chests from whose worm-eaten crevices piles of money had trickled out, and bundles of ancient deeds lying everywhere. All these things led back to the inner shadows where the piled lumber narrowed until only a single passage was left, and here the heaps of ancient luggage were overlaid by a confusion of fabrics obviously unpacked in recent times: the ghosts of royal velvets sewn in seed-pearls with fleur-de-lis and lions rampant, dim silks plundered from

Saracen palaces, moth-eaten Spanish embroideries and linens. Jeanie's woman's eyes lit on these at once. She took up one piece of tarnished white from amongst a hundred others. It was heavy with lace, ragged, soiled, and fell almost to bits at her touch. Yet there on the bosom, beautifully stitched, we could make out the initials 'E. Q.'

'What will that mean?' she asked.

'Eleanor the Queen,' I answered, for I was now beginning to guess the riddle of the cave.

'Oh, poor Eleanor!' said my wife, laying the fragment down and taking up her candle.

She made two steps forward, stopped, stared into the dark, and, with a cry of terror, dropped her light, and in stepping back extinguished mine also—a cry of horror which in that narrow place seemed to echo from a hundred gloomy recesses and to be repeated again and again as though the place were full of spirits.

'Jeanie! Jeanie!' I cried as she stood trembling in my arms, 'what is it—what is it, dear?'

And between my wife's quick-coming gasps I heard her whisper, 'Nell—Nell O'Neal!' Thereat I must confess a strange feeling ran round the roots of my own hair; for it was black as winter midnight in there, and Nell had died, we thought, three years before.

'A light! a light!' sobbed Jeanie.

Where were my matches? I had as many pockets as men usually have, and through them all I went unsuccessfully. Then suddenly I remembered with deep chagrin that in lighting our candles I had put my match-box down at that entrance lying far away in some unknown direction. Once more I went through my pockets, with no sound breaking the close stillness but Jeanie's stifled sighs; and then, by luck, I found a single overlooked lucifer in a corner of my coat-pocket. It was worth all the treasure in the cave at the moment; but when the candles were alight again Jeanie quickly mastered her emotions and fearfully pointed to a pile of old throne-cloths lying on a rough couch made of chests. There, half-sitting, half-reclining, was something suggestive of a human form, wrapped in time-stained velvet—a human form beyond a doubt, as we looked closer—and streaming over the knees from the head part to the feet fell a cascade of yellow hair, a veil of weird brightness that caught our lights and shone with unearthly glow in that dim, forgotten place.

A minute for our hearts to beat steady again, and then we went forward and found the veiled form was in truth what had been Nell O'Neal. By her side was the 'mug' she had spoken of, a lovely jewelled chalice containing the burnt remains of a tallow candle, and she herself—wearing the same shawl, the very same dress she had on when she left us—was sitting as she had died in that gloomy crypt, the quaintest play-place that could be imagined for such a sunny maid.

For a while we stood by her in silence with bent heads, and then I took Jeanie into the cool outer air; and afterwards returning, gently wrapped that poor remnant of humanity in its faded royal velvet, and carrying it easily, for it was no heavier than a leaf, took it forth and down the steep path to the glen. There Jeanie went for help while I remained on guard, for I did not want all the villagers to know of—and plunder—those riches so strangely found, which were beyond question the lost treasures of King Edward I. which I had read of years before.

But when the treasure-maid was put away in the little churchyard, and no relative, not even a friend, had come forward to claim through her, we told our story to authority, claiming our right to the cave as finders of treasure-trove.

'And they say it is worth fifty thousand pounds at least, and we share in proportion! Oh Tom, we are rich past all our needs, and all owing to that dear, poor, foolish Nell!'

I stooped and kissed my lady on the forehead, glad in her gladness, but otherwise sadder to be rich than I could have dreamed possible at any other time.

CHRISTMAS: A SONNET.

ACROSS the white and silent fields they sound—
Those sudden, clam'rous voices of the bells—
As hamlet unto hamlet far around
Flings on the greeting, till on distant fells
Some lonely dalesman—o'er the frozen ground,
'Midst gleaming crags and deep snow-muffled dells—
Hears their glad echoes break the peace profound
Of that wild solitude in which he dwells;
And, listening, marvels, as within him rise
Visions of that first wondering ecstasy
Which shone in those Judæan shepherds' eyes,
When erst heaven's radiance flashed upon their sight,
And angel voices filled with melody
The starry stillness of the Eastern night.

V. CRAIGIE HALKETT.

VANDALEUR OF CASTLE CLARE.

By F. C. ARMSTRONG,
Author of 'Cousins,' 'Two Letters,' &c.

CHAPTER I.

'  O you think that letter genuine, and not a hoax?' queried Myles Vandaleur, with a pucker on his brow and a light of battle in his eyes. 'If it isn't a humbug, I call it a piece of bally impertinence.'

The girl who sat opposite to him at the dinner-table looked up from the page before her with bright, soft eyes. 'Most certainly it is not a humbug; neither is it in the least impertinent, Myles,' she said in a voice that matched the eyes, being soft and winsome. 'I am sure it is a real, *bonâ-fide* question, asked with a view to business. It is quite a nice letter, taking everything into consideration.'

'But what business has any Yankee under the sun to inquire whether we did or did not save any old furniture out of the fire which took place twenty years ago? How does the fellow come to know about our misfortunes? Hang it all, chuck it into the fire, and be done with it! I'm not going to take any notice of the thing.'

'I'm not so sure,' the girl laughed softly. 'I won't burn it; and if you won't answer it I will. The man is probably collecting curios to palm off on his neighbours—in St Louis, is it not?—as ancient family relics. Dear Myles, we are not so rich as to be able to afford the risk of refusing a good offer. He may have heard from some one of the dozens of emigrants from this neighbourhood a report of the fallen splendours of Castle Clare, or he himself may have been one of them. All that was saved from the fire was huddled into the big hay-loft, and lies there still, unless the old things have rotted to pieces.'

'I know,' returned her brother, drooping his head. 'But it isn't pleasant to be reminded of the fact by an utter stranger from Yankeeland that we have come down in the world.'

'But it is such an old story, Myles. After all, we are no worse off than our neighbours.'

'Small satisfaction that!' groaned her brother.

'Come now, Mylie, we haven't known much difference in our time,' the girl said very gently; 'and how will it harm us if in far St Louis this son of the soil—who, as I say, may have come from this part of the world—points with pride to some of our old sticks, and tells his envying friends that they came from his old home? Dear, would it not be better to sell the whole lot of them—I'm sure I don't know what they are—than have the poor cabinets and bureaus rot amongst the hay? Dear, let the man come—I'm sure he's a gentleman—and have a look at them at any rate; it won't do us any harm. Why should we keep them?' Her voice sank low. 'We shall never be able to rebuild the house.'

'Never!' said the young man gloomily. 'The most we can hope to do is to keep this bit of it habitable.'

'We do that well,' she returned, with a vivid smile, as she rose from the table. 'Let us build one of your favourite castles in the air.' Her voice took a lighter tone. 'This American will arrive and prove quite charming. He will give us fancy prices for our damaged belongings; he will have a look at the mine, and exploit it; Grayling will take first prize at the horse-show next year, then go over to England and win some big race, all on account of this American, who will prove to be a millionaire whose ancestors' bones lie in St Morgue's Abbey beyond the lough. In fact, we shall be able to restore the old house, the old name—the—the—— Oh Mylie, you are far better at building air-castles than I! Do add a crocket or a pinnacle to my edifice!' She turned her bright face upon him, with its fresh, pure colouring, and the exquisite sweetness of expression which betokened a beautiful nature. 'Come, your finishing touch to the castle!' she cried gaily.

A curious smile twitched the corners of his shapely mouth as he looked up at her. 'The American millionaire will unite himself to the House of Vandaleur,' he said.

She flushed scarlet. 'I did not expect that from you, Myles,' she said as she walked towards the door.

'Why, you needn't flame up for a trifle. Can't you take a joke?' he cried.

'Not a joke of that kind,' she said with a proud uplift of her head. 'Cathy will bring your coffee to the drawing-room.'

'Now, be sensible, Flo! You must help me with this letter. What shall I say to the fellow? Ask him to come for a day?' He made a wry face. 'We can put him up, eh?'

'If he comes he must stay the night,' Florence Vandaleur said, pausing at the door. 'He will have to take us as he finds us.'

She opened the door and crossed the flagged

passage which had once been a back hall, with the master's office and the housekeeper's room opening off it. The office served as the dining-room, while the housekeeper's room was now the pretty and tasteful drawing-room. She entered with her light, graceful step. Her attractions owed nothing to her dress, which was of cheap material, cheaply put together by a workwoman in the village; but her every movement was so gracious, her step so light, her head so airily set upon her shoulders, that you forgot the frock.

For all that it had not been built for my lady's chamber, the pretty, quaint drawing-room had a look of almost luxury, even although the velvet pile of the old carpet was frayed in places and the rich damask curtains were faded. The gilding of an antique console-table between the narrow windows was badly tarnished, and the glass above it dim; but the room had its own air of refinement, just as an inexpensive dress could not conceal the graceful dignity of its mistress. There was a cottage piano in a recess; books and music filled some shelves in another; flowers were on the mantelshelf and the table; a few pieces of rare old china were placed about. It was essentially the home of a lady and a place of rest.

Florence Vandaleur knelt down upon the hearthrug and roused up the dull peats in the old brass grate. There was a curious expression upon her face; a little line defined itself on her forehead; her lips quivered. Some vague sense of expectancy was upon her, aroused by this unforeseen letter. The light seemed to catch in her deep-gray eyes, while her lips parted. She leaped to her feet. There was a sound of wheels on the gravel outside, a sharp ring at the hall-bell, and a pleasant voice in the hall.

'Hope it isn't too late to look you up,' cried the pleasant voice; 'but I didn't like to pass you by, so drove up on chance.'

Then her brother's reply: 'Man alive! don't you always know you are welcome at any time of the day or night?—Hi, Tomsey, take the horse to the stable!—You 'll find some one hanging about there still, I 'm sure. Had any dinner, old man? Flo will see to your comforts.'

'I have just been dining with Father Joseph. Managed to get away early—said I had business. If Miss Vandaleur will give me a cup of coffee'——

'Right you are, old man!' cried Myles Vandaleur, as he flung open the door of the drawing-room. 'Here's Flo waiting to do her best.—Aren't you, Flo?'

She was very composed as the two young men entered the room. There was something stately, even old-fashioned, in the air with which she greeted the unexpected guest; but it was very genuine and sweet withal, and the man flushed under it, with a certain touch of embarrassment in his manner that to a more experienced woman would have been a betrayal. He was, like her brother, a tall, well-set-up man in the early thirties. He had the same breezy freshness about him that both brother and sister possessed. He had round him that nameless look of breeding which marked his host and hostess, although he was nothing more distinguished than the local dispensary doctor. He talked freely to his host, although his eyes were on the graceful figure pouring out the coffee; but the girl looked absolutely unconscious of his following glances.

Myles was already enlarging upon his perplexing letter.

'I think Miss Vandaleur is quite correct in her surmise,' said Stephen Browne. 'I have heard the old people talking of a man who went to the Far West more than half a century ago who is popularly believed to be enormously rich.'

'But it isn't a local name,' said Myles. 'Cecil P. Lavine: there are no people of that name in the village, and certainly it is not in the list of old tenants on the former estate.'

'It sounds like an old Huguenot name anglicised,' the doctor said. 'Might not that give us a clue? That beautiful furniture was certainly the work of the refugees. Why shouldn't this man be descended from the maker? There's an easy solution of the mystery for you!'

'And a pretty cheap one too,' returned the host. 'Flo thinks we had better let him come and take his choice amongst the old things. She says we may as well turn them into money as allow them to rot in the hay-loft.'

'Miss Vandaleur shows her sense,' Dr Browne answered, with a smile that made his plain face turn positively handsome. 'Moreover, you will most likely find the writer of that letter a cultured gentleman, whatever his forebears may have been. I have met dozens of perfectly charming Americans.'

'Well, we 'll see. If he does turn out a decent chap, why, we 'll give him an idea of Irish sport—that is, unless he 's an old fogy caring only about mouldy old cabinets and such like. We could give him a day on the mountain, or do a bit of cub-hunting. If he can ride I might put him on the gray colt. I tell you what, Steve, that fellow is shaping out splendidly.'

'Suppose this Mr Cecil P. Lavine offers you a long price for him?' cried Dr Browne. 'They do give long prices for good horses in America.'

'No, no,' cried Florence laughingly; 'no horse-dealing with one's guests. I draw the line there.'

Then she went to the piano and played for them. She possessed a delicate, airy touch upon the keys that could be light as the flicker of summer leaves, yet tender and pathetic as it woke the deeper harmonies of a weird

'Berceuse' of Chopin, or lingered through the cadences of an old Irish melody picked up note by note from amongst the peasantry and worked into her own modulations.

The doctor listened with that betraying expression on his face. He posted a reply to the momentous letter on his way home.

CHAPTER II.

'BY George, Flo! if Aunt Jess could look out of her grave she wouldn't know her room,' laughed Myles, as he glanced round the apartment prepared for their guest.

'It went to my heart to be obliged to hustle away all her dear old belongings,' Florence answered with a sigh. 'Dear, dear Aunt Jess!'

'She was a dear, good soul,' Myles granted; 'but she was over a hundred years old, and, after all, she was only our grandfather's sister—pretty far off, you know.'

'She was the only relation I ever knew,' said his sister.

'Well, well, we aren't troubled with many cousins. Perhaps it's just as well,' her brother responded with a light laugh. 'Suppose the fellow who is coming—didn't he jump at the invitation?—turns out to be a low cad, eh?'

'He will be our guest,' she answered gently. 'When do you start for the railway station?'

'Very soon. I asked Steve Browne to dine—he knows Yankee ways. I don't want to bother about a wayfarer. To-morrow we'll see about the old sticks.'

'The old sticks, as you call them, are anything but rubbish. I have had them carried down from the loft.'

'The whole lot? He may pay us well for them if his taste lies in that direction, eh?' Myles glanced at his watch. 'I must be off,' he cried. 'It wouldn't do to keep the fellow waiting, and I've left myself but a narrow margin. By-by, dear girl.' He was out of the room and half-way downstairs as he shouted back his farewell.

His sister went to a window which overlooked the stable-yard. She could hear his resonant voice calling to the men, and then the crunch of wheels on the pavement; the crash of the closing gate seemed to follow in a flash.

Upon that sound came a shrill voice raised in expostulation. 'Well, sweet bad luck to you, Tomsey Gallon!' it shrilled. 'Didn't you all but let the big gate smash into the back of the car the masther has laid out whips o' money on May was a year?'

'Augh, sure the gate didn't go next or nigh the car, woman dear,' returned another well-known voice. 'How could it, an' the masther drivin' off like a waff o' wind, so keen is he about this 'Merican gintleman that's to be the makin's o' the family.'

'It's a sthrong job he has set him to do,' said the woman sarcastically. 'An' what way would he be for doin' it, now?'

The man's voice, with its easy sing-song drawl, reached her: 'Troth, the same way the rise came into another big family hereabouts. How did the Marquis get his debts paid?'

Florence recoiled. How the allusion stung her! Myles had suffered his tongue to run overfast. Their nearest neighbour had taken his title into the transatlantic market, and brought home a bright young Western girl, whose millions of dollars had regilt an ancient title and redeemed the possessions of an ancient name. Ah, poor Myles! how had such an impossible contingency filled his brain until it overflowed in a jesting word to a faithful old retainer? It was foolish of her to feel wounded by such careless gossip, yet she was sorry she had overheard the little dialogue. She must not suffer it to make any difference in her demeanour to this stranger. No; he would be their guest, and therefore worthy of all consideration; but she could not help wishing devoutly that the new-comer might prove to be a married man with a large stake in the future. Poor Myles! poor dreamer of impossible dreams! For herself, she may have had visions, but a wealthy marriage was not one of them.

And how different were the associations which this room held for her! For nearly eighty years of a life prolonged far beyond the average, the whole career of its occupant had been one long self-sacrifice. Here had dwelt that beloved great-aunt who had been a mother to her and to her father before her. The room had been 'Miss Jessie's' from the day when she, a bright young girl, took up the weighty task placed in her hands, devoting herself to the father whose tyranny had driven his sons to rebellion and exile, she alone remaining with Colonel Vandaleur, the 'Bad Vandaleur,' in his advancing age.

Three of the four brothers whom she dearly loved lost their lives in distant parts of the world—one here, one there; but the old man only rode more recklessly and drank deeper, until he rode his last hunt, and was carried home dead. Then Eustace, the eldest brother, about whom there were whispers circulating in the district, returned from his Indian command. He was still young in years, as we count age, but a grave, silent man, who seemed to live in the shadow of a cloud. By-and-by he married a lady who, it was an open secret, had thrown away her youth in waiting for him. Poor woman! she did not enjoy her late-found happiness long, for in two years she was lying in the family vault, and Eustace went

back to India, leaving his little son to grow up in Aunt Jessie's charge. He never returned home, falling at the head of a volunteer company in one of the desperate fights which left undying glory upon the history of the dreadful records of 1857, at the beginning of the Indian Mutiny. They said he met his death with a smile upon his face.

His son grew to manhood in Aunt Jessie's charge. She did her work well. A capable woman, she did her best to pull things together, although her father's extravagances had almost brought the family to ruin. Eustace had enjoyed a large income in India—those were the days of the pagoda-tree—but the money he sent home, carefully as she administered it, only sufficed to stave off the inevitable collapse. It was not until those supplies had ceased that the devoted woman understood her own and her nephew's position.

Directing her whole energies to the estate, by the time her boy came of age she had succeeded, in a measure, in making things run more smoothly. But there is always the unexpected to be reckoned with, and in Ireland it is always the unexpected that happens. Troublous times were upon the distressful country. Rebellion against existing land-laws was rife. Eustace had never been a hard landlord; but the older generation had left evil seeds behind, for which their successors must pay.

Myles Vandaleur went into the army, and left matters very much in the hands of his capable aunt. He married, but in five years was back at Castle Clare, a widower with two children, and heart-broken by the loss of his wife. Miss Jessie was an old woman now; but, old as she was, she did not shrink from her duty. Her nephew had no heart for the work of managing his estate or conciliating his tenants. Times were growing out of joint. Matters in the wild county grew worse and worse. While Myles Vandaleur was still young in his possessions Clare Castle was burned over his head, the domestic offices only being left intact. Florence barely remembered the catastrophe; over her childhood and early girlhood clouds gathered thickly. Land-laws cut down an income already deeply embarrassed; heavy mortgages dating back to the days of the 'Bad Vandaleur' still weighted them down.

The climax came when Colonel Vandaleur was shot in a scuffle with Moonlighters, and upon Miss Jessie, now an aged woman, fell once more the burden of managing the estate for a minor. She did her work well. She kept things in hand until Myles the second came of age. Gladly had she sacrificed her own fortune to give both grand-nephew and niece a sound education. That the young man had not done very brilliantly in college or acquired some profession by which he could add to his diminishing fortunes had been a disappointment; but then the lad was such a gentleman, so infinitely superior to other young men in the neighbourhood of Castle Clare, that Miss Vandaleur was fain to be content. He was a visionary, they said, but then he had ideals, and for all his exceptional culture he set his hand to the work which he found put into it, and did it with goodwill; he became an enterprising farmer, cultivating the small portion of land left in his possession with fair success. Moreover, he had in him a something which held him above those lower temptations that so often prove pitfalls in the career of youths of his class.

It was scarcely half a year since the beloved aunt closed her tired eyes upon a world which had changed completely during her hundred years of life. She had seen four generations, and the youngest of them all was perhaps the dearest, for Florence Vandaleur's sake.

Now the girl sighed as she looked round the room, her eyes resting last upon a portrait of Eustace, her grandfather, which her aunt had prized above all her other possessions. It was only a slight thing, but it came from a master-hand, being the work of a celebrated French artist done in the dawn of his career. A crayon sketch of a handsome young man in the dress of the late twenties of the last century, it held you by its life-likeness and by the power it possessed. It was the only one of her aunt's relics which she had suffered to remain in its place. Hitherto she had not touched any, since the least of them had been sanctified by death. By-and-by, perhaps, she might look through them carefully—those old letters, the faded diaries, which she left unread. Perhaps it would be as well for her to examine these old records. It would not be prying into secrets wisely kept from her while she was too young to understand them. Now that she had in a manner stepped into her aunt's place, it was only right that she should become acquainted with the story of her family.

She descended the stairs and went out into the pure, sweet evening air, her thoughts naturally turning from the past to the present, and the arrival of this unknown guest. What was his object in coming amongst them? Could there be anything behind? If so, what was the nature of the mystery? Even as the thought shaped itself in her mind she was aware of voices that sounded strange. Myles must have brought his guest through the gateway and the courtyard flanked on one side by the scorched masonry of the old house. Once that fine façade had contained the entrance to the great hall and the splendid rooms opening to right and left. She caught her breath. Had the sun dazzled her eyes? Because a woman, a girl of her own age, was advancing towards her at her brother's side, a girl with so bright a smile on her face as to

make the Irish girl feel at once that she had found a friend.

'Florence,' said her brother, and his voice was vibrant, 'this is Miss Cecil Lavine.'

It seemed as if his further speech was unnecessary, for the startling stranger spoke for herself. 'Yes, indeed, Miss Vandaleur, I'm the genuine Cecil Lavine, and no humbug, as I had to convince your good brother when I stepped out of the car. He did look amazed—thought I was a ghost or an impostor; but I knew how the mistake had arisen, and I wasn't taken aback by his reception. I knew he believed me to be a man all along—I do write a masculine hand—and therefore promised myself a bit of a joke. I knew the welcome he promised his strange correspondent from "my sister and myself" didn't involve any question of sex, so I came along.'

Her voice was soft and silvery; there was a ring of piquancy in it as she related her story; also, Florence found something strangely fascinating in the bright face and dainty figure. It seemed to her that this brilliant vision had come to them out of the remote past, yet all about her was fresh and new. Her bright eyes appeared to take in the whole position; her vivid smile filled up every gap in her swift speech. By the time she had ended, Florence had led her into the drawing-room and rang for Cathy and tea.

'I cannot tell you how welcome you are,' she said. 'It is a relief to me to find our visitor one of my own sex, instead of'——

'A lean, business-like Yankee—I know the sort—intent upon trade,' she said, with such a pretty little gesture as she spoke. 'When father suggested my sending his Dublin man of business to look up some old curios he longs to possess, I just wired to say I would do the errand myself.—You see, I wanted to know Ireland from within,' she added, turning to Myles. 'There are at least a dozen operatives from the Clare district working in father's yards. I talk to them all—we make it a point to encourage our hands—and they just rave about their native place.'

'I know that many of our former tenants have crossed the Atlantic,' Myles said; 'but, as most of them left because they refused to pay their rent, I thought they carried no good or pleasant memories of the old country away with them.'

'They positively adore it, and they never tire of telling old stories about this place and the Vandaleur family.' She blushed prettily as she spoke. 'There is the dearest old man who comes to talk with father every Sunday. He was once — oh, seventy years ago—page-boy here, while his father was butler, I think. He must be as old as my father, who is eighty-seven.'

'Your father?' Myles cried incredulously.

'Oh yes; he was over sixty when he married, and I am his youngest child; my brother died,' she answered simply, 'and I am my father's secretary and his pet, although I say it. I have been wandering about Europe for nearly a year, so I must get back to him soon—just as soon as I'—— She blushed again. 'We will talk about business to-morrow,' she said.

CHAPTER III.

MYLES VANDALEUR spent that whole evening like a man in a dream; but as he talked with his friend after dinner, Stephen's condition became almost as confused. While his host enlarged upon his sensations of amazement when he saw the dainty figure step out of the railway carriage the doctor was pondering over certain vague memories which the recent events had aroused in his brain; they had been troubling him ever since this question of a guest from America started into their quiet life.

Ostensibly, this visitor was coming to look for curios. Was it a mere collector's enthusiasm, or had the seeker another ulterior object in view? A childish memory haunted him: old men talking, wagging gray heads over a dinner-table spread with decanters and bright glasses, secrets in the Vandaleur family. Some catastrophe—he scarcely knew its nature—had occurred. Half-sentences uttered, lowered voices, a curse upon the Vandaleurs. Just old men talking with his father in the Dublin home, left desolate years ago, and he himself a little boy supposed to be asleep upon the sofa. They were telling his father something; papers had passed from hand to hand.

But, secret or no secret, this unexpected messenger was perfectly charming. And what a relief the surprise of her sex had been to him! No stranger laden with unwelcome dollars was to discover the treasure amongst women on whom he had set his heart long ago. Soon he might be in a position to speak, and meanwhile here was Myles talking his best to the fair visitor, and she was making reply. She had devoutly wished to see Ireland from within. She had Irish blood in her. No, she did not quite know from which side it came. She had made friends with Florence already. She played for them, as brilliant in her execution as her talk, but Stephen preferred the quiet style that went straight to your heart.

Myles sat entranced. The stranger had a wide acquaintance with the greater world; Continental cities were familiar to her. The young man felt as if some book were opened to him from which he could learn wonderful things.

'I like your doctor,' Miss Lavine said when

Florence showed her to her room at bedtime. 'He seems quite a superior sort.'

'He is, and he is about the most intimate friend we have,' Florence returned. 'We have known him since we played together as children.'

'Ah yes, you don't live in a hurry here,' Cecil said meditatively. 'You have time to let friendships ripen; we are always on the rush. Now, I have not a real close friend except father. Acquaintances? Yes, scores and scores; but somehow there are no close intimacies amongst them. I never was at school or college like others girls. Father kept me with him. I had teachers of all sorts, and I liked some of them—the dear thing who travels about with me best of all. She is in Dublin, poking into picture-galleries and museums, and going round on the top of trams, which things she loves. She's Irish too.'

The girl was standing in front of the fire, which a touch of frost in the air made necessary. As she stood she looked up suddenly and gave a little start. 'That picture?' she asked quickly. 'I had not noticed it before.'

'My grandfather, Eustace Vandaleur,' Florence said, as she also looked up. 'I believe it was taken when he was a student in Paris. We like it so much! My old aunt, whose room this used to be, prized it above all her possessions.'

The girl was looking steadily at the face upon which the lamplight fell strongly. There came a curious expression into her deep eyes, a tightening of the nerves about her lips. 'It is a very fine sketch,' she said guardedly, and turned away.

That night Florence dreamed a dream. Her aunt stood by her and pointed to the old writing-desk which had been carried into a corner of the girl's small room. Florence could see the dear old face, with moving lips and eyes full of expression; but no words reached her ears, although the eager look in the kind old eyes was full of an unknown meaning.

With day the dreams depart. Florence had her hands full for the next few days.

Their guest appeared to have forgotten her errand, and merely to be eager to acquaint herself with her surroundings. Therefore sundry expeditions were organised, Dr Browne lending ready help with all. His small yacht was at their service; and, with the owner at the helm, they explored the beautiful shores of the lough, even venturing through the narrow mouth into the open sea. And a scratch team, made up out of the stable at Clare and the doctor's steady horses, was attached to the old drag, so that the inland views could be visited. Of course, the guest's place was on the box; and as she watched Myles's strong hand upon the reins a new aspect of his character presented itself to her. She began to understand the amount of reserved power there was underlying the quiet grace of his manner and his apparent way of taking life easy. These were days to remember, days when the imagination had full sway, days to brighten eyes already too bright for one man's peace of mind, days of beauty, and the beginnings of many things. Verily Miss Lavine had her wish—she was acquainting herself with Ireland from within.

She talked freely about herself to Florence, frankly admitting that she possessed much which her own father, with all his wealth, could not buy. 'And you have had these things all your life long—your traditions, your atmosphere,' she said. 'It is all so much a part of yourself that you can't understand what it is to be without them. I may be talking great nonsense, but I do envy you all I can't possibly attain.'

'You must have Irish blood in you,' laughed Florence. 'Now, suppose we don't waste this morning, which isn't very promising, but take a look at those old cabinets that lie in the harness-room. Myles won't return from the fair until luncheon-time. Do you object?'

'What a happy thought!' cried the girl. 'Let us go at once.' She went to her room for a moment, opened her writing-case, and read from a letter written in a crabbed hand: 'Look for an old marquetry cabinet, very highly decorated, with a coat-of-arms wrought into the pattern. The shield bears three chevrons, light upon a dark ground; the crest is a hand grasping a wreath of olive-leaves, the motto "*Si je puis.*" Get it from them at any price they choose to name.'

She stood looking at the words with a contraction on her brows, her lips very tightly drawn together. When she decided upon doing her father's errand in person it was with the fixed idea that these broken-down aristocrats would be only too glad to make as much as they could out of their old curios. A very different aspect of things now presented itself to her. She had never been brought into close contact with such natures as these in all her crowded life: Florence with a soul of such transparent beauty, and Myles the open-handed gentleman whose every touch ennobled the common tasks he performed so well. There was about them both that atmosphere of which she spoke to the sister. It seemed to claim a closer friendship than she had yet so much as dreamed of in her inmost soul; it was something that held her back—that almost sickened her—when she thought of offering them money for the article she had come all this way to secure. Anything they chose to ask! But were they likely to name a price, and she—could she venture to suggest one? She looked up at the picture on the wall. 'If you could but speak,' she said aloud. 'But you seem to be the most puzzling part of it. Heigh-ho! I

do wish I had allowed an outsider to manage this business!'

But in a few moments she was laughing with Florence as they crossed the courtyard, telling her how much she would have liked to accompany Myles to another fair, if such a thing took place in the neighbourhood again. 'I saw he meant business this morning, therefore didn't suggest such a thing,' she added. 'Women are in the way when there is work on hand.'

Here they were in the big harness-room, with Tomsey and his assistants showing off the old cabinets, bureaus, carved tables, sofas, Sheraton chairs, which had been rescued from destruction. Damaged they certainly were, but none of them too far gone for restoration. Cecil said so. 'I have often gone curio-hunting before now,' she cried, 'and I know what I am about. Oh, this is the gem of the whole collection!'

For Tomsey had kept the best to the last. It was the old marquetry cabinet. She looked at it with dilating eyes. There was the coat-of-arms wrought in the decoration, the hand grasping the olive-wreath, the motto. There could be no mistake about it, and her heart began to beat.

Florence examined the beautiful bit of eighteenth-century workmanship with unfeigned admiration. 'You will be amazed to hear me tell you that I had no idea we had such a thing in our possession,' she said.

'It is very beautiful, and very valuable.' Cecil was almost breathless as she spoke. How had her father come to know of this rare old treasure, and was it the mere collector's desire that made him so eager to secure it? The thought perplexed her.

Florence felt deeply embarrassed. She was remembering how she had advised her brother to make a little money out of the old things crumbling to decay in an outhouse. Her feelings had changed most strangely within the last few days. How could she ask him to receive money from the hands of this new friend who had flown to them from unknown lands like some strange and beautiful bird, bringing along with her so much that was out of the common and sweet and new? Her heart beat heavily. Something rose in her throat.

But speech was saved her, because at this moment there was the sound of a horse's feet on the pavement, while her brother's ringing voice broke the silence and echoed through the yard. 'Hey, Tomsey, Tomsey!' it cried. The old man hastened to meet his master, and had Florence not been occupied with her own feelings she might have seen a deeper colour rise to her companion's cheeks.

He came into the harness-room, bringing along with him a sense of strong vitality, of power, and of the open air. His eyes were bright; his lips wore a happy smile. 'What! poking amongst these old chattels?' he said, and his voice was good to hear. 'Are you pleased with the rubbish?' he asked most cheerily. 'What! call that magnificent?' He glanced at the old cabinet. 'I can't see anything wonderful about it. Do you?'

'It is quite the most beautiful example of its kind I have ever seen,' she answered, with a heightened colour. 'It is most valuable,' she went on, with the air of one who understood what she said.

'Ha, ha!' he laughed. 'But, you see, I haven't been educated up to that sort of art,' he said.—'Well, Flo, what's your opinion?'

It was hard for her to reply; her quick intuitions caused her to wonder if she could actually define the knowledge which had burst upon her like a thunder-clap. The new thought caught her breath and well-nigh choked her. Her brother's eyes were on the stranger's face devouringly. Fie! was she about to turn into a jealous woman? 'Like yourself, I don't feel able to judge,' she faltered, two thoughts mingling in her brain.

He scarcely heard her, having turned to his guest. 'Will you try my favourite mount, Miss Lavine?' he said eagerly. 'He will carry you like an angel.'

'I have heard of angels on horseback,' she returned gaily; 'but they were not young women, who must have a proper riding-dress in which to take their flights.'

'Florence can lend you a habit,' he insisted.

How eager he was! How intent upon giving her pleasure! The new thought was painful, but the girl thrust it aside. 'You are welcome to anything I possess,' she said to her guest.

But it was her brother who thanked her most warmly. 'Let us have luncheon and be off,' he cried as they crossed the yard. His handsome face was all aglow; his eyes shone. The cloud seemed lifted from him, and Florence felt a doubtful joy. What might come of it?

'You are all far too kind to me.' The girls were together in the visitor's room, and Florence was helping Cecil to don the borrowed habit. 'You are most certainly the dearest and the very, very best—yes, just the very, very best people I ever met, the kindest and the most confiding. Here I drop down amongst you out of the Anywhere, and you receive me like an old friend; you make me feel as if I—well, not as if I had known you all my life, but as if I had wanted to. Perhaps I have, without knowing it. You never so much as doubted my good faith, never asked a question about me, but just accepted me at sight and upon my own word.' The girl's face had flushed up as she spoke. 'I might have been a brutal impostor of an adventuress, or anything horrid.'

'We could easily see what you were,' Florence said gently. 'You bore your character upon your face.'

'But you should never trust to seeming,' Cecil laughed. 'Appearances are deceitful, you know. Why didn't you write to our Consul about me? He could have told you everything. Your friend the doctor was wiser. He did write.'

Florence looked up from her task, a pained expression in her eyes. 'I could not have believed it of him,' she said. 'Write to make inquiries about you? It was dreadful!'

Cecil laughed her ringing laugh that was so good to hear. 'He is the only man of the world of the whole lot, and he did the right and allowable thing. He found that I was perfectly correct, and therefore my friendship with *you* was a thing not to be discouraged.'

'But it is so unlike Dr Browne. He is not suspicious,' Florence faltered.

'This time he showed his wisdom. He heard everything you can hear this moment for the asking.'

'I know quite enough about you,' the girl said, lifting soft eyes to the bright face bent above her. 'How could I have the heart to question a word you said? I believed you the moment I heard your voice.'

'Well, Dr Browne wrote to our Consul in Dublin—a dear man; I know him well—old friend of father's. My dear Blinkie—I mean Miss Blinkley, my friend who looks after my wanderings—is staying with him and his nice wife at the present moment. It was quite right of your friend to inquire about me. I like him all the better for it. Shows he's a trustworthy man, that young doctor, with a little more knowledge of the world than—— Well, it's all so fresh and new to me that I can't help just loving it.'

She stooped and kissed Florence's fair face as she tripped out of the room and downstairs to the courtyard, where Grayling stood, with Tomsey at his head, a beautiful creature, with mild eyes and a soul of fire.

Myles tossed the girl lightly on to Grayling's back, and, with a wave of his hand to his sister, they rode away rein to rein.

CHAPTER IV.

FLORENCE had her household duties to look after, which happily left her no time for brooding thought. Nevertheless, as she went to and fro in the garden and the lower rooms, that troublesome, vague outline of Something took shape and form. She had been all in all to her brother. Myles was a stainless knight who had never offered homage at any alien shrine. Was she to lose her place now, and see another enthroned therein? And, again, why had Dr Browne troubled himself about their visitor?

That visitor had said something that sounded like a suggestion. He had inquired about this stranger—on her account, was it? Had he indeed such care for her? Surely only because they were very old friends. Also, Myles and he—— She caught herself blushing furiously amongst the apple-trees, the gnarled, moss-grown trees which had sheltered the childhood of so many generations of Vandaleurs—blushed hot and red as she pursued home that thread of fancy. Stephen Browne! Did the name mean more to her than she thought? Had she suddenly come to the knowledge of something that had never taken actual form in her mind before? These things troubled one's life overmuch; it was best to put them far into the background, and only occupy one's self with the trifling matters of every day, with the apple-tart for dinner and the flowers for the dinner-table. Ah! Myles was to live his life apart from her. It was only natural. Blinking away the tears which had sprung unbidden to her eyes, she filled her hands with the fair autumn chrysanthemums which grew on the outskirts of the orchard. Men must choose for themselves, live their own lives. It was for women to wait and work. She was her usual fair, composed self when she went back to the house.

Through the dreamy autumn day, under misty skies, rein to rein, those two rode into an enchanted land. The soft pearly mists that lay amongst the hills added height and mystery to the rugged clefts and towering peaks of the mountains guarding the blue lough winding in and out amongst them. Is spring really the time when 'a young man's fancy' leaps into love? A great poet has told us so, at the same time qualifying his statement with the word 'lightly;' but there is something in the wistful, yearning beauty of autumn which appeals forcibly to the stronger feelings of a deeper nature and a craving heart. Myles Vandaleur's life had been lived in shadow; to him the lighter flights of fancy had been practically unknown. He had always regarded the very fact of his existence as a solemn responsibility, a burden to be carefully borne. Now, for the first time, he felt the presence of a woman to be sweet, felt that a new and precious thing had come to him, and would abide, even when the sweet individuality which had evoked the new bewildering emotion was taken from him for ever.

'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?' asks the great genius who best understood humanity at large. From that moment of dazed surprise, when he saw, instead of the lean Yankee man whom he had gone to meet,

a lovely vision of sparkling eyes, red lips, and blushing cheeks step out upon the tumble-down railway platform, an amazing change had passed upon him. He knew he had come face to face with Fate. It was sheer madness of folly, of course, but his fate all the same. Now, as they rode through those dreamy solitudes, the impulse to tell her so became almost too powerful to be resisted.

'We don't get these lights and shadows in our country,' Cecil said, as a pearly mist, tenderly touched by the westering sun, floated slowly from a rugged peak and dissolved into tiny iridescent wisps of vapour in the fathomless blue above. 'Our light is too hard and clear-cut for all those lovely effects. I think your Irish character is like your skies—always producing new varieties: it's in your voices. I never heard any one with so lovely a voice as your sister. It seems created to say the sweetest things. I can't fancy its being able to take an ugly tone. Isn't it just an index of her character?'

'Florence is a very dear girl,' he returned. 'Life has been rather hard upon her. She spent most of it taking care of our old great-aunt'——

'I know—Miss Jessie,' Cecil cried. She blushed furiously the moment the words passed her lips. 'My knowledge of your family must surprise you,' she went on hastily. 'I liked talking to that old mummy who had been your grandfather's page-boy. He told me whole histories about you—was never tired of it, you know. It was because of all I had heard from him that I got papa to let me come.' Again her face flushed. Her errand had taken such a new aspect during these latter days that she felt covered with confusion the moment she approached the subject.

'We interested you, then?' Myles said, almost biting his tongue to keep it quiet.

'Certainly you did. Everything Irish interests me.' She was looking away towards the mountains, her face averted. 'We are Irish, my father says,' she added. 'Shall we get on a bit?' She spoke hastily. 'I should like to see what is behind that hill.'

So they rode on. Myles remarked, with an added thrill, how well she sat the beautiful gray, how her fingers almost caressed the reins as they curved over them, and how her lithe figure swayed to the springing motion of her beautiful steed. The sunlight, too, caught in the mazes of her lustrous hair and turned it to glittering gold. If ever ardent Irishman was fairly in the toils, tangled in a maze there was no escaping, it was this beggared descendant of a great race.

That evening Florence played her best. The atmosphere was charged with electrical forces, and the sense of something altogether unexpected filled her with a yearning to express herself that spoke in her music; a deeper, newer self awoke in her being. The old rector, who was their guest, sat by the piano, with wet eyes; while Dr Browne, leaning against the mantelshelf, and talking fitfully to Miss Lavine, was conscious of sweeter meanings and a fuller grasp on life in the playing of the woman whom he had silently loved for many a quiet day.

Could this condition of things last?

Cecil was just her bright, sparkling self when they met at the breakfast-table next morning. Yet underlying her vivacity was a certain sense of uneasiness. The unexpected had occurred. She must fly before matters reached a crisis which might damage a friendship she wished to be enduring. Suppose her host defined what was still vague and unreal? Her father? Her own heart? These two factors in her fate must be thoroughly understood before she made a step either way. Yet, lying awake, with the flickering firelight dancing on the walls, and now and then a glimpse of that tantalising old portrait which had been a wonder and a mystery to her ever since she came to the house, she knew that in Myles Vandaleur she had encountered the very first man who had ever touched her deeper self. Proposals—admirers? Oh yes, she had had them by the dozen; but this! Well, there was something very different in the man: his surroundings, his story, and also—the most inexplicable interest she had always taken in the fate of a great family fallen from its high estate, ruined, beggared almost. She, the heiress of a man who counted his dollars by the million! How powerless those coins were to purchase that which these people possessed: tradition, pride of race. That face, with its haunting eyes, looked upon her through the uncertain light. She sat up in bed and almost uttered a cry.

It was sweet upon the dancing waters of the lough. Dr Browne, as usual, sat with his hand upon the tiller and his eyes returning to the quiet face of Florence as she sat a little apart—dreaming. Dared he for one moment hope it was of him?

But she was thinking of her brother, and of the problem she was called upon to face; for she knew fully—knew and understood—the complications which had arisen. There must be no traffic with the girl whom her brother loved. Questions of hard cash dared not be so much as mentioned between them. She knew what she would do. If Cecil really wished to possess that cabinet, let it be as a memorial of a visit so fraught with meaning to them all. Touch her money? Never—never! The hateful subject must not be so much as named amongst them, for Cecil's sake as well as their own. Drift, white boat; drift into dreamland—fairyland; shine down, misty sun of late September! The fair, strange bird that had flown to them would go back to her unknown land and leave

memories behind to sweeten the long, wet winter that was to come, quiet talks for long dreary evenings when winds were loose upon the lough and the rain was on the roof. Ah, but her brother! what would his life be when this new delight was taken out of it?

That evening they dined at the doctor's cottage, and floated home by the light of a great golden moon. Cecil's bright eyes took in all the details of that pretty bachelor establishment. 'Florence will make it a little Paradise for him,' she thought, 'when I am far away;' and she sighed.

Myles noted the sigh. He thought of it while he lay sleepless until the moon went down. Oh, if this condition of things could last for ever! Fool! the end was upon him before he knew.

They had planned another expedition for the morrow; but the day brought its own evil, its unexpected blow. First of all, it was a lowering, gloomy morning. Tomsey said there would be thunder before the tide turned. A low, moaning wind was shaking down the leaves in the orchard and tossing the flowers roughly to and fro.

'Too rough a day for the lough,' Myles said as Cecil entered the dining-room. 'We are blessed with a fickle climate in this part of the world, Miss Lavine.'

She made some slight remark, and then, 'It has been so lovely that I should have liked to keep the sunshine with me all the time,' she went on; 'but I have a sort of impression upon me that I must get back into the hurly-burly, back to busy life, because this is Lotus Land. You begin to forget that there is a big, busy life outside it all.'

'We don't forget what we have never known,' Florence said gently. 'But you belong to the great world. It claims you.'

Cecil gave her pretty shoulders a little shrug. 'I wish it didn't,' she said. 'I think this quiet existence claims me most. It is so new, so fresh.'

'The newness would wear out, the freshness fade, if you had too much of it,' Florence returned as she poured out the coffee. 'Better carry away with you, when you leave, the impression of its beauty and novelty at its best. If to-day looks gloomy, let us hope that to-morrow will bring back the sun. That's our Irish way.'

'All your Irish ways are like your skies—full of unexpected rainbows. Oh, is that a telegram? With us, on the other side, they are so common as not to give one a moment's thought; here they may seem out of place. What with telephones and telegrams and rush and hustle, life at home grows intolerable sometimes. Here you can rest.—Is that yellow thing for me, Mr Vandaleur?'

He gave it to her with a sick sinking at heart, and watched her fair fingers as they ripped it open. His eyes went to her face. He saw it flush, then pale, while her eyes dilated. She looked up at him with almost fear in her face. 'I am wanted in Dublin city to-night!' she faltered.

The unexpected had arrived, the blow fallen. With day the dreams depart.

CHAPTER V.

SHE had gone! Except by the pallor of his face, the tremor in his voice as he bade her good-bye, he had not betrayed himself. And was she glad or sorry?

'We are bound to meet again,' she cried eagerly, as she leaned from the carriage-window with shining eyes. 'Oh yes, we must. It has all been so lovely, so perfect! Give Florence my love over and over again.'

The rickety carriages glided away from the mean little station, and he was left alone. But his mind was made up. He would see her once more before she finally turned her back upon Ireland. And she had admired that old cabinet; it was hers; it must go to her at once. He would follow later.

Slowly the creaking carriages glided through the vacant spaces of the lonely land lying between the Irish metropolis and the sea—moorland, over which a dismal rain fell wearily; dim mountains, looming gray and cold through the mist; a sense of utter desolation and abandonment. The girl, who sat alone in the dingy first-class carriage, began to realise the fact that she was crying. She told herself she was a mean little fool. Ten days ago she had passed through the same scenery light of heart and somewhat arrogant in her pride of unfettered youth. Now some spell had fallen upon her, some strange thing that was mingled curiously with sweet and bitter. Those ten days had given her these new sensations for a legacy. Ten days! Had she made a fool of herself? She had seen the very article which her father had sent her to seek, and she had not so much as made an offer for it! What would the old man think of her folly? Would he understand her scruples? On and on. The scenery altered. In the twilight she could see far-spreading woods and stretches of cultivation. She knew she was approaching the capital and whatever awaited her there. She had been bidden to go direct to a certain hotel. A carriage was to meet her at the terminus. Had Blinkie been acting under orders? Some important change must have taken place in her father's plans.

Darkness now, with fewer stoppings at wayside stations, and the train rushed on at in-

creased speed. Whatever was waiting for her in Dublin, she realised that Castle Clare and the Vandaleurs were altogether left behind.

The carriage went swiftly through dingy streets, where the white glare of the electric light illuminated only squalor and decay; then it rattled upon hard pavements, and at last here was the hotel, brilliant with light. The carriage halted at the door. There were some people standing about in the vestibule—chiefly men. No trace of Blinkie. But she was a young woman with a well-balanced mind, and one to whom hotels were familiar. Therefore she walked into the warmth and glow, bowing attendants to right and left. 'Upstairs, madam,' said a gorgeous being in green-and-gold. It seemed as if only a moment afterwards she was in her father's arms.

'Papa!' Her quick, sobbing exclamation made the noble old man strain his only child closer to his heart. 'Oh papa, how did you come?' she gasped, drawing back from his embrace to look into his fine old face.

'By the *Cymric* to Queenstown, and the rest of the way in the mail,' he answered with a pleasant smile. Verily this girl of his, the child of his old age, was worth crossing the Atlantic to embrace.

'But you know, you naughty old man, that isn't at all that I mean,' she cried, feeling as if some tension in her brain had given way. 'I want to know why you are here.'

'Business, business,' he said quickly. 'Now, off and get ready for dinner. No talk until we have settled that question.'

There was none. Miss Blinkley, a dear old soul, with merry blue eyes under her white hair, made matters go smoothly, for to the girl's keen sensibilities there seemed to be a weight in the air.

Father and daughter were alone. His face had turned hard and set.

'Are you too tired to give an account of yourself?' he asked quickly.

She was looking at him with an added interest. The familiar face—the face she had loved from the dimness of her earliest recollections until this day—had suddenly acquired a new meaning for her, a meaning she could not trace home to its source.

'I am not at all tired,' she returned quickly. 'I have much to tell.'

'I expect so. You found what I bade you find?' His eyes scrutinised her closely.

She returned his look with one that puzzled him. 'Yes,' she said, 'and a great deal more.'

'What more?'

'It will take long to tell,' she answered with a catch in her voice. 'They are quite lovely people.'

'What people?' he inquired sharply.

'The Vandaleurs—a new type to me.'

'How many are there? They were never people with large families.'

'You appear to know a great deal about them, father.'

'Hum! Possibly. But you have not answered me.'

'There are only two. Quite young, not older than I am myself, and—like no other people in the world.'

'That's a large order. Sisters?'

'Brother and sister. They live in a corner of the splendid house that was burned down some twenty years ago. Such a sweet place! They are like people in a book—quite out-of-the-world folks, surrounded with old memories and traditions, an atmosphere I have never breathed before, father.'

'Ha! they appear to have fascinated you, Cecil. Now, about that cabinet. You found it? Is it broken up?'

'Quite perfect; a very little repair would make it a sight for the world.'

'Have you brought it along?'

The crisis had come. She must face it out. 'No, father,' she said steadily.

His face darkened. 'They would not part with it?' he asked in an altered tone. 'Asked too much? I gave you unlimited power to trade with them.'

'They are not people with whom you could "trade," father,' she replied, her voice echoing the hardness in his own.

'Folly! You can trade with the best. Did you make them an offer?'

'No,' she said steadily. 'I could not. They would not have listened to me. Money has no value in their eyes.'

'Such nonsense! Money means far too much to them—the want of it at least—unless I have been misinformed.' He started from his seat and began to pace the floor. 'I never expected this of you, Cecil,' he said, pausing in front of her. 'Had I thought you could be so—so—blinded by romantic scruples as to disobey me in what is a matter of the greatest moment to me I would not have suffered you to go west. I would have sent Flickers; he would not have been led from the path of duty by any such folly. He shall go down there and do what you have left undone.'

'No, father, you shall not do anything of the kind,' she said, grasping his arm with a tender clasp he could not thrust aside. 'No; I could not bear it. Florence'——

'Ah, the sister, I suppose, although the name is new in the family. Well, what of her?'

'She is a woman in a thousand.'

'And the brother, is he also of that description?' The old man suffered a suspicion of a sneer to vibrate in his voice as he spoke.

'Mr Myles Vandaleur is a high-souled gentleman,' she replied, striving to keep down the sense of hot anger that caught her throat.

[*Christmas Number.*

She had never felt angry with her father in all her life until now.

His eyes scrutinised her face. 'So,' he said, 'you went out for wool, and came back shorn?'

'If to come back from the wilds with the knowledge that money is powerless—powerless to procure the best things in life—means to be shorn of false views of it, then I do acknowledge that I have lost many of my ideas during my stay in the west,' Cecil answered. 'I have learned much. Oh father'—she put out her hands to him—'father, the gifts of God are not on free sale! You cannot trade in them, and one of them is happiness.'

There was a brooding suspicion in the look which he turned upon her. 'You are a romantic girl,' he said. 'I suppose it's the blood stirring in you. Go to bed and sleep. We 'll talk about this to-morrow.'

Her pillow was wet with tears before sleep came to bring back to her mind the mysterious portrait in that peaceful room which somehow seemed Home. Early in the morning she wrote a line to Florence. She could write words that would not shape themselves upon her tongue. Her father wanted that cabinet. Some matter of deep importance underlay what she had all along considered a mere whim.

They conversed lightly at breakfast. Her father told her there were many things to be seen in the Irish capital which she must inspect before they left, and the evening and the morning made a pleasant day; but the girl felt she was treading upon volcanic forces. He never mentioned the Vandaleurs to her; as little did she speak to him of her letter to her new friend.

When they returned to the hotel and dinner, the superb being in green-and-gold had a word to say. 'A large package has arrived for you, madam.' His disciplined voice was suave and unctuous. 'It is in the trunk-room, too large to be carried upstairs without orders.'

Her heart leaped. She had left nothing behind at Clare, and what did this package mean but that Myles—— Her face crimsoned; even the hall-porter saw the swift access of colour. 'If you order it, madam, I will see that the parcel is carried to your room,' he said, being sympathetic.

She heard her own voice giving the desired command.

Not only did the men carry the carefully packed parcel to her room, but at a word they removed the matting enfolding it. She gave a little cry.

'So they sent it on after you, I suppose as a gift?' Her father's eyes were glittering; his mouth twitched. He gloated over the beautiful cabinet, but not with the eyes of a connoisseur. There was a hunger in his face which his child wondered to see. He had grown eager—hard —craving—over this unexpected fulfilment of his desire. He scarcely glanced at the note his daughter put into his hands; he only saw that the envelope contained a key. The girl drew her breath hard. That haunting mystery which had enveloped her ever since she set foot in Castle Clare, and which had been one of its main attractions for her, was about to be explained. This cabinet contained a treasure which her father wanted with some strong purpose which she could not understand. The mere beauty of the thing could not account for the passion that was in his face.

He had turned the key with difficulty, for the old lock was rusted. Apparently he had utterly forgotten his child and the note which had rustled to his feet. His face was ashen pale; his eyes glittered with a rapacious light she did not know. The cabinet was as beautiful within as it was to the outward eye; there were infinities of little drawers and cupboards, fit for a fairy's use, that opened at a touch. Eagerly —the old hands trembling at the task—Lavine searched amongst them for some hidden spring, perhaps some hiding-place lying unsuspected amongst the rich ornamentation of an almost priceless gem of a lost art. At last he uttered a cry. Its anguish brought her to his side, to save him from a heavy fall. He had found the hiding-place for which he sought. Empty!

CHAPTER VI.

WAS it only the moaning wind, the dreary swirl of falling leaves, and the autumnal chill which crept upon her that made Florence feel her home so deserted? She had often heard the wind sob and moan through the scorched ruins of her ancestral home; but now there was a pitiful plaint in its tone to which she must listen in spite of herself. Happily, there was work to be done. Aunt Jessie's dear old room must be made like its usual self, the ancient treasures returned to their accustomed place. When Myles came back she must be prepared to meet him with a smiling face. Because, if she, the sister, felt that their strange visitant had carried away with her something sweet and bewildering, which left a sense of want and loss behind, what must the brother's keener feeling be? She felt no touch of sisterly jealousy now, only an enormous sympathy for the pain she knew had come to abide with him. The delicate sympathy existing between them taught her much.

She busied herself with those old packages, opening one after another with tender hands. It was as if she touched the garment of the dead as she unfolded one after another parcels of delicate lace and embroidery, old cardboard boxes tied up with faded, frayed ribbons—things

she had looked upon with awe in her childish days. They were her own property now, yet they felt sacred. Had not death turned them from chiffons into relics? And her tears fell slowly.

Last of all, she lifted the old brass-bound desk. She remembered her strange dream on the first night in which it had lain in her room. Aunt Jessie had come to tell her—what? She carried it back to its old resting-place; but as she crossed the threshold of the room her foot caught in a fold of carpet; she stumbled; the desk fell from her hands. It reached the ground with a crunching noise. While she steadied herself by the door-frame, making an effort to recover herself, her foot touched it with a certain force. When she stood erect upon her feet once more she saw that the old wood, crumbling away from the brazen clasps which had once secured it, lay in a dusty heap on the floor, which was strewn with a dozen packages of old letters, some quaint antique seals, even a fragment of old sealing-wax, and a little mound of what looked like modern confetti—the wafers with which our ancestors secured those reams of infrequent letters by which they communicated with their friends.

Her hands trembled a little as she picked up and sorted over those records of lives long since passed out into the Great Silence. Dates in a queer, cramped handwriting were inscribed upon several of the bundles; but upon one was written, in a hand she knew, a line which made her heart stand still, for the writing was her father's, and the date within her own short lifetime: 'Papers concerning my father's secret, removed by me from the old marquetry cabinet, November 11th, 188–.' It was the day after the fire—a day which loomed mistily in her memory—she had not emerged from babyhood; but the writing brought back a confused sense of terror, discomfort, loud lamentation. Now she shook like a leaf; her heart throbbed in her throat. The marquetry cabinet!

Cecil Lavine had looked upon that beautiful antique with a strange longing. She had mentioned it that morning, and done it in a furtive, hesitating way. Her grandfather's secret—the grandfather who had died a hero's death fifty years ago! His secret! The package was in her hand—a bulky package, tied with a frayed string. The outside cover was stained as if with wine, or—or—— She closed her eyes and turned sick. This thing dated from the bad old duelling days! Could it be possible there was blood upon her grandfather's hands? Her courage rose as she opened out the parcel, laying the contents upon the table at her side.

They were all franked by a name she had heard her aunt mention. Her great-grandfather, the Bad Vandaleur, as the people still called him, while himself refusing to sit in what he chose to consider an alien Parliament, had yet no scruples as to disposing of his safe seat to a friend. This man's name was on most of the letters.

The first she unfolded sent the blood racing to her heart:

'Dear Van,—Eustace is living in Kensington with the girl's father. She is an elegant little creature. On my soul, the boy has good taste! Her manners are those of the *grande monde*, as I remember it forty years ago in Paris. The old man — her foster-father, or guardian, or whatever he pleases to call himself—and his wife make no pretence of gentility; they are just simple French artisans of the higher class. Of the man's artistic powers you already possess a proof in the beautiful old cabinet he repaired for you, which little job led to the whole of this affair. I interrogated the man as to the birth and ancestry of your son's wife. Her father, the Comte de la Vigny, was killed at Austerlitz, and her mother, who was related to the great house of De Fresnelle, died of a broken heart, leaving this little infant absolutely without provision of any kind except such fragments of old jewellery and furniture as remained in the poor Comtesse's possession. The old man and his wife took the child, and brought her to London, where the man has earned a sufficient maintenance by his work. You happened to purchase the marquetry cabinet, which led to the rest of the little romance, and now my advice to you is, receive Eustace's young wife with open arms. He himself was absent with his regiment when I called. I will be able to tell you more in my next letter.'

Florence read no more. This letter threw a lurid light upon the past which dazzled her bewildered eyes. De la Vigny—where had she recently been familiar with a name resembling it? But her hand was steady as she lifted the second letter. A loose slip of paper was enclosed in it; she saw it flutter to the floor as she unfolded the page. It was less carefully written than the first letter, and began curtly:

'Sir,—To dissipate your doubts, I beg to enclose an attested copy from the Parish Register of St Mary Abbot's Church, in the parish of Kensington. Having thus vindicated the honour of your son and the charming lady who is his wife, I beg to decline any further interference in the matter. Were I within reach of you, old as is our friendship, and vast as are the obligations under which you have placed me, I would instantly demand satisfaction for the insult you have put upon me by so much as naming to me the disgraceful course of action you suggest. I must conclude a

correspondence which has become intolerable to me, and with it a friendship I once most highly valued, but which I find impossible to continue after this date.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant, PATRICK O'MARA (Bart.).'

She was cold to her very heart now. What crime had her ancestor suggested to the fiery Irish baronet which so excited his wrath? Of course some deed in connection with this. Was it a legal marriage? Could it be? She knew the name of her own grandmother—Lady Mildred Fitzowen — whose father had been Marquis of Claremore—ancestor of the present young man. But she had died nearly fifty years ago, when her own dear father had been only an infant. Florence felt herself wandering in a maze with no clue to an outlet as she stooped and lifted the slip of paper that lay at her feet. Her eyes swam. The throbbing of her heart rang in her ears and almost choked her. The names written upon the rough paper in faded ink stood out before her in letters of flame: 'Eustace Ponsonby Vandaleur—Cecille Marie de la Vigny, commonly called Cecilia Lavine—united in holy matrimony by me, Henry Davis, curate,' and a date—a day in May 1827.

Like one hypnotised she sat staring at the certificate: De la Vigny—Cecille de la Vigny—Cecil Lavine.' A voice in her ears seemed calling her out of space; there was something familiar in it, yet it was remote as if from behind some thick curtain. A warm, heavy hand upon her shoulder, and the voice, now shrilling in her ears, 'Saints abow! Miss Florrie, what's wrong wid you, core o' my heart, me own child? Won't you spake to me, or will I call the doctor, who is below in the drawin'-room waitin' on you?'

She roused herself from the spell that had fallen upon her, and looked into Cathy's kind, frightened face. 'I am not ill. Did you say Dr Browne was in the house? Yes, tell him I am coming.' Her own voice as she uttered the words seemed strange. Mechanically she gathered up the letters and thrust them into her dress. She must take some one into confidence—why not her oldest friend?

She locked the door behind her and went downstairs. The end of all things was at hand. What was she? What was her brother? Were they really Vandaleurs of Castle Clare, or nameless? She thought of her mother, dead before she could remember her loss—of the proud, pure woman who had supposed herself her grandfather's wife. These things were foremost in her mind as she opened the drawing-room door and faced the man who, she felt, could give her at least sympathy. Dazed as were her senses, she noted how he started back as his eyes met her own.

'Florence, you are ill! You'—— He caught her cold hands and held them. 'What has happened? Myles?' He glanced round him. All trace of the bright stranger had vanished from the room, where some pretty things of hers had lain about for the last ten days. 'She has gone. You have found out?' He had both her hands in his. Under other circumstances she would have blushed and trembled at the fiery ardour of his gaze; but now she only felt she had found a friend, one who could perhaps help her to understand the mysteries thronging round her.

'I have found something,' she faltered, gently withdrawing her hands and sinking down upon the sofa by the fire. 'I think you can help me—help us,' she stammered, as she put the papers into his hands. 'Your father knew both my father and grandfather. Did he know anything about—that?' and she pointed to the slip of paper.

Stephen Browne's dark eyes expanded; he bit his lip. 'So it has come to light?' he said, quite as much to himself as to the agitated girl on the sofa. 'Where did you find this, Florence?' and neither of them observed that during the whole of their intimacy this was the first time he had so called her.

'Amongst my aunt Jessie's papers,' she replied. 'Is it true?'

'Quite true that your grandfather married Cecilia Lavine? Yes, this leaves no doubt on the subject.'

'Then it was — suspected — known?' she faltered.

'Suspected—yes; never known until now.' Stephen's voice was curiously hard. He had glanced his eyes rapidly over the letter in which the certificate had been enclosed, and his face darkened. 'My dearest,' he said, scarcely knowing he used the tender term, 'I can tell you many things. I have been worried—for the last ten days, shall we say?—over vague memories of stories heard in my childhood, so much so that I began a search amongst my father and grandfather's old papers, and strange things came to light. My grandfather and your great-grandfather were friends up to a certain period of Vandaleur's career. In fact, my grandfather would have married your dear aunt, although she was some years his senior, but for the old man's interference. That was why she always had an affection for me. Are you able to bear what I have to relate?' He seated himself at her side. 'Florence,' he said, and his voice was eloquent in its melody—'Florence, will you think it strange if I tell you that I feel so personally interested in the history of your family that I claim my part in it? You will grant me that priceless gift, dearest—your people my people, your interests mine? Your sweet life mine, also, to love and cherish until death?'

She trembled like a leaf in the wind. What mysterious and wonderful thing was it that had thus come to her in the hour of her utmost need? What could she do but grasp the hand thus extended to her—the hand which would draw her safely to land when the waters seemed closing over her head? Without a word she let herself go. She was crying quietly in his arms, feeling that here was shelter, rest, security for ever and evermore.

Afterwards, when they could talk quietly, Stephen told her how he had found amongst his old family papers enough to supplement her discoveries. It appeared that after receiving that copy of the marriage certificate old Vandaleur had gone to London and done his dirty work for himself. Having powerful friends in high quarters, he used their influence in procuring a diplomatic post in central India for his son, persuading those in office that his sole object in thus sending his heir into honourable exile was to break off an entanglement which threatened to ruin his career. It was useless for O'Mara, from whose indignant letter to her grandfather the doctor was quoting, to assert the truth about the lady. Indeed, while the negotiations were on foot, the poor girl and her child disappeared; nor could the agonised young husband discover any trace of them, although he spent the best part of a year in the heart-breaking search. In despair, he went to India, where he remained until his father's accidental death recalled him to his native land. In a year he married the lady whom his father had designed for him in his youth. Lady Mildred only survived the birth of her son a few months, and Eustace went back to India, to terminate his broken life by a hero's death.

Meantime the old cabinetmaker had been dead for many years; and his half-brother having taken up his business, O'Mara, with a tenacity that did him credit, clung to the hope that something might be discovered which would clear up the mystery of Mrs Eustace Vandaleur's disappearance. Not for many years did he arrive at anything to throw light upon such a dark place in the family history. It came at last, in the form of a deathbed confession. The half-brother who had taken over the prosperous business of old Henry Vincente was a thorough-paced scoundrel. He confessed that, tempted by the large sum offered by old Vandaleur, he had persuaded the poor young wife, who was ignorant of English laws, that a marriage without the consent of the man's parents was null and void, as she knew it to be in her mother's country. The old man who had been a father to her had become imbecile. She had not a soul to whom she could turn for advice. O'Mara was out of town; evil counsellors were round her, Vandaleur's money working against her. Never a very strong woman, soft, gentle, helpless, she accepted a couple of hundred pounds—five had been the sum paid to her false adviser for the purpose—and with it went to America, hoping to find some relatives in a French settlement; but as the ship in which she sailed was cast away, it was more than probable that she had perished with all on board.

'I have brought with me all the letters I could find,' Stephen said. 'We can go over them carefully when Myles returns. I think it more than probable that this rich man, whose daughter came so mysteriously amongst us, has some reason to believe himself interested in this story. You found the letters endorsed as being found in the marquetry cabinet? You see how that old curio has been mixed up in the story from the first.'

They had not done with the strange discovery when Myles returned from the railway station alone. Even the news they had to tell him of themselves scarcely moved him beyond a perfunctory wishing them every happiness. His thoughts seemed far away. Not until after dinner did Stephen broach the subject which had so filled their minds. At first the infatuated young man lent but a careless ear to the strange news they had to tell; but when it dawned upon him that Cecil Lavine's name was mixed up with their discoveries he at once became interested—excited.

'This must be sifted out to the last,' he said; and they both agreed.

CHAPTER VII.

NOT until the next day did Florence learn that the precious cabinet had followed their bright guest to Dublin. Did it matter much? She had taken with her a far greater treasure, and one less easily replaced—her brother's peace of mind. But she loved the girl. Her fascinations had entangled both brother and sister; and to know their guest was of their own blood only served as a fresh link to bind her to their hearts. But there was still the doubt—also the cruel fact—that if the old father, of whom the bright stranger spoke with so much affection, could really establish his claim to be the elder son of their grandfather, he must then be the true owner of the old name, all that was left of their possessions, and take his place in the county as Vandaleur of Castle Clare.

Aimlessly she wandered through the blackened ruins of their vanished splendours, wishing she

could remember the house as it had once reared itself amongst the woods. Stephen was not at her side to bring back her wandering thoughts to those better things which life was offering — only old Tomsey Gallon, who awoke her from her dream.

'Av' ye plaze, miss, would you come an' look at the ould black-and-white cabinet?' he said in his soft, sing-song drawl. 'When Joey an' me was just givin' it the least taste in life o' a push back out o' the way the fronts fell out o' it on the flure, an' there's a heap o' wee shinin' things inside in it that we'd be loath to stir until your ladyship sees them.'

She followed the garrulous old man, who talked on and on while he led the way across the flagged court. She was thinking that her own small fortune, with Stephen's consent, would go to swell Myles's income should the worst come to the worst. Stephen had enough. They could live upon very little, life was so simple here in the wilds.

The old cabinet was of Italian workmanship, curiously inlaid with ivory on a dark background. Even to her inexperienced eyes it looked of value. The 'shiny things' of which Tomsey spoke were odds and ends of Indian workmanship, some of them rare and curious. But the only article which Florence carried back to the house herself was an inlaid box of beautiful workmanship which caught her fancy; the rest she directed Tomsey to bring to her at his leisure. After all, suppose things eventuated as they were threatening, these valuable trifles were not hers. They would belong to her grandfather's eldest son.

Myles was not in the house when she laid the little box on the table and proceeded to examine it carefully. It opened with a spring, and apparently was stuffed with soft silk paper of unfamiliar make. Fold after fold of this silky stuff, with its strange, penetrating odour clinging to it after all these years, and then a very beautiful locket, crusted with jewels of almost barbaric splendour. She easily discovered the clasp, and there before her lay a face she knew—Cecil Lavine, with her soft brown eyes, the wealth of lovely hair, the sweet lips parted into a wistful smile. Flames seemed to circle round her. Her heart plunged heavily.

Through the tumult in her brain she heard voices in the hall—her brother's voice and Stephen's. Their half-heard conversation roused her to a sense of the present—of the facts which had to be faced; but they were here in the room with her, and a warm glow spread itself through her being. Here was her Man—the true lover who would shield her through every tempest life might bring. Her very thoughts were incoherent as she made an effort to explain to the two men her discovery of the morning.

Myles saw only one side of the case. 'Had Cecil not come to us we should have remained in utter ignorance of everything,' he said.

She looked at Stephen. He was examining the box and its paper wraps. 'Eustace Vandaleur must have hidden this miniature away in a place where his second wife could never find it,' he said. 'Lady Mildred had probably heard rumours, which doubtless she did not believe. He would not leave anything in her way that could possibly disturb her faith in him. Now, I wonder if there is any inscription on the back of this little thing?' He turned it over and over, probing the case with delicate fingers. He touched a hidden spring; the little picture shot out of its place, revealing three lines of minute writing upon its ivory back. The inscription ran simply: 'Cecille Marie de la Vigny, fille unique de Armand St Louis de la Vigny et Marie de Trepont de Fresnelle, sa femme.'

Myles took the locket from his hand with shining eyes. 'Now there can be no doubt of the old cabinetmaker's story,' he said proudly. 'Eustace Vandaleur's wife came of the old French noblesse.'

'I think that proves the matter beyond question,' Stephen said. 'You understand all that these discoveries involve?'

'Everything,' he returned, with a proud uplift of his head. 'It is only due to her that she should be told at once.'

'But, Myles,' said Florence hesitatingly, 'is there not another side to the question—our side? If her father is our — our uncle, he is rightful owner of all that remains of the Castle Clare estate. Under the Land Acts the old entail rules the money paid into court on the tenant's behalf? It is not ours any more, but his.'

'Even so,' he answered, with that uplifted look in his face which transfigured it; 'even so. We are only the younger branch. It is even possible that our right to our name may be questioned.'

Florence shrank back. 'No—oh no!' she cried.

Stephen threw an arm round her. 'Never that!' he cried. 'Eustace would not have married had he not been certain of his first wife's death.'

'If the son survived, why not the mother?' Myles asked, with that strange light in his eyes. To him, the sacrifice of name and position was sweet. He wished there had been more to lay down at his lady's feet.

Now, Stephen saw things in another light. Nothing could make a change in his love for Florence, but the honour of the family was at stake. 'My dear fellow,' he said in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone, 'much water must go past the mill before Eustace Vandaleur is proved to have committed a criminal act. Even if this

American claimant can make good his story, it will not prove anything to the prejudice of your claim to the old name. Remember, the claim is still to make on his part. We know nothing about him. He may be a spiteful old hunks, or a kindly soul ready to meet you half-way with any proposal you make. It is all in your own hands at present. Suppose you say nothing about these discoveries?'

Myles flamed round upon him; but Florence's light laugh checked the fiery words on his lips. 'We will tell Cecil everything,' she said, 'and wait and see.'

But nothing could be done for a week, because of Mr Lavine's strange attack. Myles waited in a fever of impatience. Through those days he lived in a waking dream. The exultation of sacrifice was upon him; he was ready to lay down all he held most dear, with the certainty of that renunciation being made without hope of reward. He had nothing to offer, while the woman for whose sweet sake he would leave himself bare possessed everything. With her already splendid possessions, she would return to America encircled by a halo of real romance. Had she not been the means of rescuing from oblivion her father's right to a name old as the Anglo-Norman conquest of Ireland, together with those treasures of ancient records such as your modern American dearly loves? What had he to weigh in the balance against all this but the humble love of a mere country clod?

In such a frame of mind they reached Dublin, for Mr Lavine was now convalescent, and would gladly receive them. They were to stay in the same hotel where the old man's illness had overtaken him; in fact, they were to share his suite of rooms.

Cecil met them with eyes that shone sweetly out of a pale face. Myles felt his heart yearn over her as he looked upon her, seeing that she had been shaken by some unwonted experience since last he saw her. The presence of Miss Blinkley in their midst relieved the tension, for the tactful lady talked at large about the city and the everyday topics of the hour. They did not meet Mr Lavine until next day.

Florence was struck at the first glance by the old man's singular likeness to Aunt Jessie, also to the portrait which hung in her room.

His manner of receiving them was cordial and friendly. 'Of course you know that by blood I am your uncle Eustace,' he said as Florence took his hand. 'That is no very startling news to you, my child?'

'No, indeed,' she replied in her gentle voice. 'I only wish we had known it sooner.'

'Ah well, all in good time, my dear,' he answered, as he drew her face down to his and kissed her level brows. 'Amongst my poor mother's papers I found a letter from my father's sister—her name was Jessie—a kind and loving letter. You shall see it some day. I think you must be like her, eh?'

'Aunt Jessie was the sweetest woman that ever lived,' Florence said with tears in her eyes. Then she laid the little miniature in his hand.

The old face flushed up. 'My—my mother—as I never knew her,' he faltered. 'My mother, young and beautiful, and I so old!'

They turned away and left him to himself, not speaking until he called them to him.

'Children,' he said, 'isn't it as if she came back amongst us to tell us we are all of one blood, to tell us we should be friends, and a little more?—Niece Florence, this is the best thing you have brought to me—the very best—because it carries along with it a message of peace.—Now, Nephew Myles, I'm ready to look at those letters and the certificate you mentioned, while I'll relate my side of the story, and show you how the two dovetail into each other.'

But it was Florence who spoke. In fewest words possible she told how she had found the fateful package amongst the ruins of an old writing-desk. She thought it highly probable that her father had not mastered the contents of the letters, as his death had followed close upon the fire. As to Aunt Jessie, she could not tell, but she thought her sense of honour would hinder her from prying into the secrets of the dead. Possibly she heard of the loss of the emigrant ship, and the supposed death of the persons most concerned in the records.

Then the old man spoke. It was quite true, he said, that the ship in which his mother and her boy left London had been wrecked off the Irish coast; but the mother and child had been put ashore a few hours before the catastrophe. A poor, delicate lady, who had fallen in love with the beautiful young exile, had become so terribly ill during the passage down Channel that the ship's doctor said that to continue the voyage would mean death to her. At Kinsale the poor thing, accompanied by 'Mrs Lavine and baby,' were put ashore, as the ship's log, picked up by a passing fisher-boat, proved. This sick lady was a Madame Desmouline, wife of a great manufacturer in St Louis, to which city the trio returned as soon as the lady was able to bear the journey. The Desmoulines were childless, and the worse than orphaned boy became like a son to them after his mother's death. She left a written account of her life and her wrongs, which her son had guarded as a sacred treasure. 'I lived under a false impression of my father until I had children of my own,' the old man said. 'Now, Cecil can tell you the rest.'

She was very pale, knowing all her story involved, and its cost to the man she loved, yet

she related it quietly. Some years ago an old man arrived in St Louis who had once been servant at Castle Clare. He speedily recognised Mr Lavine's remarkable likeness to the family which he so deeply revered, and soon gaining admission to the Desmouline Place, as the great old mansion was called, had his story to tell. A child—but a very sharp child, running almost wild through Castle Clare—he had heard the story of the eldest son whispered to and fro. One day, hidden in the library, and trembling in every limb for sheer terror of his life, he had seen the old man stalk into the room and open the marquetry cabinet, which he cursed with a great oath. Into its most secret recess he thrust a package of letters, saying as he did so, 'You'll end it as you began it. The devil himself couldn't find out your secret if he tried.' He remembered the words well, because that very evening the Bad Vandaleur was carried home dead from the side of Slievebeggan, beyond the lough.

Now, as Eustace's son knew this cabinet had played a very conspicuous part in his mother's story—her manuscript mentioning that it had been through the sale of her mother's cabinet she had first met Eustace Vandaleur—a feverish desire to possess it became a master-passion with her son. The old peasant—who was spending his last years in affluence with a daughter whose husband was one of the heads of a department in the great works—could tell his 'boss' of the downfall of the family at Castle Clare, of the decay of their fortunes, the ruin of their home; and, having all his life believed that his father had been a thorough scoundrel, Eustace Lavine cherished a vision of thrusting out his descendants from the second marriage and taking his place as the real Vandaleur of Castle Clare.

But everything had fallen out in an unexpected fashion. 'I had kept my secret from my daughter,' he said. 'I did not mean her to know anything until the whole truth was made plain. She went upon an errand which she did not understand. Her first surprise was the startling likeness to me which she discovered in a portrait in the room prepared for my agent in the old house. She could not sleep for amazement. Then she was told it was a likeness of her new friend's grandfather, which puzzled her still more. In fact, she wrote a letter, and sent a wire which brought me here. The letter went to St Louis.—Now, Nephew Myles, can't we come to some amicable settlement? Law is a costly thing, and as the property according to your Irish law is strictly entailed upon the male line, you are my heir?'

The young man's face flushed painfully. He kept his eyes upon the ground.

The old man regarded him with an enigmatical smile. 'Take your own time to consider things over,' he said. 'To-morrow is a new day, and you have the best of your lives before you, children, to make or mar. I have lived my life to its utmost limits, and I have gained my heart's desire. If it comes late, it comes time enough for me to know that the name above my head will be Vandaleur of Castle Clare when they lay me in my last home. Go and live your lives, children; mine is well-nigh done.'

Myles scarcely remembers how he passed through that day. He lay sleepless through the night following. He still was Vandaleur, with never a slur upon the name; but for all that he was a broken man, homeless and penniless save for his mother's little fortune. He had strong hands and a resolute heart. The love of a pearl of woman was not for him. How could he ask her to share his broken fortunes? No; there were new countries far away where he could make a fight for success; if he failed there would only be one more nameless grave somewhere overseas. A thought of offering himself as a hand in his uncle's works flashed into his troubled brain, to be instantly banished. No; his future must stand upon its own merits. He would fight the world alone, the last man of his race. By-and-by Cecil would marry some great man, and bring a title into the old family. That thought he also thrust from him. It was more than he could bear.

Daylight brought the need of action. He remembered names of old comrades who had crossed the seas, who were toiling up the hill to ease and competence perhaps, or more likely to the nameless grave which he had foretold for himself in the weary watches of the night. He would go to one of these old friends and try his luck.

The three ladies breakfasted alone.

'Myles has gone out upon business,' Florence said briefly.

And Cecil said—nothing.

They went out into the mild autumnal day, and talked together as girls will, carefully avoiding the subject they both had most at heart. Florence was soon to marry—there was no need of delay—so there were chiffons to be discussed, important trifles in any woman's life.

It was not until, a little tired with shopping, they sat over their tea in the quiet room at the hotel that Cecil said suddenly, 'I had not the slightest idea why my dear father wanted that cabinet. Believe me, had I known the train of circumstances which linked it with your family and mine I never would have touched the matter.'

'But is it not fortunate you did undertake it, Cecil?' Florence said in her tender voice. 'We might never have known you, or perhaps—but it is too dreadful to think—there might be a possibility of our having cause to believe you and your father enemies.'

Cecil made a little deprecating gesture. 'That

never could have been the case. It would be impossible,' she said.

There was silence between them, and Florence thought of Myles. His whole life lay in ruins round him—Myles the dreamer! Poor Myles! and she sighed.

Cecil seemed to divine her thoughts. 'You love your brother,' she said with a little catch in her voice—'love him dearly?'

'He was all I had. We were a lonely pair; and when I go'—— Again she sighed.

'He'—Cecil's face became crimson—'he has not sufficient faith in himself,' she said. 'Tell him I said so.' And they looked at each other intently.

Stephen had arrived. Mr Lavine-Vandaleur had sent for him.

Myles had not yet returned. When he came back there was a curious look in his face, the look of a man who has faced despair. He met his sister in their own room. 'I have been looking round, Flo,' he said, with his arm upon her shoulder. 'I have made arrangements about the horses. She'—he did not name her, but Florence understood that he meant Cecil—'may like to keep Grayling. Tell her I said so. The others I have sold.'

'Dear Myles!' Florence cried, 'what do you mean? Selling the horses! Your precious Grayling! I don't understand. Have you seen Stephen?'

'Stephen will hear soon enough. How can I remain any longer at Castle Clare? It is not mine!' His handsome face had turned gray with pain, and he spoke with an effort. 'I am going to join Harry Western in Canada. I have settled it with his brother Frank. I can get work on their ranch, so I am going.'

'May one ask where, Cousin Myles?' cried a gay voice, as Cecil returned from her father's room. 'Found some new place of interest for us to see? Dublin is full of interesting places.'

'I am going farther,' he returned, averting his face.

'To Killarney? They told us in the hotel that it was rather late in the season for the Lakes; but, if we chance upon fine weather, the place is at its loveliest in autumn.' She was smiling at him, with a sweet, wavering colour in her face, while her eyes shone with a soft radiance which was perfectly entrancing.

He looked away from her. 'I am going much farther,' he said hoarsely. 'To Canada.'

'Canada!' She turned pale. 'But why? What need?' She spoke brokenly.

Florence left them. They were alone in the drawing-room, the life and movement of the great city going on below the wide windows, a golden sunset flaming in the west. 'But why must you go?' she asked, coming just half a step nearer to him. 'Cousin Myles, why must you go?' Tentatively, she extended a hand. 'Why?' she insisted. 'What is the need?'

'Because there is nothing to keep me here,' he said hoarsely, turning away.

'Nothing! How can you say that? You are—you think'—— She was close at his side. 'Nothing in Ireland—not the old place—the old name?' she said.

'It is mine no longer. I have given it up to you with all my heart.' He turned to her, his eyes wild, his face white and drawn. 'I am a ruined man,' he went on. 'I have nothing, can offer nothing. I must go.'

'Not if I ask you to stay, Myles?' she whispered low.

. . . . . .

They are rebuilding the ruined house at Clare Castle. The mine on the mountain-side will soon be in full working order, and the steel-works at St Louis will absorb most of the precious ore it contains. New work, new life, are pouring into the tumble-down little town that straggled along the shore of the lough, dreaming its life away for centuries of inaction. Sometimes Florence Browne thinks she liked it best before the new houses where the miners live were built, and Cecil Vandaleur agrees with her. But then, even prosperity will have its price. The great brain which started all the works is very quiet now, while Myles has no time left for dreaming. Have not all his dreams come true? His horses have carried off blue-ribbons upon every racecourse in the kingdom. The mine is working. In a year or so the castle will stand up in a greater magnificence than ever, and he himself possesses a happiness such as never filled his wildest vision. Is there ever perfect satisfaction under the sun?

Another visionary found his dreams come true—the most improbable dream of all realised to the letter; yet even he could acknowledge that the realisation of the vision was not half so sweet as the mirage that led him through a long and successful life to the resting-place amongst his forefathers and the complete clearing of his mother's name.

Amongst the ruins of St Morgue's Abbey on the promontory over the lough stands a magnificent cross of pure Celtic design, and upon its base the names, 'Eustace Ponsonby Vandaleur, and his wife, Cecille Marie de la Vigny; also, their only son, Eustace de la Vigny Vandaleur of Castle Clare.'

And all the world knows the story of how that Vandaleur of Castle Clare came to his rights at last.

THE SPECIALIST.

By OWEN OLIVER,

AUTHOR OF 'THE LINE,' 'DESTINY,' 'THE BRIDGE WARDEN,' &c.



I HAD only returned to the Home the previous day, after a long and exhausting engagement; but the telegram asked for a nurse who was fond of children and specially competent for operation cases. So the superintendent came to me.

'I know you need a rest, Nan,' she apologised; 'but really there's no one else to send. Will you go?'

'Yes,' I answered, and packed up and travelled all night to Seaness. An open trap met me at the station and took me to Dead Man's Island, which was my destination. The way was over the bed of a salt-river, which was only fordable an hour and a half before and after low-tide, the driver said; and the Hall, where I was going, was the only house of any size upon the island. My little patient owned the whole of it; and Mr Godley, his guardian under the squire's will, 'thought of nothing but a lot of nasty-smelling experiments;' and the boy's stepmother was 'gallivanting about in foreign parts;' and the old housekeeper, who was 'a mother to him,' was ill in bed; and Dr Palmer said they'd better send for a nurse. 'A clever man, Dr Palmer, miss; but—— Well, I don't want you to think I'm set against him, being a teetotaler myself; but you'll see soon enough. And they'll all look to *you* to pull the young master through, if I may speak plain, miss.'

I was depressed by overwork, and these confidences, which I tried vainly to check, did not raise my spirits. The sight of the Hall lowered them further. It looked like a gloomy prison; and Mr Godley the guardian, whom I saw in the library, did not impress me at all favourably. He had a weak mouth and shifty eyes, and was evidently more troubled by the interruption of his experiments than by the illness of his little ward.

'Mrs Fennell will tell you about the case,' he said impatiently. 'I don't see anything wrong with the boy myself, but she keeps worrying about him. It is most inconvenient to be disturbed in my researches at the present moment—most inconvenient. I trust that you will be able to manage without asking me about things.'

'If you will let a servant conduct me to Mrs Fennell,' I said curtly, 'I will not trouble you further.' I never like people who have no affection for children or dogs, and I was glad to get away from him. I fear that I am a somewhat intolerant and headstrong woman.

An amiable but stupid country maid conducted me to the bedroom of the housekeeper, who was utterly prostrated by influenza. I shook up her pillows, and, finding that she had eaten no breakfast, told the maid to bring her some before I talked to her. Then I gave her the medicine, which they had forgotten, and tidied the room; and then I went and sat beside her.

'Now, tell me about it,' I said, putting her gray hair off her forehead.

'You are very good, my dear,' she said feebly. 'I was rather afraid of a hospital nurse; but I see that you will be kind to my little lad. He has no mother.'

'Of course I will,' I promised. 'You will find us great friends when you get up. That will be in a day or two, because I'm going to look after you too. How old is he, and what is the matter with him?'

'He's two next month,' she said, 'and the dearest little fellow that ever was born, and the brightest till this came upon him. Now he lies and stares and says nothing—not even Fen or Ganny Fen, as he used to call me. There's a hard lump at the side of his head; and'—she gulped down something in her throat—'I was always terrified of operations, but I suppose you don't mind them?'

'They're not nearly so dreadful as people think,' I assured her. 'Surgeons are very clever nowadays. They are better at cutting out a "growth" than at curing influenza, for example. *I'm* going to treat you for that. The little fellow's parents are dead, I understand?'

'Yes. His mother died when he was born. I nursed her when she was a baby, and it seemed wrong that she should be taken first and a useless old woman left. Well, well! The squire married again a year after; and six months later *he* died. His second wife was a music-hall actress, and—— I won't say anything against her. She was always kind to the child, and he was wonderfully fond of her. But—well, it's no business of ours, and I think she wasn't bad at heart. The squire left her an income; and if he dies she is to have everything that isn't entailed. That goes to a cousin, a doctor in London. The squire wouldn't trust either

of them with the baby, for fear they'd make away with him. I don't think he was just to her; but as for the cousin, I wouldn't trust him. Anyhow, he left Archie—the blessed lamb!—in charge of Mr Godley, a man with no more human feeling than these bedposts, my dear! I've tried to be a mother to my mistress's child; but now I'm struck down just when—— Oh, my dear! can't you stop them operating on him? But I suppose you think nothing of it.'

'Oh,' I cried, 'don't say that! If I am not present at the operation I generally shut myself up and cry.'

'God bless you, my dear.' She grasped my hand. 'You're a woman, if you *are* a nurse.'

'I hope so,' I agreed. 'But if I *am* at the operation, I won't let my feelings affect my usefulness; and I shall do my very, very best for your little boy. Now, here's your breakfast. Let me prop you up. There! Mary will help you.—I can see that you'll make a good nurse, Mary.—Now, you must eat every scrap of it; and I'll go and see the little chap that I am to mother for you till you are well.'

I have loved many baby-patients, but from the first I loved Archie more than any. He was such a sweet, blue-eyed little fellow, and so wonderfully patient. He did not speak, but he smiled at me faintly, and he held my finger when I took him in my arms. I kissed him and crooned to him while I examined the lump. I was pretty sure that it was cancerous. If so the horrible roots would probably reach to the brain, and the operation would be very dangerous. Poor little smiling baby! I kissed him again.

'Nursie has come to play with Archie,' I said; and he smiled again. I made a little game of washing his face and hands, while Mary, who soon came in, put things in order, under my direction.

Dr Palmer arrived soon after we had finished. He was evidently a heavy drinker, and seemed fuddled even at that early hour, but I judged him to be naturally clever. He pronounced the case very serious, and had telegraphed for a specialist to come down at once; and he had thought it best to have a skilled nurse in case an operation was necessary. Mrs Fennell had insisted that he should also stipulate for one who was fond of children.

'You are used to operations, I suppose?' he asked.

'Yes,' I said. 'Who is the specialist?'

'Dr Royd,' he replied. 'He is an old friend of mine, and quite at the top of his line. Perhaps you know him?'

'Yes,' I said, 'I know him.'

When Dr Palmer had gone I went and broke the news to Mrs Fennell as gently as I could. 'Dr Palmer has sent for a famous specialist,' I told her. 'He is a great surgeon, as well as a great specialist; and he will be able to perform the operation himself at once if it is necessary.'

'You know him?' she inquired.

'Yes,' I answered.

'And you like him?'

'He is very competent,' I said evasively.

'But you do *not* like him?'

'My dislike is purely a personal matter,' I explained. 'He is the doctor whom I should select for the case. I should not have used so strong a term as "dislike" perhaps. We had a disagreement once.'

Sometimes I had thought that the disagreement was my own fault. He had been brusque to me at my first operation, when I almost fainted. Possibly his sharpness saved me, but I resented it the more because I had been anxious to earn his praise. Afterwards, when I had come to be considered a specially good nurse for the operating-room, he told me that he wanted me for his cases; and I told him that I did not wish to take them. He was distinctly rude then, and said that I had no more right to let my objection to him stand in the way of my duty than he had to let his objection to me stand in the way of his. I answered that I could do my duty better with those with whom I liked to work. We had never spoken again, except when he was one of the trio who examined me for the Redman prize, which I won. He was quite fair to me as an examiner, so I tried to do him justice now.

'The disagreement was partly my fault,' I added. 'He is rather overbearing, and I think unsympathetic; but he is certainly very skilful.'

'What is his name?' Mrs Fennell asked.

'Royd,' I told her. 'Paul Royd.'

She gave a sharp cry and clutched my arm. 'Oh,' she cried, 'my little boy! my little boy! He is Archie's cousin. He will kill him. *He is next in the entail!*'

My breath went quickly and came back slowly.

'And he is a friend of Dr Palmer's,' I said; 'but of course he will not operate under the circumstances. I can't think it of him. I won't think it of him. I don't like him, but he is not that sort of man. I am sure of it—*almost* sure of it.'

'Ah!' she cried, '*almost!* You mistrust him in your heart. You think him hard and cruel.'

'Not cruel,' I said. 'Hard—yes. He was hard on me. Still—— Oh, no! He wouldn't do *that*.'

But she persisted that he was not to be trusted. It was written in his face, she declared. He looked like the Evil One (whose appearance she judged from his presentment in *Faust*, I gathered). Dr Royd certainly was of Mephistophelean appearance—tall, thin, dark, and fierce-eyed.

There was another thing against him, it

appeared. He had tried to induce Mr Godley to hand over Archie to his stepmother—'a play-actress, my dear, though I don't say she wasn't good to the child, and wouldn't have hurt him herself; but *he* would have been able to get to him then, being a friend of hers. The squire didn't do as he did for nothing, mark my words.'

I assured her that her suspicions were absurd; and I really believed so, until the afternoon. Then, to our astonishment, Mrs Royd, Archie's stepmother, arrived, having crossed the river by boat. Dr Palmer had written to her, and she had taken the first train from Paris 'to see the little man.' She was not vulgar, but she was gaily dressed, and not innocent of rouge and powder; and I suspected the colour of her hair —a pale gold. She had a stage walk and an exaggerated stage manner. 'Methinks the lady doth protest too much!' I thought when she flung herself on her knees beside Archie's bed.

'What shall mummy play with you, darling dear?' she asked. 'Little precious boy!'

Archie's eyes brightened, and he spoke for once.

'Dump!' he said feebly. 'Dump!'

'Dump!' She laughed a stage laugh. 'Yes, mummy will dance to the lovely one! He always liked her to "dump," didn't he?'

She propped him up on the pillows, and threw off her hat and cloak and danced on the hearth-rug, kicking up her legs and throwing herself into stage attitudes. Whenever she stopped he cried, 'Dump! dump!' And she went on again till she was quite exhausted and sank in a chair.

'Dump, mummy!' he persisted.

'Oh boy!' she said breathlessly, 'mummy's nearly "dumped" to death! I'll sing to sonny-man instead.'

She sang him snatches of music-hall songs, with actions and gestures, till he dozed. Then she gathered up her hat and cloak and looked at me.

'Well,' she said with a shrug, 'you look very properly disgusted, nurse. It's pretty horrible, isn't it, when perhaps to-morrow—— He'll have had an hour's more fun in his little life, anyhow.' She bent suddenly and kissed the small hand that lay upon the counterpane.

'It was very, very kind of you,' I said, 'especially as'——

She turned as if she would strike me. 'As his death would profit me!' she hissed. 'You —you'—— She controlled herself with an evident effort.

'I was going to say as you were evidently very tired,' I protested indignantly; 'but the idea seems to be present in your mind.'

She laughed scornfully. '*Qui s'excuse*,' she said. 'I hope my French is correct. I don't know much. There's a frightful lot that I don't know; but I know people. I know you. You're a good woman—a most horribly good woman! But you're prejudiced and jealous and suspicious. *S'accuse!* That's what you'll always think of me now. Well, *you* don't know people. It was just that—that I hated the thought of profiting by—by—— Oh, little sonny-man!' She kissed the small hand again and swept out with a stage bow.

I sat down and tried to think, and could not make out what I thought; but I took care to leave Mary in the room when I left it to see Mrs Fennell. When I came back Mrs Royd was sitting beside the bed. She was touching the sleeping child's head, and she had been crying. She got up with a forced laugh; but the break in the laugh seemed natural. I believed that my suspicions had been unjust—till Dr Royd came. She met him on the stairs and they talked. The door of the sick-room was ajar, and I was close to it. My ears are very sharp, and I heard what they said, though they spoke softly.

'Paul!' she said, 'my learned doctor!'

I noted the familiarity. I did not hear his reply distinctly, but I thought he called her by her Christian name. They said a few more things in a whisper.

Then she raised her voice a trifle, and I heard again. 'That's how it stands,' she said. 'It's like a stage play! The sick heir, the cruel cousin and the wicked stepmother, the faithful foster-mother and the good nurse who had her suspicions. You've no end of a good nurse!' She laughed sharply.

'Hush!' he told her in his brusque way. 'You've no end of a foolish tongue. Nobody would have had suspicions if you hadn't roused them. Is she a hospital nurse?'

'She's from a nursing institution. She *was* at a hospital—yours! I gather that there's no love lost between you.'

'Who is she?' he asked.

'Her name is Read—Miss E. N. Read.'

'Umph!' he growled. 'Yes, she dislikes me. She's a particularly clever nurse, but cursed with nerves, and as obstinate and prejudiced as—as a woman! If you've put a suspicion into *her* head you'll never put it out, and'——

I could not catch the rest of the conversation, and when he resumed his way upstairs I went over to the bed and took my poor little patient in my arms. I was sitting nursing him and pretending to read when Dr Royd came in.

He was very courteous to me, and went out of his way to express approval of what I had done; and he was more pleasant to Archie than I had ever known him be to a patient. He even gave him his watch to hold to his ear while he examined the swelling. The examination was very brief, and when it was over he patted the child on his head and looked down at him thoughtfully.

'You and I will have to be associated in an operation after all,' he told me quietly.

'When?' I asked, making myself speak quietly too. I had decided to make no protest, but to telegraph to Dr Ferguson, the chairman of the board of my old hospital, to come at once, and to tell him all that I knew.

'To-night,' Dr Royd answered, 'as soon as I can get Palmer over to give the anæsthetic. It is a desperate case, and I fear that I am called in too late. Every hour is important.'

'But he should be dieted first,' I objected. 'And—and you are taking a great responsibility, Dr Royd.'

I looked at him and he looked at me. He turned a little pale, and I saw his hands clench; but he controlled his anger.

'I will not pretend to misunderstand you,' he said very gravely. 'I take that responsibility to give the child his chance—poor as it is. I am aware what you will say afterwards; but I shall have the consent of the boy's guardian, and I shall have the testimony of Dr Palmer.'

'The consent of a man who cares nothing for his poor little ward!' I thought. 'And the testimony of a drunken man, who would do anything for the favour of this great specialist, whom he plumes himself upon knowing! But who would weigh the word of a mere nurse against theirs?'

'You will not take the responsibility of refusing your assistance, I suppose?' Dr Royd asked in a hard voice.

'No,' I said. 'If he dies, God forgive you.'

Dr Royd turned on his heel and left the room. I heard him ask for Mr Godley, and I knew that he had gone to seek permission to perform the operation. I sat hugging the child to me for a time. Then I made up my mind.

Archie had fallen asleep again. I arranged a cloak round him, and then a couple of rugs, which I pinned together carefully. Then I put on my own jacket and hat, and crept down the back-stairs, carrying the child in my arms. I met no one, and got out of the house unseen. It was a cold night, and a strong wind was driving a drizzling rain. There was no light beyond the two lamps at the end of the drive, and the road was barely distinguishable. I trudged on through mud and pools in the road. I walked into several trees and bruised myself, slipped into a shallow trench and injured my ankle, and fell over a heap of stones and cut my face; but I kept the child from harm. At last I reached the little stage at the edge of the river. Two boats were moored there. I got into one, laid the baby on the stern seat, and rowed.

I had very little experience of rowing, and my arms ached after half-a-dozen strokes. To this day I do not know how I got over, but I did. The little pier on the other side was farther up the river, and the tide was flowing in and helped me. If it had been flowing the other way I suppose we should have been driven out to sea and drowned. As it was, the boat almost capsized when I ran it clumsily upon the pier. I snatched up the baby; but another wave caught the boat, and I should have fallen into the water if the old night-watchman had not seized us both and dragged us upon the stage as the boat filled and disappeared. He stood gaping at us in amazement; but I told him that it was a case of life and death, and I was taking my child to the doctor, and then I ran up the pier without waiting for any questions.

I went to the railway station, and found that the night train started in half-an-hour. It was an express to London, and once there I thought that we should be safe. My only fear was that they might track us down before we started. I sat in the waiting-room shivering with apprehension. The station-master noticed my drenched condition, and asked me into his house, where his wife gave me some tea and dried my jacket and the baby's rugs. I told her that I was taking my baby to a hospital, as the doctor said that he must go at once.

At last the train was ready to leave, and I got in. I saw a trap driving up to the station as we were almost out of it. I thought that I recognised Dr Royd's voice calling, and I feared that the train might be stopped at the next station; but it was not, and I went to sleep with the child in my arms. He seemed very ill and slept all the way. He was still asleep when he arrived in London at seven o'clock. I stumbled out upon the platform, cold and nervous and weary. Three people came up to me: Dr Royd, Mrs Royd, and—oh! thank Heaven!—dear old Dr Ferguson. I caught at his arm.

'Oh doctor!' I cried, 'don't listen to *them*. Listen to *me*. I—the baby—he—they'——

'Hush!' he said. 'Hush, my dear! I will listen, but not here. You must come to the hospital. You can hardly stand, poor girl. Give me the baby. You'll trust him with *me*, won't you?'

'Yes,' I cried. 'Yes, yes. I am *very* tired.' The tears rolled down my cheeks. 'We were nearly drowned,' I told him.

'Yes,' he agreed soothingly. 'Yes, dear. *They* might have been killed too.'

He nodded toward Dr Royd and Mrs Royd, and I saw that both were bandaged. I learnt afterwards that they had motored in the dark to Overbury Junction to catch a faster express, by a shorter route, and had had an accident; but they had caught the train in the end, and cut me off. They were determined that the operation should be performed at once, and they had telegraphed to Dr Ferguson to meet us, fearing a scene with me. They thought no doubt that he would take Dr Royd's word against my story; but I thought otherwise.

[*Christmas Number.*

Dr Ferguson took us all to his rooms at the hospital, and had coffee and toast brought in, and made us eat and drink before we talked. Then he asked for my story first, and I told it. Then Dr Royd told his.

Dr Palmer, he said, had been fuddled, as usual, and had written for him, overlooking his relationship to the sick child and his succession to the entail. He had also written to Mrs Royd—'quite properly, Dr Royd said, 'and knowing that the child had no truer friend. Those who really know Mrs Royd,' he added, 'respect and trust her, as I do. It has preyed upon her mind that those who do not understand her should fear to trust her with the little boy whom she loves; and so she said what she said to Miss Read. She is generous enough to own that this gave Miss Read great excuse for suspicion.'

When he arrived she had thought it best to tell him what had passed. This was the conversation that I had heard in part. If I had heard all, he thought that I might have formed a different impression.

When he examined Archie he saw at once that immediate operation was the only hope for the child. Therefore, in spite of the terrible risk to himself, and fully realising the suspicion which would fall upon him if it failed, he decided to perform it; but first he would ask Dr Ferguson to examine the growth. 'I presume,' he said, 'that Miss Read will accept *your* word; and'—he glanced at me for a moment—'I should like to say that although I am deeply hurt at her opinion of me, far more hurt than she suspects, I respect her for the action which she took in consequence of her opinion. She risked her life for the child. I'—his voice was husky—'I do not blame her, but I am very, very hurt and sorry.'

I tried to speak, but could not. Dr Ferguson put on his spectacles, and bent over Archie's swollen face, and I could not speak even then. I should not have spoken, and all my life would have been different, if Mrs Royd—the woman whom I had looked upon as an empty-headed playactress—had not understood and helped me before he delivered his verdict.

'Wait!' she cried. 'Wait! She wants to—to'—— She looked at me, and something in her compassionate eyes seemed to give me strength. I rose and took Archie from Dr Ferguson and put him in Dr Royd's arms.

He did not seem able to speak either for a time, but at last he found words. 'Can you pull yourself together, and help me in the operation?' he asked in his ordinary tone.

I could not speak even then, but I held out my hand with a sob. He pressed it tightly. Then we went into the operating-room. Mrs Royd touched my shoulder as I passed. I turned and kissed her.

You will not wish to hear about the operation, and I do not wish to think about it. It succeeded, and it is still quoted in medical books as a remarkable instance of complete recovery from lesions which might have been expected to impair the mental functions. In Dr Royd's account of the case he gives an undue share of the credit to 'the devoted and wonderfully intelligent nursing of a lady who is a distinguished member of her profession, but prefers that her name should be withheld. The child's affection for and confidence in her gave him sufficient strength and courage to hold to existence during the trying period which followed the operation, and I shall always feel that he owed his life to her.'

Archie had left the hospital and gone to the seaside with Mrs Royd, and I was staying with Mrs Ferguson when I read this. I was very weak and run down, and when she showed me the account I cried as if my heart would break.

'I have never even begged his pardon for what I thought of him,' I told her; 'and I shall never get well till I have. And it's no use just begging his pardon; I want to do something to show him that I mean it. Do you think I might write and tell him that I hope he will let me nurse some of his cases in future?'

'Tell him this afternoon,' she said. 'He is coming to see you. He is very anxious about your health. He says that you are a bundle of nerves.'

'Yes,' I said, 'a bundle of crotchety, disagreeable, suspicious nerves. I hate myself!'

'Oh, well,' she said, '*he* doesn't hate you.'

He came that afternoon, and I began my apology as soon as he entered, but he cut me short.

'I know,' he said; 'I know! You feel that you want to do something to show your confidence in me. That's it, isn't it?'

'Yes,' I said.

He sat down beside the sofa where I was lying—they insisted that I was an invalid—and put his hand on my shoulder.

'And you'd like me to prove my complete confidence in you?' he suggested.

'Yes,' I said. 'I don't deserve it; but I should.'

'Then,' he said, 'will you be my wife, Nan? If you love me, not unless. I trust to your honour not to accept me for any other reason. I love you very much, Nan.'

'I love you too,' I told him; and that was very true. 'You said that I was a good nurse. I hope I shall be a good wife.'

'You will be better as a wife, Nan,' he assured me. 'As a nurse you had one drawback—too much heart. That won't be a drawback now.'

Well, he is a very great specialist. He ought to know.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN THE LEVANT.

BY W. F. GRIFFITT BLACKLER, B.A., F.Z.S.

'BUT although my intentions were of the kindest, would I not feel a deep and lasting regret if anything wrong were to befall the ship?'

So I meditated as I paced the terrace one hot July evening, straining my eyes over the blue waters of the bay of Smyrna for some signs of our belated ship, which had been due over a fortnight ago, and by which I was anxiously expecting my brother. He was the Benjamin of the family, and had finished his classical course at Cambridge the previous summer; but my oft-repeated and pressing invitations to come out here and visit the sites of the lost centres of ancient civilisation—the proud citadel of Pergamus, the melancholy grandeur of Ephesus and Laodicea—had at length induced my father to part with the last son that remained with him out of a family of five boys.

It was the summer of 1822, just after the massacres of the Greeks at Chios by the Turks, and the Greek revolution was in full swing. I had been sent out several years previously by my father, one of the most prominent members of the Levant Company, to overlook his interests here in Smyrna. The company had now perhaps passed the zenith of its prosperity, for, although commerce was still brisk, the unfortunate rebellion of the Greeks in their determined fight for freedom was beginning to have a bad effect on business. Nevertheless, the Levant Company practically ruled Smyrna; it appointed its own consuls both here and in the other ports of the Levant, including Alexandria; and the Turks, though fierce and unruly as at all times, were in dread of the power of the hated English Giaour. Just at present, however, affairs were in a very troubled state; and although all the English merchants and their families felt comparatively safe, trusting in their own influence and in the deterrent effect of the three fifty-six-gun frigates then riding at anchor opposite the Pasha's palace, yet deeds of violence were of quite common occurrence, especially after nightfall. The country was infested with marauding bands of bloodthirsty Zeibecs, and pirate vessels roamed the archipelago and frequently attacked schooners and brigs when unarmed or not convoyed.

At length, worn out by anxiety and the heat of the preceding day, I threw myself on my bed in the hopes of sleeping off my disappointment and hearing better news on the morrow. But going to bed and going to sleep are two very different things in this country and at this season. The mosquitoes, with great perseverance, kept up a continuous chorus while they reconnoitred every mesh in the net for a chance of admittance. Now I would wink and feel myself falling into a slumber, when a heartless, villainous little sand-fly, envied by the whole race of lean mosquitoes without, would alight on my nose, and with one little puncture would put the timid Morpheus into headlong flight. After vainly endeavouring to rid myself of my tiny assailant, I suddenly, in a fit of despair, made up my mind to dress and take a walk in the suburbs of the town.

As I have already stated, it was considered to be dangerous to venture out at night alone in these troubled times; but my anxiety and sleeplessness made me throw thoughts of precaution to the winds. So, arming myself with a carefully loaded and primed pistol, and taking a walking-cane which enclosed a stout and serviceable sword-blade, I sallied forth on my nocturnal walk. The twinkling beams of the full moon—though faintly struggling through the openings between the opposite gables, which almost met together—still afforded me light enough to avoid attracting the notice of the packs of hungry mongrels or treading on the unburied remains of some defunct grimalkin, and to pick my way over the rough cobble-stones that paved the road which led out of the town. Soon I left the gabled streets behind me, and, finally emerging from the gloom caused by the long black shadows of the cypresses of the Turkish cemetery, I came out on to the ancient stone caravan bridge, and, pausing at the parapet, looked down on the silvery windings of the Meles.

It was such a night as is common during the summer months in the East: not a cloud to obscure the transparency of the star-studded vault—a blaze of brilliant points of light, not a breath of wind to disturb the tranquillity of the moonlit cypress and olive, and not a sound, save the distant warble of the nightingale and the deep murmur of the river as it glided over its pebbly bed, to break the serene silence that reigned around.

Overcome by emotions that such a scene had

raised within me, I scarcely dared to move lest I should dispel the charm. Then my thoughts instinctively turned towards home and to the happy bygone times over which time had already cast its shadow, and which it were, alas! impossible to live over again. My first arrival in this country and the years I had spent here next passed like a train of dim spectres through my mind, until with a start I came back to the present and recalled to my wandering thoughts the vexatious delay of the ship. Why was I doomed to be disappointed if ever eagerly expecting anything? Had the weather been stormy? Or was there a deeper and more sinister cause for this delay? Pirates! But I scared away the thought as an intruder, and sauntered quietly on again, crossing a field of new-cut corn, and approaching a solitary and uninhabited house standing on the summit of a little knoll.

The upper wooden story, once painted red and projecting considerably beyond the stone walls that supported it, the tiny loopholes, the diminutive windows (that seemed to look with jealousy at the entrance of the light, lest with it should come the gaze of some profane observer), and its ample dimensions all showed at a glance that it had been erected in the days of yore, in even more turbulent times than these, by some wealthy Turk who looked as much to safety as to grandeur. But though the place had evidently outlived several generations of owners, it now stood deserted, and its crazy-looking shutters, its door nearly off its hinges, its generally dilapidated state, and its gaunt and weird appearance made it seem to be just the sort of place that a ghost would choose for its earthly habitation if it should ever have a wish to revisit the scenes of its material childhood. Indeed, the place had the reputation of being haunted by the shade of a Turkish woman who had been brutally done to death by a jealous and cold-blooded husband, and the natives could under no circumstances be persuaded to venture near its vicinity after dusk. Stories were current of strange and weird noises that had been heard to emanate from this house during the witching hour of night. Amongst the many supernatural noises that had alarmed the credulous, what had perhaps excited the greatest amount of talk and speculation was an occasional sound heard during the night like the thumping of a monster pestle against a mortar. This was at last, at the suggestion of the baker of the district, set down as 'being occasioned by the spirit of a Turk, who, being stinted during his lifetime in the national beverage, could not at times resist the temptation of stealing away from the Seventh Heaven to have a spell at pounding the berry and cooking the coffee for which he had so great a partiality.'

Yet, in the face of these and other facts as well authenticated, I was incredulous, and could admire without trepidation the romantic and somewhat fantastic appearance which the ruined house presented under the pale, cold light of the moon. My imagination carried me back to remote times, and I paused, picturing to myself how the old place must have looked under its feudal masters. What tales would not these old walls unfold, if they but had the power, of carousals and wassail that had caused them to reverberate, of fierce fights and dark deeds that they had silently looked down upon!

Suddenly my reverie was rudely interrupted by the noise of footsteps within the house, followed by the sound of voices as of men in eager conversation. Whatever feelings of awe the former had raised the latter equally rapidly dispelled; for spirits, although accused of a thousand and one misdemeanours, had never as yet the power of speech assigned to them, still less the power of holding conversations among themselves. My curiosity being aroused, I determined to follow my adventure to the end, and, if possible, to discover whether the awe-inspiring noises heard at times were perhaps caused by 'spirits' of a very material kind. I carefully crept nearer and nearer to the house, and hid in the shadow of a mass of ruined masonry. As I listened the voices became more audible; the speakers were evidently coming out of the house. I strained my ears to catch what was being said, and heard the words, 'I, too, should not care to shed the blood of a defenceless youth; but it is in self-defence. Our place of refuge would be known were we to let him go.'

I felt a cold shiver run down my back. Had these men, whoever they were, seen me approaching their lair, and now completely cut off every means of escape, intending to punish my inquisitiveness? I carefully drew out my pistol, resolved to make a dash for liberty, when the next words that were wafted to my ears dispelled all the fears of discovery I had entertained. 'Well, then, there is no time to be lost; the boat must leave soon. Let us go and call the others.—You, Pseftadoni, remain here and watch the boy till we return. —Come along!'

Two dark forms left the house and walked rapidly down the hill in the direction of the shore. An irresistible impulse urged me to enter the house and try to solve this mystery. I crawled up to the doorway and listened attentively. Not a sound save the distant, melancholy hoot of an owl in the cypresses of the cemetery broke the stillness that reigned around; so, carefully pushing open the half-closed door, I entered this house of such ghostly repute, and found myself in a spacious marble-floored hall, which looked, by the few rays of moonlight that filtered in through the dust-begrimed windows, most dismal and awesome in its decayed grandeur. The rooms on either

side seemed to be quite empty, so I carefully tiptoed my way towards a rickety-looking staircase at the farther end of the hall. I paused here for an instant, and my heart gave a sudden start as I distinctly heard a sound as of some one clearing his throat in one of the rooms above.

My curiosity, stifling all thoughts of precaution, impelled me onwards to follow out this mysterious adventure which seemed at every step to become more and more interesting. I immediately made up my mind to search the rooms above. Noiselessly stealing up the creaking steps, I breathed a sigh of relief when I at last stood at the head of the staircase, my presence as yet apparently unrevealed to the person who had betrayed his presence a few minutes before. A shaft of light coming from a half-closed door at the farther end of the hall attracted my attention, so I breathlessly crept towards it and peeped in. At a table in the middle of the room, on which stood a sputtering candle, sprawled a man dressed as a Greek islander, evidently fast asleep, with a half-empty bottle and a drawn yataghan at his elbow. But my eyes, wandering on beyond him, beheld a second figure crouching on a heap of straw in the farther corner, with its hands pinioned behind its back; and, even as I looked—oh, horror!—the figure turned a pale and haggard face towards me, and the face was that of my long-expected brother!

In an instant my plan was formed; and, bursting into the room, I applied the muzzle of my pistol to the temple of the old pirate, a poser he had no heart nor wish to contend against; and, hastily disarming him, I was at my brother's side, and in a second more he stood up free. Seizing him by the arm and dragging him to the door, I turned the key on the Greek, and we cleared the stairs in a trice. It was too late! More than a dozen armed men rushed upon us before we could leave the house; in a twinkling I was set upon and borne to the ground. I struggled to get the pistol which had been forced from my grasp in the first encounter. I tried to cry out, but my voice failed me, my eyes grew dim, everything seemed to vanish away, and, starting up—I awoke!

It was broad daylight, and my servant, having received no answer to his repeated knocks at my door, had at length forced it open, and almost dragged me from my bed in his rude efforts to recall me from the land of dreams. I was about to give him a sound rating, if not something more compatible with his understanding, when my eye, travelling through the open door, caught sight of a heap of luggage in the hall; and the next instant, leaping out of bed, I was clasped in the arms of my long and anxiously expected brother, who had safely arrived at last in the early hours of the morning.

RESURGENT.

ROUND towering pines the sombre shadows crouch,
The moonlight silvers the datura bells,
Where in the magic of the scented night
She weaves in silence her mysterious spells.

The stalwart trees, strong with the strength of years,
Triumphantly defy Time's ceaseless flight,
And cast their shadow over dreaming flowers,
Sleeping in patience through the winter night.

Till flushed as dawn the mustering cohorts rise
Through the bare earth to answer to their names,
Or steal at spring's loud, joyous clarion-call,
Gorgeous as sunset's cardinal-red flames.

Only a few brief weeks of rest and dreams,
And barren earth her hidden treasure yields;
While maids sleep on, deaf to the clamour wild,
And gallant boys on hard-fought battlefields.

For, lo! the winter past, the rain-clouds gone,
Spring's resurrection sounds the appointed hours,
And flowering worlds respond to life's glad call—
But Souls need longer rest than wearied flowers.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MISS MOLLY.'

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